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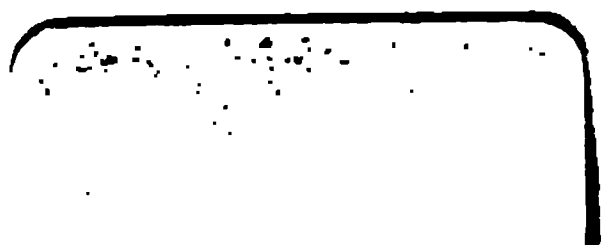
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THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE

AND
PROTESTANT BEACON.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. WHOM TO
KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

VOL. II.—NEW SERIES.



LONDON :

W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, 117 to 120, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

1867.

8

PREFACE.

THE events of the day in which we live are so rapid in their occurrence, as well as so astounding in their magnitude, that, rather than offer any comment, we—especially under present personal circumstances—prefer standing still, and looking on in *silent awe*. Instead, we repeat, of seeking to intrude at such a juncture, and in the midst of so much that is so solemn and mysterious, with opinions of our own, we desire to bow in holy reverential submission to Him “who ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.” “None dare stay His hand, nor say, What doest Thou?” He is infinite in wisdom, boundless in love, omnipotent in power. Nothing we are sure has arisen or can arise, which He did not eternally foresee, and against which He did not eternally provide. He “worketh,” now, as of old, “all things after the counsel of His own will.”

The word, in reference to the momentous events transpiring in our day and generation, which has long been impressed upon our heart, is this, “Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.” In God, and God alone, as manifesting Himself in and through his dear Son by the Holy Ghost, in His most precious word, is the hope, stay, and consolation of His one Church.

To the Church of the living God, at present traversing the wilderness, and combating all that must of necessity arise from a cease-

less warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil, we would say, Make the 46th Psalm your watchword. May "Be still, and know that I am God," especially resound through your very inmost souls, causing you to realize all that is involved in the expression, "In quiet and in confidence shall be your strength." Be it the privilege of such ever to remember that "the just shall live by *faith*," and that "he that believeth shall not make haste." The Lord give such, moreover, to enjoy the Divine consolation which the Psalmist experienced when he said, "Although my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow."

THE EDITOR.

London, Dec. 18, 1867.

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"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 13,
NEW SERIES. }

JANUARY, 1867.

{ No. 1,213,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

A MOTTO FOR 1867.

"Is any thing too hard for the Lord?"—GEN. xviii. 14.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS BELOVED,—This is the portion with which we wish to step over the threshold of the New Year. We have from time to time expressed our conviction that each year will become increasingly eventful. It is questionable whether any year was ever fraught with events of greater magnitude than that which is just now passing away. However important one matter, another has followed of still greater moment, so that one event would, as it were, eclipse another. Hence, in the rapid development we have been thus called to witness, there has been a pause and an hesitancy about expressing one's passing thoughts, because the openings of to-morrow may put a very different phase upon the appearances of to-day.

As what we write at this moment must be ready to pass into the hands of the reader by the first of the month, sufficient time must be allowed for its going through the press. Although that interval will be but a few days, yet events follow each other in such rapid succession, that we know not what may be the real aspect of Christendom, even ere the present now rapidly-receding year expires.

The world at large is in a state of the greatest possible excitement. Politically, commercially, ecclesiastically, all is perplexity. Men are bewildered to the last degree. Mistrust and apprehension bespeak the real condition of men. However disposed to reason about events, on the one hand, or to brave all consequences, on the other, still there is a restlessness and a discomfort on men's minds generally, that betoken anxiety and dissatisfaction.

Now, it is precisely in these circumstances, and with a thorough

conviction that events of still greater moment than any we have yet witnessed are at hand—yea, at our very doors—that we take up our pen on the present occasion, and select as our New Year's motto—we trust, by Divine direction—the words of our text, “IS ANY THING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?”

Reader, this is just the bearing of our own mind. It is language that exactly expresses our own state of thought and feeling. We cannot but enter upon the New Year with a certain amount of timidity and apprehension—not so much on our own account, as on behalf of others. We are as certain as possible that still more critical and trying times are near—very near. How trying—how perplexing—how disastrous, God only knows! We say, it is not so much on our own account that we are concerned. Why? Because, through distinguishing mercy, we can adopt the language of the apostle, and say, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” Here our soul (blessed be God!) rests; here it reposes. From our heart we believe that our God will finish—and in a way worthy of Himself—the work He has begun. Not in the leastwise resting upon self, but wholly and solely upon Him—we believe we shall be “brought off more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved us.” But, beloved, our anxiety arises from our parental, ministerial, and editorial position. It is what may befall our varied connexions in these respects. It is how matters will go with *them*. Ah, yes! here is the ground of our perplexity, and deep, deep solicitude. This accounts for the sleepless hours we pass during the night-season; and for this reason we again and again agonize with our God. But (for reasons known alone to Himself) He gives us no answer. We wrestle on, but without any clear intimation that we are heard. If we may thus speak personally, it is more the falling back upon past manifestations and previous indications of mercy, than upon any fresh love-tokens, that, as a last hope and only refuge, we base our trust. Hence we have to adopt the old, oft-urged plea, “And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good,” and again and again to entreat Him to “Remember the word unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.”

Reader, do you know anything of this pleading and of this experience? Is all dark—all gloomy—all forbidding, as far as appearances are concerned? Looking forth upon the wide-spread and troubled waters of this poor perishing world, dost thou, like Noah's dove, “find no rest for the sole of thy foot,” and yet is there, at the same time, a sheltering in the Ark Christ? After soaring forth, and gazing round, far and wide, does all appear both dark and drear; yet withal is there the secret, precious, spirit-sustaining cry, “Return unto thy rest (to thy Noah), O my soul?” Oh, how sweet—how timely is this! The fresh betaking one's self to Him—the fresh sheltering in Him—the renewed realization of the great and glorious fact, “And the Lord shut him in”—the personal experience of all the

security and the blessedness connected with what was not merely literal but typical, when, in regard to the dove, Noah "put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him in the ark." Reader, in this respect do you know what the renewings of mercy are; or, in other words, do you know what it is, when in fresh exposures to danger, to realize anew what it is to be sheltered in Christ—engarrisoned in Christ—hid in the Rock Christ? O blessed Security! O glorious Hiding-place!

It is, however, oftentimes upon the back of these precious realizations comes the agonizing inquiry, "But what about your children? your friends? your connexions?" Ah, here is the question, and here Satan too frequently gains the advantage, and plays but too successfully upon the unbelief and scepticism of the carnal heart. Surely Abraham knew something of this; for we read that immediately after that blessed assurance on the part of our God, when He appeared unto him in a vision, and said, "Fear not, Abram; I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward," the patriarch said, in reply, "Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus? Behold, to me Thou hast given no seed: and, lo, one born in my house is mine heir."

To say the least, here was the counter-working; the doubts, the fears, the very partial light into the future, the intermingling of the human with the Divine will. Moreover, although the Lord subsequently admitted Abraham into a fuller knowledge of His gracious purposes concerning him, the same fleshly resistance and carnal expedients were but too readily resorted to.

Upon this ground, dear reader, it is well worthy of remark, that the words of our text were not the language of the patriarch concerning the Lord, but the words of the Lord concerning Himself. Viewed in this light, we cannot but regard the testimony as the most encouraging and blessed. It presupposes the difficulty—it admits of the seeming impossibility. It takes into account, that, as far as appearances are concerned, there is not the veriest human probability of the thing (be it what may) coming to pass. It is beyond the comprehension of man. It baffles his wisdom; it defies his skill. He is bewildered—perplexed—utterly at a loss how such and such things can be. This is a position God delights to occupy, this the faith He gives, revels, and exults and rejoices in. Holding Jehovah to His word, faith

"Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

But observe, God always takes His own time, and adopts His own plans. Whilst He will never allow Himself to be frustrated, He will never be hurried. Even if at times, by the putting-forth in us of the power of the Holy Ghost, we are enabled, with Abraham, to believe, yet there is commonly after that exercise of *faith*, the interference of

flesh. Whilst “he that believeth shall not make haste,” flesh—or, in other words, our poor carnal heart—suggests, “This is the proper time, and that the right way;” whereas, this is very rarely—if ever—the fact; disappointed in this, unbelief for a time gains the mastery. A variety of suggestions immediately follow; misapprehension of God’s mind, delusion, failure of His word, or a creature-abuse, that has led to a change in His dispensation. This produces conflict. Meanwhile the Lord (never forgetful of His promise, nor ever known to fail in its fulfilment) in His own time, and in His own way, carries on His own work, accomplishes His gracious designs, and secures to Himself the glory, by such an infinite display of wisdom, love, and mercy, as proves that He is “Great in counsel, and mighty in doing.”

Here, then, dear reader, we take our stand upon the opening of this new year, in the dark unknown future. We know not what a day, nor even an hour, may bring forth; much less can we conceive of what will be the unfoldings and development of a whole year. Mighty and marvellous may be the revelations of 1867. From the general aspect of things, it can scarcely be otherwise. How sweet, therefore, for the dear child of God to stand with his feet firmly and immoveably fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and, looking up as Abraham did, when pleading before the Lord on behalf of the cities of the plain, for us to exclaim, “IS ANY THING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?”

Beloved, in order that we—as well as others—may be perpetually reminded of the great and glorious truth, we have, for some time past, had it recorded in large and legible characters before us, whilst engaged in the services of the sanctuary. Over the west window of St. Luke’s, Bedminster, is inscribed the all-important inquiry,

IS ANY THING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

We delight to gaze
upon it whilst ministering.

It stirs us up by the precious
putting-forth of the power of the Holy

Comforter; it helps to “bring to remembrance.” It

helps us in the contemplation of present difficulties. It gives us courage in the anticipation of future trials, sorrows, and perplexities. Personally, we question if any portion is so much upon our heart and mind as this. Shall we say, dear readers, that, under God, we have been so indebted to it? The Lord has so led and so taught and so opened up and opened out His own way, as to prove that whilst there have been so many and such formidable difficulties, hindrances, and apparently-insurmountable obstacles, He could in His own time—and always has in His own way—overcome them all. Hence, again and again, we have stood upon the brink of the mighty flood which the Lord had divided, and enabled

us to pass through dryshod, singing the Miriam-song over vanquished foes and vanished fears. Again and again with the Psalmist have we exclaimed, "Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place" (Psalm lvi. 10—12).

And now, in nowise depending upon our own wisdom, or in the least degree leaning upon an arm of flesh—for never did we feel weaker or more short-sighted in the flesh—we again step forward into the dark and unknown future, exclaiming, as we tremblingly step over the threshold of this New Year, "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us" (2 Cor. i. 10). We fall back upon His own precious word, as expressed in the three last verses of the 40th of Isaiah: "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint;" and, whilst in the prospect of coming events, we exult in the mercy, that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and that "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His;" we sing with the immortal TOPLADY,

"Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast help'd me till now;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast prov'd;
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd."

Dear readers, farewell. The Lord give you in very deed a Happy New Year.

THE EDITOR.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, Dec., 1866.

Nothing more effectually promotes hardness of heart, than trifling with convictions of conscience.

The glorious effects of redeeming love will not be fully known till the day of judgment; for this reason it is emphatically called the day of redemption.

Many of the Lord's true servants have been in a situation so nearly similar to that of Elijah, that, like him, they have been tempted to think they were left to serve Him alone. But we hope there are always many who are enlightened by His word and Holy Spirit, and training up in the life of faith and holiness, known and dear to God, though they have little advantage from public ordinances, and perhaps no opportunity of conversing with those who are like-minded with themselves.—*John Newton.*

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"THE FRUITFUL BOUGH."

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over a wall."—GENESIS xlix. 22.

THE opening of this chapter brings before us the touching scene of good old Jacob's dying hours. Gathering his sons about him, he gives each a parting blessing, and moreover tells them, in the spirit of prophecy, of things that should befall them. Reuben, the eldest, is first called, and each down to Benjamin, the youngest; while every now and then, it seems as if the eye of the aged saint caught sight of the eternity of bliss into which he was so soon to be ushered by angelic spirits; as, for instance, when Dan is before him, he bursts out: "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." To Joseph, his greatly-beloved one, the dying patriarch utters words of deep significance. Looking back upon the chequered pathway of his now-exalted son, he calls up many a striking incident, saying, "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel)." And then he pronounces upon him the following precious benediction: "Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb: the blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." And then "when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." Thus died the good old patriarch, and, according to his own direction, they buried him in the Cave of Machpelah.

We often hear of "the illustrious dead;" but what spot, save Golgotha, can be more sacred than the Cave of Machpelah, where they buried Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Leah and Jacob? And now let us ponder over the words that this dear old saint, uttered concerning his loved Joseph: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over a wall." Hence:

I. The truth of good old Jacob's assertion, "Joseph is a fruitful bough."

II. The cause of his fruitfulness, "By a well."

III. The result of his fruitfulness, "His branches run over a wall."

May the Lord the Spirit unfold the word to the refreshing of our souls for Christ's sake. Amen.

I. THE TRUTH OF GOOD OLD JACOB'S ASSERTION.

"Joseph is a fruitful bough."

And in order to see this, we will trace him as

1. The tried servant of God;
2. The triumphant one; and
3. In all this as an eminent type of the Lord Jesus Christ, our spiritual Joseph.

1. *Joseph the tried servant of the Most High.*—In the Land of Canaan dwelt the patriarch Jacob and his twelve sons. Joseph, the youngest but one, was his favourite, and his brethren, seeing that their father loved him more than any of them, hated him, and would not speak peaceably to him. This hatred was increased through Joseph dreaming dreams. In one he beheld them binding sheaves in the field, and his sheaf arose, and stood upright, while their sheaves made obeisance to his. When the brethren heard this, they exclaimed, indignantly, “Shalt thou indeed reign over us?” and they hated him the more. In another dream he beheld the sun, and moon, and eleven stars making obeisance to him. He told his father this dream, and he rebuked him, exclaiming, “Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow ourselves to thee to the earth?” And his brethren envied him; but his father treasured up the saying in his heart. Soon after this he sought for his brethren, and found them at Dothan, and, when they saw him coming, they conspired to slay him. Reuben persuaded them not, but proposed to cast him into a pit, hoping to rid him out of their hands, and deliver him to his father again, and they did so; but, while Reuben was absent, they sold him to a party of Ishmeelites who had come from Gilead with their camels, and were bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh down to Egypt. Poor Reuben, when he came back to the pit, and found that Joseph was not there, rent his clothes, and exclaimed, “The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?” and they took Joseph’s coat of many colours, and killed a kid of the goats, and, dipping it in the blood, brought it to Jacob; and, when the afflicted parent saw it, he said, “An evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days,” and “refused to be comforted.” Now, from the foregoing we gather that the first trial which Joseph had to endure was, that he was forsaken by his kindred, and torn from the loving embrace of a fond father.

In this highly-favoured land, where indeed we are fast sinning away our privileges, we know little of outward persecution for righteousness’ sake. We have no Bunyans in jail for preaching the Gospel; no thrusting men and women into prison who bear the name of Jesus (although we should have, if Rome gains the supremacy again in this country). It is in other parts of the world, as among the Jews and Turks, where, if a man is converted by God’s grace, and declares himself a Christian, his goods are all confiscated, his property forfeited, and his kindred disown him. No, our lines (nationally) have fallen to us in pleasant places. Would to God we appreciated fully our privileges; but, although in this favoured country we are not outwardly persecuted for righteousness’ sake, when one of a family is taken by the Lord, there is plenty of quiet persecution in store for him in a hundred different ways; and his ungodly brethren often say, “Here comes this dreamer;” and, but for the courtesy of society, would add, “Let us slay him.” It must be so, as our dear Lord said, “If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you” (John xv. 19).

And now we pass on to notice a second form of trial that this dear servant of the Lord had to endure. The Ishmeelitish merchants took him down to Egypt, “and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, and captain of the guard, bought him.” There was a signal and overruling providence here, which proved afterwards to be a turning-point in his eventful history..

The Lord was with Joseph, and he became a prosperous man; and, finding grace in Potiphar's sight, he placed everything in his hand, and made him overseer of his house. Things looked a little brighter now for poor Joseph; but, alas! he was in a deceitful world, and human prosperity is always a dangerous pinnacle for the child of God. A temptation of a peculiarly-trying character presents itself. Yet to the subtlety of Potiphar's wife is Joseph enabled, through the grace of God, firmly to reply, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Finding her persuasions of no avail, she grasped his garment, fabricating a cruel lie, which resulted in Joseph becoming degraded, and thrust into the king's prison. Here, then, was his next severe trial—*he was falsely accused, and cast into prison*. True, he had a conscience void of deceit towards God and towards man, but this affliction was a peculiarly-trying one, and one which must have been attended with the deepest anguish of spirit—slander.

It is singular that, while we have been writing upon this point, we have had placed in our hands a letter from a distressed sister in Christ, who seems to be suffering from this form of trial, viz., *Slander*. Her own words are, "There is one thing which pains me much—there is such fearful slander in the Church;" and then she names a circumstance which gives her many sleepless hours. We would say to her, and all such sufferers, Think of Joseph.

The writer knew a God-fearing young man, in a position of trust in a large business establishment. Upon one occasion he was called before his employers, and told of a report which was circulated concerning his character. He knew he was perfectly innocent of the charge, and, in the spirit of indignation, was about, in strong language, to demand the name of his calumniator, when these verses of the precious 37th Psalm rolled into his mind, "Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Yet a little while, and they shall not be. Trust thou in the Lord, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." Solaced and strengthened by such hidden manna, he was enabled calmly to reply, "Well, gentlemen, time will prove all." And so it did. Never was a passage of Scripture more literally fulfilled, for in a few weeks his calumniator was known. God laid affliction upon him, and in less than two months he *was* "cut down as the grass," and carried to the cold grave; while the righteousness of our young friend was "brought forth as the light, and his judgment as the noonday." Thus will the Lord mightily support and strengthen his servants to bear trial—whatever form it may take.

And now trial in another shape presented itself to this servant of God. Joseph in prison was the Christian still—iron bars and stone walls could not shut him out from his God; and so we are told, "The Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison," so that he placed everything in his hands. And it came to pass that the chief butler and chief baker of the king of Egypt, having offended Pharaoh, became fellow-prisoners with Joseph. During their imprisonment, they both dreamed remarkable dreams, which were interpreted by him, and resulted, as Joseph had predicted, in Pharaoh's hanging the chief baker, but restoring the chief butler unto his butlership again. "Yet did he not remember Joseph, but forgot him." Here, then,

was another trial for him. He was forgotten by one whom he had befriended, and who had promised to remember him before the king.

The longer one lives, the more one learns to distrust worldly friendship. It is selfish, insincere, and hollow at heart. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," is wholesome advice. The same also may be said of earthly promises—you cannot depend upon them; Jesus only is the Faithful Promiser.

And now we turn to think of Joseph as

2. *The triumphant one.*—Joseph was sold for a servant, "whose feet they hurt with fetters: he was laid in iron: until the time that his word came: the word of the Lord tried him. The king sent and loosed him: even the ruler of the people, and let him go free. He made him lord of his house, and ruler of all his substance." So says David, truthfully, in Psalm cv. After being two long years in prison, forgotten by man, but not forgotten by God, the Lord begins in a remarkable way to work for him. Pharaoh now is made to dream dreams, and none about him could interpret them. Then does the chief butler acknowledge his fault in forgetting Joseph, and tells Pharaoh all about his prison experience. Joseph is brought before the king, and declares that it is not in him, but in God who "shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace;" and he shows him how that the Lord has graciously told him in his dreams that "there shall be seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt," to be followed by "seven years of famine" that "shall be very grievous." Pharaoh, believing the interpretation thereof to be true, raises Joseph to great dignity and power, and, during the seven years of plenty, lays up an abundant supply of food. All this time good old Jacob is living with his family in Canaan, little dreaming that Joseph, his beloved one, was still alive; but now, having heard that there was corn in Egypt, he said to his sons, "Get you down thither, and buy; that we may live, and not die." Joseph's brethren all go, except Benjamin, the youngest; and, when they approach him, he knows them at once, though they know him not. He puts them into prison as spies, but releases them conditionally, that they bring Benjamin to him, and he keeps Simeon as a pledge. This is a great trial to the brethren, and a greater one to the afflicted father, who at first refusing, declares, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." However, after the corn (for which their money was returned) was all eaten, and famine pressed heavily upon them, Jacob was induced to let Benjamin go. Once more they are before Joseph, and at last he makes himself known unto them, declaring, "I am Joseph. God did send me before you to preserve life." Again they are on their way back to Canaan. Oh, what joyous news they have now to tell their cast-down parent! Joseph is yet alive. It was too good to be true; and the heart of the dear old saint fainted, for he believed them not. But, when he saw the waggons laden with corn, his spirit revived, and Israel said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die." What a meeting was that! Joseph, when he heard that his father approached Egypt, made ready his chariot, and, when he saw him, "he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

Joseph, after presenting his father, and five of his brethren, to Pharaoh,

gives them habitation and maintenance; and, after living seventeen years in Egypt, the good old patriarch is taken home to glory, his parting word to his loved Joseph being true indeed, "Joseph is a fruitful bough."

And now in all this do we not see that Joseph was,

3. *A type (and an eminent one too) of the Lord Jesus Christ?*—Here such a field of thought opens before us, that we must be brief. Note, Joseph was a type of Jesus in that,

(1) *He was the beloved of his father.*—"Now Israel loved Joseph" (Gen. xxxvi. 3). And Jesus' own declaration is, "My Father loveth me." The truth of which the Father Himself proclaimed at Christ's baptism; for lo, a voice from heaven was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And again our Lord states, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again."

(2) *He was the bearer of truth to his father.*—"And Joseph brought his father their evil report" (Gen. xxxvii. 2). We are apt to think of Jesus as before the Father only for His people. This is a precious fact that may well cheer them; but ungodly sinners would do well to recollect that He is the Bearer as well of their evil doings before the Father. Hence that solemn passage in Prov. xv. 11, "Hell and destruction are before the Lord: how much more then the hearts of the children of men?" Christ is telling the Father who are His and who are not. He is a Witness to the truth FOR His people, and AGAINST His adversaries.

(3) *He was hated by his brethren.*—"They hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him" (Gen. xxxvii. 4). The Lord Jesus Christ came unto His own, but His own received Him not. "But this cometh to pass that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, *They hated me without a cause*" (John xv. 25). And then as Joseph went after his brethren in the wilderness, so did Jesus; receiving indeed a cruel reward for His love and mercy.

(4) *He descended into a pit wherein was no water.*—"And his brethren took him and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it" (Gen. xxxvii. 24). So is it also said of Jesus, "Now that He ascended, what is it but that He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?" (Eph. iv. 9.)

(5) *He was tempted.*—"His master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph" (Gen. xxxix. 7). "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil" (Matt. iv. 1).

"He knew what sore temptations mean."

(6) *He was tried, yet obedient.*—"And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound: and he was there in the prison" (Gen. xxxix. 20)—there perfectly innocent of the charge laid to him; yet we read of no murmuring escaping his lips. So is it said of Jesus: "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth." He "became obedient, even unto the death of the cross."

(7) *He acknowledged that all must come from the eternal Father.*—"And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace" (Gen. xli. 16). So Jesus traced up all to His Father: "Every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

(8) *He became exalted.*—"And Pharaoh said, Thou shalt be over my

house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou" (Gen. xli. 40). "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, *crowned with glory and honour*" (Heb. ii. 9).

(9) *Before him every knee should bow.*—"And Pharaoh made him to ride in his second chariot; and they cried before him, Bow the knee" (Gen. xli. 43). So Jesus, "being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every other name: that at the name of Jesus *every knee should bow*, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. ii. 8—10).

(10) *His brethren went to him, and he became to them the source of their supplies.*—"Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, he said, Get you down, and buy for us; that we may live, and not die" (Gen. xlii. 1, 2). "But my God," saith the apostle Paul, "shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"Maintain'd by such a mighty Friend,
I cannot want till He is poor."

(11) *He knew his brethren before they knew him.*—"And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them; and they knew him not" (Gen. xlii. 7, 8). So did Jesus; as he said to Nathanael, "When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee."

(12) *He wept.*—"And Joseph turned himself about from them, and wept" (Gen. xlii. 24). So with our dear Lord, when He beheld those whom He loved mourning at the tomb of Lazarus, "Jesus wept."

(13) *He gave them corn without money and without price.*—"Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack" (Gen. xlii. 25). So Jesus gives the provision of the Gospel without money and without price: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

(14) *He put his brethren to the test, which brought about self-conviction and contrition of heart.*—"And Judah said, God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants" (Gen. xlv. 16). So does Jesus; He will have His brethren confess their sins, and acknowledge their iniquity before Him.

(15) *He revealed himself to his brethren.*—"And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph" (Gen. xlv. 3). So does Jesus; often is He represented as a poor suppliant, knocking at the heart for admission: but we found Him One mighty to save, entering in and revealing Himself as "My Lord and my God."

(16) *He declared himself to be their forerunner.*—"God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance" (Gen. xlv. 7). The apostle Paul speaks of Christ "within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

(17) *He desired that they might live near him.*—"And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me" (Gen. xlv. 10). So does Jesus desire that His brethren should dwell near Him; hence the discipline that weans them from the earth and draws them to Himself.

(18) *His tender regard to the little one.*—"He gave to all of them change of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver, and five changes of raiment" (Gen. xlv. 22). So is it written of Jesus: "He

shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

(19) *He became the preserver of their lives.*—So is Jesus the Sustainer and Preserver of the lives, spiritually and temporally, of all the family of God. "He redeemeth my life from destruction."

(20) *He desired that his father and brethren should see his glory.*—"And ye shall tell my father of all my glory; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither" (Gen. xlv. 13). Note dear Jesus' own words, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory" (John xvii. 24).

Thus have we very briefly pointed out some of the points in Joseph's history wherein he may be considered as a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. Very much more might be added; indeed, it appears to us that Joseph is the most perfect type of our Lord we have in the Bible. True, indeed, an earthly being must fail to represent One so perfect; yet we really do not know of a recorded act in his life wherein the type fails—every step of the way seems to foreshadow the Messiah. And now we pass on to notice,

II. THE CAUSE OF JOSEPH'S FRUITFULNESS.

"A fruitful bough by a well."

Any tree growing by a well has a hidden source of refreshing running among its roots; and this was the case with Joseph. "God was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." Here was the secret of his fruitfulness. Hence in the prophecies of Isaiah we have the expression, "wells of salvation;" that is to say, God the Father is a Well, God the Son is a Well, and God the Spirit is a Well. There are unfathomable depths in each, and blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord; "he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit" (Jer. xvii. 8). This was Joseph's case throughout his chequered life; his trust was in the Lord, hence his fruitfulness. As his venerable father stated, "His bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob" (Gen. xlix. 24).

Dear reader, do you not know a little of the sweetness of feeling planted "by a well?" Do you not realize day by day *hidden* supplies of grace which the world knows nothing of, which keep you patient in tribulation, silent under sorrow, and joyous in hope; and can you not sing concerning the Lord—

"Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead,
After so much mercy past;
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
No! I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold?"

III. THE RESULT OF JOSEPH'S FRUITFULNESS.

"Whose branches run over a wall."

We have been taken, it may be, into the garden of some great personage. We have seen the fruit brought to the greatest perfection, and the grapes hanging in rich abundance over our heads; but we must not

touch or taste them: they are for "my lord" or "my lady." But not so with the fruit on Joseph's bough, which runs over a wall; no, the poorest saint may pluck the grapes of Eshcol without rebuke. So it is that we may not merely look at Joseph's career as a mere history of one of the Old Testament saints; but we may feel that we are personally concerned and benefited by his sorrows and triumphs, by his poverty and riches, by his obedience and exaltation: that in all this he became a bough laden with fruit for us to pluck and eat. For,

1. First and foremost we see Jesus as the Fruitful Bough, and we say, As He was the Beloved of His Father, so does He love with undying love His redeemed ones; I will not therefore put my trust in my poor feeble love for Him, but in His unchanging love to me.

2. We see in Jesus, as the Bearer of the truth to His Father, much to comfort us in walking through an enemy's land; for, however much the world in its enmity tells lies concerning us, Jesus will tell the truth to His Father; and what matters it? "If God is for us, who can be against us?"

3. We see in Jesus' being hated by His brethren, our salvation. "Other sheep [He said] I have, who are not of this fold; them also I must bring." And then, in His going after His brethren in the wilderness, we behold His mercy and love ill rewarded indeed.

4. We see in Jesus' descending into this world, the "mystery of godliness: God manifest in the flesh." Yes, dear One—

"Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go."

We are therefore (however trying the way) but going where our Lord has been before us.

5. We see in Jesus' being tempted in the wilderness, One who is able to succour us when tempted; therefore in our hours of temptation we can fly to Him who is so well "touched with the feelings of our infirmities, having been tempted in all points like as we are."

6. We see in Jesus' obedience an example of humility and patient endurance, that may well stimulate us to bear our cross.

7. We see, in His acknowledgment that all must come from His Father, how completely the Son glorifies the Father; while we have abundant proof that the Father glorifies the Son; and both glorify the Holy Spirit: and our desire is to have grace to glorify the Eternal Three.

8. We see in Jesus' exaltation the greatest comfort. He is above for me; my High Priest, my Surety, my Saviour, my Forerunner: and, because He is there, I shall be also.

9. And we humbly bow the knee at His throne of grace, rejoicing, acknowledging Him King of kings, and Lord of lords; the "chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

10. We see in Jesus, as the Source of all supply, that we have One who will never fail us; the Fountain that can never be dry; the Head that shall minister to the body; the Garner ever full of precious wheat.

11. We see in Jesus' knowledge of His brethren before they knew Him, His omniscience; and we attribute our preservation in days of unregeneracy to this knowledge, mixed, as it was, with covenant love and mercy.

12. We see in Jesus' weeping, that we have One who can fully sympathize with us in our sorrows; One who weeps when we weep, and puts the tears of His saints in His bottle.

13. We see in Jesus' gifts without money, just that which suits us; for verily we want supplies, but have "nothing to pay." We are poor and needy, and to such He gives.

14. We see in Jesus' putting His brethren to the test, just that which is so needful to bring us to true repentance and contrition before God. Verily we have sinned, we confess it, and our Jesus is "faithful to forgive sin."

15. We see in Jesus' revealing Himself to His brethren, how gracious and King-like are His dealings. Often are we told in these days, that we should give our hearts to the Lord—now, this very night, before we go from the spot; but we have not so learned Christ. He came and took that which belonged to Him, entering Himself, nor asking leave, and revealed Himself as "mighty to save;" at least such was the experience of "G. C."

16. We see in Jesus, as our Forerunner, One who has entered the veil for us to follow. The Representative of His people, the Head of His Church, the Firstfruits of the glorious harvest, the Lord of Glory, who has assured us that where He is, there shall we be also.

17. We see in Jesus' desire for His brethren to live near Him, an exhibition of His love and mercy; verily, if He had rewarded them according to their deserts, He would have cast them from Him, as they cast Him from them; but, in the highest sense of the term, did He return "good for evil."

18. We see in His tender regard for the little one, the sweetest encouragement; for He does not despise "the day of small things," the little ones in Zion, but rather takes the greater notice of them, because they need the greater help.

19. We see in His becoming the Preserver of their lives, how He has been sent before us to preserve our lives temporally. "Thou hast redeemed my life from destruction," says the Psalmist. So also He is the Preserver of our lives *spiritually*; again and again we should have died of famine, but for His opportune help; and in every fresh time of need we shall do well to remember Pharaoh's golden words, "Go to Joseph." We shall never come empty away.

20. We see in His desire that His brethren should see His glory, Jesus' final perseverance for us; for He will bring us through all, to accomplish the purpose of His love. If it rested with us, we should fail; but it rests with His will. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." Thus then do I put Jesus in the place of Joseph, and, gathering fruit from this well-laden Bough, I sit under His shadow with great delight, and find it is fruit sweet to my taste.

Here, then, is a theme to commence the New Year with. It will be a year of increased need to the children of God, but our spiritual Joseph can supply every need. "Go to Joseph" on every unfolding day, and on every step of the way, for "He is a fruitful Vine, whose branches run over a wall."

May the Lord bless you with the communications of His love and favour, and accompany with the unction of the Holy Ghost these few hints, that Jesus may have all the praise, prays

Bury St. Edmunds.

Yours in Him,

G. C.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Eccl. xii. 10.

THE RICHES OF MERCY.

A NEW serial has just been commenced, and from the first number of which we quoted in the last number of our pictorial sheet, *Old Jonathan*. It is entitled, "Work among the Destitute; or, Scenes in the Life of a City Evangelist. By JAMES SHOWELL.*" The publisher has handed us a first copy of the second number, which will be found to contain a touching account of a poor wanderer, who, by a remarkable train of most providential leadings, was permitted to see her all-but-heart-broken mother a few hours before her death. The narrative is most affecting, and cannot but be read with deepest emotion. The whole train of circumstances which led to the discovery of this long-lost one is most God-glorifying, and encouraging in the highest degree to wait upon the Lord, even in the face of the most forbidding and apparently-hopeless circumstances. Well may such a narrative cheer anxious parents; well may it encourage them to pray, and wrestle, and agonize on and on, notwithstanding the death that may seem to be upon the promise, and that there may not apparently be the veriest prospect whatever of prayer being heard or answered. Be it remembered that "praying breath was never spent in vain." Let it not be forgotten that the Lord has pledged Himself. He has bound Himself by all that is sacred, and in precise keeping with His own great, holy, and adorable name. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I *will* deliver thee; and thou *shalt* glorify me." "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He *shall* strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

Dear reader, may the Lord warm your heart, in the perusal of the following narrative, as He has been pleased to warm our too-commonly cold and thankless heart. We do indeed delight to contemplate these great and gracious acts of our God; and, in these last days of rebuke and blasphemy, we love, by such narratives, to publish His fame; and would thus proclaim His pity and Divine condescension and love, to the very ends of the earth.

We add, that such proofs of our God, being indeed the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, should encourage His servants; and we cannot but hope and pray that the Lord may strengthen the hands and bless the labours of him whom He used as the honoured instrument of bringing about such precious results as those about to be related in the character of

FANNY; OR, THE LOST ONE FOUND.

"You have not noticed poor Fanny yet," said the nurse, "a great change has occurred during the last few days, she is fast approaching her end." I immediately drew near to the poor sufferer, who had been accommodated with a bed near the fire. There was indeed a marked alteration in her appearance, consumption was putting the final stroke to its deadly work. She did not say much, but appeared very pleased to listen as I spoke of Jesus, the sinner's Friend and Refuge. She expressed a hope that He would forgive all her many sins; having assured her of His most perfect willingness to do so, after giving her some little

* London: Morgan and Chase. Bristol: W. Mack.

delicacy, I passed on to the other beds, and, then taking my stand at the end of the long deal dining table, opened my Bible and read Nehemiah ix. 17, "Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." And Isaiah xxx. 18, 19: "And therefore will the Lord wait that He may be gracious unto you; and therefore will He be exalted that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for Him. Thou shalt weep no more: He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." In connexion with this, I was led to make some remarks on the necessity of humiliation and contrition before God; and incidentally the great desirability of confession to those earthly friends whom we have grieved or offended, was clearly shown. The address appeared to produce a deep impression on the minds of those who listened; several shed tears, others groaned in spirit, while the faces of some brightened with hope. Earnest prayer was offered for these poor suffering ones, but those drawing near to death were especially commended to the tender pity of a compassionate Saviour. These solemn exercises over, preparation was made to depart; but, seeing Fanny's eyes were intently fixed upon me, I again approached her bed. Up to this moment nothing was known about her previous history. Although she had been an inmate for ten months, she had never made the slightest reference to the home or friends of her early youth, nor was it known whether her parents were living or dead. Though she refused to give any information respecting herself or her relatives, she was glad to listen to the communications of others, and drank in very eagerly all that was said concerning God's love in the gift of His Son. In the course of this second conversation, it appeared that the reading and remarks upon the Scriptures had shed fresh light upon her mind, and her hope in Jesus became bright and clear. "I have been a wicked sinner," she said; "I've lied, stolen, and done everything that's bad, but I believe my sins are forgiven. Jesus saved the dying thief, and He can save me." She seemed to be resting upon Christ alone, and had no dread of death. Being unaware that nothing was known by the nurse or others of her antecedents, I said, "Fanny, you are very ill, and cannot live long; do your friends know of your condition?" "No, sir." "Have you a mother living?" "Yes, sir." At this I manifested great surprise, and felt deeply grieved in my spirit, and said, "My poor dear creature, is it possible that you have been here all these months, and yet have not written to your disconsolate parent? Who can tell the pangs of sorrow, that such silence must have caused to pass through her throbbing heart! Will you allow me to write at once—she ought to be made acquainted with your state?" She replied, "Do, if you please, and tell mother I don't think I shall live to the end of the week; and I should like to see her before I die; I can't die happy without seeing mother." The name and residence of the parent were taken down, and a promise was given to write immediately upon returning to Bristol. When this was done, she said, "Good-bye; if I do not see you again, I hope we shall meet in heaven." The nurse, who was standing by, shook her head, and in a low tone said, "You may write if you please, but it will be entirely useless, as the doctor informed me this morning she could not live twenty-four hours." "I am sorry to hear that; but it is my duty to write, and leave the result with God; and doctors, you know, are sometimes mistaken." But indeed there appeared little human probability of a

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ing between the mother and her child. Casting another glance at Fanny and her companions in suffering, and mentally praying once on their behalf, I proceeded on my journey home. Distressing were thoughts and feelings as my steps were taken in the direction of the long sick ward, with its blank, bare walls, and miserable inmates, photographed before my view. And then the eye rested painfully on the dying one in that bed near the fire, and I thought of the poor distressed mother, one hundred miles away, who had so often and so long pressed the darling to her bosom, but perchance she now cares not about her child; and, if she does, the letter may not reach her, she may have changed her home; or, if it should, the distance she will have to travel almost precludes the hope that she will be in time. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Having been occupied nearly three hours in the ward, breathing all the while in a most unwholesome atmosphere, together with the influence exerted by my sympathetic nature, I became much exhausted, but still had a long way to walk before the needed rest could be procured. And, when home was reached at length, after many weary steps, I sank into a chair, and like one whose vital force was wellnigh gone. But shortly the impulse of writing about Fanny, and doing it at once, was powerfully impressed upon my mind. Being almost unable to move, one of my dear friends, now a happy believer in Jesus, brought pens and papers within reach; a letter was written and posted, with sincere and hearty prayer in the name of Jesus that it might find the sorrow-stricken mother, and that she might be enabled to come in time to see her child before she died. It might seem a foolish request to some, but "all things are possible to him that believeth;" and the great Intercessor has again said, "Whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name He will give it to you" (John xvi. 23).

As the reader ever tested the truthfulness of this most blessed promise; like the Church at Laodicea, does he say, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing?" If so, Jesus says, "Thou art poor, miserable, and blind, and naked," and "counsels thee to buy of Him refined in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed." Ah, solemn truth, without coming to and knowing Him, we must be poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked forever.

The following morning a number of fever cases in the parish of St. were visited, a kind friend having sent me money for their relief. I was found in various stages—some just seized with the terrible fever, others whom it was laying low in the cold embrace of death. The next day I continued my visits in the fever-stricken district, and, being unwell, retired to rest somewhat earlier than usual. At about nine o'clock, when all was quiet, a ring was heard at the bell, then another and another in quick succession. Not expecting any one at that hour, the thought struck me, "Surely some one is ill, and desires to see me." Hastening downstairs and opening the garden gate, a man came, saying, "Please to excuse my ringing you up at this late hour, there is a person in my fly outside who says she must see you." Proceeding at once to the vehicle, there I found a female, rather above middle age, respectably attired, but full of agitation and distress, beating her feet on the floor and weeping bitterly, while she exclaimed, "My child, sir, who is my child?" "Poor thing, although I have never seen you

before, I know who you are. Come in, and I will tell you all about her," I replied. The flyman was paid and dismissed. The deeply-afflicted mother of Fanny then entered the house. Happily, the fire was still burning in the grate; some tea was speedily made, and refreshment provided for the weary one; but her heart was too full to allow her to eat; a cup of tea was taken, and she became a little revived.

"Do you think she is yet alive? is it far to the Union? can I walk the distance? do you think we could see her to-night?" were questions quickly proposed; but, when she heard the distance, and found how late it was, she thought it would be better to obtain a lodging somewhere in the city for the night, and proceed to Stapleton in the morning. She was informed that it would be a pleasure to accommodate her where she was; but, after lifting our hearts in prayer, it seemed very desirable to make an attempt to gain admission to the Union that night. Several persons thought it would be impossible: "With God *all things* are possible." A fly was procured, and the poor, distracted, almost broken-hearted widow and myself at once commenced our journey, with many prayers for a successful termination to our enterprise. When God has a work for His servants to accomplish, He gives the needed fitness for their allotted task, for, although a little while ago so poorly, I was now quite well. The night was dark and dreary; and, to persons in such an anxious state of mind as we were, the place seemed very distant.

While thus pursuing our way, I discovered that nine years ago this poor afflicted one was bereaved of her husband, but that, by dint of great perseverance and industry, with God's blessing, she had been able to provide for her children, and bring them up in respectability; that Fanny was the light and joy of the domestic hearth, devotedly loved by all who knew her, constant and punctual in her attendance at the Sunday-school, giving diligent attention to the instruction imparted; and, storing her mind with the truths of God's word, she became at once the hope and joy of her teacher's heart. But the seed which seemed ready to spring up was by the power and subtlety of the evil one stopped in its growth and covered over for a season, like many others, around whom the fond affection of their teachers twine. In an evil hour she listened to the overtures of a wicked and designing man. Now, had she as a dutiful child consulted her remaining parent and followed her advice, a vast amount of suffering, both of body and mind, would have been spared to her, and in all probability an untimely grave prevented. Young women—if such there be perusing this narrative—be assured that he who wishes you to do anything contrary to the desire of an affectionate parent, is entirely unworthy of your confidence, and should at once be rather spurned as an enemy than trusted as a friend; but Fanny listened to the flattering words of her admirer and tempter, and, casting aside all restraint, and turning a deaf ear to all entreaty, followed her seducer into paths of sin and shame, to fill a fond mother's heart with mourning, lamentation, and woe; and to reap, ultimately, as all sooner or later do, the bitter fruit which she had so wickedly and so unwisely sown.

"Many are the prayers," said the poor mother, "I have offered for the wandering one, whom I have not seen for eighteen months, and whom I should never have known anything about, but for the letter I received from you to-day as I was walking through the streets of the town, which, when I opened, caused me almost to swoon away, while at the same time I could not but feel, that at last I had received an answer to my off-

ed prayer. Many and many a night have I paced my room in the st distress, thinking of her who was the darling of my heart, and g God, most earnestly, to watch over the erring and wandering one, ng her away from the path of sin, and to let me see her, once more, I died. While thus engaged, sometimes I heard footsteps ap- aining the house. Hope for a moment would make me forget my r; surely this is the wanderer returning; the footfall is soft—'tis y child's. She has had enough of sin, and, in answer to a mother's st petitions, has now come back, like the prodigal of old, to find a r's heart and home open to receive her. Hark! the footsteps are g nearer; I shall surely hear her knock; the well-known voice of eloved will soon greet my ear; but no, O bitter disappointment: sounds which raised my hope, and filled my heart with joy, are away in the distance. And then I would sink upon my bed in a of almost hopeless despair, saying with the Psalmist, "Hath God ten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercy? I cry and shout, He shutteth out my prayer." No, poor sorrow- en soul, in this thou art mistaken. Thy prayers are registered in n, for thy Lord has said, "He will be very gracious unto thee at ice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." Thy and those of all the afflicted and oppressed of God's family, are red up in His bottle. "True, but my sorrow was so great, I could ly lay hold of His promises. At last, a ray of light pierced the dark

Your letter gave me hope. Do you think we shall get there in o see her before she dies?" Words of comfort were administered; as assured that, if not permitted to see her alive, there was good d for believing that she was one of the Lord's jewels, and would be at last shining in the Redeemer's crown for ever. While thus en- in conversation, the carriage drove up before the iron railings, ng the Union. All was dark and silent as the chamber of death— ht to be seen, no sound to be heard. I alighted, leaving the anxious, 7-stricken widow still seated. An attempt was immediately made use the sleepers, which for some time proved unavailing. Are we urn to the city without, at least, gaining some tidings concerning Fanny. Are the widow's prayers to remain unanswered? Are those , so recently raised, to be now ruthlessly dashed to the ground? Is bject of them to be disappointed now she has reached the expected

Mere reason said, Yes, it must be so; but faith said, All shall yet ll.

other and still louder pull at the great bell, and then it appeared as h some one had heard, for a faint light was seen; but, after waiting , it proved to be only the flickering flame of a fire a little revived. er trial, and then if no one answers, it will be useless to make any r attempt. But the God of the widow was looking on—faith had ried to the utmost. One more energetic pull at the bell; when lo! t—the unmistakable light of a candle, was seen. Surely no traveller ore eagerly looked to the eastern horizon for the first dawn of the ng than those two watched for this first bright beacon of hope. In r moment the window of the apartment was hastily opened, and the of the friendly porter appeared in view, while in a good-natured tone led out, "Who's there?" The name was mentioned. "Wait a bit, howell, wait a bit, sir," said the kind-hearted old man, "and I'll let ."

Having muffled his clothes around him, he soon came with his

large bunch of keys ; the gate was opened, and I entered. " You will no doubt wonder at being rung up at this late hour, but I have brought a person to see her poor dying child. Tell me, is Fanny W—— still alive ?" " I have not heard of her death, but I will see." The register was taken from the shelf, and a few pages turned over. " There is no entry, sir ; I think she must be still living." Thank God for that ! was the inward response of an anxious and grateful heart ; there is yet the prospect of a meeting on this side of the grave between the mother and her long-lost child ! Can we see her, Mr. Sowden ; at least, may we go and ascertain whether she is yet alive ? for it was thought on Monday, by the medical man, she could not survive twenty-four hours longer." " Yes, sir : you can go ; I will dress myself and conduct you to the ward, for I have just had orders to admit you whenever you came." The poor old man, although disturbed at such an unseasonable hour, began at once cheerfully to put on his attire, which he had only thrown loosely around him before, while he said, " I have been an old traveller and a great sinner, but I have found a great Saviour—I am not what I ought to be, but I will do anything for spiritual good." In a few minutes the large iron gates are rolled back, and the vehicle, containing one of God's deeply-tried and afflicted children, drawn in. The coachman is kindly offered a seat by the fire, while the widow, myself, and guide, lantern and keys in hand, are soon found wending our way towards the back of the building.

" I cannot think how it is I heard the bell to-night. Some short time ago some poor tramps came, but I didn't hear them ring, and master had to get up. I can't think how it was I heard it just now." " I will tell you, my friend, how it was you heard it. We prayed as we came along that you might do so, for we knew that unless some one heard, the poor widow could get no tidings about her child ; and God has listened to our prayer ; and you know God is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. He says, ' Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' And I believe the poor woman will yet see her child, for we have earnestly prayed in faith that she might." By this time we had reached the entrance to the infirmary ; in another minute the door is opened, and we begin to tread the long, white, neatly-kept corridor ; a second door is unlocked and opened, and we ascend the stone staircase, and then find ourselves, with throbbing, heaving bosoms, standing at the door of the fever ward. The good old porter knocked, for the nurse is sleeping in an adjoining ward. Much more rapidly than could have been expected, she sprang from her couch. The question is asked, in breathless haste, " Is Fanny, whom I saw last night, yet alive ?" It was a moment of painful suspense, but the answer imparted relief—" She was living a little while ago. I will enter the ward and see." What thoughts were ours ! Poor thing, is it possible that thou art so near thine end, and yet no one sitting by to watch the flickering flame of life, to speak one cheering word about a Saviour's love, or wipe the death-dews from thy marble brow ? Oh, cruel, cruel sin, what mischief hast thou wrought ! and now in the last extremity thy poor votary is left to do battle with the last enemy alone. But stay, ye unhappy thoughts, in your onward flow ; a greater than all human friends is with her now—that crucified One who saved the dying thief is there beside that lonely bed ; His arms are cast around to yield the needed comfort in this trying hour ; His loving voice is heard to soothe and bless—" When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee ;" " I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." But perchance she has

already passed the narrow stream of death; the angelic convoy provided by her King may be even now conducting her through the pearly gates into the mansions of the blest. Yes; that once-degraded, polluted, sin-stained one, now washed in the blood and clothed in the righteousness of Christ, may be at rest on the bosom of her Lord. The nurse and I enter the ward alone, the mother being desired to remain outside for a moment, lest our musings should prove realities, and the poor widow, finding only the lifeless clay of the one she loved so much, should swoon away; or, if alive, the sudden appearance of her mother by her side should prove too much for her, and so the trembling spirit might be abruptly dismissed from its frail dwelling-place. The bed is reached with cautious steps. She lives, she breathes, she is awake, were the thoughts which had well-nigh found utterance by the lips. A pleasant smile of recognition passed over her deathly features, while no doubt she wondered what had brought her friend at such an hour.

"Fanny, I thought you would like to see me once more." A look of approbation told the feeling of her heart. "Are you still happy?" "Yes, Jesus has saved me; He is going to take me to Himself." "Fanny, you asked me last night to write to your mother" (at the mention of the word *mother* her eyes brightened, and she smiled again), "would you really like to see her?" "Oh yes, I should like to see mother." Do you think you *could* bear an interview with her? "Oh, yes, I *should* like to see mother." "My poor dear child, God has sent your mother: my letter reached her to-day, and she has come to see you. She is now outside, but I will call her in." Coming forward at that moment, and for the first time for eighteen months catching sight of her long-lost and often-prayed-for child, the mother threw herself across the bed, while in a transport of joy she exclaimed, "My darling child, my darling child," and immediately imprinted a kiss of fond affection on her cheek. The poor girl then, fastening her eyes upon her affectionate parent, cried, "Can you forgive me, mother, can you forgive me?" "Twenty times over, my child, twenty times over," was the beautiful response. Would that some hard-hearted mothers, who spurn their children from their sight when once the boundary line of virtue has been crossed, had witnessed the interview of this mother and child. How like the meeting of a long-forgotten though unforgetful God and the poor once-wandering but now-returning and sorrow-stricken sinner. No frown upon the forehead, nor cold repelling looks, nor upbraidings about the past; but only smiles and expressions of the highest joy that he at last is brought to his right mind, accompanied by the repeated assurance of full forgiveness and favour through the great atonement of Calvary. Oh that men and women knew the infinite willingness of an offended God to receive and pardon the most guilty of our race! "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. v. 20). But it was a solemn meeting withal—a time to be remembered, in that still hour of the night. There we stood, the porter with the lantern, the nurse and myself around that dying-bed, in a large and comfortless apartment, lighted only by the dim flame of one small candle, the stillness being occasionally broken and the solemnity heightened by groans and sighs, coming from the poor sufferers around; who, waking from their sleep, appeared conscious that something unusual was taking place. The interview was too much for both mother and child, so that for a few minutes complete silence reigned.

I then spoke a few words of comfort to poor Fanny, and questioned her a little as to her state, to which she gave the most satisfactory answers. There was no attempt to justify, excuse, or trust in self; she appeared to derive the most solid comfort from *reposing alone in Jesus*. She was not afraid to pass the gloomy valley, but said, "*I should like to die now mother's here.*"

Having spent a few minutes in prayer with thanksgiving, praising God for this most remarkable meeting in answer to the earnest supplications of His children, commending the departing one to the care of Him who had washed her from her guilt in His own blood, and entreating that the events of that memorable night might be made a blessing, especially to the other inmates of the ward, we prepared to depart. Looking toward the widow, our friend the porter said, "Mrs. W——, I will take upon myself to say that you may remain with your poor child. She is not long for this world, I can see." Shortly, however, she recovered from the first surprise, and somewhat rallied. The nurse thought that she might even live for some days; for the mother's presence and sweet forgiving love appeared to pour a little fresh oil into the almost-extinguished lamp of life.

"Good-bye, Fanny! Good-bye, my child! I commend you to the Saviour's care," I said. The bedclothes moved, and a tiny, almost fleshless arm was outstretched. Seeing what she wanted, I took her hand. Surely, surely, that cannot be the grasp of a dying one—so firm, so strong, but it was the last effort to display her love; and, as I left the bed, her sparkling eyes were fixed upon me, and, with a face radiant with a heavenly smile, she said, "God—bless—you—sir."

It seems to me that I shall never be able to forget those few short words, nor lose sight of the expressive look with which they were uttered.

How I praised God for using me as an instrument to bring together this fond, affectionate mother and her long-lost Fanny; and left that dying-bed more thoroughly determined to seek out the friendless and fallen of our race, to look for hearts in which to pour the balm of Gospel grace. Oh, the luxury of doing good; may all who read this stoop to taste of that refreshing spring.

The mother remained watching by the bed till early morn, and then, having prepared and given her "darling child" her breakfast (which she ate with more than ordinary zest), she came to Bristol to procure some extra comforts for the dying one, and called to say, she thought the thread of life would yet be lengthened. Alas, for human hopes! the spirit of her child had passed away before these words were uttered; and the poor, diseased, degraded, lifeless body, had been washed and covered before her return to the Union. Having determined to stay to the funeral, which was to take place on the following Saturday, she was most kindly provided with bed and board by the master and matron. Of them she will ever cherish a grateful remembrance; they entered into her sorrow, and did all in their power to assuage her grief.

Towards the end of the week, I began to think much about the poor mother, a hundred miles away from home, with the mournful duty before her of committing the remains of the erring one to the tomb. I felt that I must go and support her in this hour of trial, and let her lean upon my arm. But it seemed necessary to prepare for the services on the morrow. "No excuse, if you please," said the inward monitor. "Would you not

erty miles, instead of four, to minister to the Saviour's needs if He ere? and this poor woman is a suffering member of His body." Work was undertaken. Hallowed was the joy that filled my soul as word of Jesus sounded in my ear, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

This unexpected visit was the means of imparting a little comfort to the aching heart. We waited for a short time, and then it was announced that the lady was ready, when we at once proceeded to the quiet churchyard, a short distance from the Union. How glad was I then to stand beside the sleeping one, for fifteen open graves met our view. It was, indeed, a sad scene. The service was read with due solemnity, and the body of the once-bright, cheerful, happy, yet erring Fanny, was committed to the ground. Oh that young women who are leaving the home of their fathers for the ways of sin, could have seen that sight; perhaps it might have saved them from a life of shame. All do not die as Fanny did, for the Scripture saith, "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth himself, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (xxix. 1).

"Oh, you that are afar from God,
And daily spurn a Saviour's love;
Think, is it quite worth while to lose
A heaven of joy and rest above?"

After performing the last mournful office for the departed, and taking a last look at the place where the once-lovely Fanny now lies, we proceeded to the railway station. A few kind words were exchanged at the station, and the grateful, loving, sorrowing mother at once commenced her journey to her distant home. With a very thankful spirit I bent my way towards the city, thinking of the many links in the chain of God's merciful providence, which had, in answer to earnest believing prayer, brought mother and daughter so mysteriously together, and praised Him for giving me to administer some little consolation to a widow's troubled mind and to smooth the dying pillow of her poor child.

PUTTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM; FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU."

And, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
From self could rest,
Feel at heart that One above,
With perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

Far from this our daily life,
So oft disturbed by anxious
Cares,
Sudden wild alarms;
Could we but relinquish all
Earthly props, and simply fall
Into Thine Almighty arms!

Let us but kneel, and cast our
Care
And while we pray, upon our God,
We will rise with lightened cheer;

Sure that the Father, who is nigh,
To still the famished ravens' cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;

But birds and flowerets round us
Preach,

All, all the present evil teach,
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of
Ours

Such lessons learn from birds and
Flowers,

Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace.

Pilgrim Papers.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

BY A DEPARTED SAINT.

"And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away."
GEN. xv. 11.

THE Church of Christ in every age, in every nation, and under every dispensation, has been composed of the same characters, governed by the same laws, and its worship the same; not in its externals, but in its most important and essential principles, which is to teach us not to quarrel with our brethren in Christ on account of mere external and ceremonial rites—remembering that "circumcision or uncircumcision availeth nothing, but a new creature"—a precious faith in Christ Jesus.

In this chapter we have an interesting description of a gracious appearance of God to Abraham (verse 1), a name which signifies "a father of eminency or exaltation;" and when Jehovah added the letters "ha," then its literal signification was "a father of many nations." Abram entreats of God that He would give him an heir, which was promised him (verses 2—5). He has also a fresh promise made to him of the Land of Canaan (verse 7), of which he desires a sign, and this was given to him (verses 8—12). This is a beautiful specimen of patriarchal worship, and is supposed by some to represent the burnt-offerings, the sin-offerings, and the peace-offerings, which were ordained or appointed under the Mosaic dispensation.

And when the fowls came down from heaven—unclean birds—birds of prey, such as eagles, vultures, kites, crows, &c., emblems of the enemies of the Church of God,—the Gentile nations, who, if they could not destroy the Church by persecution, would endeavour to disturb the worshippers of God who "worship Him in spirit and in truth;" and, if possible, to prevent the public worship and acknowledgment of the triune Jehovah—whether under the Mosaic economy, or under the reign of Prince Messiah; but the Church of God is founded upon a Rock, "against which the gates of hell shall never prevail," either to injure or destroy.

From these words, we will state some of those properties or principles which are essential to the true worship of Jehovah—the annoyance and hindrance which believers experience in this solemn and delightful engagement.

I have already said that the true worship of God is the same in its grand essential principles in every nation, and under every dispensation of revealed truth—"They that worship God, must ever worship Him in spirit and in truth."

1. It must be sincere. It must arise or spring from an upright and righteous principle; and what is this? It is to be renewed in the spirit of our minds; and, without this, it is impossible to present a holy, spiritual, and acceptable service; without this, external decencies and outward professions, are an abomination in the eyes of that adorable Being who looketh on the heart (Isaiah lxvi. 3, 4). Abram's sincerity is indisputable.

2. It must be simple unostentation. I hate, and I am sure God hates, mere religious parade and display; nor is it right to attach the term

religion to such performances : it is a desecration of the term. The venerable and devout patriarch had built his rural altar probably of earth and stones ; the required victims were slain, and laid in their place, and, in the lively exercise of faith, Abram waited for the token of divine approbation. Still more simple and unobtrusive is the form of Christian worship instituted by Him who is the Great Teacher of the Church. "Wherever two or three are gathered together *in my name*, there am I in the midst of them." "*In my name!*" Oh, when prayer and praise are presented to God in this name, heaven descends upon earth, and that spot is the Church of the Living God, whether there be few or many worshippers assembled ; whether the temple be splendid or simple, if, in Christ's name, He has promised to be in the midst of them.

3. Faith in the atoning Lamb of God is essential to the true worship of God. Abraham was illustrious for his faith ; his history may be styled a history of faith. Paul celebrated his faith in his epistle to the Romans ; and in his epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 8—19), the faith of Abraham is set forth in glowing and beautiful language. And the Lord from heaven thus sublimely spoke of Abraham's faith, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day ; and he saw it, and was glad. Verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." Thus the saints in the antediluvian age, in the patriarchal age, and during the dispensation of Moses, all, all lived and died in the faith of the Messiah—the Immanuel, "God with us." And without this it is impossible to please God—yea, all worship is offensive to Him.

4. Gratitude and love must be the animating principles which impart a heavenly glow to our worship and devotions : without these, praise is a dry rehearsal, and prayer an unmeaning sound (Psalm lxxxiv. 1—3).

5. Divine knowledge is inseparable. Ignorance may, by some, be styled "the mother of devotion ;" and God knoweth the professing Church is crowded with such benighted and besotted devotees. Error deadens devotion ; error renders worship cold and formal ; error makes the Churches lamps without oil and fire, instead of being as lamps trimmed and burning. Jesus describes, in His comprehensive and emphatic manner, what the true worship of God is : "The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth : for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit : and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and *in truth*"—in Him who is Truth itself, and according to the grand truths of the Gospel. Hence, the apostle Paul says, in his epistle to the Philippians, "For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh ;" also, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. . . . I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Alas ! alas ! I fear we have but few who thus worship Jehovah. Oh, what a subject is this for self-examination !

II. We will endeavour to set before you some of those things which hinder and oppose the believer in his endeavour to worship God.

Was my discourse principally and entirely directed to the ungodly, I should, without hesitation, say, "Your impenitence, your blindness, your death in sin, your hardness of heart, these unfit you to engage in the divine worship ; these inspire you with hatred to God and His service. Verily, ye must be born again, before you can worship God in the beauty of holiness." But, oh ye believers, what hindrances have you to encounter in your approaches to the Lord, when you wish to present unto

Him the devout exercises of your heart! You often in secret mourn over and confess them.

1. What evil principles are sometimes at work! *Pride*: the pride of supposed merit, the pride of human reason, the pride of talent, of science (Rev. iii. 16, 17). *Envy*, too: envying the talents, the popularity, the success of others; condemning the motives and lessening the real excellencies of your Christian brethren. *Supineness and unbelief* also present hindrances to the believer: these create languor of mind, inactivity of soul—various doubts and fears harass him, and, not unfrequently, the present needed blessing is not obtained, owing to the weakness of faith. Oh, how often have believers experienced the baneful effects of those principles, so that, like the unclean birds to Abram, they have harassed the minister, the elders, and the leaders, and the private individuals of our Christian Churches!

2. Distracting and dissipating thoughts. These sometimes are distressing hindrances in our worshipping the Lord, whether in the closet, at the domestic altar, or in the house of prayer. The retrospect of the past, the anticipations of the future, the various secular engagements, badness of trade and losses and disappointments, the affairs and distresses of others, with a thousand other things equally inimical to the devout and spiritual worshipping of the Lord, would not only occupy the mind when thus professedly engaged, but would, like an irresistible flood, drive it from the throne of the heavenly grace.

3. The consciousness of having committed sin. This sometimes is a most formidable and painful hindrance to the worship of God; this quenches the desire for a time, which is the essence of prayer, and makes the believer dumb; he cannot pray. Oh, what he feels, under such a state of mind, none but he can tell!

4. The devil and the powers of darkness present great obstacles to your engaging in the worship of the Lord. Satan well knows how to lay hindrances in your way. He will tell you there is no occasion to go to the house of God; you can read your Bible at home, pray at home; the cares of life; your poverty; or else—which is as great a falsehood as any—you have not much time to spend in religious exercises, or there is no profit in serving God! Indeed, my brethren, time would fail to rehearse the various hindrances and oppositions which the child of God meets with in the worship of the Lord. But be not discouraged; “as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” Remember this is a time of trial; but God has said, “*I will be with thee.*”

III. Allow me to present unto you a few friendly directions. “And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away.”

Like Abram, drive all your hindrances and oppositions away; but not in your own strength; if you do, you are sure to fail.

1. Carry them all to the Lord; the evil principles of your heart, your distracting thoughts, your sins, which separate between you and Him; make this your daily habitual practice.

2. Be watchful. Fancypaints the devout patriarch as alternately glancing at the birds of prey and his humble altar, and towards heaven. So the Christian worshipper must watch against the baneful influences of sensual objects, the evil principles of his nature, the emotions of his mind, and this in humble dependence upon the divine aid, else he will soon find to his cost the devil is more vigilant than the saint.

3. Be prayerful; “pray without ceasing;” and this implies a holy

breathing of soul; pray for greater sincerity, for the simple heart, the single eye, for greater faith in Jesus and His finished work, that your love to Him may abound more and more, that your knowledge may be neither barren nor unfruitful.

4. Aspire after successful prayer, and I am sure your prayers will terminate in a complete success. "I will not let thee go," says one, "unless thou bless."

5. Persevere, in season and out of season, in your attendance upon public worship. It was the solemn injunction of one well versed in the Church, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is: but exhort one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." When the Saviour said, "When two or three are gathered," &c., it is the same as if He had said, "Meet, or assemble together, in my name." We read, that "they who feared the Lord often spake one to another." The whole history of the Church is an illustration of this, particularly in the most gloomy times, when cruel persecutors sought to destroy the Church of God, and His servants were driven from their houses, having neither house nor temple to worship in; still they would meet together, even at the hazard of their lives; and, by their meeting together, their prayers, their praises, and their exhortations, they have consecrated the valleys, the mountain-tops, the caves, and the dens of the earth. Yes, persevere; let neither friend nor foe persuade or deter you from the house of God, and let no mere earthly engagement deprive God of your service in His worship.

(1.) Call to remembrance the example of the saints in every age, and be diligent imitators of them—patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and the Lord's children in every age: Noah walked with God, Abraham was the friend of God. Moses talked with God on the Mount; David was the man after God's own heart; Isaiah saw His glory. Oh, how honoured were these illustrious saints; and how honourable to walk in their steps! The Lord enable us!

(2.) Consider the blessed results that often accompany the assembling of the Lord's people for divine worship. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee." "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee." What light breaks in upon the mind; what comforts delight our souls—what relief; what refreshing showers of divine influence are felt! How is faith strengthened; hopes brightened; love kindled afresh; every grace improved; the man of God thoroughly furnished for every good word and work—so that he may be enabled to go on from strength to strength, leaning upon his Almighty Redeemer. These, these, O my God, constitute a part of the blessedness of this new man whom "Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee." "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." And what multitudes of poor sinners have been visited by the healing and saving virtues of the waters of salvation, whilst mingling with the saints of God in the house of worship; some, drawn and attracted by the voice of prayer and of praise, have been savingly, sovereignly, and effectually arrested, and sent away praying and praising.

(3.) Remember, this, O believer, will be your everlasting employment in heaven. Then here be much at the throne of grace—hereby you will breathe much of the atmosphere of heaven; its sacred fires will kindle your devotions, and thus you will become more gradually desirous of

uniting with angels and the Redeemed, in their sublime and perfect devotions. Oh, happy thought; it will be your meat and your drink to worship "Him who sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb, for ever and for ever," and that in all "the beauty of perfect holiness."

THE BRIDE, THE CHURCH.

MANY years ago, when, in the freshness of youth, I remember hearing the late Mr. Craik, of Bristol, observe that the Lord had not only said to His disciples, "Take heed *how* ye hear," but "Take heed *what* ye hear;" and that the two warnings should always go together. In such a day as this, the admonition is greatly needed; for there is much chaff and stubble abroad, and we should search well for the wheat among it, and be quite sure it is the old corn of the land, for nothing else can rightly feed us.

On a Sabbath evening, some weeks ago, in the city of B——, I heard some very strange statements made by a gentleman—a layman, I think—who was addressing a large assembly in a room set apart for the Lord's service. The subject was prophecy; but to give any concise detail of the whole would be utterly vain; for there was no particular outline, the statements were so many and varied, and generally unconnected; the vein of thought running throughout so crooked, that from beginning to end it seemed a problem of mystery. But, as some of these views, I am told, have a wide circulation among a large body of professing Christians, and are received as *precious truths*, it is well to inquire whether "these things are so," and to let "the law and the testimony" decide the matter.

First, then, it was asserted that when the Lord Jesus comes again, He will have TWO BRIDES—the *earthly* and the *heavenly*; the latter to remain with him for a thousand years in the new Jerusalem—the clouds, and the former to dwell upon the earth during the same period of time. Now, it is easier to make a statement than to prove it. Where are two brides spoken of in Scripture? The ten virgins (Matt. xxv.), it has always been admitted, represent the Church and the world: where is the third party, or the one Church cut up into two? There is the chaff and the wheat (Matt. iii. 12)—two specific objects of comparison, but not two specific kinds of corn. The elect (and that, of course, all admit is a title given exclusively to "the Church of the living God") are to be gathered together, from the four corners of the earth, by the angels, at the last great day (Matt. xiii. 49). The bride, the Lamb's wife, first appeared in type when Eve was brought to Adam; and "for this cause," said our blessed Lord, "shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be *one* flesh" (Matt. xix. 5). "Upon this Rock [Himself]," said Jesus, "will I build my Church" (Matt. xvi. 18). And it is observable that the word *Christ* is used in the third of Genesis, when applied to the creation of Eve; in the Hebrew (אִשָּׁה), this was "*the Church which He purchased with His own blood*" (Acts xx. 28), which He loved, "and gave Himself for it" (Eph. v. 25). There is scarcely a cardinal truth revealed by the Spirit in the New Testament that was not prefigured by type or shadow in the Old; and can a single passage be given from either, to prove that, when the Lord comes again the second time, He will come to claim His two brides, whether in the clouds or upon the earth? "Come hither," said the angel to John, in Patmos, "and I will show thee"—What? "*The bride, the Lamb's wife*"—not *wives*. Such a representation is a sort of spiritual polygamy; and it gives

a flat denial to the oneness of the Church. "Did He not make *one*?" asks the prophet Malachi (ii. 15); Christ "is the Head of the body, the Church" (Col. i. 18). One head upon two bodies is a monstrosity. Such is the word of God; but when the word of man comes in and puts an extinguisher over the light of truth, and strikes another from a match of his own concocting, and tells us that, when the Lord comes again, He will have two wives—one down on the earth, and the other up in the clouds—why surely it is no want of charity to say that such teaching is what the apostle James describes in the the third chapter of his epistle and the fifteenth verse.

Then, secondly, this gentleman asserted that, anterior to the first coming, no Jew made one of the body of Christ; and that, until the resurrection, there was no Church at all! But let us look for a moment into the subject. According to the Eternal purpose, the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world—and for whom? For all whose names were written in the book of life—from Abel to the last elect vessel who shall be alive at the Lord's coming. These were chosen before the world began (Eph. i. 4); and all who are not found written herein are to be cast into a lake of fire (Rev. xiv. 15). Now, if it be admitted that these names comprise every member of the mystical body of Christ, and compose His *ONE* Church from the creation of the world to its close (Psalm cxxxix. 15), was the name of Noah, who walked with God, omitted? of Abraham, the friend of God? of Jacob, whom He loved, and to whose seed He said, "Fear not; I have redeemed thee: thou art mine?" Could there have been a promise or a blessing for any one of them apart from the Son of His love, the shedding of whose blood, prefigured by the blood of bulls and goats, was the ground of their acceptance with Jehovah? The apostle Paul, in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, enumerates a large number of Old Testament saints who lived *by* faith and died *in* faith, "*that they might obtain a better resurrection;*" and yet we are told they are not to rise at the first resurrection, and that they do not belong to the Church of the Firstborn! At the close of this remarkable chapter, the link between Jew and Gentile is proved indispensable, as the apostle concludes in these words, "*that they without us should not be made perfect.*" Job was satisfied that he would have *his* portion in resurrection blessedness (xix. 25); Stephen speaks of the Jewish people as "*the Church in the wilderness*" (Acts vii. 38); and, if Christ were the *Root* of David (Rev. xxii. 16), was not David one of His *branches*? In the sealing of the tribes (Rev. xiv. 1), whether literal or spiritual, it is *Israel* who are sealed; and can any but the Church of God have the seal of God written on their foreheads? (Rev. v. 3; xxii. 4.) And, after the sealing, when John beheld a great multitude, which no man could number, *of all nations*, standing before the throne, were the Jews excepted?

Truly, then, in days like the present, when standard-bearers are fainting, and error, in its varied forms, has crept into churches, and chapels, and *rooms*, we have need to be on our watch-towers, and remember the divine admonitions, "Take heed *how* ye hear," and "take heed *what* ye hear," which, as the now-sainted Henry Craik once said, "should always go together."

C.

When the highest promises are made, God expects they should be put in suit. Our Saviour joins the promise and the petition together. The promise to encourage the petition, and the petition to enjoy the promise.

Correspondence.

REFLECTIONS ON A YOUNG DISCIPLE,

WHOSE DYING EXPERIENCE WAS RECENTLY RECORDED IN THESE PAGES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It was with deep interest I read in the *Gospel Magazine* for June and July your notice of "The Fountain Sealed"—a book which for several years has been very highly valued by me.

Though it was not mine to know the subject of the memoir personally, yet I was privileged to know very much of her through a friend frequently and affectionately referred to in the book. When she was called to pass "through the valley of the shadow of death," hearing of her sufferings, which were very great and exceedingly acute, my heart was drawn towards her in living sympathy, which poured itself out in earnest prayer on her behalf; and, looking back upon the past, it is still a very sweet memory to recollect the blessed spirit of pleading then enjoyed. Some few months after her death, I was on a visit with the friend above mentioned, and here again I heard much of the departed one. Especially I remember speaking of her one Sabbath, and looking at the photographic likeness possessed by this friend. Beholding it long and earnestly, there seemed a living eloquence in it which addressed itself to me very powerfully. There was a power of sacred message-bearing in it; and how vividly comes back to me the Sabbath afternoon service in the country church! My spirit seemed to get beyond the earthly sanctuary, and Psalm of rustic worshippers; and, standing in the upper sanctuary, there to behold the now-glorified spirit, endowed with the crown of life, assisting in pouring out the flow of harmony and praise which for the time I seemed to hear. It was a moment of solemn, exquisite joy, like to none other. Returning from church, I wrote the lines herewith enclosed. There are some other lines which perhaps may find their way to you some future day.

Your remarks on the dangerous fascinations of the Church of Rome are well founded. That Church, as you say, *seems* to adopt a course of self-sacrifice and world-renunciation congenial to a chastened spirit and a crushed heart! A snare is thus spread for those who would not be won by the more openly vicious parts of the system.

Mrs. Methuen's remarks on this part of her daughter's experience touching these snares, are faithful and invaluable. Indeed, rare fidelity and judicious discrimination are exercised in this deeply-interesting memoir. Very many valuable lessons are surely to be gained both by parents and young persons, and Christian pilgrims generally, from an attentive perusal. Accept in conclusion my sincere wishes for your best welfare.

Yours faithfully,

000.

THOUGHTS *when contemplating a Likeness of MISS METHUEN, whose bright Christian pilgrimage was closed by a glorious triumph over death some months before.*

FOR me, there is a language in those eyes
As of one speaking from beyond the skies,
Heard by my soul in converse high and sweet,
Where soul with soul doth in communion meet.

There is a depth—a purity—a light
Displayed all lovely to my wond'ring sight ;
Upon that fair, expansive, lofty brow
There sits a calm repose of glory now.
In all the lineaments of that dear face,
Expression sweet, ineffable I trace—
The sov'reignty of soul o'er body gained,
And such mysterious height of bliss attained :
Flesh seems a veil through which, as through a screen,
Eternity's bright quenchless light is seen.

I marvel much, and explanation seek ;
E'en from those eyes, which such soul-language speak ;
My spirit then attentive bows and hears ;
Strange feelings overcome me ; there come tears
Into mine eyes, at which the soul attends
To hear the message which from heaven descends :
" Not without conflict 'twas I gained this peace,
Which seems to say, Henceforth all strife shall cease ;
And knowing soon shall be the last-drawn breath,
Yet looks with queenly meekness upon death,
Submitting to the Hand that calls away,
Yet holding o'er the ' king of terrors ' sway.

With ev'ry blessing multiplied around,
There was not yet this sweet composure found,
Till sin was vanquished—passion, self subdued,
The heart and spirit too in Christ renewed.
The law's stern threat'ning for my sin appeased,
E'en by the blood of Him, in whom, well pleased,
The Sacrifice for sins, our God receives
The trembling sinner who repents—believes.

Not dear-loved friends nor riches could bestow
The gift of peace ; mine only now I know
The God of Peace, His Spirit's work of love,
Which makes me love Him all things else above—
Makes me with willingness my life resign,
With all its blessings, at the word divine ;
Count beauty, youth, rank, riches, all as nought—
Ready to part with those, too, whom I ought
To value more than ev'rything next heaven,
By whom those very friends to me were given.
Not till this work was in my soul complete,
Did I possess this peace so precious, sweet.
Though bright and calm has seemed my outward life,
I've felt the agonizing inward strife—
The need that *all* God's armour should be worn—
The heat of many battle-days be borne.

And now I joy to say, with one of old,
While future scenes their glories bright unfold :
" Oh, I am ' more than conqueror through Him
Who loved us '—gave Himself for us. How dim
All earthly victors' glory to compare
With that to which I am eternal heir."

If to thy faith the vision bright be given,
To see me throned amid the courts of heaven,
While e'en the radiant crown upon my head
On mortal eyes doth dazzling brightness shed ;

And thou, thro' heaven's expanse, canst hear the ring
 Of rapturous praise from love's melodious string;
 If this bright vision be vouchsafed to thee,
 It is that thou a little glimpse mayst see
 Of that unmerited and full reward
 Bestowed on those who fear and love the Lord;
 And who, in Jesus Christ when formed anew,
 His footsteps in meek diligence pursue.
 Lose not this portion blest which is for thee;
 Press on with prayer, and, watchful, steadfast be."

000.

A MOTHER'S LETTER TO HER SON UPON THE COMPLETION OF HER NINETIETH YEAR.

[The following letter will be read with deepest interest by the Spirit-taught and divinely-enlightened. How weighty are the words of this dear old saint! How weak and vain, absurd and valueless, does the Ritualistic rubbish and the Rationalistic reasonings of the present day become, when set in contrast to such a thoughtful, well-trying, deep-testing, and personal experience, as this letter exhibits. Well may men with their millinery, their marchings, music, and monkish mummeries, take shame to themselves (if they had any shame in them) when confronted with such a testimony as the annexed.—Ed.]

MY VERY DEAR AND ONLY SON,—I sit down to address to you probably the last letter you will have from me. I suffered much on account of your and your ever-beloved wife's heavy trials; but my faith is immovable in all these things working out for you both, and for myself, "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I am now near ninety years old; but I consider myself one of the happiest beings in existence, for most of my trials are gone through; and, under the apprehension of those to come, I am happy to tell you my feet are on the Rock. I have a husband, three children, and two grandchildren, beyond the boundary line of sin and sorrow. God was manifestly glorified in the deaths of those who came to maturity; and the rest are quite as safe. My health is just as good as ever it was, only the infirmities incident to old age; and fewer of these than, perhaps, any other of my age. My memory is good; I seldom forget anything I hear; I can read a little, and hear tolerably well; I have food to eat, and raiment to put on, and, when sick, tender hands to aid my infirmities. I feel as if a volume would not be too much for me to fill, if I told you all I think of you both and the dear children; and, when overwhelmed with the thought of you all, I can only ease my full heart by crying to heaven, in the language of the apostle, "That the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ would bless you all with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." I know, and often say, our prayers are reciprocal, for I feel assured you are asking for me; and the blessed access I feel tells me that I am heard for you.

But one thing, above all things, I would enforce—the necessity of teaching the dear children that the religion I am recommending is a thing not merely to be found in books, sermons, or knowledge, but at the throne of grace; it is a "casting off the works of darkness, and putting on the armour of light;" it is "putting off the old man, and putting on the new;" a "crucifying the flesh, with its affections and lusts:" it is set

about by a knowledge of themselves; a repentance towards God; a faith in Christ; a passing through the strait gate; a new birth; Christ formed and brought forth in the soul, enabling the new creature to walk in Christ, with a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; a self-denying life. I tell my dear grandchildren that these are my views of religion, after sixty-four years of experience—for so long has my Saviour kept me; and now I know “that neither life nor death [nor any of the dangers in the catalogue] shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.” I shall ever, while life remains, remember you in all my prayers, night and day, and I trust you will do the same for me; for I am still in the field, and the wolf of the evening is still going about. But, after sixty-four years’ conflict, the sword of the Spirit is still bright; and oh, to have the promised land in view! This is what Bunyan calls the land of Beulah; or the prophet Isaiah, “the land that is afar off, where the King is seen in His beauty.” I was reading of this to-day, the first of the year; and I trust, ere another year rolls round, that faith will be lost in sight. But, before I let the pen be dropped, again I would say, tell the dear children that, in searching for religion, Jacob “wrestled,” David “wept, and watered his couch with his tears,” Paul prayed, the publican “smote upon his breast,” the jailer cried “What shall I do?” and, above all, Jesus, when asking for us, rose a great while before day, and went into a solitary place, and there prayed. Everything for life or death is to be got at a throne of grace; but the soul must be on the stretch for all we want. And now, my dear children, I have told you what I have to say before I leave this vale of tears. Meet me above, that I may say, “Here am I, and the children Thou hast given me.”

May the good Lord keep you all till we meet in “a house not made with hands,” is the prayer of, my dear son,

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

THE OPENING YEAR.

To the Readers of the Gospel Magazine.

WITH this month’s issue we shall, if our lives are spared, reach another milestone on the road to “Our Heavenly Home.” May we not, on a review of the way the Lord hath led us all these years in the wilderness, raise our Ebenezer, and sing to His praise? And may we not also say with the Psalmist, “Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life?” Frequent are the changes we meet with, yet “He changeth not.” Many and varied are the trials by which we are exercised, yet “out of them all the Lord delivereth.” Numerous are our *needs*, still more are our *wants*; yet we can testify “no good thing hath failed of all the Lord hath promised, but all have come to pass.” There *are* trials for the Lord’s children, but all tend to the glory of their divine Master, and to their own real good; and thus it shall be even to the end, to the end of our individual course, and to the end of time.

In God’s grace it is so arranged that there is that in the Lord Jesus which just meets, supplies, and fills all our cravings; and there are those cravings in our souls which require all that is in Jesus to satisfy. The wise arrangements in Providence, which make the babe and the mother essentially necessary to each other, shadow forth the arrangements of grace making the mighty Saviour and gracious Head of His Church, and

the needy sinner and helpless member of that Church, each the essential complement of the other. Again, as the graft properly united to the stem is one with it, and together constitute the tree, receiving henceforth verdure and fruitfulness from the life-giving sap, so the soul united to Jesus by living faith, henceforth draws from Him the living Spirit which alone can make him either an ornament or of use in the Church on earth.

In realizing these blessed *facts*—and the sure way to realize is, under the teaching of the Lord the Spirit, to meditate on them—the believer is borne aloft above the strife and conflicts of men—the never-ending broaching of novelties—“the oppositions of science falsely so called”—to an active, persevering disposal of time and means, and the laying hold of every opportunity in helping to alleviate the mass of human woe, the crushing burden which in many cases human nature seems sinking under. Thus the *real* is seen to be identical with the *practical*, and the *speculative* and *visionary* is left to “beat the air.”

What can we desire for the coming year that can be more for our own advantage, because for the glory of God, than to begin it and pass through it in such a “fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ,” as that our “joy may be full,” and ourselves useful? Clouds may darken the horizon, yea, may be over our heads; but “He maketh the clouds His chariot.” Trials may arise from our nearest earthly friends; but He is nearer than the nearest. Our own hearts, which are, compared with the holiness He requireth, as bad as badness, as vile as vileness, may make head against us; but He “is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things;” knows that we love Him, though our love “be weak and faint.”

To Him then let us unitedly again and again commit ourselves, and we shall be *safe* in His keeping, *strong* in His strength, and “more than conquerors through Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us,” and who said to His servant of old, “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” With earnest prayers for these great blessings for readers and writer, believe me

Yours affectionately in Him,

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

AT REST, AND THAT FOR EVER!

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Nov. 24, 1866.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Another full ripe shock of corn is gathered into the heavenly garner, and our beloved Stripling is taken from us. On Friday morning last, the message came for him, “Friend, come up higher;” and, from the “table in the wilderness,” to sit down at the heavenly banquet, was but entering into the fuller enjoyment of the provision he had so long rejoiced in; the pilgrim’s staff and the soldier’s sword are exchanged for a crown of glory; whilst they who have known of our dear brother’s message to the Churches have to say, “a standard-bearer has fallen.” The unpinning of the tabernacle, although it had exceeded the threescore and ten, was a painful severance; yet the happy spirit calmly reposed in Jesus, and the king of terrors was a welcome servant to liberate the spirit from the ties of earth; and, ere the consciousness of the flesh had ceased, the testimony to the Lord’s faithfulness showed that the soul longed to be free. We look around and say, “The prophets, where are they?” on whom, in these days of Satan-suggested

vestments, does the prophet's mantle fall? The ranks of the faithful witnesses to "the covenant ordered in all things and sure," seem to be made up by recruits of "*dead-can-make-themselves-to-live*" school; and, with the increase of profession, vital godliness may say, "Save me from my friends" (or such as profess to be friends); yet, blessed be God, our Jesus has engaged that not one in the covenant shall be missing, as not one of the children of Israel shared the fate of Pharaoh and his host. It is, then, in looking to Jesus, when "the faithful are taken away from amongst the children of men," that we can read again the seventeenth chapter of John, and believe that the work of the Lord is still prospering in *His* hands, and that He will raise up pastors after His own heart, who shall feed His people.

Yours in Jesus,

A PHILIPPIAN.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1866.

THE year is now ebbing, the last Sabbath come,
 But since Christ is our Portion, we're nearer to home;
 And oh, what a twelvemonth of mercies is past!
 And "Hitherto led" we can write at the last.
 But we think of some dear ones not brought in as yet,
 Though long they've seemed nearing the heavenly net;
 But the tale of our prayers unbelief must not stem,
 Perhaps they must be told ere the day dawns on them.
 The precept is "wait," the promise is sure,
 The end will be certain to those who endure;
 And they shall be brought in, so long as we pray;
 For by this we may know there's for them "a set day."
 We think of the year we're just treading upon,
 In a conflict of feelings with that which is gone;
 But the Fountain of blood, which has cleansed all the past,
 Will flow for the future, 'twill flow to the last.
 Of shortcomings and weakness be conscious we must,
 More on Christ let us lean, more in Christ let us trust;
 And now we believe that His coming is near—
 Oh, let us be ready when He shall appear.
 Let us gird up our loins, and be clothed in His strength,
 Be made like Him in life, as we were in His death,
 Imbibing His spirit, His life will be ours,
 We shall die to ourselves—be endowed with fresh powers;
 And the year that is coming will be a new life,
 Though chequered it may be with conflict and strife.
 But oh! can there be a more glorious thought
 Than to live for a Saviour by whom we were bought?
 We'll welcome the new year with praises and prayer,
 And may these render sacred each day we spend there;
 May we follow His precept, "Abide ye in me:"
 Our peace will then flow like an unruffled sea.

Leamington.

A. E.

I SHALL not repent of having enforced, either at the hour of death, or in the day of judgment, that salvation is indeed wholly of grace. The gift of a Saviour, the first dawn of light into the heart; all the supports and supplies needful for carrying on the work, from the foundation to the top-stone—all is of free grace.—*Newton*.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM XXXVII.5.

[23, Balme's Terrace, Southgate Road, London, Dec. 15, 1866.]

DEAR SIR,—On the other side is what my dear father had purposed for part of his annual "Salutation" in the *Gospel Magazine*; but, before the completion, he had passed from this world, and what in the opening he had so vividly prognosticated, had been fulfilled.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
ROBERT HAWKER POYNTER.]

A SALUTATION

To the Church of the Firstborn, whose record is on high, whose names are in the Lamb's book of life, and who ever stood as the objects of love, chosen and called according to the eternal purpose of "Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will."

GRACE, MERCY, AND PEACE, in all plenitude, be supplied you, through our glorious Head and Husband, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love. With our wonted affection we greet you, as fellow-heirs of the same kingdom, upon the opening of this new year, 1867; and, from indications that are with us, the last of our standing among the worthies who successfully fill the ranks of contributors to our veteran and much-loved channel of communication, through which have been declared His doings among the people.

The long roll of a hundred years has told its tale since the *Gospel Magazine* was ushered into the field of literature, with the humble preface by those men of renown in their days, who did great exploits, and were the giants in those days, but who have long since been gathered unto their fathers; but there has not failed of men who had regard unto the ancient landmark, and who well understood the safety of the Church of God. Unrivalled for years as the promulgator of that which is excellent, has this child of one hundred years old witnessed to great and small the unchanging Gospel of an unchanging God. In the year 1820, we took our place as one of those who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and now, in this eventful year 1867, we are, as an old man, about to take leave of our long companions, and vacate for those who shall come after; nor can we feel any regret, seeing the Hand which has guided us in safety so long, and fed us all our journey through. We have passed the boundary of the allotted time for man upon earth, and feel the seeds of death are ripening fast, and the pins of the earthly tabernacle are dropping out (but not unheeded by Him who first built the frail structure), and the dilapidations are every day showing themselves. Does not the whole give unmistakable proof that the Master is calling for me, and like as in the case of Aaron, to take me to Mount Hor, there to strip me of the garments spotted with the flesh? In the prospect of an early departure from this wilderness, it will be well if, through grace, the mind should be upon the look-out for our Lord, so that when He comes we may be found waiting. It has in a special manner been marked out by

God the Holy Ghost how the Lord's people carried out the sweet truth, "to die is gain"—a holy composure of soul, which nothing but divine education in the school of Christ could have produced, marked what is generally called "the death-bed scene" of one and all. No terror alarmed them that they had not lived at a certainty, or that they were dying at an uncertainty; but they felt that the same Guide who had brought them thus far would take them to the end; for He Himself had gone through death, and knew every step of the way; and this gave sweetness to the siren song of the patriarch, to declare his waiting for His salvation—that is, *God's salvation*; he loses sight of himself altogether. It was not the living of the body of sin and death, nor even the joys of heaven, that were opening before him, that engrossed his attention; it was God's salvation he had waited for—even that which had been placed in Zion for the glory of God's Israel. And is not the whole tenor of the sacred volume to make known that the exaltation of the Lord Jesus was for the grand exhibition of Him as God's Salvation unto the ends of the earth? "To this gave all the prophets witness."—A STRIPLING.

The late JOHN POYNTER—known to our readers by the signatures, "A Stripling" and "Crispin"—was born at Reading, in the year 1794. His father, a poor but respectable mechanic, attended the ministry of the late Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, then Vicar of St. Giles' Church, in that town. On the death of this estimable Christian minister, a requisition was made by the congregation requesting that the Rev. —, who had been curate to Mr. Cadogan, might be appointed minister; but it was disregarded, and the living was given to another. This caused considerable disaffection and much unpleasantness, and ended in many seceding (among them the father of our late correspondent), and building what was then known as Castle Street Chapel, which was opened in 1799, under the Toleration Act. For some time, various ministers supplied the pulpit, chiefly, we believe, from the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion; and we have heard our friend relate how he used, as a boy, to sit on the pulpit stairs whilst a Madan, Pierce Green, Rowland Hill, Harreis, and others, were preaching to the large congregations assembled. The late Rev. J. Sherman, we believe, was the first settled pastor of this church, and, on his removal to Surrey Chapel, the trustees renewed their allegiance to the Establishment, and the Rev. C. J. Goodhart (now of Park Church, Chelsea) was for many years the beloved minister of what then became known as St. Mary's Episcopal Chapel. The remembrance of many circumstances connected with this place indicates that the attendance on the means of grace made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, even at this early age.

About the year 1812, he was filling a humble position in London. Attracted by a handbill, announcing that the late Rev. Dr. Hawker would preach at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, on behalf of some benevolent society, he went and heard; and such was the union of soul with the preacher experienced, that nothing could prevent his following him, to be blessed by his ministry; and it must have been but a few months after, when he arrived, on a Saturday night, at Plymouth, lonely and almost penniless—scarcely sufficient to pay for his night's lodging, and having walked much, if not all, of the way. The Sabbath morning found him a worshipper in Charles Church, and again listening to that estimable divine. When the

service was over, the congregation dispersed; but our wanderer had no home to return to, and the interval between the services was passed in reading the epitaphs on the stones in the churchyard. This attracted the attention of some gracious woman, a "mother in Israel," who, having spoken to him, and probably heard his tale, took him home, and lodged him, and on the morning following introduced him to the Doctor, who procured employment for him at a bookseller's in the town, and with whom he continued until he entirely devoted himself to the labours of the ministry.

While attending the ministry of Dr. Hawker, he commenced preaching in the surrounding villages, and determined to obey the command, "Arise, and be baptized." On mentioning his convictions to the Doctor, that good man, though worthily occupying a pulpit in the Establishment, replied, "Go, my son. The Lord be with you!" The affection cherished for this preacher by our departed friend amounted almost to worship; and, on the birth of his first son, no other name would he have for him but Robert Hawker. Chatteris, in Cambs., was the scene of his first labours as a settled pastor, where he lost his beloved and affectionate wife; from thence he removed to Lockwood, in Yorkshire, and afterwards to Newick, in Sussex. In the year 1842, he came to reside in London, and has been known since that period as a preacher of the Gospel in many parts of the country. Although holding firmly and tenaciously his own opinions and principles (or, in cant phraseology, a strict Baptist), he ever delighted to hear the pure Gospel of the grace of God preached in the Established Church; and never was one of the City churches opened for a Hewlett, Shutte, Doudney, West, Gowring, &c., but what the venerable head of our dear brother was sure to be discerned in the midst; and, in the summer of 1864, spending a Lord's-day in Bristol, the morning found him at St. Luke's, Bedminster, to hear his beloved friend, the "Editor," who happened then to be from home, on a visit to Ireland. The after-part of the same day was spent in vainly endeavouring to find another Church, in one of the outskirts of that wide city, having received a "good report" of the preacher; and at last he took refuge in the church of St. Mary-le-Port, to listen to the Rev. T. A. Walker, preferring to hear the truths he loved, though not spoken by one of his own denomination. Surely there was no spirit of bigotry or sectarianism displayed here.

In the spring of 1866, a fall down the stairs at the Waterloo Railway station appears much to have shaken him, and he had gradually become weaker and weaker, until, the second week in October, he remained entirely within doors. On the 7th of November, he experienced an attack of paralysis, which confined him to his bed, and from which he never arose, but lingered until the 23rd, when death released him from this wilderness. During his illness he spoke but little. His last rational conversation was with a Christian lady who visited him on the Wednesday previous to his departing life on the Friday, and to whom he said, in reply to her question if he did not wish to get better, "No, no! It is all well. I shall soon be home." And his uniform testimony was, "My God is good to me, and I am trusting on the Rock."

According to his desire, his body was interred at his native place, Reading, by the Rev. T. Baugh, of Islington. An old friend, the Rev. W. Felton, with whom, for many years, there had been a mutual agreement to perform the last sad rites for the departed, would have been present, but was prevented by an attack of illness.

By the invitation of the Church at Jireh Chapel, East Road, Mr. W. Crowther kindly consented to improve the event on Lord's-day evening, the 16th of December last.

16, Union Square, New North Road, London.

DEAR SIR,—I called a few days before friend Poynder (of Murray Street, N.) expired, and saw him. When I entered, he took my hand, and held it for some time. I said, "How are you? how is it with you?" (I saw he looked pleasantly at me, and happy)—"on the Rock?" "Yes," he replied, pointing up. I quoted—

"When I can read my title clear."

He nodded, and pointed that it was all right. He tried to talk, but scarcely could articulate anything, but I could catch, "I wish I could talk." I had just lost an amiable and interesting girl, eleven years old, with good ground to hope, from what she said, &c. I said, "Have you heard of my loss?" "Yes," he said. I said, "With good hope?" "Yes," he said. "How are the other dear babes?" I said, "Pretty well." He had seen them. I said, "You will soon see Jesus, whom you have tried to exalt." He nodded. I found he could not talk. I asked him if I should, and prayed with him; and he asked me to come again, which I intended, but was told he was gone. Excuse haste.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in hopes of eternal life through and by Jesus alone,

JABEZ WHITTERIDGE.

[Our acquaintance with the deceased brother began in the year 1841, when personally we were suffering from sundry painful bereavements. In conversation we happened to express a doubt whether *he* had ever been called to similar trials. He at once replied, that he had known what those identical trials were, but that subsequently he had been familiar with conflicts of a far more distressing character. His remarks were most opportune, and whilst by comparison they tended to check impatience and murmuring on our part, served to commence a personal friendship which we never remember to have met the slightest interruption.

Those who were personally acquainted with our departed friend and brother, will not easily forget his smiling countenance and cheerful bearing. He always had the kindly word for others' woes. His own personal trials were kept very much in the background. They were rarely alluded to. He had a deep insight into the human heart. He was possessed of a clear judgment in divine things. His protracted years and residence in different localities, had afforded him a somewhat extensive acquaintance. He allowed few opportunities to pass in which he might gain personal information, that might tend to advantage in the ministry. He was specially fond of visiting spots rendered memorable by the labours of men of God who had subsequently passed away to their rest. Although his sight for some years had been partially impaired, his active habits would not suffer him to rest. He took the liveliest interest in the welfare of those he loved. When our eldest son was married at a church in Essex in August last year, we were astonished to see our old friend among the assembly who had gathered together on that occasion. Again, when we were about to preach in St. George's, in the Borough, during

the past year, our old friend again met us at the door of the sanctuary. At a still later date, he was present, and took an active part upon the kind presentation made to us in August of the now departed year. Little did we then think we were shaking hands with him for the last time. And perhaps still less did *he* imagine that the foregoing annual salutation although commenced would not be completed; that ere the finishing observations were penned, the hand that otherwise might have inscribed them would be paralyzed in death.

Our dear old friend's remains now moulder in the silent grave; the place that knew him on earth shall know him no more for ever. In various ways we shall miss and mourn for *him*; but *our* loss is *his* eternal gain. It were selfish indeed to wish him or any of the glorified back in this lower world of sorrow, sin, and death. Here suffering is, and sadness as its offspring. Not a day, nor scarce an hour, passes without our being forcibly reminded of where we are—e'en in a world of care, perplexity, and sin. So much bespeaks unrest—disquiet—the fact that this is not our home, because it is by sin polluted, and we dwell in regions where our God is but little known or cared for. It is a world of woe, because a world of wickedness; and the contemplation prompts the utterance, "I would not live alway." Yet in one's better mind, one says, "Father, Thy will be done;" "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." Meanwhile let body and soul be enlisted in Thine the best of services; by Thy power, and the moulding, meetening operations of the Spirit, may it be ours to serve or suffer. Alike may they be welcome, as our Father's will and pleasure, who cannot err or be unkind, who is guided by a wisdom infinite and a love that knows not change nor variation. Moreover, may the prospect of the near approach of vast eternity—our fleeting time-tarry in the wilderness—and the contemplation of the many, many passing off the stage of life to their eternal resting-place, prompt to more vigilance and loving zeal during the few remaining moments of our sojourn here.—Ed.]

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN POYNTER.

Findley, near Huddersfield, Dec. 7th, 1866.

DEAR SIR, AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,—Along with this you will receive a small tribute to the memory of my dear father. Should you be able to give it space (it is but short) in the January number, with his obituary, I should be glad. 'Tis the last we shall see of him till the Master brings him with Him. You have lost one who loved you well; but the first-born of many brethren still lives on; you are working in His vineyard; He is looking on; 'twill be resting-time soon, either falling asleep or being "changed in a moment;" no matter, "we shall see Him as He is;" till then, His manifest presence be with you.

Yours in Him,

E. M. L. HIBBARD.

ANOTHER "missing link" below, another broken tie,
'Tis just like earth to love and hold, and while we hold they die;
But just like heaven, to have them home, to let the tired one rest,
And hear the Master's sweet "Well done" so lovingly expressed.

Father, farewell ! 'twas sad to watch, but joyous still to know,
 When heart and flesh were failing fast, thy God sustained thee so ;
 And though thine utterances were few, a cheering tale they told,
 " It is all right—I'm on the Rock," while Jordan round thee roll'd.

Fellow-bereaved ones, everywhere, beloved yet chastened well,
 No longer look into the tomb, it is not there they dwell ;
 Seek not the living 'mong the dead, the " mansions " are not there,
 'Tis but the lodging for the clay, the cot in which they were.

Father, farewell till Jesus comes ; time deepens into night—
 Across earth's clouded firmament flashes His herald light ;
 Amid earth's noise, and famine-woes, and pestilence, and war—
 Listen ! the signal voices tell His coming is not far.
 Oh, come, then, blessed One ! Thou saidst, " a little while " should be ;
 Come, reign o'er all Thy hands have made, and we shall reign with Thee.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE TRUE PRIESTHOOD ; OR, WHO ARE PRIESTS ?

" What saith the Scriptures ? "

1. THE apostles and their fellow-labourers in the Gospel were never so called. " Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed ? " " Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ. " " And these things I have in a figure transferred to myself and to Apollos for your sakes, that ye might learn in us, not to think of men above that which is written " (1 Cor. iii. 5 ; iv. 1, 6). Peter speaks of himself as a " servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ," and of Paul, as " our beloved brother. " James styles himself, " a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ : " John, " your brother, and companion in tribulation : " Jude, " the servant of Jesus Christ : " and " Timothy our brother, " &c. But no one, even of the apostles, was ever called a *priest*.

2. We read that our Lord " gave some, apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ " (Eph. iv. 11 ; 1 Cor. xii. 28), but no mention is made of an order of priesthood.

3. The apostle wrote Timothy and Titus particular directions respecting the appointment and qualification of bishops, deacons, &c., but no reference is made to *priests*.

4. Christ's commission to the disciples, was not, *Come ye*, as priests with your offerings ; but, " *Go ye*," as ambassadors, with my message of mercy, " and preach the Gospel " (Mark xvi. 15 ; 1 Cor. i. 17 ; 2 Cor. v. 20). This, and not external observances, " is the power of God unto salvation " (Rom. i. 16 ; 1 Cor. xv. 2 ; Acts xi. 14). Were it even possible for the priest to give us Christ's flesh to eat, this could not meet the wants of the soul : and our Lord Himself tells us that it would profit us " nothing," absolutely *nothing*. " The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life " (John vi. 63). " For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink ; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost " (Rom. xiv. 17 ; 1 Cor. viii. 8 ; Heb. ix. 10 ; Col. ii. 15 ; Gal. v. 6 ; vi. 15). Therefore have *priests* no place under the Gospel.

5. The term *priest* occurs thirty times in the New Testament. Nineteen times it is applied to the Levitical priest; it is also applied to Melchisedec and our blessed Lord, and thrice in the Apocalypse to the whole body of Christians, but *never once* to the Christian minister.

6. The priests under the Mosaic law were "ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices:" and "without shedding of blood there is no remission," but *such* sacrifices are not now offered, nor are they needed, for Christ, "by one offering, hath perfected for ever them that believe;" and as "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin," the Church has no need of sacrificing priests.*

7. A priest supposes an *altar* at which to sacrifice, but, under the Gospel dispensation, no such thing is provided. "The table of the Lord" is in no sense of the word an altar, and is never so called in Scripture. "We have an altar of which they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle." By Him, therefore (our holy Altar in heaven), let us, as a holy priesthood, offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually (Heb. xiii. 10, 15).

8. Neither is there now, under the New Covenant, any material *temple*, or "worldly sanctuary," in which to perform priestly service. "Verily, the *first* covenant had ordinances of divine service and a worldly sanctuary:" but these have "waxed old, and vanished away," "Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands" (Heb. ix. 11). "Know ye not that YE are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them. —Ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.—Whose house are ye?—Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.—Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (1 Cor. iii. 16; vi. 19; 2 Cor. vi. 16; 1 Peter ii. 5; Heb. iii. 6; Eph. ii. 20—22; Matt. xviii. 20; Acts vii. 48; xvii. 24).

9. The priest, the sacrifice, the altar, and the temple, were only types of "good things to come" under the Gospel. Christ is the substance of which these were but the shadows; and, He having come, "there is verily a disannulling of the commandment going before for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof. For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God" (Heb. vii. 18; ix. 10; x. 9; Col. ii. 17; Gal. iv. 9).

10. "Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; and having a High Priest over the house of God," no earthly priest can be of the smallest possible service to us. Farther than into the *holiest* he cannot go, and there the believer is privileged to enter boldly himself (Heb. iv. 16; x. 19, 20; Eph. iii. 12; Gal. iv. 7).

11. "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another,"

* "At the words, 'This is my body, this is my blood,' you must believe that the bread and wine become *the real body and blood with the soul and Godhead of Jesus Christ*. Bow down your heart and body in deepest adoration when the priest says these awful words, and worship your Saviour then verily and indeed present on His altar."—"*Little Prayer Book*," now in use amongst Tractarians.

saith the Scripture ; but no warrant have we to confess to a *priest*, and no power has he to absolve from sin. "Who can forgive sins but God only?" "To the Lord our God belong forgiveness;" and "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9; Psalm xxxii. 5).

12. The assumption of priestly power and authority is directly opposed to the spirit which our blessed Lord so repeatedly inculcated. They that "rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many" (Mark x. 40—45). The scribes and the pharisees "make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. But be not ye called Rabbi: for One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth: for One is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for One is your Master, even Christ" (Matt. xxiii. 5—10; 1 Pet. v. 3; 2 Cor. i. 24; 3 John 9).

13. From all this it is perfectly clear, that Christian ministers, as such, are not priests, and that a distinct order of human priesthood is a mere invention of man, and has been set up without regard to the authority of Christ, "who is Head over all things to the Church" (Acts xvii. 11; xx. 29—35; Rom. xvi. 18; Col. ii. 8; 1 Thess. v. 21; Deut. iv. 2; Rev. xxii. 18; Jude 3).

14. Who then are priests? All true believers, by virtue of their union with Christ, their great High Priest. "Ye are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood." "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood." "He hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father," "and hath anointed us" (1 Pet. ii. 5—9; Rev. i. 6; v. 10; xx. 6; 2 Cor. i. 21). "Now we are the body of Christ, and members in particular." "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;" "joint-heirs with Christ" (1 Cor. xii. 27; Eph. v. 30; Rom. viii. 17). "By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name" (Heb. xiii. 15; Acts ii. 17, 18).

"All they that believe are now dignified to be priests unto God the Father. And this was signified by the rending of the veil of the temple at His death, not only that the ceremonies and sacrifices were to cease, as being all fulfilled in Him, but that the people of God that were before by that veil held out in the outer court, were to be admitted into the holy place, as being all of them priests, and fitted to offer sacrifices."—*Archbishop Leighton*.

"All Christians are altogether priests; and let it be anathema to assert that there is any other priest than he who is a Christian; for it will be asserted without the word of God, on no authority but the sayings of men, or the antiquity of custom, or the multitude of those that think so."—*Martin Luther*.

"All, as many as are anointed with the unction of the holy oil (1 John ii. 20, 27), are made priests; as also Peter saith to the whole Church, 'Ye are a royal priesthood.'"—*Origen, died 254*.

“All the children of the Church are priests.”—*Ambrose, died 397.*

“They are all priests, forasmuch as they are members of the one Priest.”—*Augustine, died 430.*

“Christ’s everlasting priesthood hath made an end of all the Levites’ priesthood; yea, and all other priesthood, save that which belongeth to all Christian men.”—*Hutchinson, died 1555.*

“In Christ’s kingdom is none outward priesthood nor sacrifice to be made for sin; for He hath, with one oblation for all, fully satisfied for the sins of His elect number for ever.”—*Bishop Bale, died 1563.*

“The whole Church of the faithful are all spiritual priests, to offer up spiritual sacrifices.”—*W. Fulke, D.D., died 1621.*

“The inventions of man, and not the revelations of God, are the cause of nearly all religious differences.”—*Smith, of Campbellton, 1798.*

“Deliver me from the narrowing influence of human lessons, from human systems of theology; teach me directly out of the fulness and freeness of Thine own word; hasten the time when, unfettered by sectarian intolerance, and unawed by the authority of men, the Bible shall make its rightful impression upon all; the simple and obedient readers thereof calling no man Master, but Christ only”—*Dr. Chalmers.*

J. G.

LESSONS FOR ENGLAND.

THE decay of the Papal power in Italy has been so conspicuous, that it has been admitted by the Pope himself. Every allocution in which he has bewailed the successes of his enemies has been an indirect confession that multitudes who were formerly devoted to his Church have escaped from its iron grasp, and repudiated its claims to domineer over their consciences. In many cases the reaction which has followed upon this deliberate rejection of the yoke which priests and Jesuits had forced upon them has landed them in infidelity or indifference; but in others it has induced an earnest spirit of inquiry, and there is now a greater desire to investigate into the truths of the Gospel than has been manifested in Italy for a long period. The derisive epithets which are applied in all quarters to the ecclesiastical grandees, the caricatures which are circulated about them in every leading city, and the uncompromising language in which the abuses of the Church of Rome are exposed, indicate that the awe and reverence with which it was regarded are things of the past. There are also symptoms of a similar widespread defection in Austria, which has been the mainstay and guardian of Roman Catholic pretensions in eastern Europe. The deplorable disasters which have overtaken that empire have directed attention to its moral and religious condition as well as to its political weakness, and it has become evident that the priests have entirely lost the hold which they once possessed on the governing classes. A large and influential party in Vienna are tracing the humiliation of Austria not only to the incapacity of its leading men, but to the influence of the Concordat, by which so detrimental a weight has been imposed on the administration of the empire. They see that it is not consistent with that progress which every enlightened nation must wish to make, to have its energies paralyzed and its freedom restricted by a compact which in fact renders Austria a vassal of the Papacy. So unmistakable has been the expression of public opinion in this respect, that even the leading Roman Catholic journals have been constrained to notice it. They acknowledge that there is a pro-

found religious indifference, a deep-seated aversion to religion among the principal circles of society, and that some of the most solemn rites and ceremonies of the Church are regarded as mere superstitions. Nor are these sentiments confined to the upper ten thousand, on whom devolves the responsibility of all official transactions; they are largely shared by the mass of the people. Hence it has been difficult for the Sisters of Charity to obtain access to the sick and wounded, while in Vienna the Patriotic Society, which had collected a noble sum for the relief of those who had been disabled in the war, refused to grant any portion of its funds to two hospitals which were attended by nuns. These are significant tokens in a capital which has been noted for the magnificence of its High Mass and its rigid observance of the rules prescribed by the clergy, and stand out in vivid contrast to the blind devotion which led its inhabitants to rejoice that the army had been confided to the special protection of the "Queen of Heaven," on the very day when Solferino wrested the fair provinces of Lombardy from their youthful sovereign. Among military men, the contempt which such idle profanities have occasioned has been succeeded by unblushing scepticism. When the troops requested that they might receive the sacraments before they encountered the shock of war, their officers advised them to leave such follies alone. All the influence and mysterious power of the Jesuit fathers failed to obtain permission for them to accompany the army, and it is said that their indignation is extreme. One of their most famous preachers has vehemently inveighed against the prevailing laxity and irreligion, and has imputed the woful calamities which have overtaken the nation to the judgments of God. "The devil is mocking at us," were his words, "and God has willed to punish us for our sins; and well have we deserved this punishment for our immoralities, for our scandalous theatres, for our infamous press, for our bad books, for the unchastity of our women, and the profligacy of our young men." We have no wish to gainsay these assertions. We believe that the "finger of God" is visible in these terrible convulsions which have shaken the empire to its foundation, and that He is working out the sovereign counsels of His providence by their means. But the question arises, How is it that, notwithstanding the favour of the Court, the protection of the Concordat, and the immense staff of priests and other teachers who have toiled in her cause, the Church of Rome has failed as palpably in Austria as in Italy? Why this hatred and opposition, this immorality and latitudinarianism, if she is the true Church, the successor of the apostles, and the conservator of the faith?

If we turn from Austria to Spain, the picture does not materially differ. No foreign host has established itself beyond the Pyrenees, and dictated terms of peace to the Queen of Spain, but her capital is almost as full of disquiet as Vienna. Political and private causes have intensified the discontent of her subjects to such a pitch that her tenure of the throne is regarded as precarious. The sense of shame also which has distressed the Spanish nation is aggravated by the bigotry and superstition which dominate over the Court. Even in Madrid, a feeling of revulsion is becoming general at the miserable practices which are recommended to the highest personage in the kingdom by her spiritual advisers; and, although the people are not ripe for a secession from Rome, there is a dissatisfaction with its system which may presently issue in unforeseen consequences. And yet at this critical epoch, when Rome is smitten with paralysis in three of her great European states, it is sought to strengthen her position

in England. Our rulers, with credulous simplicity, believe that it is wise to listen to her demands, and make concession after concession with the same rapidity that she proffers her requests. The magistrates are to be urged to carry out the Prison Ministers Bill where they have not done so, and facilities are to be granted to her emissaries in our workhouses, which she will regard as stepping-stones by which she may attain to greater power hereafter. Thus the lessons of the past and of the present are equally disregarded, and the Church of Rome is patronized as if her countenance and aid would impart strength to the institutions of the country. To confute such a vain notion, it is only necessary to mark what is going on in Spain, in Italy, and Austria, where her prestige and her sway are perceptibly declining.—*Record*.

EFFECTS OF POPERY IN BOHEMIA.

BOHEMIA is a land abundantly blessed by nature—a beautiful land, twice as fertile, at least, as Silesia. Where the corn in the latter stands three hands high, it stands in the former more than two feet high, and so forth in proportion. When you drive along the road, and admire the smiling fields, the rich meadows, the waving carpets of poppies, with their gorgeous display of white, red, and blue, crimson, violet, and lilac, and you turn round and look at what *ought* to be the country's finest produce, man, you cannot help being most unfavourably impressed with the samples you meet here of that article of home manufacture. When you look upon those malignant, scowling faces, in which the lowest craft and the most despicable cunning may be discerned readily enough, but none or little of that higher intelligence which chiefly distinguishes man from the brute creation, you cannot help being struck with the difference, the most marked difference, between the Bohemian Czech and his Silesio-Sclavonian compeer. Nay, I will go still further; there is a notable superiority to be remarked even in the Bohemo-German element over the same element in Silesia. Why, then, the marked difference for the worse? and whence springs this sad inferiority, where Nature's abounding bounty would rather leave the observer to believe in the possibility of the reverse being the case? The unmistakable answer to this question you may read as you travel along the highway, where images in stone and in wood, more or less richly gilt, of the Blessed Virgin, of Christ on the Cross, of St. Nepomuck, and an infinite variety of other saints, meet your eyes at every turn of the road. You are in a Catholic land, in an Archcatholic land, and, mark you this, for there are millions of Catholics in Prussia also, but they are by no means lacking in intelligence, and they strive, and successfully too, to keep on the same exalted level with their Protestant and Hebrew fellow-citizens—you are in a Catholic land under a Catholic ruler, and that ruler a scion of the House of Hapsburg. There you have the solution of the problem in a few words. And yet there are men to be found still who will talk of the balance of power, and about the "indispensable necessity" of maintaining intact the integrity of the Hapsburg empire.—*Correspondent of a London Paper*.

How many there are who have eyes for the world, ears for the world, and hearts for the world; but how very few have eyes for Christ, ears for Christ, and hearts for Christ.—*William Tiptaft*.

ANGLO-CATHOLICS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper writes: "The Holy City is certainly a place where strange sights are to be seen. A few days ago I happened to be wandering over the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, when my companion drew my attention to a gentleman who was hearing mass most devoutly at one of the side-altars. I must mention that my companion on this occasion was a gentleman who in London is as well known as he himself knows everybody that lives anywhere west of Charing Cross. The gentleman he pointed out was evidently an Englishman, and was dressed in the coat and collar worn by the very high-church Anglican clergy. My friend said—'There you see that gentleman? He is curate of —, near London: no doubt he has gone over to Rome.' When the mass was over, my friend went up to him, and said, 'Well, so-and-so, I suppose we shall never hear you preach again at —?' 'Why so?' was the rejoinder. 'Because I see you are attending mass, and I suppose that you have joined the Roman Catholic Church—followed in the footsteps of Manning, Oakley, and Newman—is it not so?' 'Oh, dear, no,' replied the clergyman; 'I, like many others, when abroad always attend the services of the Roman Catholic Church, in preference to those of the wretched chapels which misrepresent the Anglican Catholic ritual abroad, and which besides have no right to intrude in the diocese of another bishop.' 'But,' said my friend, 'do you really believe the doctrines of the Roman, and yet remain a minister of the English Church?' 'I belong to the great Catholic Church,' was the reply, 'of which the Roman is one branch and the Anglican another. In England I hold the Anglican Church to be the only one rite allowable; in these lands the Roman is the only one which a true Catholic should ever attend.'"

DEATH OF MR. R. KENNETH.

It falls to our lot to announce the death of another beloved reader. Of late how frequent these announcements are. We are more and more impressed with the fact, that the Lord is taking His servants home; surely it is "from the evil to come." It is one among the many signs of the times. We believe it is one of the numerous indications that a crisis is at hand. Before such events the Lord has commonly called home many of His servants, and then (as with respect to Lot and the cities of the plain) He has poured out the vials of His wrath.

Respecting the departure of our late highly-esteemed friend, Mrs. KENNETH, his bereaved widow, writes:—

"My most precious husband sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the 14th. He had an *abundant entrance*. I hope to collect a few (and they will be but few, in comparison) of the sweet things that he said, for the February Magazine. Prayer has been offered by hundreds of living souls, but Jesus had need of him: 'Father, I will that all those, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am,' &c.

"He had the deepest views of his sinfulness, and saw so much sin in his best performances, that he said they were sufficient to send him to the lowest hell; and, when a friend alluded to his useful life, he gave a deep groan, and exclaimed, 'Miserable comforter.' And then with an expression of joy on his countenance exclaimed, 'The blood of Jesus has cleansed me from all those sins.'"

“He was unable to see visitors on account of his great prostration; but, whenever he had an opportunity, he spoke sweetly of the precious blood of Jesus, and of his glorious hope.

“I am divinely supported (adds his widow). The Lord *keeps* me free from a murmur. ‘In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.’ His last moments were *spent in prayer* for a *very dear* unconverted son, aged nineteen, with his arm round his neck. He then said ‘Amen’ three times, and fell asleep. Pray for this dear youth. We are *full of hope*.”

What a touching scene! What material for either poet or painter! A departing saint—a dying parent, with arm encircling a beloved son, with uplifted heart and eye, beseeching salvation for that child of that God into whose immediate presence in a moment or two he was to pass for ever and ever! Oh, what a spectacle! One moment in the fleshly tabernacle—the occupant of a body of sin and death, and subjected to all its pains and infirmities, sins and sorrows; with a weight of crushing care and anguished anxiety, lest he or those whom he had been instrumental in bringing into being should be allowed eternally to perish. Beseeching, entreating, imploring, that such hapless end and irretrievable portion might not be theirs! And then the next moment released—and that for ever—from all sin and suffering and sorrow; God Himself wiping as it were the fresh tears from his eyes, the sweat—the sweat of soul-anguish and heart-travail—from his brow. The Lord Himself hushing the pangs of labour, and soothing the parental sobs and sighs with His own fear-assuaging voice, and His own bright, blessed, unclouded, and uninterrupted smile! Again, we say, what a scene!

O ye sons! O ye children one and all, who may as yet know not the Lord; come, see a parent languish—labour—die! Oh, trifle not with convictions! Spurn not exhortation and advice! Despise not entreaty; scorn not caution, affectionate importunity, and exhortation! If ye do, time may come when ye will shed, were it possible, tears of blood, and agonize in unutterable grief over those whose hearts ye have broken, and whose grey hairs ye have helped to bring down with sorrow to the grave.

THE EDITOR.

JUSTIFICATIONS.

We are justified by faith *alone*, but not by the faith *which is alone*. Unless it be a heart-purifying, and a work-producing faith, it is spurious—it is not wrought in the heart by the Spirit of God.

We are justified by faith, and our faith is justified or evidenced by our works. This ancient doctrine is thus maintained by Bishop Horsley, in his first charge: “That man is justified by faith without the works of the law, was the uniform doctrine of our first Reformers. It is a far more ancient doctrine—it was the doctrine of the whole college of Apostles: it is more ancient still—it was the doctrine of the prophets: it is older than the prophets—it was the religion of the patriarchs. And no one who has the least acquaintance with the writings of the first Reformers will impute to them, more than to the patriarchs, the prophets, or apostles, the absurd opinion, that any man leading an impenitent wicked life, will finally, upon the mere pretence of faith (and faith connected with an impenitent life, must always be a mere pretence), obtain admission into heaven!”

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

“Can ye not discern the signs of the times?”—MATT. xvi. 3.

THE eyes of all Europe seem to be turned with anxious expectancy towards Rome, wondering what will be the ensuing fortunes of the Papacy, whether the interpretations of the students of prophecy will turn out to be correct, or whether, as has frequently happened before, they are again erroneous. The secular journals of the day do not, of course, hesitate to assure us that the latter will turn out to be the case; they evidently do not wish, and therefore they would fain bring themselves not to expect, the plain and speedy fulfilment of prophecies which are in any way connected with the end of the world. It matters little, however, what may be the prevailing opinions of men; numerous signs go far to prove that a great crisis in the world's history is at hand, and that that crisis is in some way or other intimately connected with the fate of the Papacy. “Men's hearts” are even now “failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.” Certainly it is most remarkable that Scripture expositors for several generations have pointed to this year (1866) as being about the time when the Papacy would receive a serious check, if not be totally destroyed (understanding the “time and times and the dividing of time,” of Dan. vii. 25, and the “forty and two months” of Rev. xiii. 5, as beginning with the year 606, when the Emperor Phocas proclaimed the Pope of Rome universal Bishop), and that this very year the only remaining supports of the Papacy's temporal power have been taken away, and, by the confession of her most devoted adherents, she is left to the mercy of her enemies. The French troops have now completely evacuated Rome. On the 10th of December, in strict accordance with the Emperor Napoleon's treaty, the Imperial standard of France was hauled down, and the Pope's flag hoisted up instead. What the result of this will be it is impossible to say; but it has evidently thrown the whole Papal Court into a state of great consternation. On taking leave of his French defenders, the Pope is reported to have said, “I am informed that all Catholic hearts are moved; they tremble in thinking of the difficulties in which they see the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ, the head of the Catholic Church. There must be no illusion—the revolution will come here. It is proclaimed—it has been said and is repeated. . . . I fear the revolution. What am I to do? What am I to say? I have no resources.” It seems that, as a last resource, the Papal Government is about to promulgate reforms; reforms which have been so long and so obstinately refused: but we fancy that they come too late; half a century ago they might have been received with gladness, but now, granted only as a matter of expediency, the poor priest-ridden people of Rome will probably reject them with scorn. The Papacy has indeed received a check this year from which it will probably never recover; as the *Record* observes: “The battle of Königgratz has in 1866 almost destroyed the vestiges of that empire with its name of blasphemy. The harlot still survives; but in the concurrence of the European powers to despoil Rome; in the confiscation of her conventual estates, even in Spain, Portugal, and Italy; in the spoliation of her territories; we seem to see something like the fulfilment of the prophetic declaration as to ‘the ten horns’ who were to hate the harlot ‘and make her desolate and naked, and eat her flesh,’ thus wasting her until the final catastrophe was to be attended by sudden destruction as by fire, as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah.”

Turning our attention nearer home, we have a fearful catastrophe to record, one which, alas, is by no means uncommon in a small way, although providentially seldom permitted to occur to the large extent of the present instance—a colliery explosion, or rather series of explosions, sacrificing upwards of four hundred human lives; driving, without scarcely a moment's

warning, this large number of immortal souls into eternity, and making many a home utterly desolate and poverty stricken. What the exact cause of this calamity was none can say; every precaution appears to have been taken to guard against it; the miners all used a safety-lamp, and the mines were thoroughly ventilated. The scenes below in the pits where the explosion occurred, and above and around their mouths, are described as heartrending. "Many affecting stories are told by the men who were employed as searchers. In one case they came upon between twenty and thirty dead men who were locked in each others' arms. From their attitudes, it was evident that others had been struck lifeless while bidding a last farewell to each other. Some there were, too—and happily not a few—who it was easy to imagine, in the midst of their terror, had been able to realize the Christian's hope, and had not forgotten in this overwhelming extremity to appeal for mercy where only it awaited them. The bent but rigid knees, the uplifted but stiffened hands of such as these betokened surely enough that their last act was one of prayer."

"The men had," says a reporter, "hurried out of their 'benks' as soon as the blast took place, and had hastened on the high road to the shaft in the hope that peradventure they might escape; but the subtle after-damp had overtaken them in one fugitive mass, and like men drunken they had stumbled and fallen to rise no more. In spaces of not more than thirty square yards as many dead bodies were met with. The bulk were uninjured. The countenances wore the placid smile of untroubled repose. Father and son were found clustering together; brothers fell in groups, under the influence of the after-damp. Every little obstruction in the road—the slightest hillock or the smallest hole—had sufficed to cause the half-suffocated retreating form to fall to the earth; and where it fell, it died." Sad to relate, many of the volunteers who bravely descended immediately after the first explosion in one instance met themselves with a violent death. The scenes, too, above ground were equally as distressing. Scarcely a home about the pits that did not show an emblem of death, whilst groups of bereaved ones were to be seen all around mourning over their loss. In one case five brothers were taken away, in another a husband and three sons. We are glad to hear that a subscription is already set on foot for the relief of the poor survivors, which the Queen, with her accustomed generosity, has headed with a noble benefaction; but what subscription can make up to them the loss of their bread-winners, their dearest earthly friends—their husbands, brothers, fathers, sons? How little do we think, as we sit comfortably by our bright winter's fire, the fearful risks which so many of our fellow-creatures have to incur, in order to furnish us with its materials.

A very faithful protest against "Ritualistic Innovation" has been issued by the Bishop of Carlisle, in the form of a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese. We abridge the following account of it from a review of the *Carlisle Examiner*. "On the title-page and cover, his Lordship quotes, as a kind of sanction or apology for his letter, a passage from the 'Form of Ordaining or Consecrating of a Bishop,' in which the latter declares his readiness to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to do the same.' The first two pages are occupied by a remarkably graphic statement of the practices which are now inculcated and defended by some ministers of the Protestant Church of England. Such being the disease, which clearly points Romeward, he proceeds to consider curative measures. And first, the Bishop has little hope of an appeal to the Law Courts, for the question, even if decided in the first instance against the innovators, was sure to be mooted again in fresh forms, and recent experience had shown that they could not expect the courts would deal with the matter on its simple merits. Then there was legislation—that might be necessary ultimately, but it should only be looked to in the last resort. It was therefore right they should, in the first instance, make use of the moral and spiritual influence which belonged to their office. The Bishop then describes the direction and serious import of

the movement: 'I would not now break the silence which I have thus far observed, did I not firmly believe that the questions at issue are questions of vital import. As mere matters of ceremonial, vestments, superseded by the practice of three hundred years, must surely not intrude into a Church of the Reformation. But they seriously under-estimate the evil who speak of it as simply one of liturgies and ceremonial. Dogma underlies the whole—dogma, as these Ritualists themselves openly avow, apart from which candles on the mis-called altar, lighted at noonday, stoles and chasubles and copes of costly fabric and gorgeous hue, fragrant incense, and melting music, would not be worth contending for. And what is that dogma? One which they may indeed themselves believe to be distinguishable from Transubstantiation, but which no scripturally-instructed Christian mind can discover to differ from it in reality. Mark well all that follows! The one offering of the body of Jesus Christ upon the cross, once for all, is, by a perpetually iterated re-presentation in the Eucharist, at least implied to have been insufficient for the putting away of sin, and the sinner is drawn aside from a saving faith in the word, which testifies of that finished work, to a superstitious confidence in the carnal participation of the consecrated elements. For one among many proofs that this statement of the doctrinal tendency of the sacerdotal system which I would here denounce, is not too strong, we may refer to the subtle refinements with which, in some cases, and the abundant scorn with which, in others, that most wholesome doctrine of justification by faith only in the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is treated by not a few of the teachers and writers of this school. That oft-repeated and most comfortable word of our Saviour Christ, 'Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life,' ill comports with the pretensions of an earthly priesthood, to which it appertains not only to receive the laboured confession, and to prescribe the humiliating penance, which must precede the remission of the sins of the living; but also to present the stupendous sacrifice and to offer the plaintive suffrage, which are needful to obtain for 'all who sleep in Christ, refreshment, light, and peace.' If these things be so, is it not, my brethren of the clergy, your Bishop's bounden duty to entreat you to shun the very 'appearance' of this 'evil?' Depend upon it that danger is near, whenever any are tempted to introduce any such changes into the ordering and arrangement of their chancels, as tend, through the eye, to teach the worshipper that the Lord's Table (the only name by which that instrument of holy service is known to our Prayer Book), is in truth an altar of expiatory sacrifice; or when any shall be moved to adopt such postures in leading the devotions of the congregation, and especially in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, as shall indicate a wish to be regarded as mediators between the people without, and the Deity locally present within, a New Testament holy of holies. Nor may I shrink from professing my conviction that there will also be manifest appearance of this evil when, in the supplication made on these occasions, the thing spoken is so concealed, either by rapid or by musical utterance, that it almost amounts to worshipping in a tongue not understood of the people." After a special address to the laity of his diocese, the Bishop again reverts to his brethren of the ministry, whom he exhorts to increased diligence in observing the doctrine and discipline of the Reformed Church. Would that we had more such faithful bishops and pastors of Christ's flock, men who are not afraid to speak the truth, and boldly to lift up a warning voice against error.

We alluded some time ago to the oppressive tyranny which thousands of our working men submit to in connexion with their trades' unions—tyranny which has in one instance culminated in the deliberate, and in two or three others the attempted, murder of persons who rebelled against it; but we are glad to find that our working men are beginning to see that the whole system has been allowed to proceed too far, and that they are endeavouring to free themselves from it by the formation of unions against unions. We earnestly wish that they would likewise arise and free themselves from a tyranny far more oppressive, a yoke far more binding, and far more destruc-

tive to their prosperity, viz., strong drink and those who sell it. We are persuaded that nine-tenths of the poverty, the vice, the disease which exist amongst our poorer population are to be traced, in some way or other, to this source. We call it a tyranny, because once having fully yielded to its influence, the poor victim becomes spell-bound, as it were, by it, and seldom breaks away from it until it ruins him in body, if not in soul; and also we call it so because the hold that the sellers of this pernicious stuff have over purchasers of it is immensely strong; and this hold is used almost invariably to their disadvantage. No pains are considered too great to strengthen it; every allurements that can possibly be brought to bear upon the working man, is brought to bear upon him; no wonder, then, if he succumbs. *E. g.*, within a short distance of where we write, not only are comfortable, well-warmed, and well-lit apartments, social conversation, periodicals, games, races, and various entertainments provided for the poorer classes in the public-houses, but even in one instance *sacred* music (on the Sabbath day), in another, hot suppers, as they are called, "gratuitously" given, and in another the extraordinary spectacle of a woman walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours! Something to suit the taste of every one, whilst behind the scenes we could point to characters ruined, homes desolated, happy prospects blighted, diseases propagated, children starving, women mourning, premature and awfully-sudden deaths, as the result. The evil is not confined to any particular locality, it extends wellnigh all over our land; wherever we go we may find, if we but look for them, its dire effects. We believe that here lies one, if not the chief cause of the comparatively little fruit produced by the innumerable efforts that at the present time are being put forth for the temporal and spiritual good of our people. Not without good reason have the repeated warnings of Scripture been given to us respecting it, nor the repeated allusions to its fearful punishment. Are these warnings brought forward by our preachers, city missionaries, Scripture-readers, and others as prominently, frequently, personally, and faithfully as they ought to be? Do the Lord's people sufficiently reflect upon their duty with respect to it?

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Conflict and Victory; or, Thoughts on 2 Chron. xx. By HETTY BOWMAN, Author of "Christian Daily Life," &c.

Evelyn Howard. By the same. London: the Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

WEIGHTY words! Every line bears the impress of deep thought, as the fruit of special teaching connected with special trial. As the really-spiritual reader peruses these precious pages, and as he follows the author through her varied course of discipline—for every sentence clearly bespeaks teaching and training—he will mentally exclaim, "Who teacheth like Him?" Who instructs—who leads—who trains like the Lord Himself? And, although it may involve no small amount of fleshly sacrifice and creature surrender, both as to wisdom and strength, yet how sweet and how satisfactory is the issue of being by Jesus "led aside from the multitude." How blessed is it when the Holy Ghost "takes of the things of Jesus," and, in His own divine and most gracious way, "shows them" unto His quickened ones. Again, we say, the little works before us clearly bespeak this. They are sober, chaste, precious—of more real worth than the majority of works ten times their size. The former of the two above-named is admirably calculated to edify and strengthen the young men,

and even the fathers in Christ, and mothers in Israel; whilst the latter is peculiarly adapted as a word in season to the sentimental and the "religiously excited" of our times. It contains a special appeal to the hearts and consciences of the young people of the middle and upper classes.

The Complete Works of Thomas Brooks. Edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

It is not long since we announced in these pages the removal by death, in the midst of his most useful career, of the late Mr. James Nichol. The Christian world was, under God, indebted to him for one of the largest and most important publishing enterprizes of the present century. Many might have apprehended that the enterprize in which he was embarked, would have died with him. Such, we rejoice to say, is not the fact. His son, the present Mr. NICHOL, has been permitted to outlive his respected father; and, we are happy to add, is treading in his footsteps. We have demonstrable proof of this, in the practical form of three noble volumes that now lie before us, being one-half of the complete works of the celebrated THOMAS BROOKS. What better, or what more glorious work, could be engaged in than the publishing of the works of such a man, in such an age as this, and under such circumstances as those in which we live? It is a mighty work, and from our inmost soul we rejoice in it; and would strongly and vigorously recommend the practical aiding and abetting such a glorious and so timely an enterprize.

The Lion Slain, and the Lamb Exalted; being a Memoir of the free and unmerited Goodness of God towards John Corbett, Baptist Minister. Norwich: J. Fletcher, Market Place.

It cannot be expected, that we should endorse *all* that is contained in these pages; but, as we once or twice *heard* the writer with pleasure and profit, so we have *read* much of his book with the same interest. As he preaches, so he writes, with a rich vein of originality. By every truth-seeker, there will be found within these pages the impress of Divine teaching. But what he will be led specially to admire, is the *power* of the Holy Ghost, in subduing all enmity, overcoming all opposition, and making (according to all human appearances) one of the most unlikely of men a trophy of rich, free, and sovereign grace. It is blessed, in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, to see in such cases so sweetly and so powerfully demonstrated the preserving Hand *before* conversion, and the delivering Hand of our God in conversion, of those who were aforetime prepared unto glory. We love—yea, we exult in—these precious examples and unmistakable proofs of the irresistible power and divine condescension and mercy of God the Holy Ghost. Of course the "worldly religious," and the merely intellectual professor will sneer at such a work, but what of that? "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Those who are in soul-travail for such as are dead in trespasses and sins, and who seem lost, by their carnality and antagonism to everything that is godly, will be cheered and encouraged by such a work. They will prayerfully hope that the like mercy may be extended to those they love, as was vouchsafed to this "lion," that is now brought closer, by grace and power divine, to all the meekness and docility of the "lamb."

Handfuls of Purpose; or, Gleanings from the Inner Life of Ruth Bryan. Second Edition. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.—We are rejoiced to see a second edition of the above invaluable work. Perhaps we cannot give a stronger practical testimony in favour

of the book, than a simple fact which has recently come to our knowledge. A dear Christian lady of our acquaintance, who is in the habit of giving a book to her servants at Christmas, selected *four* copies of "Ruth Bryan" for this purpose. We wish many a Christian mistress would "go and do likewise."

George Baldwin; God's Providence over him in Life—God's Meeting him in Death. A Memoir. By his bereaved Widow, with a Preface by "The Village Preacher." London: Issued by the English Protestant Printing and Publishing Society, at their Office, Crane Court, Fleet Street.—An encouraging account of the riches of free and sovereign mercy, as exhibited not merely in *one*, but in *two* men. To poor, anxious, sin-burdened, Christ-seeking souls this work must be read with interest.

A Brief Memorial of a Folded Lamb. London: W. H. Collingridge.—A sweet and precious testimony for God and truth. Our too-often cold heart was touched over this memorial of the Lord's goodness to a young disciple, whom He taught, ripened, and took early home to Himself! Oh, that the same mercy, love, and power may be manifested to one's own dear children! Lord, Lord, grant it, for Christ's sake.

A Brief Memoir of Benjamin Tatham (late Minister of the Gospel at Eastbourne); to which is added, a Selection of Letters, and an account of Mrs. S. Prodger. London: W. H. Collingridge.—A plain but precious record of a dear departed husband, in which not only the Divine mercy as manifested to him is recorded, but Divine faithfulness, and Divine all-sufficiency, in regard to the bereaved and afflicted widowed writer. We cannot but commend the work, as a precious setting-forth of what our God is, and what our God does, in these God-dishonouring days.

The Bank of Faith.—By WILLIAM HUNTINGTON. London: A. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street.—We were struck with the announcement, some time since, of the republication of the entire "Pilgrim's Progress," at the trifling cost of a penny! We rejoiced that, in these evil times, the works of the notable tinker should thus be circulated by tens of thousands. We are scarcely less surprised, and correspondingly thankful, that the simple testimony of the God-honouring coal-heaver should be reproduced at the small price of twopence! We hope it may find a circulation of tens of thousands, in proof that God is indeed the "Guardian of the poor," in spite of all that Satan may suggest, or men say, to the contrary.

St. Dorothy's Home: a Tale for the Times. London: English Printing and Publishing Company, 4, Crane Court, Fleet Street.—A glance behind the scenes, or a timely exposure of the treachery and traitorism of Tractarianism, or modern Popery. We hope it may meet with a large sale at the present juncture.

A Letter to Australia; a brief Record of the last Days of E. H. L. London: J. Paul, Chapter House Court; and "Gospel Guide" Office, Crane Court, Fleet Street.—A letter from a sister to her far-distant brother, depicting the sickness and death of a beloved father. It is a touching "letter;" and, as we are informed, "published expressly to aid a lady orphan authoress, depending only upon the Lord." We hope it may meet with the circulation to which both the tone and talent of the letter entitles it.

Christian Lyrics. Sixteenth edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.—This is a selection—and an admirable one too—from various modern authors.

Plain Words of Instruction, Comfort, and Encouragement for a beloved Flock. By the Rev. EDWARD DALTON, D.D., Rector of Tramore, Co. Waterford. London: Dalton and Lucy, 28, Cockspur Street.—This is a precious little work, the outpouring of a loving heart to a people long and deeply attached to a pastor of nearly twenty years' standing. The spirit that it breathes, as well as the instruction it affords, will render it a valuable gift-book far beyond the precincts of the parish for which it was originally intended. The work must commend itself to thousands of kindred hearts.

Brief Thoughts. By Rev. EDWARD DALTON, D.D. London: Dalton and Lucy, 28, Cockspur Street.—This is a delightful little volume, written in words of one syllable, for each day in two months. The author is our esteemed friend and beloved brother in the Lord, the Rector of Tramore, County of Waterford. This little volume has already been much prized as a gift-book, and has therefore speedily reached a new and revised edition.

Evelyn Grey; or, The Power of Christian Influence. A Tale for Girls. London: Morgan and Chase.—The history of a young school-girl, whose religious principles subjected her to the ridicule of her school-associates, but who, nevertheless, outlived and finally triumphed over the various designs against her character and deportment.

The Children's Prize for 1866. By the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.—A most attractive and interesting book, admirably adapted for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

The Comprehensive Gospel History. By CHARLES BRIDGMAN. Shedbear, Devon: Jas. Thorne.—Well adapted for the use of schools and families.

The Sunday Scholar's Annual. Second Series. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.—An attractive little volume, and very suitable for a reward at this season.

Lasting Happiness. By ANN AMELIA SEARLE. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.—Nicely written and well got up.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Preciousness of Christ. By the late Rev. Frederick H. Knapp. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.—*The Ladies' Treasury.* Edited by Mrs. Warren. London: W. Strange, 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.—*Evelyn Grey.* A Tale for Girls. London: Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate Street.—*The Sea, The Railway Journey, and other Poems.* By the Rev. E. DALTON, D.D. Second edition. Dalton and Lucy, 28, Cockspur Street.—*The Sunday Magazine.* Edited by Thomas Guthrie, D.D. London: Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.—“*Merry and Wise.*” Edited by Old Merry. London: Jackson and Walford, 27, Paternoster Row.—*Meliora.* A Quarterly Review. No. 35. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.—*Our Own Fireside.* Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. London: W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row.—*Types, as Illustrated in the Colours of the Rainbow.* By Mrs. Kelly. London: Darton and Co., 42, Paternoster Row.—*Short Family Prayers.* By the Rev. C. Webster. London: Darton and Co., 42, Paternoster Row.—*St. Dorothy's Home.* London: 4, Crane Court, Fleet Street.—*The Comprehensive Gospel History.* By C. Bridgman. Shedbear, Devon:

James Thorne.—*Letters by the late G. T. Congreve*. London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street.—*Spiritual Worship*. R. M. Beverley. London: Robert Hardwicke.—*Plain Words*. By the Rev. E. Dalton, D.D. London: Dalton and Lucy, 28, Cockspur Street.—*The Christian Treasury*. A Christian Miscellany.—Rev. H. Bonar, D.D., Editor. London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.—*The Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D.* Memoir by Robert Halley, D.D. Vol. 12. Edinburgh: James Nichol.—*The Rose of Cheriton*. By Mrs. Sewell. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.—*A Letter to Australia*. London: J. Paul, Chapter House Court.—*A Brief Memorial of a Folded Lamb*. London: W. H. Collingridge.—*A Brief Memoir of Benjamin Tatham*. (Late Minister of the Gospel at Eastbourne). London: W. H. Collingridge.—*George Baldwin*. A Memoir. London: J. Paul, Chapter House Court.—*God's Love to Man, and Man's Love to God*. By Hon. S. R. Maxwell. London: W. Yapp.—*The Watchmen of Ephraim*. Edited by John Wilson. London: W. Macintosh.—*The British Juvenile at Home, at Work, and at Play*.—*The British Workwoman*. London: Arthur Hall and Co.—*The River of Life Pilgrims*. Part 8. London: W. H. Collingridge.—*The Shipwrecked Mariner*. George Morrish.—*Sermons on the Sunday and Festival Lessons*. By the Rev. H. G. Williams. London: W. Macintosh.—*Christian Work*. Part 11. "Good Words" Office.—*Words of Pardon and Hope*. London: W. Macintosh.—*The Sower and The Little Gleaner*. London: Houlston and Wright.—*The Mother's Friend*. Vol. 7. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.—*The Gardener's Magazine*. Edited by Shirley Hibberd, F.R.H.S. London: W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane.

THE LATE BELOVED DR. HAWKER.—Our attention has been called to sundry letters which have recently appeared in a Plymouth journal, respecting an attack made by one Dr. Smith, upon the revered memory of the late Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth. Who this Dr. Smith is, we know not, neither do we care to know; but a man who has the presumption to speak in the derogatory terms in which he has expressed himself about Dr. HAWKER, and what he chooses to call *Hawkerism*, is unworthy of notice. He betrays his little-mindedness by his presumption; and we take it upon us to tell this Dr. Smith (be he who he may), that the memory of the sainted author of "The Poor Man's Morning and Evening Portions" will continue to be revered, as for wellnigh half a century it has been, when the remembrance of the maligners of God's highly-honoured servants will have sunk into that oblivion which it merits.

SACRED MAXIMS.

All ignorance in divine things is the effect of the fall.

Every step above the bottomless pit is a mercy to sinful man.

Every heart is naturally as a citadel, fortified against God.

Forgotten visitations are likely to be remembered another day.

A man cannot go in a worse way than the way of his own heart.

We should individually pray that our assemblies may be feasts of Pentecost.

A soul unhumbled for sin is under the dominion of the prince of darkness.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 14,
NEW SERIES. }

FEBRUARY, 1867.

{ No. 1,214,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 4.

HOPES AND HELPS.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."—PSALM xlii. 5.

BELOVED READERS,—After the many years it has been at once our mercy and our privilege to address you, we feel we are in communication with, as it were, the members of a large and loved family. With you, as that family, we from time to time seek kindly and familiar intercourse. Travelling by the same route, encountering the same difficulties, exposed to the same dangers, conflicting with the same enemies, cheered by the same promises, sustained by the same power, animated by the same hopes, and looking forward to the same home, we are prompted month by month to seek communion by the way. We thus endeavour, by the interchange of thought and feeling, to strengthen each others' hands, and cheer each others' hearts. Your letters to us, from time to time, are most refreshing; and we have reason to know, that what the Lord is pleased to lay upon our heart, is not lost upon you. To Him be all the glory!

We find, however, that in proportion as we are to be of any service to the Lord's Spirit-quicken'd ones, we are to go down into the depths, and fetch up from those depths words of comfort and encouragement for the faint, and weary, and heavy-laden.

You shall have an example, beloved, of what we mean; and, for the reasons aforementioned, we will deal with you freely and familiarly. We address you as brethren and sisters in our one common Lord—in the name and grace of our elder Brother. In thus comparing notes and contrasting experiences, we may, by the power of the Spirit, become helpers of each other on our way onward and homeward.

It is now the 15th of the month, and for days we have been waiting upon the Lord for a Scripture on which to ground our usual monthly address to you. The one named is the only one upon which the mind has rested. We have sought for others, but without avail. We have prayed for another, but to no purpose. It has appeared to us, that if we decided upon this passage as our motto for the month, we must of necessity dwell upon the *low key*; and this we have been anxious to avoid—although, to be very candid with you, such has been our mental depression of late, that no Scripture has been so congenial, or certainly not more so, than the one above. It has been, for some time past, a time of “strong crying and tears,” with us; and, as we intimated last month, because of the intense solicitude as to the present state and the immortal value of the souls of some very near and dear to us. Oh, dear readers, may God the Holy Ghost give you a spirit of holy wrestling and importunity on their behalf! May the Lord pour out upon you a spirit of ardent pleading and holy entreaty on their account. You know what is promised, “If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them;” and you know, moreover, it is said, that “the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” We cannot undervalue, much less despise, the prayers and importunities of God’s dear people.* When we can think there is some blessed old pilgrim—a father in Christ, or a mother in Israel—it may be in some lowly room, or possibly in some cellar or garret, praying for the poor Editor, how it cheers our heart! We know what access such have to the Lord. We know how unable He is to resist or refuse them. We know that, if there is one character upon earth sooner heard, or more promptly answered, it is these, that are content with so little for themselves—the mere crust of bread and the cup of cold water, it may be; but who, in their retirement and obscurity, feel so deeply for, and wrestle so ardently on behalf of those who, in these awful days, are called to stand in the forefront of the battle. Men who (if they were allowed to follow the bent of their own inclinations, and the tenor of their own natural minds) would, as it were, creep into a nutshell, and hide themselves from the gaze and observation of their fellow-men. Yet these are the characters whom, in spite of themselves, God has chosen to speak by, and (blessed be His name!) to stand by; and well is it for them that it is so, for,

* Returning from our prayer-meeting, two or three Saturday evenings since, a working man came up to us, and said, “You prayed, sir, to-night for the tried and tempted. I am a tried and tempted one; still I can’t help thinking Jesus has something to do with me, or I should not feel as I do. I fear sometimes that I shall never be able to hold on. Do you remember, sir, when preaching a few Thursday evenings back, stating that you had no intention of taking that text when you came to the church, but you believed, from the power you felt, that it was for some poor tried and tempted soul present? Well, sir, when I returned from my work that night, I went down upon my knees, and begged the Lord to give you a word for me; and you no sooner announced your text, than it came right home to my heart, and the tears poured down my cheeks.” Ah, reader, these are the hearers we love! these Jacob-wrestlers and holy pleaders! And we do love at our Saturday-night prayer-meetings, to hear some of the Lord’s dear troubled ones pour out their hearts before Him. Oh, it is such a blessed preparation for the Sabbath and its services! How many a cheering word we thus get!

without this, speedily they must sink, and realize all that is involved in an expression, one we well know has often uttered agonizingly before the Lord, "One half-ounce more trouble, Lord, without additional strength and grace to bear up under it, and I shall sink for ever." But oh (blessed and praised be His dear and adorable name!), He has never laid on that additional half-ounce; no, not so much as a feather's weight. He (as the Refiner) well knew exactly how much fuel to put on, and what amount of heat to subject the precious metal of His grace in the heart unto. He has ever taken good heed that not one grain of what was of any worth should be lost—not the veriest iota of grace sacrificed. Oh, no; infinite has been His wisdom, as well as boundless His love, omnipotent His mercy, and marvellous His kindness and condescension. Oh! the painstaking and tender mercy of the Lord in days gone by. Truly it is wonderful and heart-cheering when the Holy Ghost comes in as the Remembrancer. In this dear office-character He does at times so blessedly manifest His pity and love and goodness. He then helps us to forget the *present* in the *past*, and to be calm and hopeful in the contemplation of the *future*, because of what He has done in days of old.

And now, dearly beloved, feeling as we do that our days are shortening, convinced as we are that our sojourn in this vale of tears is but for a little season longer, and feeling, moreover, as we do, that the times in which we live are so awful, as to lead men to sneer and scoff at Jehovah's handiwork, we are the more anxious, during our little day and generation, to speak for our God. We would testify of what we have personally and experimentally "tasted, and handled, and felt, of the good word of life." Let mere professors despise and profanely deny God's kind and loving and condescending interest in poor sinful creatures as they may, still (His grace enabling us) we will, nevertheless, declare His righteous acts, and show forth His praise in connexion therewith.

We have already spoken of what depression we have recently been the subject. It has been deep, deep depression. How deep we cannot express. Suffer as we did in years gone by constitutionally from this depression, yet since we have been in the ministry, the Lord, for the most part, has in great mercy raised us above it. We think we are correct in saying, that such has been His goodness, and so mindful has He been of His promises, that "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself," that we suffered more depression in *one* year before ordination, than we have in the *twenty* since. We speak this to the honour of our God, and as a cheering fact to those who may have the ministry of the word laid upon their hearts. Our study and our pulpit are our most favoured spots upon earth. Our happiest moments are spent in them.

But now, in proof of what we have said about the Holy Comforter's blessed power, in bringing *present* comfort by the review or recollection of *past* deliverances, permit us, dear reader, to quote a fact or two; and we feel that, in this Christ-despising and Bible-disputing day, we must

seek as much as possible to deal with *facts*. There is no denying or gainsaying *them*. Theories men may question, doctrines they may dispute, plain incontrovertible facts, never!

Well, just as we sat down to this paper, we had returned from seeing our dear son of Carlisle off by the train. He preached in our Church—with simply his Bible in hand—on Sunday evening, to some 1,200 to 1,400 souls, a most precious sermon from Titus ii. 11—13, “For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” As we sat listening to that sweet Spirit-honouring, Christ-exalting discourse, we thought, “What hath God wrought? It is the Lord’s doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” We were led back in review. We stood again at the entrance of Hornsey Churchyard, near London, desolate and sad. We were following to their last resting-place the precious remains of her whom we had early and ardently loved. There stood by our side, the last and only one left of four precious children. He, in childlike simplicity, and not knowing what those solemn scenes meant, looked up with an expression of anguish never, never to be forgotten, “Not going to bury me, Papa?” Oh, what an appeal! It struck to the very core of the heart. It raised us from the depths: it brought us back again to earth. We felt if we had but one to care for, still we had *that one*, and mentally we could exclaim, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.” The desk-service over, and that at the grave having been solemnly read, we were stepping forward to take a last look upon the coffin about to be hidden from our gaze for ever, when the dear little fellow again looked up, and again exclaimed, with greatest anguish, “Not going to bury *me*, Papa?” Oh, how timely was the appeal! How good and how condescending was our God! How true it is, that “He remembers us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever.”

But, now mark the change! What had God wrought? That dear boy, now grown to man’s estate, and brought by grace divine to know the God of his fathers, was occupying the pulpit, and proclaiming to that large and attentive audience, “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Oh, as we looked up, and read and re-read that glorious Scripture (facing both the preacher and the reader), “Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?”* we thought, “Oh, is not the Lord as well able to bring the *others*—those of my loved ones who remain ignorant of Him and indifferent about Him—to the like knowledge of Himself and the fulness and preciousness of His salvation?”

Not only so, the loved son in question took part and delivered a powerful address in a deeply-interesting scene last evening, when the elder son of one of the trustees of our church came of age; and the

* See *Gospel Magazine* for January, page 4.

occasion was celebrated by the calling together of a goodly number of our parishioners, as well as the school children. We shall quote particulars of this scene in our next, as given in the *Western Daily Press* of this morning.

To-day, as we stood at the train, taking leave of our dear son, when he had been listening to our tale of deep, deep solicitude about one in particular, "Think, dear father," said he, "of what you have to encourage you. With that congregation, and with those schools, you need something to keep you down." "And I have it," was the reply. "Oh, those schools," said he; "and the attention of those dear children on Sunday afternoon was most remarkable."

The train started; and may the Lord preserve our dear son, and take him in safety to his destination, and increasingly bless him in his sphere of labour. We turned homeward again, and we recollected that our first article was not written; and, when this is the case, we feel pressed and ill at ease, if the first week of the month has passed. The longer the delay, the greater the weight; and the words of our dear departed brother-in-law come afresh to the mind, "Dear brother, you will want twelve great troubles a-year to enable you to write your first articles." He was not far wrong; for, if we are to write with freedom—from heart to heart—and are (under God) to "speak a word in season to them that are weary," it must be, as we have before intimated—a voice from the depths. We know that the Lord often brings us low, not for our own sake merely, but for the sake also of those to whom we are privileged to write or to preach. So that two Scriptures are blessedly illustrated thereby, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man;" and again, "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Returning to our study, with our first article thus pressing upon the heart, again the portion to which we have referred was the only one resting with weight and power. Turning to Psalm xlii. 5, we find a little note in the margin, "First word on waking, 28/10/'57. See John xvi. 24; Exodus xiv. 13."

Referring to our private journal under that date, we find the subjoined: we quote for the reason above-mentioned, that our readers may mark the facts to which we have before adverted. We do so, moreover, in order to encourage them to have a more watchful eye upon God's providence. We would have them also remark how much we may be mistaken in regard to the Lord's purposed leadings and dealings. With respect to the quotation under the first date, the reader will at once perceive how altogether we were mistaken as to the Lord's mind respecting us. How very, very different has been our course to that we then conceived it would have been! Furthermore, if the reader turns to what is stated in p. 98 and p. 100 of the present number, he will at once see how much wider the field and larger the range of usefulness presented in our present than that in our former position. Ireland is so constituted in its present mode of government, and our rulers are so pandering to Popery, in every possible way, that we see

not how the field of labour could have been extended there. Whereas subsequent facts have proved, that in our present sphere a large and most important field was prepared of our God, and, in His own good time, opened to our hand. In regard to it, we have often been reminded of two things: first, our once remarking to the beloved correspondent M. S. L., at p. 97, that "we should love to see the first stone of the building laid wherein we were to be permitted to labour;" secondly, our writing to our late beloved parishioners, as follows: "It was thought my connexion with Bonmahon was indissoluble. I leave it now in ignorance of where my future lot is to be cast. I am thankful, rather than otherwise, that it is so, believing that my God will provide. I doubt not that He has a sphere of labour in waiting for me, though as yet I know not where that field is."

The following are, in part, the remarks referred to in the journal before spoken of:—

"*September 28, '57.*—This morning (D.V.) a memorial will be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, respecting this living. It is in his gift, and my Rector has expressed a willingness to exchange it for my smaller parish of K—. Much—very much—will depend on this decision. My future course will (humanly speaking) depend on His Excellency's Yes or No. O my God, be it Thy decision. Let it not be *man's*, but *God's* word. "God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts." Man appoints, but God disappoints. Man *proposes*, but God *disposes*. I know whatever is, is well. I know that the Lord Lieutenant cannot go counter to God's mind. I know that the hearts of all are in the Lord's hands.—My first 'morning word' in meditation to-day was, 'O my God, my soul is cast down within me,' &c. My first Bible word, upon opening the precious volume, was, 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name,' &c. After a season of intense wrestling and importunity with the Lord, upon opening my Bible, my eye dropped upon Exodus xiv. 13, 'Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord,' &c."

After a season of very special access at the throne, to which the remarks in the journal go on to speak, the conclusion to which we came in reference to the memorial which certain kind friends had got up on our behalf, was, that it would be entertained and adopted by His Excellency. In this, however, as subsequent events proved, we were completely mistaken. Hence the totally-different position in which our lot is now cast; and, as we have before intimated, the strong impression that we were to remain in our then sphere, being altogether incorrect. This proves how greatly we may err, in respect to our feelings or impressions, and enforces the necessity for our waiting the Lord's opening hand, and the revelation of His loving will and purpose.

For the encouragement of our readers—parents especially—and in acknowledgment of the goodness and mercy of our God, we will quote a further extract from the journal in question.

"*Tuesday eve, Nov. 10, '57.*—I could not close this day without testifying to the goodness and mercy of my most gracious and indulgent Lord. Last Thursday I took my dear boy to Dublin for the purpose of entering him at Trinity College. As a matter of course, he was anxious about passing the entrance examination, but he told me his mind was considerably relieved by Dr. P— opening his Greek Testament upon the fourteenth of John, "Let

not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me." His mind was raised from that moment. Going up in the train, we were joined by my dear friend Sandford, who, whilst travelling, opened one of his Latin exercises, and examined him. The next day the examiner opened upon the very passage, and my dear boy was much assisted by the very hints Mr. Sandford had given him the day previously. I felt much all day Friday. David was in the Hall for six-and-a-half hours. But I had precious outgoing of heart on his account, and believed he would pass. Through mercy, he *did* pass ; and, as I have given him up to the Lord, and as a fervent desire possesses his heart to labour for the Lord, I trust that desire may be owned and confirmed of the Lord. I think that, in the whole course of my life, I never paid money with such satisfaction as I did the entrance fees for my dear boy. I came home Saturday night ; preached, next day, with peculiar warmth and pleasure to myself, from John xvii. 2, 3, dwelling particularly upon the glorious fact, that the Lord had 'power over all flesh,' the flesh externally of the enemies of His cross and of His dear children, and the flesh internally with which His loved family have lay by day to contend. Returning home, my dear wife for the first time informed me that another threatening letter* had arrived during my absence, being the *sixth* within a few months. I think I shall never forget the perfect calmness with which I stood and preached in the evening, though, from the exposed position of my pulpit, I felt every moment might be my last. Oh, how calm—how unmoved—I felt! What peace I enjoyed! What perfect indifference to my enemies! After service, I heard of the diabolical charges brought against me by my deadly enemy, Mr. —. I could rejoice and bless God that they were utterly groundless. I was as innocent of those charges as a new-born babe. I might have represented his conduct to the authorities, but I wished rather to enjoy the spirit of David with regard to Shimei. Last night I awoke with what I consider must have been somewhat of Abraham's horror of great darkness. I awoke again, and rose at six o'clock. My first Scripture word, 'His praise shall continually be in my mouth.' I came down to my study, and opened the dear old Book upon Psalm iii. 7, and oh, how the words of that Psalm, and of the seventh and tenth Psalms, told into my heart. The post at length came, and oh, how wonderfully struck I was, by an enclosure of £50 from a dear sister in Christ, whom I never met, but who, on a previous occasion, sent, as now, altogether unthought of and unsolicited, a similar sum. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' I could not help bursting into tears, and sought, as Joseph of old, 'where to weep.' The goodness of my God seemed overpowering. I felt as if His kindness would kill me outright, and I could but say, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.' Oh, what a blessed time it was, more especially as it came after a season of much pain, arising from misconstruction of my motives, upon the part of some in authority, with regard to my work here. Surely, if the Lord did not approve, He would not thus interpose His timely and kind and gracious hand. Oh, how often I find, if enemies revile, the Lord is most merciful in the display of His fatherly kindness and compassionate regard, so that my poor thankless heart is lifted up in adoring wonder, love, and praise."

These extracts, beloved readers, will, we are sure, help to throw light, by way of contrast, upon the two evenings—Sunday evening and last evening—and their engagements, to which, in an earlier part of this paper, we alluded. Do not these quotations justify the remark we have already made, "What hath God wrought?" This is the more manifest to our own mind, from the fact of our having so

* The writers declaring they would take my life ; and this simply because a National schoolmaster had left Romanism, and was (altogether of his own choice) attending my ministry.

recently visited both Bonmahon (the seat of our former labours) and Carlisle (the scene of our beloved son's present labours). In both the one place and the other, we were compelled to acknowledge and admire our God's wondrous hand. *Here* is a large church and large schools built, and in full operation. *There*—at Carlisle—is a beautiful parsonage built and occupied, and a noble church nearly ready for consecration.

Although we have as much reason as ever to exclaim, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me;" although we were never more sensibly and entirely dependent upon Him; still we do feel, that these simple uncoloured facts may well lead us now, even as much as ten years ago, to say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance." Ah, dear readers, we have much—very much—to bring us to the throne. We have abundant cause to cry and sigh there. Many sleepless hours and anxious days are appointed unto us; yet withal we have abundant reason to "thank God, and take courage." Oh, if He would but convert those of our children who know Him not and love Him not; if He would but slay their natural enmity, and give them to see and feel the power of His grace, oh, how would our souls rejoice!

And now, beloved, once more, in conclusion, may we not again say, Have we not brought forward facts, which may well lead us to adopt the language of our text? Why not? True it is, that the future may be dark and forbidding, but can it be more so than the past? We are so prone to forget past positions and past fears and forebodings. In one sense it is well that it is so, lest they should have an undue weight, and, coupled with present fears and present faintings, tend utterly to overwhelm. But be it ours, at the same time, to remember that there can be no position nor any circumstances in which our God can by any possibility be at a loss to help, sustain, and deliver. It is necessary that our heart and flesh should sorely fail—it is necessary that *we* should see no prospect of deliverance; it is necessary that trouble and perplexity and affliction should be such as to produce, under the Spirit's power, this thorough conviction, that none but the Lord can devise a way of escape, and vouchsafe to us that support and succour which He foresees our condition and circumstances will need. Yea, it is precisely in this creature-helpless and hopeless state, *faith*, under the precious prompting of its Divine Author, comes to our aid; and, in connexion with the darkest dispensation and gloomiest of appearances, exclaims, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."

Dear readers, may we all continue to realize these divine operations in all their fulness and power, for Christ's sake.

Yours affectionately in Him,

St. Luke's, Bedminster, Jan. 15, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE ATONEMENT.

"The Lord hath prepared a sacrifice."—ZEPH. i. 7.

IN these days of error, when men are being "carried about by every wind of doctrine," we cannot too often insist upon the grand fundamentals of our most holy religion. It is therefore that, having in a recent paper dwelt upon the Godhead of our dear Redeemer, we now purpose, by the Spirit's help, meditating upon His atonement; and, in future notes, if spared, we hope to enlarge upon other important points, as the Lord the Spirit shall lead.

The atonement of Christ—"The Lord hath prepared a sacrifice." Yes, we must not be content to consider Christ as One who merely came to teach and set an example, as many would have us believe; but that He came as the One, and only One, prepared by God the Father *to die a sacrifice for sin*. Imagine the wretchedness of the theory that Christ came as an example of excellence and virtue. It would amount to this: God sent a good Man into this world, permitting Him to suffer an ignominious death as an example worthy of imitation. Would such a movement be worthy of the great God? Nay, would it be compatible with His honour and justice? Certainly not. The theory is an insult to the Most High, and proceeds from the carnal reason of those who are determined to reject Christ, and, being ignorant of God's righteousness, go about to establish a righteousness of their own.

But before we go into the fact of the atonement, it may be well for us to meet some of the objections that these carnal reasoners take to this glorious doctrine. They say,

1. *If Christ came to be a sacrifice for sin, why did He not openly declare His mission?*—We reply, It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; and Christ Himself when on earth declared to His disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come." And then, had Christ told the Jews in open language who and what He was, they in the unbelief of their hearts would have stoned Him to death. So that, humanly speaking, He would have died a Stephen's death instead of a Saviour's death, and thereby not fulfilled the prophecy, "The Lord hath prepared a sacrifice."

Again they say,

2. *But it does not agree with the moral perfections of God to punish sin in a Surety: it cannot therefore be just to make an innocent person suffer, and the offender be spared.*—How true is the emphatic declaration of God Himself: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. lv. 8, 9). That God did order the punishment of sin in a Surety is abundantly evident by His own word; and who dares to say that He would order anything that infringed upon the perfections of His attributes? Deny this fact, and you must at once blot out of your

Bibles that precious word "mercy." But, far from the atonement of Christ not agreeing with the moral perfections of God, it is just the contrary; for, by the sufferings of Jesus Christ upon the cross, the execution of the law was completed in such a way that no earthly creature could complete it: and therefore when the law is honoured and its demands carried out, both law and Lawgiver are satisfied—the former becoming magnified, and the latter honoured, by the discharge.

But, once more, they say,

3. *None less than a divine person could bear away sin; yet a divine person cannot atone for sin, because Deity cannot die.*—This objection entirely overlooks the fact—"a body hath He prepared;" and all such passages as these—"By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." It was the human nature of Christ that died. Truly, Deity cannot die; and, as it is declared "that Jesus ever liveth," the objection really establishes His Deity, rather than militates against His atonement. It is the old error of the confusion of substance, and not discerning that Christ was the God-man.

But, having met some of the objections which carnal reasoners raise to this precious doctrine, let us now go to the proof we have of

THE FACT OF THE ATONEMENT.

"The Lord hath prepared a sacrifice."

And let us take,

I. THE TYPICAL EVIDENCES OF IT.

For example,

1. *The offering of Cain and Abel.*—"Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And in the process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect." Now why was this? We reply, Because Abel saw the nature and character of sin, and the need of a sacrifice which should shadow forth the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" therefore he presented of the firstlings of the flock. Cain saw no such necessity, which was evidenced in his afterwards slaying his brother. His offering was rejected, and himself cast forth as a vagabond. In Abel's offering, then, we have one of the earliest pointings to the atonement.

But again,

2. *The offering up of Isaac.*—Jehovah spoke to good old Abraham, saying, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him." What a touching scene! The aged patriarch, the faithful Abraham, wending his way up the mount of Moriah. What must his feelings have been! And yet his faith overcame his feelings. When arrived at the foot of the mount, he bid the young men remain while he and the lad went up yonder. "And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together." Note the pathetic appeal

of poor Isaac in it; and Abraham's answer was the typical evidence of the atonement of Christ: "And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering? And Abraham said, My son, *God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering*: so they went both of them together." And so it was: the angel of the covenant stayed the hand of Abraham ere he plunged the knife into the breast of his devoted son. "And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." Now objectors may say all this was but to put Abraham's faith to the test; but methinks he has but a shallow insight into the mind of the Spirit of God who does not fail to discover here an early typical evidence of the atonement of Christ, the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

3. *The brazen serpent in the wilderness.*—"And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole, and it came to pass, that if a fiery serpent had bitten any man, *when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived*" (Num. xxi. 9). And that this serpent of brass thus lifted up pointed to the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ there can be no doubt, for He Himself declares that "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man *be lifted up*" (John iii. 14).

Then again,

4. *The atonement was foreshadowed in "the scape goat."*—Jehovah's command runs thus: "And when Aaron hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat: and Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, *and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat*, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness" (Lev. xvi. 20—22). Thus did Jehovah order to be laid on the antitype the sins of Israel, representing that, upon the Person of Jesus, should all the sins of His spiritual Israel be laid; as Isaiah afterwards declared, "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Or, as it might be rendered, The Lord hath made to *meet in Him* the iniquity of us all. And, then,

5. *It was typified in the person of the high priest under the law who entered into the holy of holies once a year to make atonement for sin.*—This was the means appointed by Jehovah to remit the sins of the Jews as a nation; "for every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins;" but, when Christ was offered, learning "obedience by the things which He suffered; being made perfect, He became the Author of salvation, and all them that obey Him," and, having ascended up on high, He is an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Again,

6. *In the paschal lamb we have the atonement set forth.*—It was killed before Israel was delivered; so it was necessary that Christ should suffer ere His people could be redeemed. It was to be roast with fire, to note the sharp and dreadful pains which Jesus should suffer. It was eaten with bitter herbs, to teach us that, as followers of Him, we too must be partakers with Him of His sufferings.

And all this explains the apostle Paul's language, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us."

Thus in Abel's offering; in Abraham's declaration "that God would provide Himself a lamb;" in the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness; in the scape goat, upon whose head the iniquities of the people should be placed; in the person of the high priest taken from among men; in the paschal lamb, and in other things that might be mentioned, we have typical evidences ordained by God of the fact which Zephaniah declares, "The Lord hath prepared a sacrifice."

Let us pass on now to notice

II. THE FULFILMENT OF HIS PROPHECY.

"The types and the shadows are fled,
With all that predictions foretold,
Since Jesus on Calvary bled,
His sheep shall return to the fold."

"Father, the hour is come!" are His own significant words—words which at once declare His Godhead: the hour when the Son of Man was to be offered up a sacrifice for the sins of His people. And what an hour it was! Behold Him surrounded by an assembled rabble; how meek and passive did He appear in their midst, as He was led as a sheep to the slaughter! Think of Him, our dear, precious Redeemer, outstretched upon the cursed tree; lifted up between earth and heaven—the innocent Victim. Listen to His momentous words at that solemn hour: "Then said Jesus [*concerning His enemies*], Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Then said Jesus *to His mother*, at the foot of the cross, "Woman, behold thy Son." Then saith He to His disciple, "Behold thy mother." Then said Jesus *to the repentant thief*, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shall thou be with me in paradise." Then said Jesus *to His Father above*, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Then said Jesus *to His persecutors*, "I thirst." Then said Jesus *to His blood-bought elect*, "It is finished!" And, when He had "cried with a loud voice, He said, *Father*, into Thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, He gave up the ghost." And yet impious men will dare to say that it was no fact, but only an interesting tale. Note Scripture evidence as to its reality. The apostle Paul declares, "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The evangelist Mark declares, "And the Scripture was fulfilled which saith, And He was numbered with the transgressors." And truly was it a fulfilment of the words of the inspired Isaiah, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied;" and of the inspired Zachariah, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered;" and, above all, a fulfilment of His own precious declaration: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." "I lay down my life for the sheep." And, when surrounded by His disciples, at the last supper, note His remarkable language: "He took bread, and brake it, saying, This is my body which is given for you;" and, taking the cup, and blessing it, He said, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, *which is shed for many for the remission of sins.*"

In the face of such abundant testimony, bold and arrogant indeed must be that man who dares to deny the authenticity of the atonement of the Lord Jesus.

III. WHAT HAS THE ATONEMENT ACCOMPLISHED?

Or, we might rather ask, What has it not accomplished for the poor sinner? for from it flow all the blessings of the new covenant of grace. But, to condense the subject, we name six hallowed results:—

- I. Reconciliation.
- II. Restoration.
- III. Remission.
- IV. Redemption.
- V. Regeneration.
- VI. Rejoicing.

I. RECONCILIATION.

No sinner can approach a holy God with acceptance but through the blood of the atonement; for it is this which reconciles the justice and mercy of God. “For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God *by the death of His Son*, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.” But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the *blood of Christ*. “For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” It is clear, then, from the Scriptures, that that reconciliation to God is effected alone “by the death of His Son;” so,

“Sin-burdened soul, dry up your tears; fear not,
Look up, and triumph in atoning blood.”

II. RESTORATION.

Here let us quote dear Dr. Hawker's words: “When Adam sinned, he robbed God of His glory, and robbed himself and all his posterity of God's image, and with it all happiness. And Jesus has restored all, and done it never to be lost any more. By His finished work of salvation, He hath restored to God His glory, and, by His obedience and death, as our Surety, He has restored to man his happiness. The favour of God we lost by sin; Jesus hath restored it by justifying us in His righteousness. The image of God we lost by rebellion; Jesus hath restored to us that image in sanctifying us by His holiness. So that every way, and in all things, Jesus hath made up the breach, and is truly the Almighty Restorer.”

III. REMISSION.

The testimony of John the Baptist pointed to this fact, as it is written, “The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which **TAKETH AWAY** the sin of the world.” And the apostle Paul, speaking of the same precious One, adds, “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for *the remission of sins that are past*, through the forbearance of God.” Oh, if this should meet the eye of one whose past sins still weigh heavy upon him, let him think over, and pray over this precious passage, “the remission of sins that are past:” all laid upon Jesus, and clean gone for ever!

Then, again, the atonement issues in

IV. REDEMPTION,

which is, over and over again, declared in the sacred Scriptures to be “*by the blood of Christ*.” “Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by

His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." And this glorious, precious, soul-animating fact, will constitute the theme of the new song in the heavenly Jerusalem: "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

"Millions of souls, once guilty and defiled,
Shall swell the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb
Once slain in sacrifice, to ransom us;"
And, while His matchless glories, all unveiled,
Exceed what eye hath seen or ear hath heard,
They gaze upon His vesture dipp'd in blood,
And own their bliss was purchased by His death."

V. REGENERATION.

The new birth cannot be separated from the atonement, *for the blood is the life*. No atonement, and there can be no such a thing as spiritual life. And, although, probably, it may be more correct to say such life is the result of the resurrection, as the apostle Paul saith, "Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also walk in newness of life," still, such life is called "the washing of regeneration," which the Holy Ghost "shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." So that we gather that the precious blood of the atonement, applied by the power of the Holy Ghost, is the life—a life which nothing can destroy: "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."

And then, lastly, the personal realization of the atonement will bring about

VI. REJOICING.

"Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein." Why, O thou inspired prophet, all this rejoicing? Listen to his reply: "For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel." So that while Israel rejoices to think of the great redemption work accomplished by Jesus, Jesus is Himself glorified in its accomplishment, as well as glorified in the reception and realization of it by His blood-bought children. This it is that brings comfort of mind, peace of soul, and rejoicing of spirit, in the midst of all the cares and pressing anxieties of the way. Let the miserable opposers to the glorious doctrine of the atonement find any substitute that will bring a man into such peace. They cannot; they never propose any; and, if they did, it would be worthless. But let a man lay hold of the atonement as an anchor of the soul, and he goes about his necessary duties with a feeling sense of security and happiness. "God, my Father, hath accepted me; Jesus, my Saviour, hath redeemed me; God the Holy Ghost hath revealed all this to me; I will eat my bread with joy, I will drink of the cup of my salvation with a cheerful heart; I will sing of that dear One, 'who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according

to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." We repeat, oh, what peace such a knowledge gives! Take the man who, from early dawn till late at night, is in the whirl of commercial life; he wishes he had less to do, and more time to read his Bible; but there he is, in the position which the providence of God seems to have assigned him. What is his solace, as he doubles together his letters and accounts? Is it not the casting the eye upwards, and catching a faith's view of a risen Lord, who, by His doing and dying, has completed salvation for him? so that his comfortable assurance is, Well, Christ has done all for me; He knows me in my lot in life; He sees me toiling away, and marks my strugglings to honour Him in the midst of all; and he says, "Dear Jesus, Thou hast redeemed me! I am Thine, and Thou art mine!"

"I'll visit Calvary's hill,
To view the blood-stain'd tree,
And bid my fears be still,
Since Jesus died for me.
The triumphs of His cross will prove
My glory in the realms above."

May it be ours, dear reader, not to be carried away by useless niceties of carnal reasoning, but to seek the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit, that we may become rooted and grounded in the fundamental and material points of God's glorious and complete scheme of salvation. And let us ever suspect and avoid that teaching which undervalues the atonement of Christ. Depend upon it, wrong here, we are wrong everywhere. It is the fundamental verity of the Bible. Pray the Lord the Spirit to give you a deeper insight into it, that you may have the joy and peace in believing that the reception and personal appropriation of the atonement can alone give. The Lord bless you, is the prayer of
Your companion at the foot of the cross,

* *South Park, Ilford, Essex.*

G. C.

SACRED MAXIMS.

THE righteousness of Christ shall never wear out, and the graces of the Spirit shall never burn out.

Sin is of that heinous nature, that it has moved the Majesty of heaven out of His place.

They are not the hard-hearted who most lament the insensibility of their hearts.

There is no wrath in the cup of affliction which God's elect people are caused to drink.

Woe unto them that will bear their own burdens, in that day when the Lord shall arise to judgment.

The sin-offering of Jesus has nothing to do with those who live in their sins.

There is no greater evil on this side of hell than hardness of heart; it is the growing evil of all impenitent sinners.

To threaten, when sins are high, is a part of God's justice; not to execute when sins are revoked by repentance, is a part of God's goodness.

* Will our numerous and welcome correspondents be kind enough to notice our change of residence?

Anecdotes and Extracts.

“The preacher sought to find out acceptable words.”—Eccl. xii. 10.

1867.

BY THE REV. HUGH M'NEILE, D.D.

If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do? Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Draw Thou us, and we will run after Thee. As by Thy grace Thou hast quickened us together with Christ, and raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places, so give us to have fellowship with the Father and with the Son; to stand by faith within the vail, whither the great High Priest is for us entered; and there to commune concerning our dangers and our duties, seeking protection, and guidance, and strength.

We *know* whom we have believed. We have *tasted* that the Lord is good. We rely on His own word that He hears and answers prayer. Sing unto Him. Sing Psalms unto Him. Talk ye of all His wondrous works. Glory ye in His holy name, that we are not left to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine; that our faith, not resting on any testimony of man, cannot be shaken by any counter testimony. Oh, give Him thanks, that we have received the testimony of Jesus, and set to our seal that God is true.

Thus, dear brethren, we close another year; and thus again, after the example of my venerable predecessors, I venture, and I can truly say without the slightest assumption of authority or superiority, to invite you to enter upon the new year with united and simultaneous prayer, with united and simultaneous faith also, and peace by faith, and love and joy and praise.

1866 has been a “troublous time.” Nations and Churches have been shaken. From our watch tower in the clefts of the rock, behold and see some of His doings who opens the seals, and blows the trumpets, and pours out the vials, until the set time shall come for the cry, “Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen,” and the response, “Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

Politically, the face of Europe has been changed, and the future of the American Republic is dark and uncertain. Austria is forced back upon her Eastern frontier, and compelled to relinquish the dream of establishing a Latin Empire in the West. Prussia has assumed gigantic dimensions. Hanover and Saxony are nowhere; and Denmark is robbed of her duchies. France croucheth like a tiger, gathering strength and ready to spring; and the helpless Pope—albeit he abates nothing of his pretension to be the Vicar of the King of kings—stands terror-stricken at the prospect before him, and bleats out “*non possumus*” in answer to every suggestion for his welfare.

Commercially, all quiet confidence has been shaken. The German market, the French market, the American market, the Italian market, are all disturbed; not to mention our unfortunate clients the Turks, who are again cheated with a promise of some responsible government.

In England, Mammon has had a signal victory over honour and honesty. Accounts fabricated and falsified to answer a purpose, regard-

less of the widespread ruin consequent thereupon, have made "commercial morality" a byword, and a scorn, and a scandal.

And, while national treaties and national landmarks are thus trodden under foot, and the straightforward integrity which was long the boast of British commerce is obliged to hide its head for shame, see how the ecclesiastical moorings of Christendom are shifting on every side before the eddying whirls of democracy and despotism, of scepticism and superstition. Nations, professedly Papal, are rejecting the supremacy of the Pope; and in our nation, professedly Protestant, there is arising and spreading an eager and intense love of Popery. The great central falsehood, around which all exaggerations of ritual are but as satellites, is the fiction of the corporal presence of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the consecrated elements of the Lord's Supper—flesh and blood *really* and objectively sacrificed to God, and eaten by men under the *appearance* of bread and wine. For rejecting this cannibal notion of the middle ages, and falling back upon primitive spirituality, our reformers of the sixteenth century were committed to the flames.

Thank God, so long as the secular sword cannot be wielded at the bidding of the Church, we run no risk of flames for the adoption or rejection of any doctrine. The door is shut against positive persecution; the door is open for honest and outspoken argumentation. Arise to the emergency, beloved brethren, and maintain the truth. In the school, in the family, in the warehouse, in the factory, in the shop, in the street, show that the circulation of the Bible among you for so many years has not been in vain.

Young men—to you I speak, before I lay down my weapons and depart hence—young Christian Churchmen, fight the good fight of faith. Shrink not from this glorious battle-field. Distrust the counsels of plausible but worldly prudence, which plead for ease, and silence, and caution, such as will ensure your personal safety from misrepresentation, and fatigue, and inconvenience. What manner of soldier is he whose watchword is "personal safety?" Be sober-minded, indeed: rashness is not courage. Be sure of your ground—but be decided. Take your stand. The antagonism is urgent. It is impossible to serve both Christ and Satan. It is dangerous and disgraceful to attempt to serve neither, steering a middle course between the two. Solon made a law that, in a time of civil sedition, every citizen who stood aloof, and took no active part on either side, should be disfranchised and dishonoured. A greater than Solon said, "He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth."

Enter upon 1867 with earnest, fervent prayer for wisdom and strength to work as well as fight. The field is wide, and how little of it has yet been reclaimed! Our own country has been peculiarly favoured above all lands; our institutions, public and private, national and local; our civil and religious liberties, our social privileges, are excellent beyond any to be found on the earth; and yet, even here in England, how little has been done!

Our most successful efforts have not remedied—they have scarcely ameliorated—the horrors of our over-grown and over-crowded towns and cities. Our eyes and our ears are shocked with sights of drunkenness and sounds of blasphemy. Our sense of right is outraged by disclosures of dishonesty, deceit, and fraud. The leprosy has tainted every class, and no human power can stay the plague.

More churches, more schools, more reformatories, more social and sanitary improvements! Yes, oh, yes, by all means, let Christian zeal and social science do all they can. But what is it all? Why, after all, we do not overtake, we do not keep pace with, the teeming population; and some of our attempts at remedy are found but to aggravate the disease. Remedy, effectual remedy, is His alone, for whose coming we wait. His right hand and His holy arm will gain the complete victory. He will make known His salvation. The clouds are gathering thick and black around us. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him;" and "there shall be no more curse."

Brethren beloved, by all the warm benevolence which glows in your bosoms; by all the godlike philanthropy which longs to carry happiness to every home and every heart on the face of the earth; by all the aspirations after universal improvement, which, even among those ruins, bear undying testimony to the high original of man's soul: join, oh, join, in the cry of the widow for her absent Husband; in the prayer of the Church for the return of her absent Head. Come, Lord, and make all things new: come, and cast out the great enemy: come, and enlighten the ignorant: come, and subdue the proud: come, and put an end to war and preparations for war: oh, come, and fill a renewed earth with loveliness, and beauty, and plenty, as well as truth, holiness, and peace. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

And with unfeigned respect and affection, I sign myself your faithful fellow-servant in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

Liverpool, December, 1866.

H. M'N.

A DYING PARENT'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

WE have, within the last few days, spent a privileged hour with a dear afflicted but blessedly-taught lady of some eight-and-twenty years of age. In the course of conversation, when asking her how and when the Lord met with her, she rose and took from her writing-desk a letter. That letter had been written by a dying father, who passed away when she was three years of age. It was addressed to his beloved child, and to be opened by her upon her completing her fourteenth year. Oh, how precious were its breathings! how ardent the love! how intense the desire that the Lord would savingly bless the soul of that dear child! And how graciously had the Lord heard, and in due time answered, those parental and true spiritual heart-breathings! Not only adopting that dear child by grace, but making use of her, in an eminent way, as a scribe for her much-loved Lord and Master.

When speaking to her of parents' prayers and parents' solicitude and parents' hopes (upon certain grounds) of intimations of mercy in reserve for children who as yet manifest no signs whatever of a change of heart, we asked, whether she thought there could be the singular preservation in times of extreme danger, and the occasional sealing-home of this or that promise, without its being, in due time, answered? She made this pithy and powerful reply, "The Lord never *tantalizes* His people." Reader, we cannot tell you how timely that remark was, nor how much it re-inspired the cry, "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." Ah, how blessed to be thrown

back upon Himself, with nothing whatever to look for or to build upon, but upon His own covenant promise, and the renewed assurance again and again of His own good will and pleasure! Where can a poor sinner find rest, either for himself or others, but here? The faithful word of a faithful God. Sin, Satan, and the world, all in deadly hostility against the truth; the death (as to all human hopes and appearances) upon the promise; not the veriest sign or indication of prayer being heard or answered; and yet, in spite of all, hoping against hope, and holding the Lord to His word: "And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these." As much as to say—for so we read it—Dost thou believe in me and my word for this my simple utterance in reference to my Godhead, and omniscience, and omnipresence? Then—assuredly then—thou shalt yet behold greater and more glorious realities.

And can the Lord, under such seals and such applications, disappoint? That be far from Him. Admitted that everything makes head against the fulfilment of His word; granted that there is not the slightest human hope whatever; suppose from appearances that destruction were sealed, and that the poor broken heart on behalf of another, cries, "No hope," is, therefore, "the Lord's hand shortened, that it cannot save? or is His ear heavy, that it cannot hear?"

Reader, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

THE EDITOR.

ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF MY CONGREGATION.

BY THE REV. S. A. WALKER, M.A., RECTOR OF MARY-LE-PORT, BRISTOL.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,—Every succeeding year that I enter upon the task of preparing my annual address to you, I feel more and more the solemnity of the occasion, for I am reminded how very soon you will hold in your hand the last that shall proceed from my pen; and then there will be nothing in the future between us and that "acceptable year of the Lord," when we shall meet together, not to receive an address from human hands or lips, but from the great Judge Himself, who will demand from us respectively an account of our stewardship, and call upon you and me to bear testimony for or against each other.

Your recent expression of sympathy and love to me, at once reminds me of human infirmity and of ministerial responsibility. Your affectionate interest in my health, and desire to give me temporary relaxation and rest, indicates that there is a limit to human labour, and urges the necessity of working "while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." My brief separation from you, whenever it takes place, will give us both an opportunity of calmly reviewing our ten years' connexion as pastor and people, and put us somewhat in the position of those who have brought such a connexion to a final close. We can pause and reflect. I can ask myself whether I have laboured for your spiritual welfare as assiduously and self-denyingly as I might have done; and you can refer to the many opportunities for spiritual improvement which the Lord has given you, and inquire whether you have sought and obtained grace to improve them to the extent of your soul's need. May our

gracious Father and God assist us both to be honest in our self-examination, and give us grace to use the result to His glory and an advancement in personal holiness and fidelity to Him.

In my previous addresses, I have usually avoided referring particularly to the Church of which we are members, preferring to draw your attention to the eternal verities which we hold in common with all orthodox communities. But, as my desire always has been, as far as I had ability, to keep my people informed on all subjects connected with their temporal and spiritual interests, I consider that at this time I should be wanting in my duty to you, if I did not take advantage of the opportunity which an annual address affords to introduce to your notice some matters connected with the present aspect in which the Church of England presents herself before the world and the Church universal. I do this the more readily, because I feel assured that my sentiments as a clergyman of the Church are well known by those whom I address, and that I run no danger of being suspected of any inordinate devotion to ecclesiastical systems on the one hand, or of disloyalty to that noble institution called the Established Church of this country, of which I am an unworthy minister, on the other.

I write to meet the comprehension of the most humble and least instructed in such things among my flock, and therefore I shall labour to be simple, knowing that the better instructed and more intelligent have sources of information which render them comparatively independent of such teaching. The subject, however, will not, I trust, be uninteresting or without profit even to them.

You often hear the word "Reformation." The time has come for considering its meaning. The Reformation in Germany, which took place early in the sixteenth century, and with which the name of Luther will ever be united, was simply the discovery that Popery was not the religion of Jesus Christ. That, although it called itself Christianity, it was no more like that which our Lord introduced, and the apostles preached, than an old coat which had once been black, but which has been patched over with pieces of every sort of material and colour, until the original cloth has almost disappeared, can be said to be the same coat which at first came from the tailor's hands. The discovery and translation of the Bible, which for hundreds of years had been withdrawn from the people, brought to light the imposture which the Pope and his bishops and priests had for so many centuries practised on the people of Christendom. As soon as Luther had made the discovery, he took care to publish it throughout Germany; and, to show that what he said was not his invention, he translated the Bible into German, and so the people were able to study the subject for themselves, and they soon came to the conclusion that Popery was a lying counterfeit of the religion of the crucified and risen Jesus, and that the doctrines and practices taught and enforced by the Romish priests were utterly inconsistent with the teaching of the Bible. The consequence was, that through God's grace, thousands and tens of thousands refused any longer to profess Popery, which made them only superstitious slaves; and they went back to the good old saving truths which Jesus taught His apostles, and which they preached and wrote for the instruction and salvation of the children of God in every age. That is just what the Reformation means—awaking from the deadly dream of Romish superstition and slavery to the enjoyment of the light and liberty of the word of God brought home to the soul by the Holy Ghost.

Some people suppose that the Reformation in England commenced in

the reign of Henry VIII.—indeed, that he was the author of it; but that is a mistake. It began here long before Luther was raised up to begin it in Germany. Our own John Wickliff, Rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, was employed of God, a hundred and fifty years before, to call the attention of his countrymen to the abomination of the Papal system. He studied the Bible, and made the discovery, that, if that blessed book was true, Popery must be false; that, if the one was from God, the other must be from the father of lies, and the great murderer of mankind. He was so convinced of this himself, that he translated the Scriptures into English, so that his countrymen might read God's word, and judge for themselves. The effects of his preaching and translating of the Bible, were not so decided in England as were those of Luther's work afterwards in Germany. However, he had considerable success; numbers were convinced of the truth as it is Jesus; and the fruits of his labours continued to develop themselves both at home and abroad, until the time which "the Father of lights" had appointed for the deliverance of England from "the bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities."

The dispute of Henry VIII. with the Pope about the divorce which the former wished to obtain from his queen, was no doubt providentially ordered for the furtherance of the Reformation in this country. Henry, finding that the Pope was acting deceitfully with him, and, being sustained by the best authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, accomplished his purpose independently of him, and, being encouraged by Cranmer and others, repudiated the doctrine of the Papal supremacy, as it is called; that is, that the Pope, being a Romish priest and a foreign sovereign, had a right to the allegiance of every man, woman, and child in England, from the sovereign on the throne to the captive in the dungeon. This arrogant assumption had been submitted to for hundreds of years, but now Henry determined that he would resist it, and, in spite of a bull of excommunication published against him, so he did; and, from that day to this, with the exception of the short reign of that poor bigoted persecuting Queen Mary, God be thanked, England has never submitted her neck to the Papal yoke.

Cranmer, whom Henry made Archbishop of Canterbury, was a great friend to the Reformation; and, even in that king's reign, he continued to take several important steps towards the introduction of Gospel light into England. At his instigation, Henry, although still continuing a bigoted Papist, was led to order some of the prayers of the Church to be translated from Latin into English, and encouraged the reading of the Bible in the churches. At the same time, he upheld some of the worst doctrines of Romanism, and to the end of his reign he put men and women to death for denying them. This showed that he was not particular, and therefore not the author of the religion of Protestants, as the Roman Catholics sneeringly allege.

The real instrument of the Reformation in England, as everywhere else, was the Bible, which now underwent several translations, besides that one made by Wickliff long before. William Tyndal, Miles Coverdale, and several others, engaged in this blessed work, which the Romish bishops of course denounced and sought to hinder; but God set their united efforts at nought; and the English people, now awaking from their long slumber of Papal ignorance and superstition, seized upon God's word wherever they could meet with it in their own tongue, and read it with an avidity which showed that the Spirit of God was quickening their souls, and that they

could not feed any longer upon the weeds and rubbish of legends, fables, and lying impostures from the Roman breviary, or so-called lives of the saints, with which their ignorant priests had hitherto supplied them; but that they must have the Bread which came down from heaven, even Christ Jesus, which is found only pure, and in rich abundance, in the inspired Scriptures.

Henry lived and died a Papist; but his young son, Edward VI., who succeeded him on the throne of England, had been brought up in a Protestant atmosphere, and was early instructed in the truths of the Gospel by his tutors and guardians, who were friends of the Reformation. God was thus preparing him, young as he was, to take a prominent part in the good work of setting England free from the galling yoke of Popery. As soon as he ascended the throne, he turned his attention to the task that had been assigned to him, seconded by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, afterwards Bishop of London; and other English divines; also by Martyr and Bucer, two German theologians, who had been invited to England to assist in the Reformation. The first object of the young King and his advisers was to provide a Book of Common Prayer for the people in their own language, which was done in the year 1549. As might be expected, that Prayer Book, especially in the Communion Service, contained some of the superstitions of Popery; for the men who compiled it were not themselves yet quite emancipated from the bondage of the old creed. Scarcely, however, was it published, when, at the instigation of their German friends and of Calvin, who, though on the Continent, was watching with prayerful earnestness the progress of spiritual light in England, a revision of it was decided on. This was, indeed, now rendered necessary by the growth of Protestant principles throughout the country, and the demand which was made by many, that the new Service Book should be relieved from the Romish doctrines and ceremonies by which it was disfigured, and that it should be suited to the advance which the Reformation had made.

The good men who, under the name of Commissioners, had been appointed by the King to draw up the Prayer Book, were themselves becoming rapidly imbued with evangelical principles, and therefore increasingly opposed to the peculiar dogmas of Rome. The last superstition that clung to them seems to have been that of a supposed presence of our Lord in the elements of bread and wine, which were appointed by Him to be taken and received in remembrance of His death and passion. They clung to the idea that, when the officiating minister pronounces Christ's words, "This is my body," "This is my blood," a mysterious change takes place in the elements, and that either they are changed into the actual body and blood of the Saviour, or that He becomes united with them in some unaccountable way. The Church of Rome we know still holds the former view. Luther adopted the latter, and held it to the end of his life. The year after the publication of Edward's first Prayer Book, the Reformers had not only renounced the Romish view, but they had got beyond Luther, and rejected his too; so that now they believed and declared that no change whatever took place in the bread and wine at consecration, but that true believers in Jesus only received Him at communion into their hearts spiritually by faith, which is the doctrine held and taught by all evangelical Churches, our own included, to this day. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, they insisted, is only a commemorative rite, in which we are reminded of what He has done for us; and, in

partaking of it, we express our belief in and acceptance of it, as God's finished work for the sinner's pardon and salvation from sin and death.

It was when Cranmer and his helpers in the work of the Reformation had arrived at this advanced stage of spiritual light, that they engaged in the task of preparing a revised version of the English Prayer Book. We might expect therefore that it would be a great improvement on the first; and so it was. With the exception of a few words and phrases in the occasional services, which have been objected to by some conscientious Christians, but which others as conscientious have willingly accepted, the second Prayer Book of Edward has always been considered a monument of piety, wisdom, and scriptural truth. This has been expressed even by those Christians who differ from us in our form of worship, and who object to written forms of prayer altogether. It is said that the celebrated Baptist minister, Dr. Robert Hall, uttered the opinion that the Prayer Book of the Church of England was the best uninspired book with which he was acquainted. "It stood," he said, "in his estimation, next to the Bible." Some slight changes were made in it at two subsequent periods, namely, in 1559 and 1662; but in the main, the book which we have now, is the same as that which was approved by Convocation, and sanctioned by Parliament in 1552. The thirty-nine articles, originally forty-two, were drawn up by Cranmer and Ridley in 1552; they afterwards underwent some slight alteration, and were ultimately published in English and Latin, in 1661. Nothing can be clearer than their Protestant and evangelical testimony, both against Popery, and in favour of the faith once delivered to the saints. From them we collect the true doctrines of the Church of England; and, if there appears anything questionable in her liturgy, the true policy of her members is to turn to her articles, which constitute her confession of faith, and learn from them what she really believes and teaches.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON ENTERING THE YEAR 1867.

WE'VE parted with the Old Year, and entered on the New,
And many solemn, grateful thoughts present themselves to view,
Of omissions and commissions—a very vast account,
And nothing but the blood of Christ can cancel the amount;
And as for mercies, they are numberless as well,
Like rivers over mountain tops, o'er our deserts they swell;
And, by the tender care of God, and His unchanging love,
It is that we are spared yet, His faithfulness to prove.
Then let us greet the coming year, its warfare to endure;
Since we are in the covenant, the end is safe and sure.
We've taken for our "motto" one promise in His word,
To travel by our side, like a talisman and sword:
"I will instruct and teach thee, the way that thou shouldst go,
And guide thee with mine eye, as I have hitherto;
But be not as the horse or mule, for ye *have* understanding,
And have a light by which to tread the way of my commanding."
So let us pause, and think how we may serve Him best,
To whom we owe salvation—a future peace and rest;
How we may walk before Him, as children of the light,
And not conformed to this world, but in *His* ways delight.
Be steadfast in the faith, and zealous of good works,

And fight against the enemy who in us ever lurks :
 While, nothing in ourselves, this gives us strength to fight—
 We're strengthened by *His* strength, and mighty in *His* might.
 We have His promise, and His oath, that He will help us through,
 And what His righteous will is, He'll give us strength to do ;
 So then the evil all is ours—the goodness all His own,
 Yet He hath made His goodness ours, for we're His flesh and bone.
 How can we then resist His will, and ere give place to sin—
 For sin must grieve a child of God—the seed of God within ?
 And we have power to resist and flee the evil one ;
 And we have power, too, forbidden paths to shun.
 Oh, let us then begin the year, depending on His grace,
 In future more consistently to run the heavenly race,
 Resolved to overcome the world, the flesh, and sin,
 "The victory that o'ercometh," e'en that "our faith" doth win.
 In trials and temptations, in conflict and in doubt,
 We've but to lean upon His arm, He'll safely bring us out ;
 Though very narrow is the way the Christian has to go,
 To keep unspotted from the world, and nought but Christ to know
 But he shall find his Saviour first has trod the way for him ;
 And, being thus made one with Him, by faith he treads therein.
 Then let us up, and onward press, resist the snares we meet,
 And leave behind the earthly weights that clog our tardy feet.
 The happy end, the glorious rest, the bright and blissful land,
 May soon be ours ; for oh, how near the Lord may be at hand !
 We need not think of mortal death, for Christ has borne that sting,
 We only taste a present death, by sin that dwells within.
 It is our blessed privilege to dwell on what we are
 By virtue of our union, which not sin nor death can mar.
 So let us enter on the year, built up again in Him,
 Our "Alpha" and "Omega," our never-ending theme ;
 With oil fresh flowing in our lamps, from day to day while here,
 Be waiting, watching, for the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom's near."
 For this, oh, breathe upon us, Lord, fresh oil ; fresh power impart :
 Thou art the Life, Thou art the Oil, the Joy of every heart.
 We thirst for more communion, by which so sweet to prove
 The truth of blessed union, and Thy electing love.
 We long to live on Thee, as on our daily bread,
 And thus be fed from day to day while this rough world we tread.
 May we be clear in doctrine, nor change the old for new,
 Be in experience sound, in practice faithful too,
 And thus, as we shall journey on, be long or short our stay,
 Exalt His name till we exchange time for eternal day.

Leamington.

A. E.

ENGLISH FRUITS AND FLOWERS.—Mr. Shirley Hibberd's annual report in the "Garden Oracle" comes most timely for the opening of the season in gardens and orchards. The selection of the best varieties of fruits in the several classes presents, in the whole, some 500 varieties out of some 5,000 which are in cultivation. This sifting-out of the handsomest, best-flavoured, hardiest, and most generally-useful kinds, appears to have been a Herculean task, and is completed in the conscientious and satisfactory manner characteristic of all Mr. Hibberd's labours for the improvement of our rural affairs. We commend "The Oracle," published by Messrs. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row, as the best shilling's worth of original information for the garden and the farm that we know of.

Pilgrim Papers.

"I AM THE WAY."

MAKING A FEW REMARKS UPON THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF SIN'S REMISSION
AND RETENTION.

is an important subject, always of personal interest, but now absorbing so much public attention, demands at the hands of those whom God the Holy Ghost hath enlightened into their true and proper meaning, a definite and scriptural explanation. For never was there a time when the grand fundamental truths of our most holy faith were more insidiously assailed, and all that is dear to the heart of a saint (whether personally or nationally considered), so surreptitiously undermined. Indeed, were it not for the knowledge that human wisdom is weak in the presence of temptation, and that the profoundest of learning is no barrier to the inroads of superstition, it would scarcely be believed that among our (so called) theologians and divines, there could be such ignorance and presumption in the things of God. But it is a fact that, despite all the light and lore of our day, "darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people." Were it otherwise, could it be possible for men of education and research to be so strenuous in their efforts to revive the degrading dogmas of the dark and cruel ages? And thus, with all the art and subtilty an ecclesiastical craftsman can employ in that which is sensational and seductive, to be found engaged in a satanic attempt to rebind the consciences and souls of men in the bonds of an old and debasing superstition? But to such heights has pride soared, and to such lengths has presumption gone—yea, to such an awful extent have the pretensions of this apostate age been carried, that men—fallible, miserable, dying men—are now to be found sitting in the temples of God, "*as God*;" and, assuming to themselves the attributes of the Most High, they are asserting *their* power to forgive the sins of poor sinners like themselves. And this arrogant, intolerant position is claimed on the ground of succession to a priesthood that has long since passed away.

Now, it is to show the fallacy and unscripturalness of such a blasphemous and dangerous conceit as this, that the pen is taken in hand. But first we will quote the words of this privileged priesthood's creed, which, being inserted in the *Times* newspaper, are sent broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the land: "We believe," says Dr. Pusey, "that our Lord, when He said to His apostles, 'Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted,' meant to convey a permanent power to them *and their successors* to absolve all those that truly repent of their sins: and we do receive these words in their plain *literal* sense." On the other hand, respecting the latter half of the twenty-third verse of the twentieth chapter of John, namely, "Whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained," Dr. Pusey evidently cannot interpret its meaning, so he shelters himself under the plea that he never has occasion to retain sins; because, as he says, during the twenty-eight years he has received confessions, he has never once had "*refuse absolution*."

Now let us scripturally examine the subject, and, without entering on the distinction between original and actual transgression, we will

take as the basis of our remarks the plainer division of sins, as set forth both in the Old and New Testament, under the following twofold heads:—

First. Those sins which are committed by men immediately against God.

Secondly. Those trespasses or offences which are more relatively between man and man.

With respect to the former, as evidenced by such a Scripture as this, “Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned,” we observe that this personal conviction may be traced from the beginning of the world: Adam in Eden felt sin’s condemnation when he fell; hence, upon hearing the judicial voice of God in the garden, he, being naked, or of rectitude unclothed, was afraid. Abel, persuaded of inborn sin, sought a refuge, by faith in the promised One to come, and “God had respect unto his offering.” It was from Noah’s acceptable Christ-representing sacrifice, that God “smelled a sweet savour of rest.” The covenant, by sacrifice made with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, spake the language of sin’s remission through the blood of the cross.

On the other hand we have, even at this early age of the world, the strongest inferential evidence of *sin’s retention*, arising from God’s rejection of Cain and his offering, and of Balak with his, &c., both of which receive corroboration from the case of Esau, who found “no place of repentance” in his father Isaac, “though he sought it carefully with tears.”

We then come to the manifest difference which God made and put between the Egyptians and the Israelites, even to their cattle; both people offered sacrifice, though that of the one was abomination unto the other: nor is it at all difficult to decide which of the two classes was accepted of God, since, at the Lord’s passover in Egypt, the angel of death either passed by, or smote, the first-born in every house, as the lintels of their door posts were, or were not, bestricken with blood. The chief thing to be noticed here, in reference to God’s testimony of salvation in the passing by of the Israelites, is expressed in these words, “*And the blood shall be to you for a token*” (Exod. xii. 12).

Following on the course of events, we next come to the witness of the law of Moses, which God gave unto him at Mount Sinai. The Levitical schoolmaster describes it thus: When any of the disciplined Israelites did a wickedness, and sinned against God, they repaired to the priest of the sanctuary, who, upon confession being made by the guilty party, proceeded at once to offer up the appointed sacrifice, which the coming sinner presented, and such a penitent was then pronounced to be ceremonially clean. But in what did the efficacy of the accomplished absolving service lay? Surely not in the priest, who, being also a sinner, had, in his turn, to offer sacrifice for himself, as well as for the errors of the people. No; he is of necessity a *seeker* and not a *dispenser* of mercy, that needs any offering for sins of his own; and the man that cannot atone for sin *in his own person*, and by virtue of *his own offering*, has no power or authority to absolve other men from *their* sins. The value, therefore, of the ceremonial ordinance lay not in the priest that had infirmity, or was blemished through sin, but in the *blood* of the *unblemished substitutionary victim*! We have it in these blessed peace-speaking, soul-cleansing words of the Lord unto Moses; “*It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul*” (Lev. xvii. 11). Indeed, almost all things under the law were purged with blood; nor was there ever such a thing with God, from the days of Adam

w, as the remission of sins, whether ceremonial or actual, but by *ling of blood* ! Thus it was not from the Levitical priesthood that cleansing came (for the law made nothing perfect), but from the *of the covenant*," which God had "enjoined" unto His people. The voice of this blood was the whisper of God, which, speaking for the antitypical sin-atonement Sacrifice, said, "I am the Way."

Contrariwise to sin's ceremonial remission under the law, we witness also of sin's retention. There was the house of Eli, against whom the Lord said He had "*indignation for ever*." And again, the case of Hophni and his company, as expressed in these words of the Lord unto them, "Respect not thou their offering" (Num. xv. 16); also, the instance in social sanctuary life of the "*mean man*" who "*boweth*" and "the *great man*" who "*humbleth himself*" therefore, says "*forgive them not*" (Isa. ii. 9). No; the bowings-down of a mean man leave him a "*mean man*" still, and his *self-humblings* are wholly for nothing; therefore, he is not entitled to any expression of a loving forgiveness among men. "Bel boweth down, and Nebo stoopeth;" but it is "*and 'Nebo' still* ! Self is at the bottom of all such assumed piety, and, in the absence of godly sorrow, true repentance, and honest self-confession, forgiveness is out of place. But there were trespasses under the law, committed by one man against another, that *were to be forgiven*; and the way for the extension of such forgiveness was set out by the offending giving a recompense or confessional appeasement to the aggrieved or offended party (Num. v. 7).

When we come to a subject under the Gospel, that ocean of truth, in which all the typic rivers of the Old Testament run. Here no temple shall be made of corals, or any earthly pearls; for we have the surpassing perfection of heavenly wisdom and beauty, in the all-glorious person and work of our most glorious Christ. As the "seed of the woman" centres in the Second Adam, even in Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, so Aaron and his Levitical ordinances have their fulfilment in Him upon whose shoulders the priesthood government foreverwards rests. And who shall dare to impugn His right, by the assumption of His dignified title, since He who has "*become our Father*," has become also the "*High Priest of our profession* ?" And, so surely is this sovereign prerogative His, that the Holy Ghost has commanded none of His *New Testament* scribes to give the title of Priest to any man in the flesh: but the "*children of the kingdom*," without sacerdotal pre-eminence, are each, and all alike, called the "*holy*" and "*priesthood of God*." 'Tis Jesus, then, the great Apostle and High Priest, who offered up Himself once for all, that every repentant sinner to the sacrifice of His cross, saying, "I am unworthy."

He, who being uninstructed therein, is so impoverished that he hath no oblation; like the ancient idolaters who sought a tree wherewith to worship themselves a god, so these vassal ritualistic worshippers set up a false god of mortal clay, and assign their self-made priests the highest seat among the examples of our land. Hence, see how such an one "*exalteth himself*" and opposeth the truth; whilst at his very best estate fulfilling his symbolic office, arrayed in his costly, gaudy vestments, he walketh in the vain show of a Jew. It is Hebrewaic, and not Christian, to seek justification by sight and sense. 'Tis of Moses and not of Christ, to seek justification by works instead of faith. But Jewish as is all the innovating

forms and Puseyite ceremonies of our day, imitative of rites and customs which are changed, yet even the Jews' religion did not ever recognize or suppose a *pardoning power in man*. Hence the scribes and Pharisees withstood Jesus Himself on this ground, saying, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" (Mark ii. 7). And yet such is the astounding presumption of the Puseyite clergy of our day, that they not only proclaim themselves priests, but receive confession, and pretend to impart absolution!

And this authority they claim as successors of the Apostles, who were never called priests, and because the Lord Jesus, when He sent forth His disciples to preach, said unto them, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained" (John xx. 23). But how blind must the eyes of a man's understanding be not to see that these words were spoken *testimonially* rather than *personally*, and are of *spiritual* and not (as Dr. Pusey says) of *literal* import. Their real signification hath reference to that "*fulfilment of the word of God*, which the Gospel ministry is designed to accomplish" (Col. i. 25). Thus it was declared that the preaching of Christ should be "*the savour of life unto life*," in them that are saved; and of "*death unto death*," in them that perish (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16). Sin's remission is testified in the one case, and sin's retention in the other. As it is the same sun that melts wax and hardens clay, so it is the same Gospel that, in its proclamation, softens the hearts of some hearers, and confirms others in their obduracy. Some *repent*, and others *rebel*, at the selfsame voice from heaven.

Thus the ministry of the word that, by the power of the Spirit, is as a key that unlocks the kingdom of God to all believers, serves also as a key to lock the same against the intrusion of all them that believe not. Now, if it were *man's Gospel*, then man would possess that power; but, as it is "*the Gospel of God*," it rests with Him to open and shut men's hearts; to bind or loose men's souls; to remit or retain their sins. And the preached word of God is His *ordained witness of these things*. It is the "*power of God*" unto salvation in them that are saved; and it is the "*power of God*" unto damnation in them that are lost. Therefore, ye ministers of His that do His pleasure; ye heralds of mercy and judgment, ye flaming fires, both of wrath and love! to you is this word of promise sent, "Whose soever sins ye make it manifest by your preaching with the savour of life unto life are remitted unto them, *they are remitted*." It is a *heaven-recorded fact*! The Holy Ghost bears witness in the convicted sinner's conscience thereto, and the angels of God have joy at beholding the fruits and effects thereof. Whereas, on the contrary, whose soever sins that Gospel, in becoming "*the savour of death unto death*," makes it evidentially manifest, "*are retained*," *They are retained*: "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Solemn as is this momentous subject, it is nevertheless the truth of the word of God. And this diverse twofold Scripture doctrine, being so joined together by God, must not be broken or set aside by man. Now, Dr. Pusey plainly and positively asserts *his* power to forgive or remit men's sins; but, when he comes to the subject of sin's retention, he is "shut up, and cannot come forth." All his powers of art and erudition fail him in the way of interpretation. Well he knows that superstitious men and silly women there may be who will assume acceptance of a pretended priest's pardon, but who would *not* submit to a fellow-sinner's *retention of their sins*. Therefore, anticipating this certain objection, Dr. Pusey says on the subject. "During the twenty-eight years in which I have received

confessions, I never had once to refuse absolution. We have no occasion, therefore, to *retain sins!*”

Ah, poor misguided man! he is only half an idol-priest, then, after all. May the one and only real Prince and Saviour of His people—the true and only God—in His mercy, open the eyes of all such deluded ones to the dreadful teaching of such a soul-destroying system.

The God of heaven is the only Judge of man. “By Him actions are weighed,” hearts are tried, and “unto Him alone belong the issues from death.” Ministers but preach His will by dispensation. To justify or condemn is His prerogative and power. Nevertheless even under the Gospel there is a certain subordinate sense in which this justiciary attribute of the Creator is to be epitomized by the act of His creature. Thus men are exhorted to be “kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven them.” They are to forgive, *even as they are forgiven*. But let us here remark that those sins, which in the New Testament, one man is taught to *forgive another*, are the sins which *one man commits against another*; and these, it is true, we are to *confess* “*one to another*” (James v. 16). Not all men to one man, called a priest, whom perhaps they have never offended, but, as our Lord taught His disciples to pray, saying, “Forgive us our trespasses, even as we forgive them that trespass against us.” And, in the exercise of this Christian charity, though multiplied to “seventy times seven,” there needeth no sacerdotal intervention, since such new-covenant forgiveness, like all essential pardons from God, are always and only to be considered and carried out “*in the person of Christ*” (2 Cor. ii. 10).

Thus, even in those fruits of the Spirit that the children of God are to bear in the midst of their brethren, Christ is pre-eminently “the Way;” whilst the “all manner of sin and blasphemy” (save that against the Holy Ghost’s divine testimony of Jesus), we have Christ also most supremely set forth as the only MEDIATOR between God and man, in the following important, particular, and personal words: “If any man sin, we have an ADVOCATE with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.” And again, “Who maketh INTERCESSION for the saints according to the will of God.” And all those who seek the *advocacy* of this COUNSELLOR, and the *prayers* of this INTERCESSOR, shall have the forgivenesses that belong alone unto the Lord our God, and be saved: whilst all those who can satisfy their consciences with a mere mouth-*confession* and a mortal priest’s *absolution*, must “*die in their sins*.”

May the Lord, in His mercy, enable us at all times to look unto Him who is “*the Way*” of salvation, the Word of “*life*,” and the “*Truth*” of God.

JOSIAH.

Chelmsford.

DARK DAYS.

TRULY the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but, if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the “days of darkness; for they shall be many” (Eccles. xi. 7, 8).

The pathway of a child of God through this vale of tears is a chequered one, and, if any think otherwise, the above passage is a most convincing proof from holy writ, that the sceptic in these matters has not yet experienced the divine teaching of the Holy Spirit to any great extent. We

would be far from saying, such are not taught of God ; but at present they are more particularly interested in the first part of the subject, " Truly the light is sweet." No doubt all who have been sealed by the Spirit can, more or less, remember the time when they could rejoice in the light ; and it was indeed pleasant to bask in the sunshine of the pardoning love of Christ to our souls ; yea, further, is it not pleasant still, when we get but a glimpse, but a ray, from the Sun of righteousness shining into our hearts—since if it were not so, we should sicken and die ? When such is the case, our hearts quickly respond to those of our younger brethren in the Lord, in blessing and praising Him who is the Fountain of life and light, and say—

" We would that it were always light,
Nor have our sunshine turned to night."

But, as the Christian advances in the divine life, he is taught by sad and bitter experience, that his bright days are but few ; yea, he seldom sees the sun at all, except *through a cloud*.

The text goes on to say, " But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all [for even this is possible in a certain sense, though not to the Lord's poor and afflicted, tried and tempted ones], yet let him remember the days of darkness ; for they shall be many." Is it not the case with those of the Lord's dear people, who are shown most of His wonders in the deep, that, when they have for a short time been sailing in a smooth sea, they begin instinctively to look out for breakers ahead ? " For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof" (Psalm cvii. 25). We make but little progress in a dead calm, therefore the Lord, who is wonderful in working, troubles the waters, that our passage may not be too easy. " The days of darkness shall be many ;" and why ? Because faith shines brightest in the dark. If all were clear, there would be nothing for faith to be exercised upon ; and the more faith we have, the more it will surely be tried. Sometimes troubles increase so fast, we are ready to cry out, " Enough, Lord ; stay now Thine hand ; wilt Thou crush Thy poor worm to death ?" " Our soul is melted because of trouble." Ah ! this is what the Lord wants ; trials must either soften or harden, for, if the heart remain callous, the rod descends again, and the command is, " Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it ?" " Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground ; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job v. 6, 7). Eliphaz, the Temanite, spake truly here, though in the commencement of the preceding chapter he had proved himself but a sorry comforter. Again, there are trials that are beyond human help to mitigate, when we shrink even from the sympathy of friends, feeling it best to be alone with God, knowing that it is He who " maketh sore, and bindeth up." " He woundeth, and His hands make whole" (Job v. 18). But " days of darkness" do not merely concern temporal things. Alas ! dark indeed, and sad are they, when the light of God's countenance is obscured, and we " see not the bright light which is in the clouds." Yet we are constrained to acknowledge that the Lord hath done it. " With clouds He covereth the light ; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt" (Job xxxvi. 32). But when He who said, " I form the light, and create darkness" says also, " Let there be light," the " Sun of righteousness will arise with healing in

His wings;" then shall we find that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby" (Heb. xii. 11). The Lord tells us by Isaiah (xlv. 19), "I have not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth: I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain: I the Lord speak righteousness, I declare things that are right." This is His plain dealing with His people, a method of teaching which we are to understand; and, though He most generally makes use of human instruments, we are ready to cry out with David, "Let me fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men." In our natural world our darkest days are the shortest; and what a comfort to know that whatever we suffer here, is but as a shadow to the substance; our time of trial is not worthy to be compared to the eternal weight of glory laid up in heaven for us, when our sun shall no more go down; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto us; but the Lord shall be unto us an everlasting Light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended. "At evening time there shall be light." Yes; if not before, when the last dark day approaches, and the valley of the shadow of death draws near, the clouds will then soon break, and we shall behold the dawning of that perfect day, that morning without clouds, where our sun will never more be overcast, where sorrow and sighing will for ever flee away, "where there will be fulness of joy, and pleasures at God's right hand for evermore."

Brethren and sisters in Jesus, let us comfort ourselves and one another with the glorious prospect of being "for ever with the Lord."

Since the above was written, reflection has brought possibly to the mind of the writer that dark days are swiftly coming upon the earth—yea, have they not already come?—when there shall be "scoffers, walking after their own lusts," "traitors, heady, highminded lovers of pleasures, more than lovers of God."

Who that takes notice of passing events in the public journals, but must be convincingly struck with the truth that the world, instead of becoming better, is rapidly becoming worse and worse? A short time ago the writer's heart was saddened to find that the Empress of the French has almost succeeded in introducing that abominable Spanish amusement, bull-fighting, into France. It appears to have been Her Imperial Majesty's wish for some time, but has hitherto been opposed by several leading men, and the enlightened press of the country. Now, however, her will has been so far acceded to, that it is thought the Exhibition of 1867 will be a fitting opportunity to make the experiment.

Is this not going back into the dark ages with railway rapidity? But how consoling to the Christian to know that when things are come to the worst, and beyond human power to mend or improve, then Christ will come and set all things right. He will sever the wicked from the just, and take unto Himself His kingdom, and reign; then shall "they that be wise shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." With this blessed prospect before us, "let us gird up the loins of our mind, be sober, and watch unto prayer." "And what I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH."

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

Many are being taken in the golden net, but how few—how very few—are taken in the Gospel net—*William Tiptaft.*

Correspondence.

A PAGE OR TWO FROM ONE OF THE FATHERS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you the “epistle dedicatory” to a commentary on the Epistle to the Colossians, by N. Byfield, one of the sweetest expositions I have ever met with. What choice spirits there were amongst our Puritan forefathers. I have just been looking into Mr. Nichol’s last volumes of reprints, “Gouge on the Hebrews,” for fulness and richness surpassing anything I have before seen.

I hope you will treat your readers to this dedication before long, and I feel sure that they will thank you, and not forget

Your affectionate Brother,

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

To the Right Honourable Edward Lord Russell, Earl of Bedford, and the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford, grace and peace be multiplied, with increase of all honour and happiness for ever.

MOST NOBLE LORD, AND MY VERY HONOURABLE GOOD LADY,—This epistle to the Colossians contains an excellent epitome of the doctrine expressed in the rest of the books of the Old and New Testaments, as will appear by a brief *delineation*, or adumbration, of the proportion and parts of that sacred *body of truth*, paralleled with the several parts of this epistle, using the benefit of this commentary upon it.

The whole word of God may be divided into two parts: the first concerns *faith*, or what we must believe; the second, *love*, or what we must do. So the apostles divided it, as may appear by the *pattern* used in their times, which stood of two parts, *faith* and *love* (2 Tim. i. 13): and so is this epistle divided; for in the first two chapters he tells them what they must believe, and in the last two what they must do.

Now faith looks either upon *God* or upon the *world*. In God two things are to be believed: first, the *attributes* of the Essence; secondly, the *trinity* of the Persons. The attributes unfold the nature and properties of God; such as are, His *power*, *glory*, *knowledge*, and the like; of the power of God, you may read chap. i. 11, 12; of the glory of God, chap. i. 11; iii. 17; of the knowledge of God, chap. iii. 10.

The *Persons* are three, the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*; of the *Father*, chap. i. 2—12; iii. 17; of the *Son*, chap. i. 2, 13, 15, &c.; of the *Holy Ghost*, chap. ii. 19. Thus of God.

In the consideration of the *world*, faith is taken up especially about the *creation* of it, and the *government* of it. In the *creation* it views the mighty workmanship of God, making all things of nothing, even the very angels, as well as men and other creatures. Of the creation, chap. i. 16; of angels also, both good (chap. ii. 9) and evil (chap. ii. 15).

The *government of the world* is two ways to be considered: first, in the general disposing and preservation of all things; secondly, and principally, faith is taken up about the consideration of the government of *men* in the world; of the *general providence*, chap. i. 16, 17. The providence of God over man may be considered according to his fourfold estate: first, of *innocence*, secondly, of *corruption*, thirdly, of *grace*, fourthly, of *glory*. In the

state of *innocence*, faith chiefly beholds and wonders at the glorious *image of God*, in which man was created; of this image you may read in chap. iii. 10, by analogy.

In the state of *corruption*, two things do offer themselves to our doleful contemplation: first, *sin*; secondly, *punishment of sin*. *Sin* is both *original* and *actual*; of origin of sin, chap. ii. 13; of actual sins, chap. ii. 11, 13; iii. 5, 6; of the punishment of sin, chap. iii. 25; ii. 13; iii. 6.

In the state of *grace*, faith views three things: first, the *means of grace*; secondly, the *subject*; thirdly, the *degrees*. The means is either *before time* or *in time*: before time it is the *election of God*, of which, see chap. iii. 12; in time, the means chiefly is *Christ* and the *covenant* in Him. In Christ two things are to be considered: His *person*, and His *office*. The theory concerning Christ's *person* is twofold: first, concerning His *two natures*; secondly, concerning His *twofold estate* in those natures. The *natures* of Christ are two, *human* and *divine*, joined in the bond of *personal union*; of the human nature, chap. i. 22; of His divine, chap. i. 15, 16; of the union of both, chap. ii. 9. The *state* of the person of Christ is twofold: first, of *humiliation*; secondly, of *exaltation*. His *humiliation* comprehends His *incarnation* as the antecedent; His *obedience* to the law of Moses His *passion*. Of His incarnation and obedience implied in divers places; of His passion, chap. i. 14, 20; ii. 14, 15. His *exaltation* comprehends His *resurrection*, *ascension*, and *session* at the right hand of God; of His resurrection, chap. ii. 12; of His sitting at God's right hand, chap. iii. 1. Thus of the Person of Christ.

The *office* of Christ is to mediate between God and man. The parts are, first, His *prophetical office*; secondly, His *priestly office*; thirdly, His *regal office*. His *prophetic office* stands in propounding of doctrine, and making it effectual by His Spirit. His *priestly office* stands in two things: *expiation of sin*, and *intercession for us to God*. His *regal office* is partly in the government of the Church, as *the Head thereof*, and partly in the subduing the enemies of God and the Church. Of the treasures of wisdom in Christ as a prophet, chap. ii. 3; of the sacrifice of Christ as a Priest, chap. ii. 14; of the headship of Christ over the Church, chap. i. 18; ii. 19. Thus of Christ.

The *covenant* followeth, which is considered both in itself and in the *seals* of it. Though the *covenant of works* be accidentally a means to drive us to Christ, yet the proper effectual means is the *covenant of grace*, which God hath made with the elect in Christ; this, being recorded in the word of the Gospel, both in the Old and New Testaments, is the ordinary means, by the power of Christ, to convert souls to God, by the preaching of it in the ministry of His servants. Of this, chap. i. 6. The *seals* of this *covenant* are the *sacraments* both of the Old and New Testaments: of the Old Testament was *circumcision*, and the rest (of which chap. ii. 11) of the New Testament are *baptism*, and the *Lord's Supper*. Of baptism, chap. ii. 1, 2.

Thus of the *means* of grace: the subject of true grace is the *Church*, the body of Christ united to Him by mystical union. The Church consists of two sorts of men, *ministers* and *people*; of the Church in general with her union with Christ, chap. i. 18—20; ii. 9; of ministers and people, with their duties, chap. i. 25, 28; ii. 1; and in divers other places.

Thus of the *subjects* also. The degrees of grace in the third estate are *vocation*, *faith*, *remission of sins*, *sanctification*; of vocation, chap. iii. 15; of faith, chap. i. 4, 23; ii. 12; of remission of sins, chap. i. 14; ii. 13;

of sanctification in both parts, both mortification, chap. iii. 5—8, and vivification, chap. ii. 13 ; iii. 10. Thus of the state of grace.

The fourth and last estate of man is the *estate of glory* ; which stands of three degrees : First, *resurrection* ; secondly, *the last judgment* ; and thirdly, *life eternal*. Of resurrection, chap. i. 18 ; of the last judgment and eternal glory, chap. iii. 4. And thus of the first part of *the pattern of wholesome words*, and that is *faith*. Now followeth the second, and that is *love*. Love comprehends all the duties we owe to God and man, as being the *bond of perfection*, which ties together all holy services. Love must be considered both in the *adjuncts* and in the *sorts* of it.

The *adjuncts* are *constancy, wisdom, zeal, care to avoid offences*, and the like of love in general, chap. i. 4 ; ii. 2 ; iii. 14. Of constancy, chap. ii. 6 ; of zeal, chap. iv. 13 ; of wisdom and care to avoid offences, chap. iv. 5. Thus of the adjuncts.

The *sorts* of works comprehended under love are two : chiefly, first, *works of worship* ; secondly, *works of virtue*. The works of worship are either *internal* only, or *external* and *internal* also. The internal are the *acknowledging of God*, the *love of God*, the *fear of God*, the *trust or hope in God*, and, which floweth from thence, *patience*. Of the acknowledging of God, chap. i. 9, 10 ; of the love of God, chap. i. 8 ; of the fear of God, chap. iii. 22 ; of the hope in God, chap. i. 5 ; of patience, chap. i. 11. The works of worship that are both *external* and *internal*, are *prayer* and *thanksgiving* of prayer, chap. iv. 2, 3 ; of thanksgiving, chap. iii. 17. Thus of works of worship.

Works of virtue either concern ourselves or others. The works that concern ourselves are chiefly two : the *study of heavenly things*, and *temperance*. Temperance contains *chastity* and *sobriety* in the use of all sorts of earthly things. Of the study of heavenly things, chap. iii. 1, 2 ; of chastity, chap. iii. 5 ; of sobriety, chap. iii. 2. Thus of virtue that concerns ourselves.

Works of virtue towards others are chiefly nine. *Mercy, courtesy, humility, meekness, longsuffering, clemency, peaceableness, thankfulness, and justice* : of the first eight of these, chap. iii. 12—16. Now *justice* is either public or private. *Public justice* is in the magistrates', of which chap. ii. 5 ; private justice is either *commutative*, in bargaining ; or *distributive*, in giving that which is right to every one, according to his degree ; and so distributive justice is either civil or economical. Private justice in civil conversation with men abroad is either to magistrates (of which chap. i. 5), or to all men ; and so consists of *truth* and *faithfulness*, with *sincerity* and *observance*. Economical justice is that which concerns the household ; and so contains the duties of husbands and wives, children and parents, servants and masters : of which chap. iii. 18, to the end, with chap. iv. 1. Thus also of love.

Thus have I showed the excellent completeness of this worthy Scripture ; it remains that I declare some of the reasons that have emboldened me to make choice of your *honours'* names for the dedication of my exposition upon this Scripture. Three things, swaying godly men in like case, have compelled me—*protection, observance, and thankfulness*—the preaching of this doctrine, as, by the mercy of God, it wrought abundant consolation and comfortable reformation in many hearers, so did it seldom rest from the assaults and calumnies, which, one while profaneness, another while *envy*, poured out upon it. Great cause there is therefore that it coming out now to a more public view should seek shelter ; and of whom should

I seek it or hope for it sooner, than of your honours, who are pleased by your daily countenance to assure me a just patronage? For the second, to omit the high reputation which the religious eminence of both your ancestors hath set your honours in, and the praises of many singular endowments and gifts, in which you do worthily excel: there are two things which your honours daily win a great increase of observance; the one is *piety* towards God, the other *mercy* toward the poor. The loins of the poor daily bless your honours, and their mouths daily pray for you.

Your piety is many ways expressed: to omit many undoubted proofs of it, your lordships hath much confirmed the possession of your religious disposition by your daily and affectionate respect of the word of God, and prayer in private, since the Lord hath made you less able to resort more frequently to the public assemblies. And, madam, what thanks can we ever sufficiently give unto God for that rare and worthy example with which your ladyship doth encourage and comfort the hearts of many, in your care of God's Sabbaths, and in your never-failing attendance upon the ordinance of God, with the congregation, morning and evening, not only in your own person, but with your whole family? For the third, I do ingenuously profess before God and men that I hold my obligation to your honours in the just debt of service and gratitude to be so great, as the labour here employed is no way answerable to a meet discharge, no, though it had been taken only for your honours' use; for, to omit the debt which I am in for a great part of my maintenance, and that singular encouragement I reap daily in your honours' respect of my ministry, what thanks can ever be sufficient, or what service can ever be enough for that incomparable benefit, the clearing of my reputation from the unjust aspersions of my adversaries, and that by the mouth and pen of the *Lord's anointed*, my most dread sovereign, whom *the God of heaven* with all abundance of royal and divine blessings recompense in all earthly felicity and eternal glory? And the same *God of peace* and *Father of mercies* sanctify your honours wholly, that your whole spirits and souls and bodies may be preserved blameless to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; "faithful is He that hath called you, who also will do it." And I doubt not but God that hath enriched your honours with the true grace that is in Christ Jesus, will daily win unto you increase of honour from your perseverance in well-doing: so as thanksgiving for your sakes shall be abundantly given by many. Thus, in most humble manner craving your honours' acceptance and patronage of this work, I end, and shall rejoice to remain,
Your honours' Chaplain to be commanded in allwaie,
N. BYFIELD.

A CLOUD DISPELLED.

To G. C., Bury.

Savile Row, London.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been wishing for weeks to send a few lines to you to thank you for your kindness in writing a few words on one of the little books I sent for, "Ebbing Moments." Next to the desire of my heart to be looked upon in mercy by the Lord Jesus Christ as one of His redeemed ones, I desire and value the kind regards and prayerful remembrance of

His manifested children ; and often have your written words in " Wayside Notes " and other papers touched my too hard heart, and made me long that your God might be my God, and your Teacher my Teacher, in this trying world. I believe that some years ago I passed through much distress of soul on account of sin, which I felt to be a burden too heavy to bear ; then, after months of weariness, I heard the good news that salvation was accomplished for all those given to Christ, and such were made to feel their sins ; in fact, *my* case was described in a little church at Dover from these words, " I *will* be to them a Father, and they *shall* be to me as sons : for I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more." I believed the work was done for *me*. I rejoiced in that new covenant, so unlike the covenant of *works* I had been trying in vain to fulfil. I entered into rest. I blessed God for showing mercy to one so vile, and I had true intercourse with Jesus as a Friend who loveth at all times. But now how things are changed ! I am cold, and hard, and dark, and unfeeling ; even sin does not seem so dreadful as it once did. I doubt almost everything, but that I am a poor sinner with no hope but in God's mercy, and that I must *die*. How can I meet death, unless Jesus appears for me ? It is sometimes a little comfort to me to reflect that my feelings, both of sorrow and joy, in 1854 and 1855 must have been *real*, and from another source than *self* ; for I have no more power to produce the same feelings *now*, than I have to create a world. I *know* those given to Jesus are safe, and know if I am His, He will appear again, and my heart will rejoice ; but in my darkness I question if I ever saw Him, and in my hardness if I ever felt Him. I shall weary you, dear sir, but I believe you will forgive me if I am intruding too much. I thought it so kind of you to " regard me kindly, and send best wishes ;" it seemed to touch my heart a little, for I can no more help loving God's children than I can help breathing, although I sometimes feel very jealous of them. Excuse all, kind sir, and when admitted to Court, remember a poor sinner, by name

E. J.

MY DEAR DISTRESSED SISTER IN CHRIST,—I ask permission to answer your letter through the medium of the *Gospel Magazine*, because I have received so many breathings of a similar character—love once, coldness now ; light once, darkness now ; liberty once, depression now. 'Tis the old tale, dear friend ; so depend upon it, " There hath no temptation overtaken you but such as is common " to every living member of the family of Christ : and a covenant God who " is faithful will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." We often on our pilgrimage lose for awhile the comforting sense of the Divine favour and presence, and ask, Why has this darkness and deadness come over us ? Read the history of any or all of God's worthies who have gone before, and you will find exclamations and experience of precisely the same character—past joys followed by gloomy doubts, past sunshine succeeded by dreary clouds ; past communion changed into wretched departures of heart from the Lord.

You have it all, dear friend, in the 16th chapter of Ezekiel. There is the Church of Christ described under the figure of a babe lying in its own pollution in the open field of unregeneracy ; Jesus passes by, and utters the sovereign word, " *Live* "—and where the word of a King is, there is power. The child lives, multiplies, waxes great, is decked with beautiful orna-

ments, and her renown goes forth, for she was perfect through the comeliness which the Lord God had put upon her; and yet after all this, there follows forty-four verses describing her wretched departures of heart from Him who had done so much for her. And is she cut off for all this? Oh, no! read the 60th verse. "Nevertheless"—blessed nevertheless!—"I will remember my covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant." Ponder well, dear friend, that wondrous chapter.

And now there is a singular thing in connexion with your note, which I must mention, because I believe it is of the Lord. Some little time back, I received a religious paper from an unknown correspondent in America. Between the sheets of that paper I found a little leaflet of a striking character, which I put between the leaves of my Bible, with the impression that it was sent for a purpose, and had a mission. Strange to say, when I received your letter, I said directly, "That leaflet is for 'E. J.,' it just fits her case." It is as follows:—

"A faithful minister of Christ one day overtook an aged saint, who, in reply to a question regarding his welfare, said: 'I know not how it is, but I have been much disquieted of late. It is now nearly sixty years since the Lord Jesus found me in my sins and spoke peace to my soul; and I had then such unquestioning repose in His love, such assurance of hope, and such joy in believing, that it seemed heaven begun on earth. But now, such darkness has come over me, that I am sometimes tempted to doubt whether I ever knew Him in truth, and to think that it was all a pleasing dream in which I deceived myself.'

"'And the reason of that is,' replied the minister, 'that sixty years ago, when the Lord found you, you knew that you were nothing but a hell-deserving sinner, you never thought of finding any good in yourself; but you looked away from sinful self to Christ, and you found all that you needed in Him. You were satisfied with His finished work; His blood spoke peace to you. You saw Him as made unto you God's wisdom, even righteousness and sanctification and redemption. You desired nothing more; there was nothing more you could desire. But now you are beginning to say with yourself, "If I am a child of God"—and there is darkness in that *if*—"if I have been a subject of divine grace for sixty years, then surely there ought to be abundant fruit to His praise, and great spiritual attainments." And you have turned away from Christ, to seek satisfaction in your life or in your own heart, and all is darkness; for the earth does not become a luminous body, however long and clearly the sun may shine upon it. The Lord is dealing mercifully with you, and will not permit you to find rest in self. He will have you turn again to Christ as full as ever—and will have you end where you began: rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh; at the end as at the beginning, a sinner saved by grace.'

"A cloud was lifted from that venerable countenance as the old man stood for a few moments wrapped in thought, and then exclaimed: 'Thank God! you have hit the mark. Christ is all—Christ is all to me.'

"May the same grace which caused the light to break through that cloud, bless this record of the incident to some other saint travelling in darkness, because turning away from THE LIGHT."

Now, dear friend, we sincerely join in this prayer. Cheer up. Jesus suffers our faith to fail, that we may cling the more closely to Him. He

will dispel the cloud of distress in His own best and right time. You are safe enough in His hands, and depend upon it

“ Deliverance comes most bright and blest
At danger’s darkest hour,
And man’s extremity is best
To prove almighty power.”

Feeling assured you will one day write to me of returning joy and peace
of soul, I remain,

Your fellow-traveller along the same chequered pathway,

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

RAILWAY PENCILLINGS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—I am writing this, as I sit in a third-class carriage, travelling towards Birmingham. I love to travel third-class, for there I often find the most congenial society. When I left home, my daughters put in my bag some tracts and a few back numbers of *Old Jonathan*, and, half an hour ago, I distributed the latter amongst my fellow-passengers. One of them contained some remarks by you on “Sabbath Postal Delivery,” and, a “Plea for the Postman” was soon manifested amongst us. Then the discussion turned on Sabbath desecration and Sabbath labour, and one of the company said that he was a gunsmith, and had just come from Enfield, where he and two thousand others had been employed night and day—week days and Sundays—in altering army rifles, from muzzle-loaders to breech-loaders. I asked him how long he had been thus employed. He could not remember exactly, but thought, perhaps, about twelve weeks. General Peel had lately written to say, that if any of the workmen objected to work on the Sunday, they were not to be discharged for thus refusing; but he tendered his thanks to those who did work on the Lord’s-day! This, sir, may be called *liberal* in the present day, and perhaps it is so; but of what kind of liberality? General Peel, on behalf of Her Majesty’s Government, informs her servants that if they like to honour the Sabbath, and the God of the Sabbath, they shall not be harmed for so doing; but he *thanks* those who have the temerity to fly in the face of their Creator, their God, and their Judge, and desecrate the Lord’s-day by working on it. I would have more confidence, sir, in the British army, with their weapons of half-a-century ago, than with the best appliances of modern warfare, if those must be prepared on the Sabbath-day. Thus I spoke to my fellow-travellers, and then I called to their remembrance that scene in the annals of our country, when the English army, reduced by disease and death to 10,000 men, were about to enter into deadly conflict with an army of 90,000, they knelt together on the eve of the battle, and the God of heaven heard their cry, and caused a fierce storm of rain and sleet to drive in the faces of the foemen, so that the little band of Englishmen gained a glorious victory. And then I reminded them of the war in the Crimea, and of a noble ship sent forth from England, full of winter stores and comforts for our poor soldiers, and how, through a mere inadvertence, the ship was lost, and our men perished through the cold by

thousands in the trenches. And in a conflict during the late Prusso-Austrian war, what helped materially to ensure the victory to the former, but a misty rain which fell upon the Austrian army, and enveloped that army in the smoke of their artillery, thus enabling the Prussians to come upon them suddenly in their rear, and throw them into utter confusion? These things, sir, do not come by CHANCE. There is One "who ruleth in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, whose hand none can stay, and of whom none may ask, What doest Thou?" Well would it be for our country, if our rulers could only believe that, as "the race is not to the swift, so the *battle is not to the strong*," and that, as a trivial event may in a moment turn the destiny of the day, it would be far better to honour the Lord and His Sabbath, and rest upon His protecting care, than to depend upon breech-loading rifles, manufactured on the Sabbath in defiance of His command. I watched the progress of the building of the *Great Eastern* steamship, and, from the newspapers, I learnt that during her construction (and especially her launching) the Sabbath was entirely disregarded; and what was the history of her first eight years but a catalogue of misadventures, entailing ruin upon her owners? But mark a change in the scene! The *Great Eastern* was to carry the Atlantic cable. Was the voice of boasting heard—the sound of triumph in the assured anticipation of success? No; but the voice of *prayer* was heard. They who were engaged in the project were not ashamed to be seen at a prayer meeting. And prayer was heard, and the storms of Heaven were stayed, and the ship rode in triumph on the placid waters, and, before our expectations were hardly awakened, a signal from the FAR WEST proclaimed that British enterprize had annihilated distance, and that the white cliffs of Albion were in happy communication with the shores of America.

I bless God, sir, that you were raised up to send forth *Old Jonathan*. Often have I thought of you, as you laboured in the sister isle, with the curse of the priest upon your head, and the bullet prepared to *effect* its malediction; but you were in the Lord's hands, and

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

Thus were you preserved, and thus did these few old numbers of *Jonathan* stir up, in a railway carriage, a conversation which may, perhaps, never be forgotten in time or in eternity. Who my fellow-travellers were, "*the day will declare*;" we shall, perhaps, never again meet in time; but—may the record be on high. We closed our conversation, and I then made my pencillings, and informed my companions that they may, perhaps, see them in your January number of *Jonathan*. They expressed their intention of looking for them, and we parted.

Mr. Editor, yours in covenant bonds,

Kennet.

J. F. P.

LETTER FROM THE LATE REV. G. D. DOUDNEY.

TO MR. P——, KENNET.

Plymouth, 20th November, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been so bustled about ever since I was with you, that I have not been able to send you the result of my application to ———.

I explained the circumstances to him, but he is not a fighting man, I think, not so much so as I am. He shrinks from controversy. He said if he were to enter into such matters. he should be always in hot water. He therefore declined to enter upon it. You and he are very differently constituted; you evidently like a good stand-up fight in a good cause, and right dashingly can you cudgel your antagonist, as is evident in the paper you published. It is first-rate, especially as coming from a layman. It is just that sort of thing we want in these days of Popish and infidel cunning. I know most of our sleek-haired gentry would call you a fire-brand. Be it so. I should like to multiply you a thousandfold, and then do by you as Samson did by his fire-brands: I would tie you up between a Puseyite fox on one side, and an infidel fox on the other, and then set you a running; and if you did not make a blaze in the fields of the lying Philistines of our truth-despising day, I am very much mistaken.

As to the letter of Mr. —, it is quite clear he is not of the old-fashioned John Berridge school; nor would Lady Huntingdon have suffered such a tissue of absurd lies to be issued under her sanction, as those contained in "The Crown of Life." The fact is, they lie because they know not the truth, and chiefly because they know not the first great fact, that man by nature is DEAD, and that until he is born from above—created in Christ Jesus—made a new creature—he has no spiritual faculties by which he can receive, and grow in spiritual knowledge. A dead professor, however clever or learned he may be, cannot understand this; but thinks the Gospel is a system or science presented to the mind to be understood, received, and adopted, like a mere system of morals. The first spiritual act the Holy Ghost performs upon a poor dead, deceived sinner is, at one blow, to smash all these his vain fancies to pieces; He strips him of his tinselled rags; blows up all his refuges of lies, and lays him in the dust, a poor condemned criminal. This was the way Paul learned his Gospel, and this is God's way still. What abominable cheats are all men's fine zealous schemes for the conversion of the millions, when viewed in God's light by one who, through the power of the Spirit, has had his fancied comeliness turned into corruptions! "You hath He quickened [made alive]; who were *dead in sin*." That dear blind old lady you took me to see knows what the life and power of God is. The husk of religion, which can be compassed by reason, which stands merely in forms and doctrines, will not satisfy the living desires of her needy soul. She hungers after the true bread of life. She wants to be what she is not in herself. What is it? Conformed to the righteous image of Christ! This is hungering after righteousness; and Jesus said, "Blessed are ye that hunger: for ye *shall be filled*." That dear old soul made a deep impression upon my heart. I am often with her in spirit. I promised to send something for her to read, which I purpose doing by this post, as also a Greek book for your dear kind daughter. We often think of you in your nicely-ordered household, and doubt not the Lord will bless you all—not that you will be free from the daily cross; and sometimes, when He is about to bestow a special blessing, He will bring it to you in a very dark storm-cloud; but "He maketh the clouds His chariots," when He carries special blessings to His people.

Ever affectionately yours,

G. D. DOUDNEY.

RETRACINGS OF LOVE AND MERCY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—I have thought it may not be uninteresting to some friends who take an interest in your work here, and did likewise in that in which you were engaged in Ireland, to hear of the marked contrast between the two. There, I must acknowledge, you had some ringing hearts around you, who drank in of the living stream that you were privileged to dispense among them; and I well know they were really grieved that you were removed from them; but a larger sphere of usefulness was opened before you; and, though you left the one unconscious of the other, yet the Lord's direction was manifestly in it, and I know our heart will respond, when I say, "The promise of our faithful God to you the morning you left Bonmahon, "There shall be showers of blessings," has not failed; but the language of your heart is, "Good is the word of the Lord." I have felt more especially led to advert to the two positions, contrasting the *midnight service* we were wont fully to enjoy there, when the Infant schoolroom was filled with attentive listeners, your own immediate flock, and many Romanists, including some connected with your various schools, which were not in the habit of attending your ministrations at any other time. Being privileged to be with you at the service of your church closing the last and opening this year, I could not but exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" to see and hear that mass of people attentively listening to and joining in our valued liturgical service, and singing those sweet hymns, then so appropriate—"O God, our help ages past;" "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" which did seem to be sung with the heart and understanding by many. I must say I was particularly struck on coming out of the church to see the number of the working class that had united, and my sincere desire was, that their hearts, as well as many others', might have been affected, and their thoughts fixed on the fervent petitions you offered for the unconverted. It was truly a solemn silence of prayer as the change of time passed; and then for all to rise and sing that hymn which could not, if sincerely sung, be in vain—

"Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,"

reminding us that our lives are in His hand, and, while so many on the right and on the left are taken away, it behoves us who are still pilgrims here, to wait continually upon Him, to show us His mind, that we may know His orderings for us. That is an important precept in Prov. xxiii. "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways," which, though often mysterious to us, are all in wisdom and love; and all do we prove the truth of it, though our fleshly feelings at times would reverse it otherwise; but, blessed be our God, He will not leave His own God-bought ones to themselves, but will fulfil His own precious promise, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." As you were speaking from these sweet words last Lord's-day evening, I must say I was troubled to keep silence; truly my spirit was stirred to mention His lovingkindness, who, seven-and-a-half years since, gave me this word of comfort and encouragement in starting on a new path; and well I can say, He has never failed, but has indeed *guided* and *kept* me to this very hour. And can I mistrust Him

for the future? *I dare not.* Not only that promise, but others that have been specially given me by Himself, He has led you to petition for since this year has opened; and all seem to encourage faith and hope in His immutable love.

I have been a little digressing from what I started upon, but writing, I trust, no other than the Spirit dictates; and all I can say that is of His love to me, I desire to name solely to His glory, in, I trust, the same spirit in which the Psalmist said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul;" or, as the prophet Malachi adverts to, the speaking "often one to another" (chap. iii. 16). That I remember was the text you preached from, the first time I heard you, in St. Luke's, on a Thursday evening; and well I thought it was we sung at the opening of the service the hymn, "For mercies countless as the sand." My feelings at that time I cannot describe, in contrasting the church at Bonmahon, seating 100 persons, and this, 1,400. Well indeed may your motto be, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" knowing what He has wrought, and persuaded that the past of His mercies are earnest for the future. You feel you have a loving congregation around you, and well may you be encouraged to speak fearlessly and boldly the precious doctrines of our holy faith, keeping in view the united and yet separate work of one Triune Jehovah, in their distinct characters of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. May He who has thus far led you on, and given you "seals to your ministry, and souls for your hire," keep you clear in the truth, and add many more, as your crown of rejoicing, when 1 Thess. iv. 13—18, shall come to pass, and "we shall see Him as He is, and be like Him."

Having made a reference to your residence at Bonmahon, I cannot refrain from remarking how wonderful the Lord's hand has been manifest in overthrowing the devices of Satan against you there, by showing how powerless is the arm of man against His servants—scattering their enemies, while He permits occasional intercourse with friends. How striking has been the protection of the Lord in one special instance! It will no doubt be in the recollection of many, that two of the Protestant coast-guards from Bonmahon entered into rest in the Crimea; one of them leaving a widow and three children, of whom I have not heard any tidings of late; but we had to praise God on behalf of this, that the widow's deepest trial proved her greatest blessing, and that she could say after a while, "The Lord hath done all things well." The other left a widow who could at once realize she had a never-failing Friend in Him who saith, "Leave thy fatherless children: I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." She had seven children, and I am sure you and I must feel they are apparently, to our view, better provided for than if their father had been spared them. All have been kindly cared for, and educated in a plain, useful manner; and, with one or two exceptions, are now earning their own living. The youngest boy, who was in your Infants' School, is about to be apprenticed in a house where two of his brothers have with great credit passed their apprenticeship, and are valued by their master. Thus does our God prove His care for His own; never disappointing any that trust in Him, but surpassing all their expectations, and giving them to realize that He is faithfully "the Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widow." The Lord took this dear widow to her rest two years since, and oft had she praised Him for His unbounded goodness to her and her dear children. In reviewing the past, we must say, "Not one thing hath

failed of all the Lord hath promised ;" and, in looking toward the future, " Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our lives." Trusting that in the many difficulties by the way, which at times may appear as mountains, but which He who has all power can level, you may be enabled to commit entirely to Him, and not bear the burden yourself; and that this year may be one of special blessing to you and yours, believe me, my dear brother,

Yours in the bonds of the eternal covenant.

Southville, January 8, 1867.

M. S. L.

[The allusion of our beloved correspondent to the two coast-guardmen, has brought to our remembrance two or three facts which, we doubt not, will be read with interest by many of our readers. Both were indeed men of God, and most exemplary in their conduct and conversation; and most remarkable seemed to be the dispensation by which they were both so suddenly taken away. The hand of our God, however, was in it in a most striking way, proving how gracious and how tender may be His thoughts towards us, when we have least apprehension of the same. We never knew a man to have more love to the house of God than dear Dawes, one of the men in question. He would say to us, that, after walking upon the coast all night, and when rousing from his slumbers after his return from his watch, what real pleasure it afforded him when, with his first thoughts on waking, he remembered it was lecture-night. Then, on the dark wintry night, how glad was he, if on duty, to pace to and fro opposite the school-house, to listen to the singing the praises of our God; or, if going on duty, to drop in for his half-hour, and enjoy as much as he could of the service.

One night is ever memorable to our mind. He was on duty, and we walked up and down with him, listening to his expressions of fear and apprehension as to how he should be able to educate and provide for his large family, upon his very slender pay. Dear man! little did he think that the Lord was about so speedily to take him home, and then to provide for his dear widow and fatherless children, in a way and manner as our correspondent has intimated) far, far better than he could have done. Although the Crimean war was the means of calling him home, it was the means also of providing for those he was to leave behind. One who for seven years had been our most deadly enemy, on account of the truth) was only too glad to send him and his godly companion away from the station at barely an hour's notice. He intended it for evil, and to grieve us; but God meant it for good. That man (to whom we have referred in our leading article for the present month) was a descendant of an honoured servant of God, and a glorious champion for the truth; but (proving that grace is not hereditary) one more hostile to the Gospel could scarcely be found than this individual. Yet for more than seven years were we called to suffer in regard to him. By reference to our Bible, we find certain portions marked in the margin, as applied by the Holy Ghost at special seasons in respect to this poor unhappy man, such, for example, as Psalm cxvii. 12, 13, 34—36; Psalm xlv. 7. Now, the way in which the Lord has literally fulfilled His word has perfectly astounded us. We have, on each occasion in revisiting our late parish, sought in every way to ascertain where this person is; but all our efforts have failed. The Lord alone knows how he has been laid upon our heart to plead for him. We have often said we would travel a hundred miles, in order to see him, and as-

certain, if possible, his state of mind. Nothing, next to our own dear flesh and blood, would give us the satisfaction and the joy that the hearing the Lord had had mercy on this poor man would afford.

There was an incident—and it may be suggestive to mothers—which is always identified in our mind with the youth to whom our correspondent refers, as being about to be bound apprentice. We received a hurried message one day, entreating us to run down (the house being hard by the parsonage), for poor little Dawes was in a fit, and thought to be dying. “Get plenty of hot water,” we shouted, as we ran off. On entering the house, we found the mother and her neighbours in great grief and consternation. “Let us place him in a bath,” we said. This was speedily done, and meanwhile a blanket was heated, and made ready for his reception. After being about ten minutes in the bath, he was wrapped up in the blanket, and all stood watching the dear child with intense anxiety. “He is dying,” said some. “I don’t think so,” was our answer; “I believe he is sweetly sleeping, and that presently he will open his eyes.” After about twenty minutes, this came to pass. The little sufferer roused, as if from a sweet sleep, and looked about him as though nothing had happened. The mother felt as if the child had been given her from the dead, and never afterwards ceased to express her gratitude for the means adopted. This simple circumstance has often impressed us with the conviction, that anxiety and affection may divest us, in times of emergency, of thought and self-possession. Few would have supposed that that devoted mother was a thorough housewife, and an apt and experienced nurse in the case of others. Dear woman! she has since followed her beloved husband to “that rest which remaineth for the people of God.” We saw her when in Dublin, about two-and-a-half years ago. With intense gratitude, she spoke of the goodness and faithfulness of our God. We did not see her sons on that occasion, but our dear wife did. Contrary to the former fears of their departed father, they were both filling respectable situations in that city, and held in great esteem by their employers. What an encouraging illustration, therefore, dear reader, is this of those precious Scriptures, “Leave thy fatherless children: I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me;” “A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.” Oh, what a faithful, all-sufficient God is He! and yet, alas, alas! how prone are we to doubt and distrust Him!—Ed.]

MIDNIGHT SERVICES AT ST. LUKE’S, BEDMINSTER.

[The following letter appeared during the past month in the three Bristol daily, and several other papers.]

GENTLEMEN,—In proof that mere ritualistic ceremonial, as too much practised in our day, is not necessary in order to attract and interest an audience, I beg to state that our usual midnight service, held at the close of each year, was attended on Monday night by some 1,200 to 1,400 persons. The service lasted for an hour and three-quarters, during which there was not the semblance of weariness or inattention, even at that midnight hour. The most profound decorum was observed throughout; and no congregation could have united more heartily in the responses or in the songs of praise which were presented at the footstool of mercy upon that very solemn occasion. Responsible as one felt one’s position at

such a service, especially under the circumstances in which, as a Church and nation, we are at present placed, it was scarcely possible to realise ought but the most sacred pleasure in ministering at such an hour and to such an audience. At the same time, it must be plain to every unprejudiced mind that "simplicity of worship" is far more congenial to the heart of the true-born Englishman than the mimicry and monkery of Rome, as practised by men whose sympathies are with that apostate Church, but who lack the courage and the honesty to follow those who have cast off their professed allegiance to the Church of England, and gone to their own place.

Permit me to add, that it was not mere novelty that called together so goodly a number of people on Monday night last. We have had similar gatherings for the last five years. As a further proof of the attachment of the people to the simple and heartfelt services of the Church of England, I may quote the result of the contents of the boxes (which are *fixed—not held*—at the doors) of St. Luke's, for the four years just ended:—

| Years. | | Pieces. | | £ | s. | d. |
|--------|-----|---------|-----|-----|----|----|
| 1863 | ... | 22,029 | ... | 178 | 5 | 1 |
| 1864 | ... | 20,019 | ... | 179 | 16 | 5½ |
| 1865 | ... | 20,063 | ... | 208 | 18 | 6½ |
| 1866 | ... | 24,003 | ... | 216 | 18 | 8½ |

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
D. A. DOUDNEY.

TRUST AND WAIT.

WHY should we the sunshine darken,
That illumines our path to-day,
By the clouds we dread to-morrow—
Clouds that may not cross our way?

Hoarding for a far-off morrow
Is the earth-worm's selfish creed;
Thankless for his present plenty,
Martyr to a fancied need.

He, by whose unceasing bounty
Ev'ry living thing is fed,
Teacheth us to pray for, simply,
Day by day "our daily bread."

These, His promises, are faithful,
Everlastingly endure,
Always "shall thy *bread* be given thee,
And thy *water* shall be sure."

Learn a lesson from yon lilies,
Mark them, bending to the breeze;
E'en "Solomon, in all his glory,
Was not array'd like one of these."

Yet they owe their golden petals,
Radiant as from light within,
Solely to the God of nature,
For "they neither toil nor spin."

He who tends the flower so fondly,
"Hears the ravens when they cry,"
A listless ear will never turn
To man in his extremity!

Wherefore then so faithless, doubting,
Dreading and desponding still?
Bygone blessings ought to make us
Calmly trust, and wait His will!

Trust and wait, with firm assurance,
That whatever storms assail,
He who steers our bark, will safely
Guide us through the fiercest gale.

Then, although we are not able
Perfectly to comprehend
The course we are constrain'd to follow,
Let us trust Him to the end!

W. B.

[*.* The above lines were written by a young man, known personally to a dear friend of our own. The reader cannot but admire the simplicity of the language, as well as the really poetic mind which thus expressed itself. It is, moreover, satisfactory to know that the lines are the expression of *experience*. The truths they contain were the result of test. Hence they carry the greater weight and power with them.—ED.]

THE FREE DISTRIBUTION OF THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE" AND "OLD JONATHAN."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Although during the past year grants of *Old Jonathan* have been made to the number of about 50,000, I find there is still a sufficient quantity on hand to enable me to offer further grants to clergymen, ministers, Sunday-school teachers, &c., who may be desirous of distributing them. Applications for these grants should be made by letter to me, and should state particulars, so that I may know what number to send, and must also give directions respecting conveyance. If to be sent per post, a penny stamp for every five copies will be needful.

Many of our friends who have had grants, have exerted themselves to promote the circulation both of *Old Jonathan* and of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, for which I thank them very heartily. Should any be willing to follow their example, I shall be happy to forward a copy of *each* publication to *any number of addresses* that may be sent, provided only that a stamp be sent for each address, to cover postage.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,
W. H. COLLINGRIDGE

117 to 119, Aldersgate Street, London.

WHAT AILETH THEE?

THE most of our readers are at no loss for an answer to the question that heads this paper. If each were to tell out their own hearts' tale, what variety of griefs, and cares, and crosses, would be turned up to view!

It is a world of sorrow, and we live to prove it; and, as years roll on, the way does not mend. This the godless find out in a greater or less degree. But, say some, "Surely with the child of God it is otherwise." Nay, the believer, from the first breath of spiritual life to his last sigh, lives to realize this truth, "In the world ye shall have tribulation."

With the first dawn of divine light trouble comes. The world has lost its charms, and a gap is left in the breast. The sight and sense of sin brings with it trouble. Persecution from those without, mostly marks the pathway of the believer. Old friends fall off, old ties are broken, old pursuits are relinquished. Practices and opinions, that made up the false religion which gave peace, vanish before the light of truth; and the young believer stands in the solitude of finding all within wrong, without being able to discern what is right. "They grope for the wall as the blind." What aileth thee? may be asked. But souls thus led can give no clear answer to the question; they only know by heart-feeling they want to be happy.

But there is another class who, enlightened by grace, advance a step further. They feel assured God has had dealings with them in conviction of sin, in showing up the worth of Christ, in speaking a kind word now and then to their soul, in providential answers to prayer; but all this availeth nothing, for they want to enjoy the testimony recorded by one of old, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The remedy they want for all they feel and fear, is a sight of Christ. Their cry is, "Say unto my

oul, I am thy salvation." Here no evidences avail, no creature-work in profit. A blameless life, occasional enjoyments, the light of truth, comfort obtained from various sources, all go for nothing in the way of eternal satisfaction. Many who are yearning for a closer walk with God, look with amazement on such when they express doubts as to their own state, and fears about the end. But the evidences that are plain to others afford no evidence to ourselves; and the testimony that puts doubts and fears aside, and completely satisfies the soul, is no evidence to others. And the Lord to His disciples, "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you." This touches the point; the world gets rest, and then gives. Not so Jesus; He gives, and then gets: and He tells us the way in which this is effected; "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak. He shall glorify me: for He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you." Here we have our Lord's description of His own work in the soul: the Spirit reveals the Son of God to the sinner, and the faith which is of divine operation sees the salvation wrought out by Christ, and enters into the peace of the Gospel. Here we trace no prerequisite, no qualification, no conditions, but the sovereign act of a covenant God, disclosing to the eye of faith the finished work of Jesus Christ. This is the spot where the believer finds rest and peace. Here the eye of faith turns away from marks and evidences within or without, and gets satisfaction from the living, dying, resurrection, and ascension of the Christ of God, the co-equal and co-eternal Son, and the everlasting Friend of elect sinners. But," say some, "how is this to be known? How is all this to be enjoyed?" By the sovereign act of the Spirit. It is the Spirit that takes of the things of Christ, and shows them to us. It is the Spirit that guides into all truth. It is the Spirit that enables us to cry, Abba, Father. It is the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities. It is the Spirit that beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. It is the Spirit that glorifies Christ; "for He shall receive of mine, and shew it unto you." And this is the sum and substance, the history and mystery, of a God-given and heaven-born religion. Until the Spirit be poured from on high, and the finished work of Christ be revealed to faith as a matter of personal interest, the question, "What aileth thee?" will call forth this answer, "I want to know I am a child of God." After all, it is a great mercy to know where we stand, and to feel what we need. This gives us our errands to the throne of grace. This makes us sensible suppliants. This makes us search the word. This makes us wait upon, and watch for, God.

But the question, "What aileth thee?" may draw forth a long and dark list of trials, difficulties in providence, a crooked path, a diseased body, a tormenting cross, trying connexions, sore bereavements, pinching poverty; these are a few out of many sorrows that mark a wilderness way. And yet, however conflicting and linked on to second causes, are all appointed, marked out, and chosen by infinite wisdom and dateless love. And, furthermore, all laid under tribute to do the believer good; to call it faith, prayer, patience, submission, communion with God, separation from the world, union with a suffering church on earth, and yearnings for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God in heaven." If whatever aileth thee thus works, the cause proceedeth from the Lord. All that leads to God, comes from God; and of the evils deplored, no matter

what, the word of God declares, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

But is there no present balm in Gilead for the wounds of the wilderness? Blessed be God, there is; and so all the Lord's family in all ages have found: not indeed at all times, as some would have us believe, but at such times when the Spirit of God takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul. Then there is healing for the troubled heart; the voice of prayer is exchanged for the song of praise; and, as of old, the revived, comforted Israel of God can say, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like unto them that dream; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." No more sighs and tears for that time; no more complaints and lamentations: the Spirit of God has given the "oil of joy for mourning," the "garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The shining-forth of the Sun of righteousness has changed the aspect of everything around. The yoke is broken because of the anointing. Crosses are lightened, circumstances take another hue, and trials that seemed past all endurance are looked at with submission, or, it may be, contentment. The question, "What aileth thee?" if put just then, gets a very different reply to that which sense and reason would give. Crosses are out of sight when Jesus appears; sorrows vanish when Jesus speaks; love fills the breast, and praise tunes the song. The ready answer at such times is, "He doeth all things well;" "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." The remembrance of trial is clean gone, and memory brings up only blessings, which call forth gratitude.

"What aileth thee?" "Nothing," says the favoured soul; "all I want is grace and power daily to praise the Lord for all His mercies, and, in union of spirit with the Psalmist, to say, 'I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall be continually in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.'"

L.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM XXXVII.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT KENNETH.

THE following sayings of my dear husband, uttered during his illness, and addressed to different members of his family, were taken down at various times in a little book kept for the purpose; hence their somewhat unconnected and fragmentary style. It should also be mentioned, in explanation of an incident which may appear strange as the act of a dying man, that he was not, up to the night of his death, confined to his bed, nor even to his room, as those expressions are usually understood; but was able, with assistance, to get up or lie down, or to go from room to room.

The first occasion on which he said anything that conveyed the impression that he regarded his illness as serious, was on Monday,

November 26, when he said to one of his sons, "I am getting weaker and weaker; although I have not the joy that some have, and, indeed, I can scarcely realize God's presence at all, yet I implicitly believe, and trust in His precious promises." About noon on this day, I was reading to him part of Psalm cxviii. When I came to verse 17, "I shall not die, but live," he said, "Reverse that; I want to go to my Father." Some time after, my daughter read Psalm xl.; when she came to the second and third verses, he said that "the Lord had brought him to Himself in his youth in such a decided way, that he could not possibly doubt his acceptance; but he could scarcely feel the Lord's presence with him." And then he burst into tears. He said, "He had such a sight of his unworthiness, that it quite overpowered him; he saw so much sin in those things for which others commended him, that, were it not for the blood of Jesus, they alone would condemn him." He truly possessed the broken and contrite heart—longing to enjoy more of the Lord's presence.

To a Christian brother, who called to see him, after speaking of His blessed hope, he said, "Don't be afraid of the doctrine of election; no election, no salvation; it is all sovereign grace. Jesus took me just as He knew me—I am clothed in His righteousness, cleansed in His blood."

Throughout all he had a very thankful spirit. He once remarked, "How many poor creatures, worse than I, have no alleviation!" His patience was surprising; though suffering much from exhaustion, there was not the slightest irritability. Frequently, upon being asked what sort of a night he had passed, he would reply, "Much to be thankful for." He often repeated, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" He particularly delighted in having the seventeenth chapter of John, and the eighth of Romans, read to him. Several hymns, speaking of the blood of Christ, gave him great comfort; but he showed a decided preference for the word of God.

On another occasion he said, "All the covenant mercies are mine:

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

A few days afterwards he said to his medical attendant, "Doctor, what a mercy to be one with Christ—happy living, and safe dying. *He* is a Rock." He rejoiced in his perfect acceptance, and frequently said, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities—all, all, not one left out." To his pastor he said, "The Lord is very gracious to me; as John Rees once said, 'Not a dog is allowed to bark at me.'" Soon after, he said to me, "Satan says, 'You have done so-and-so for such an one;' I say, 'Miserable comforter, I desire to hate righteous self more than sinful self,' but—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

I was thinking in the night that,

"Though a sinner, I am safe,
He pleads, before the throne,
His life and death on my behalf,
And calls *my sins* His own.
* * * * *

But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood;
'Tis He, instead of me, is seen,
When I draw near to God.'"

On Saturday, December 1st, he said to a Christian brother, whom he had known many years, "He is of one mind, and none can turn Him." His friend replied, "You were always very fond of these truths;" to which he replied, "Oh, yes; and they are my great comfort now." On this day a consultation of his physicians was held. Their opinion was most unfavourable; but he manifested no desire to ascertain that opinion until the next morning, when he said, "I am getting weaker every day; I suppose they do not give any hope of my ultimate recovery?" I told him that they did not give the slightest hope; he replied, "The Lord does all things well;" then calmly walked into the adjoining room, and appeared to be engaged in silent prayer. He then called me and his children, and asked me to pray; when I had concluded, he appropriately commended me and my children, together with his widowed sister, to the care of his heavenly Father. While praying for those who were not yet brought in, he was affected to tears; and pleaded most earnestly with the Lord on their behalf. Being much exhausted, he retired to his bed; after resting awhile, he said to one of our daughters, "I used so to dread the idea of the body being laid in the cold grave, but now it is all gone." Shortly after, he suddenly whispered,

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God,
And sin and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

On Wednesday, the 5th, he said, "The enemy sometimes tries to trouble me; *but the receipt is given in full.** The Lord is very merciful, and very gracious; what should I do now without a stronghold?" When his medical attendant visited him that morning, he discovered symptoms which he thought indicated a sudden death. Upon being told this, he inquired very particularly and calmly as to the cause, and in what manner it was likely to happen. His absent children were then sent for. He spoke suitably to each; affectionately urged upon a married son never to neglect private or family prayer; and, upon his son assuring him that he valued it much, answered, "You will find it a great safeguard at all times. 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'" To a daughter in a foreign land he desired his dying love; urging her not to be backward in manifesting the light she had; but, however feeble it might be, to let it shine to God's glory; and then desired for her, grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. He then particularly commended me to the Lord, and said, "The Lord be thine Husband; underneath thee are the everlasting arms. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." After speaking of other things, he said again, "Thy Maker be thine Husband, even the Lord of hosts." After a few minutes' silence, he said, apparently in soliloquy, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation;" and then again, a little time afterwards, "Open Thou the pearly gates to a poor sinner, vile and base, clothed in the righteousness . . . waits to enter in." A little time afterwards he said, "I was in hopes just now that I was going; but not just yet." Upon the doctor remarking, in the evening, that his pulse was

* What a sweet expression, reader! Can you say so? Have you your receipt, signed in love and blood? Then fear not: all is well.—Ed.

better, and that the immediate danger was past, he expressed disappointment, and said, "O precious Saviour, to take all my sins away! I am afraid I shall not be with Him just yet."

On Thursday, December 6th, he said, "Satan came to me, and said, 'How unworthy you have been;' but Christ says, 'My blood cleanseth from all sin.' I should like to go home; but I wish to glorify God." A day or two afterwards, it was remarked to him, that there would be no tears in heaven; he replied, "The thought of leaving does not cost me a single tear; but I should like to shed tears of joy. Bless the Lord, we have not to bear our sins." To a Christian brother he said, "God put the first prayer into my heart, and He has kept me until now."

To a young lady and her brother, who were his wards, he spoke very affectionately, though with great difficulty. He exhorted the youth to mind *little departures*, and to keep close to Jesus crucified. "Let it be seen," he said, "that Christ dwells in you; let those be your companions who serve the Lord." Then, repeating and emphasizing his words, he added, "Attend to the advice I formerly gave you, as to companions and employment of time." To the sister he said, "What a mercy to have a Rock to lean upon; to have a *Hold*, to have a sure Foundation. What should I do without a hope now? Let Christ live in you, and live in Christ; let the world see that you are a Christian. Do not be taken up with the paraphernalia of religion. Paul said, 'The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Choose your companions from, and *only* from, those who love the Lord. Don't be marked as a companion of those who are enemies of the Lord: as, if you are seen with a thief, you are, of course, thought of as a thief; so, if you are seen with frivolous companions, you will naturally be thought light and trifling. Live as a Christian—as one who has been bought by the blood of Christ. What a wonderful mercy for Christ to have died for you! Try to live as one who has been bought by His blood. Live *in* Christ, by Him, and let Him live in you; don't be satisfied with merely *being* a Christian, but *live* as one; and don't be taken up with the frivolities of life, and all the deceitfulness of the world."*

On December 9th, he said to one of his daughters, "It is rather strange, but all through my illness, I have had impressed upon my mind the words, 'Thou shalt not die, but live, and go up to the house of the Lord;'[†] and last night these words, 'This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God;' but I can say, the will of the Lord be done. It is very sweet to have the realization of the love of Jesus; it is blessed to know that the feet are safe upon the Rock; but it is *very* sweet to have Jesus manifest Himself without a cloud between. Of course, one cannot be a stoic, and not feel leaving one's wife and children; and, were it not for the sake of the children, I would say, Wife, come to me soon; it cannot be very long before we meet again." I asked him, "Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" He answered, "Oh, yes; I shall be looking for you." Some time after, he said to his daughter, "I think

* What sound advice was this, and especially in such days as those in which we live! We regard this counsel as given of God, not for the sake merely of her to whom it was more immediately addressed, but that, through these pages, it might speak far and wide to many, many who are professedly the followers of Jesus. Oh that these words of this dying saint may have a tendency, under God, to their more manifestly "coming out from the world, being separate, and touching not the unclean thing."—Ed.

† The text, as given above, is incorrectly quoted, but all through his illness he invariably used the words as I have given them.

my Father is going to unveil Himself; I have had some sweet glimpses of His love."

He suffered very much from exhaustion, and was not able to see many friends, as it was a great effort for him to speak. On Thursday, December 13th, the morning before his death, he called his daughter, and, after speaking most affectionately to her, he said, "The Lord has taken away the cloud, bless His holy name. His mercies are for ever new, His loving kindness is better than life.

" 'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend.' "

When told how many were praying for him, he replied, "It is very kind and I am so unworthy." Throughout the day he was suffering much but did not appear to anticipate such an immediate removal. When told in the evening that he would soon be in glory, he said, "Sing the song of salvation. Glory be to His holy name! Do you think I am going? The Lord is very gracious, and very pitiful, 'His mercy endureth for ever.'"

Through the whole of this last night he was much exhausted by constant sickness. At one time he said, "In the midst of it all, I will sing of the tender mercies—tender mercies of the Lord; it is all peace, love, and joy, through Christ." He then said, "In case I am not able to speak to you again, I will say, Grace, mercy, and peace be with you." After a pause, "Oh, what must it be to be there?" He then called for his younger son, and again committed his mother to his care; and after, with great difficulty of speech, offered up a most fervent prayer on his behalf, which he ended with the words, "In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen, amen, amen." These were his last words. In two minutes more, he had passed without a struggle into that heavenly rest for which he had so longed.

Throughout a Christian course of forty-one years, he was a living proof of the truth of the Divine promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour." His daily and hourly habit of life was to refer all difficulties—temporal and spiritual—to a throne of grace; and, at the close of a long and useful life, he was enabled to bear testimony that God's words were true, and that He had delivered him out of all his troubles.

During his illness, though suffering so much from exhaustion and restlessness, he was quite free from irritability, and showed the most touching consideration for those around him. He had the most lowly views of himself; and, in stating his wishes as to his funeral, &c., directed that a plain head-stone should be placed above him, with these words only, which were the expression of his settled hope, graven upon it:—

" On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

[We cannot forward the foregoing to the printer, without adding a word. In the beloved departed, we have lost one for whom we entertained the very highest esteem and regard. His sweet smile ever re-presents itself in thinking of him. He was, to our mind, one of the most remarkably-gifted men for introducing the one grand theme to strangers, and those whom he casually met. We much envied him his power in this particular. He had ever a word for his Master, and seemed perpetually prepared to turn the conversation into the right channel. His aim evidently was to "sow beside all waters." Coupled with clear views of truth, he was a man of singular judgment, prudence, and discretion; a man greatly to

be looked up to—a man much to be missed in his day and generation. The withdrawal of such men leaves indeed a blank. Our mercy is, that our God remains. Jesus still is with us. The Comforter (blessed be His name!) is to “abide with us for ever.” Even Jesus was to withdraw, as to His bodily presence and manifestation; not so the Spirit. *His* was to be a permanent abiding. Reader, once again we say, may this calling-away of one and another and another from our midst, tend to rouse us from our spiritual torpor and lethargy, and speed us on our way heavenward and homeward, for “here indeed we have no continuing city: this is not our rest.” How soon we *may*—yea, how speedily we *must*—follow those who are gone the way of all flesh! Oh, to be in waiting for the summons!—ED.]

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

“Can ye not discern the signs of the times?”—MATT. xvi. 3.

THE month just passed, opening into the new year, affords us few interesting or important events to notice; peace (with one or two insignificant exceptions) reigns abroad, and no very remarkable occurrences have happened at home. We have had a severe specimen of wintry weather, bringing with it great hardships to many of the poorer classes, and sudden death to an unusually large number of pleasure-seekers; but this severe weather is undoubtedly a national blessing; the farmers rejoice in it, because it purifies the air, destroys troublesome insects, and prepares the ground for the coming crops, thus enhancing their value tenfold; and, whilst it occasions to the poor a large extra amount of suffering, it enlists in their favour a large extra amount of sympathy, and produces for them extra assistance. We were only very lately thinking of what a change the climate of our country was undergoing—our winters of late years having been comparatively so mild, and our summers so temperate, that the old descriptions of wintry scenes seemed to be becoming utterly inappropriate; but this winter, so far as it has gone, seems to be keeping up the ancient character, and to upset the idea of any permanent climatical change. “While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat,” as well as “summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.” But, with respect to those poor pleasure-seekers, who, by their rashness and this hard frost, have met a violent, and, as we should call it, an untimely end; in one instance as many as forty persons being suddenly cut off—why should this sacrifice of human life be permitted to take place every year, whilst it might be easily prevented? Let but the ornamental sheets of water (to which the public are admitted in our metropolis) be reduced a few feet in depth, and all danger of the recurrence of such a fearful accident as that to which we have alluded, would be removed. Or, if this expedient cannot be adopted, let some competent person be appointed to test the ice, and, according to his opinion as to its strength, let the public be admitted or excluded from it. Or, better still, why cannot means be adopted of flooding to a few inches some few level acres of ground, where, in time of frost, our metropolitan youth might indulge themselves in the healthy exercise of skating without risk? How many lives would thus be saved, and anxious fears of relatives removed. This sad event, however, has doubtless been permitted for some wise and beneficent purpose; an awful but perhaps a kindly warning to the gay, the thoughtless, the unprepared, saying to them, in a voice distinct and solemn, “In the midst of life we are in death.” “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.”

We have very recently lost by an accident—we hope only temporarily so—

a portion of our beautiful Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Notwithstanding every precaution, some part took fire, and, before the flames could be extinguished, a considerable portion of the building was destroyed, and a large amount of damage done. The wonder is, that it was not altogether destroyed; had it not been for several favourable circumstances, and the most energetic exertions, it would most certainly have been. We are very glad that the greater part of it was spared; we could not regard the destruction of the Crystal Palace otherwise than as a great national loss. It is, as the newspapers have recently described it, a building such as the world has never seen before, and of which the world does not possess a duplicate; it is not only a place of recreation for the people, but a place most peculiarly fitted for their instruction and their intellectual improvement. But we consider that this event teaches two important lessons. It happened on a Sunday, and the sanctity of that holy day the shareholders of the Crystal Palace appear determined to violate. Does the destruction of so large a portion of their property on that day convey no reproof to them? How was it that the fires for heating the building were on that day kept burning so fiercely, as to occasion the accident? As we understand, it was for the benefit of the shareholders, who are allowed free access to the building on the Sabbath-day. And we are told that, if the fire had happened on the previous Sunday, large bodies of men would have been at hand to quench it, as they were then at work preparing for the Christmas entertainments. What a disgrace to a Christian land! And, we may add, what a disgrace are the meetings of the Crystal Palace Company when the Sunday question is brought forward. Instead of considering the question calmly and fairly, every argument in favour of adhering to the original charter of the Company (which expressly precludes the admission of the public on the Sabbath) is met with sneers, ridicule, laughter, and uproar. We cannot see that the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sabbath can be anything else than a grievous sin, the deliberate breaking of one of the most strongly-enforced precepts of God's law: it would involve the compulsory employment of an immense number of additional workpeople on that holy day, the running of a large number of extra excursion trains (far too numerous already); and it cannot be proved to be either a work of necessity or a work of mercy.

The other lesson that this destructive event points to, we think, is this: the extremely fragile nature of man's most beautiful and most elaborate works. In a moment, as it were, notwithstanding the utmost care and caution, they are swept away, or reduced to a heap of smouldering ashes; the toil of years, the labour of centuries, the fruits of unwearied industry, genius, and skill, are irrecoverably destroyed, blasted as corn ere it be grown up. We were forcibly reminded of this when wandering, a few days ago, through that wonderful collection of treasures and curiosities—the British Museum. A wonderful collection indeed it is; we may well as a nation feel proud of it; no other country possesses, or probably ever has possessed, such an one. What careful study is represented there—what labours of many minds—what journeys, researches, industry, skill—what wonders of the natural world—what marvellous wisdom of the great Creator! And yet a single spark, unnoticed for awhile, and then fanned into a devouring flame, would, in a few short hours, sweep away all for ever! All earthly things are frail and fleeting; He only is "the same" whose "years shall have no end."

A most vigorous attack was made last year in Parliament upon the Irish Church; and in all probability that attack will be very soon renewed with increased acrimony and determination. We cannot deny that there are many faults to be found in the Irish Church Establishment, just as there are in every other human institution; but of this we are fully assured, that, with all its faults, the Irish Church stands prominently forward as "a light shining in a dark place," a beacon of God's truth, a staunch bulwark of Protestantism; and, as such, we should deeply regret to see her weakened or destroyed. She numbers amongst her sons many highly-gifted, faithful, and courageous men

—men who are well acquainted with the truth, and who boldly declare it. In one respect she is far purer than the Church of England (of which she forms an integral part); for, living as she does in the midst of the unmasked abominations of Popery, she has no inclination either to participate in those abominations, or to imitate the ceremonies connected with them. As far as possible, she avoids them. She sees too much of Popery, ever to wish to have any union with it, or similarity to it. But she has many enemies; political dissenters on the one hand, Roman Catholics on the other: the one hostile to her because she forms a branch—and in their opinion a weak branch—of the National Church; the other from her known dislike to the false Church to which they belong. These enemies do not fail to remember, and to bring forward as frequently and as publicly as possible, her faults, whilst they utterly ignore her virtues; and they are now evidently uniting their forces for the purpose of making a most determined attack upon her during the approaching parliamentary session. We do not fear the result; even if her enemies were completely victorious—even if she were to be separated from the State, and stripped of her ancient endowments, we believe that she would come out brightly from the trial, purified perhaps seven times, and determined to serve her heavenly Master more faithfully than ever. Some of the late appointments to the highest positions in the Irish Church have been most admirable ones; hard-working parochial clergymen, men of genuine piety, ability, and learning, having been elevated to the episcopal bench. Such, *e.g.*, was the last appointment to the bishopric of Cork. It has been our privilege on two or three occasions, to listen to the present bishop's faithful teaching, and we have been extremely pleased to see the same faithful, simple, and plain teaching continued in a charge which he has very recently delivered to the clergy of his diocese. We venture to give a few brief extracts. After mentioning, with evident thankfulness, some advances in spiritual things and improvements in his diocese, the bishop proceeds:—

“Yet I would by no means have it understood that I am altogether satisfied with our state, or that I mean that there cannot be, and need not be, and ought not to be, great progress aimed at—great improvement and proficiency, by prayer and labour and study, sought for by us all. What cannot prayer, and labour, and zeal accomplish? And what works and achievements of undying renown have not in all ages followed in their noble and glorious track? What labour ought we not be ready to undergo, of mind or body, what effort ought we not readily make, according to the measure of our strength, considering the vows that are upon us, and the treasure committed to our trust, that we may worthily set forth the glory of God, and duly set forward the salvation of man? ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ ‘Our sufficiency is of God.’ ‘As we have received mercy, we faint not.’ Peculiar labour and watchfulness, and effort and grace, are needed in our day, not only to defend the truth from the assaults of the infidel, but to preserve it genuine and entire, as given to us in Scripture, and handed down from primitive times. It was recovered for us, by our fathers of happy memory, at the glorious Reformation, and we owe it to ourselves and to them to transmit it, in all its integrity, simplicity, purity, and grandeur, for the benefit of those who succeed us, to be prized, we trust, and enjoyed, not only by them, but their descendants, from generation to generation, down to the latest time. Onward, upward, forward, should be our aim; excellency is before us, and beckons us on.” What weighty words are the following: “Love to Christ and love to souls is the magnet that draws all hearts, whether in the mansions of the rich, or in the cottages of the poor. In the absence of this high and holy and heavenly passion, the true spring of eloquence and usefulness in the Church, we see men in these degenerate days, ministers and pastors of our Church, as they are called, perverting, not preaching, the Gospel; subverting, not building up, souls; making very little of Christ and His work, and very much of themselves and their own. They turn away the minds of men immortal—so far as they can—from the fulness and all-sufficiency of Christ,

and the gracious work of the Spirit, to beggarly elements of human device, unknown to pure and early times." "Not music of mass, or dresses of clergy, or odours, or lights on tables, or airs or attitudes of princes, prelates and priests, has the revelation of God brought to our world, to elevate our minds and gladden our souls; but what is great and noble and lofty, simple and essential—the music of mercy, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The work of Jesus, living and dying, and risen and ascended, and the gracious work of the Eternal Spirit, in our hearts and lives, are the grand and glorious subjects of revelation—works of grace and of mercy, and of wondrous love. "Take heed to the ministry you have received; give yourselves wholly to it; impart freely to all the treasures of the Gospel committed to your trust; make yourselves felt in the assemblies of the people, and in the families of the flock. Nothing that you can do will permanently benefit the people till they are in Christ, and Christ is in them. One burning, shining light in the pulpit, one loving, diligent, faithful pastor in the parish—with sound common-sense—will be of immeasurably more worth than all the music, and incense, and dresses, and candles in Christendom; and one solitary truth of the Gospel, brought home, and driven home to the head or heart, will be infinitely more precious and do immeasurably more good, than all the opinions of men, the traditions of the Church, or the ritualism of the earth. Remember our great Master's words, "Occupy till I come;" and our great business in life, as ministers of Christ, surely is to give ourselves to prayer and the ministry of the word. Qualify not, as some do, God's remedy for sin; adulterate not His message of mercy to sinful men; give them out honestly and heartily, without mixture and without change, as you have received them, and find them in the word of truth; so shall you be true to the people and faithful to the Master 'as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.' By all the sanctity of religion, by all the worth of the soul, by all the solemnity and awfulness of the judgment, by all the transcendent excellency of the Gospel, and by all the authority of your great commission, I charge you take heed to yourselves and to the doctrine, and to all the flock committed to your trust. Throw yourselves heartily, and with all the power of your nature, into the work of the ministry. God enjoins it, the Church expects it, man requires it, and the truth deserves it."

In connexion with the Irish Church, we may mention how heartily rejoiced we have been to hear of the recent appointment to the Regius Professorship of Divinity in the University of Dublin. This Regius Professorship is, as probably our readers are aware, one of the most important positions in the Dublin University, conferring upon the person who holds it almost unlimited influence over the students who are preparing themselves for entrance into the Church. We are truly thankful to learn that one has been appointed to this position whose praise is in all the Churches, a most faithful, wise, beloved and able servant of Christ. Surely we may hope for good fruits from the youth which are trained by such teachers.

THE *London Review* states that during the last three months no less than five clergymen in full Anglican orders, and all belonging to the ultra-High Church school, have given up their respective livings or curacies, and have been formally received into the Roman Church. The names of these gentlemen are—Gurdon, who held a living in the county of Norfolk; Dove-Dove, formerly curate of St. George's-in-the-East, and latterly curate of St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square; O'Brien, who was incumbent of a parish in Wiltshire; Dewar, who was vicar of Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire; and Dawson, who had a curacy in the West of England. With the exception of the last-named, all these gentlemen have been ten years and upwards clergymen of the Established Church.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAUOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 15,
NEW SERIES. }

MARCH, 1867.

{ No. 1,215,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE GREAT STOREHOUSE OF GRACE AND MERCY, AND ALL COMERS WELCOME THEREUNTO.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts."—MAL. iii. 10.

PRECIOUS words, dear reader, and from our heart we believe that, if we were as ready to *receive* as the Lord is ready to *bestow*, we should realize more fully what the poet means when he says:—

"Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplications sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'"

Oh, what words are those of our dear and loving Lord to His disciples: "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." We measure our God by our own little contracted selves. We think of Him as we think of our poor frail fellow-men. We forget His own gracious description of Himself: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. lv. 8, 9). The Lord's delight is to *surprise* His people—to fill them, by His own gracious acts and His own marvellous interpositions, with *adoring wonder* and *astonishment*. He raises their hopes and expectations, never—never to disappoint them. As with Martha and Mary, He allows matters to assume the very worst and most discouraging aspect; "He brings down their

hearts with labour, so that they shall have no strength shut up on the left." He divests them of all creature-hope and fleshly confidence. "Refuge fails," and say they, "No man careth for my soul." Then, when *thus* crushed and broken in spirit, as a last hope and as their only resource, they turn a languishing eye to Him, but, feeling how basely they have acted—with what selfishness and ingratitude—again they estimate the Lord's character by their own and that of their fellow-men: they think they have so sinned, and have treated Him with so much baseness, as that there can be now no hope of a kindly and gracious reception. But, ah! in all this how we fail to recognize what He is, and how great His mercy! We forget that He is God, and not man. We overlook the great and glorious fact, that "He delighteth in mercy;" and that it is His good will and pleasure to take poor sinners again and again and again *just as they are*; bringing them again and again, in an almost endless variety of way, to prove the blessedness of the privilege—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt *welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve*.
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine—yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Now this is the point, beloved—to come again and again—at *last* as well as *at first*, "JUST AS I AM;" nothing—absolutely nothing—in self but a poor, helpless, vile, worthless creature; still a pauper—still a beggar—still a poor, unworthy, ill-and-hell-deserving suppliant. No merit—no comeliness—no ground whatever in self or of self, why one should be accepted; and yet, at the same time, pleading the merits—the blood—the righteousness—the perfection—the strength—the covenant pledge, of a covenant Head; the laying hold of a precious Christ, and declaring (Jacob-like), "I will not let thee go, except Thou bless me."

"I can no denial take,
Whilst I plead for Jesus' sake."

Look, beloved, at the connexion of our text. The canon of the Old Testament Scriptures was about to be closed. One of the last of the prophets was called to give his testimony. A season of dearth was coming, and, from appearances, it would seem as though "God had forgotten to be gracious," as far as His promises of a Messiah were concerned. All bespoke darkness, deadness, and desolation. We could understand men saying then, as now, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Wellnigh 400 years—nearly as long as Israel sojourned in Egypt—had yet to

elapse ere the promise was ripe, and would be fulfilled; and yet the Lord, in the opening of the chapter whence our text is taken, graciously says, "Behold, I will send my Messenger, and He shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. iii. 1). Then the Holy Ghost testifies by the prophet of the twofold effect of His coming. He was both to destroy and to deliver. He would bring destruction upon His enemies, but a cleansing, and a purifying, and a saving of His friends. And mark you, reader, as such was the twofold effect of His first coming, so in like manner shall be His second coming. Destruction to His enemies, who would not that He should reign over them, or who falsely and sacrilegiously assumed His name and His work; and deliverance to His chosen and redeemed ones.

Then, after a declaration of His character as the unchangeable, immutable Jehovah, and a loving and gracious admonition, He exhorts them to return from their waywardness and their wanderings. This is followed by a condescending recognition of the fruits of faith and evidence of their sincerity. "Bring ye," says the Lord, "all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house." How very merciful was this, seeing that the Lord could do without these! He was by no means dependent upon His creatures for such contributions. Hence He declares, in the 50th Psalm, "I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds. For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?" (verses 9—13). But, in the words before us, there was significant proof of the Lord's tenderness and mercy, in that He would recognize the observance of His own express ordinances; that He would thus test His people, and in connexion give them an opportunity of testing Him. As much as to say, "You do the part I have commanded you, and see whether or not I will do mine."

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts." Christ being the sum and substance of the law, and all the ordinances and appointments under the old or Levitical dispensation, having an eye to Christ, the every contribution of the every comer was a virtual recognition of Christ, and a rendering obeisance to Him. Hence the Apostle, in the 9th of Hebrews, testifies to the fact, that "the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh." That is, inasmuch as it was Jehovah's appointment, and as it was intended to set forth both the necessity for, and the nature of, the great atonement which was to be made in the fulness of time by the antitypical Lamb, so it was acceptable to God, and, as far as type, figure, or representation went, was perfect, and placed the offerer acceptably before God. Such observer of God's will

was rendering obedience to God's command, and this was well pleasing in His sight. Thus Abel, having an eye to a living sacrifice, presented that which was acceptable to God. The faith of the offerer rested in and upon the person and sacrifice of Christ, and now says the Lord, in the words of our text, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house." Let me see these proofs of your reverence for my appointments, and esteem for my sanctuary. Evidence your love. Show the practical working of your belief in me. Witness by these acts that you are building your hopes and expectations upon the appearing of that Just One of whom prophet after prophet has written, and type after type has symbolized. Then will I recognize these acts. You shall have an opportunity of "proving me now herewith." I will accept these your services. I will acknowledge them by a kind and gracious return. Yea, I challenge you. You may put me to the severest test. You may try me to the utmost. You may watch my hand, and scrutinize my dealings.

But before we pass on, we venture to say, beloved, that there is something very blessed in the expression, "that there may be meat in my house." If you look at the first of Isaiah, there appears to be that which was directly counter to the language before us. "Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood." This apparent contradiction is accounted for thus: the Lord was there speaking to the "rulers of Sodom," to the "people of Gomorrah;" by which we understand men sunk in wickedness even as the inhabitants of the cities of the plain were. Their services were hypocritical, and therefore unacceptable: theirs was a worship of *profession*, not *power*; the outward and formal, not the inward and spiritual. Their services centred in self, not in Christ. They sought to commend themselves, not Christ. The type and the symbol were rested in as the reality and the object, and not regarded as the mere shadow reflecting the Substance—the less leading on and on to the Greater. Hence both themselves and their services were rejected.

In the language before us, however, the case widely differs. Here, as we have endeavoured to show, the Lord is calling upon His people to render obedience to His law, in the way and manner He has laid down, simply and entirely with an eye to Christ, and thus their ser-

vices are acceptable to Him. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, *that there may be meat in mine house.*" What are these tithes but the first-fruits? "But who am I, and what is my people," said the Psalmist, "that we should be able to offer so willingly after their sort: *for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own we have given Thee.* . . . O Lord God, all this store that we have prepared to build Thee an house for Thine holy name, *cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own.*"

Thus we see that everything that is acceptable to God comes first *from* God. It is the fruit and operation of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of His redeemed, and thus must be acceptable to Him. Thus it is with these tithes that are brought into the storehouse. And the following are the blessed effects: a poor sinner, feeling his need of Christ, sees and hears from his fellow-sinner how *he* has been received and dealt with at the footstool of mercy. Having been made to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," He has been drawn by the cords of love—the unseen but irresistible constraining of the Holy Ghost—to this wondrous storehouse of Divine mercy, grace, and love. He has heard the gracious welcome, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." He has thus been constrained to partake of the provision so richly and in so timely a way provided. He has realised its strengthening effects; he has felt how far it has surpassed all and everything of earth; he has been led, by this personal partaking of what God has provided in Zion, to know something of what the Lord meant when He said to His disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of;" and thus, out of the fulness of his heart, has he commended the wondrous fruits of this glorious storehouse to the use of his fellow-men.

And we see the precious effects of such commendation. The results consequent upon the personal participation to which we have adverted are apparent to the thoughtful and awakened observer; and such results give weight and dignity and power to the invitation, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what He hath done for my soul." Others are encouraged to follow in their footsteps. They take knowledge of them that "they have been with Jesus." They say, "We will go with you, for we perceive that the Lord is with you." They see, by comparison, the peace and the joy and the satisfaction of which the followers of Jesus are the subjects. They see that there is no provision like that which the Gospel affords. They are convinced that

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

Christ becomes the one great Object of their desires and hopes and

expectations. Tremblingly they cry, "If *I may* but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be whole." The language of such convicted ones is altogether changed. Christ is no longer to them as "a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness"—no longer do they say, "We will not have this Man to reign over us," but modestly and importunately do they exclaim, "Lord, if Thou *wilt*, Thou *canst* make me clean."

Reader, is it not so? and have you not again and again both seen on the part of others, and felt for yourself, that what the Lord has done for your fellow-sinners has had such a marvellous effect upon your own heart? These examples and proofs and evidences of the precious operation of a full and free salvation, have been attended with such a cheering and encouraging effect. "He heard *others*—He helped *others*—He saved *others*; why not *me*?"

"I can but perish, if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

"But can I die, with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried?
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died."

And, beloved reader, does not this furthermore bring out most beautifully and blessedly the truth spoken of in immediate connexion with the words of our text, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him?" Be assured that a very, very large proportion of the hints and helps and hopes which the dear members of the household of faith have experienced and enjoyed on pilgrimage, have arisen, instrumentally, through and by the power of the Holy Ghost, from their intercourse and communion with each other. As with the disciples on their way to Emmaus, the twos and threes of the Lord's family "have talked together of all the things that had happened." Oh, how often whilst they thus "commune together and reason," *Jesus Himself draws near*, and walks with them, and then He communes also in His own precious soul-bedewing, fear-assuaging, hope-reviving way. How gently, and how graciously does He put the question, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk, and are sad?" Ah, yes, it is sadness, and dearth, and desolation, when Jesus is absent as to manifestation. His withdrawals are so desolating, when His voice is not heard, and His footsteps not known; when He leads by a way that we know not, and in paths that we have not seen, our flesh fails, and our fears arise; but oh, when again He condescendingly draws nigh—just at the needed moment, in the very nick of time, when our souls are languishing, and our fears are prevailing, and our faith is indeed weak; oh, how He endears Himself—yea, more than if He had not withdrawn Himself! Oh, how precious are His communings when He "expounds unto us in all the Scriptures the things concern-

ing Himself." Yes, it is Himself—His own divine Person—that constitutes the one great and glorious theme.

"All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be beloved and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew.
Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

What follows these communings—these divine and precious unfoldings—but that of which the disciples spake, when they exclaimed, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" And, moreover, to what do such testimonies lead, but to a further participation and enjoyment of the provisions in the great storehouse of love and mercy, for we read—and it is precisely so now—that as "they told what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread, and as they thus spake, *Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them*, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

Reader, what an encouragement should this be in prompting us to seek the Lord in and by the various ordinances which He has graciously and condescendingly appointed. Do mark the course adopted by these disciples. See you how they met—how they talked—how they acted; and mark also the Lord's appearing *as* and *after* they were thus engaged; teaching us that we are not to wait for the *peace* and the *joy* *before* we call upon the Lord, but to hope for it *in* the waiting.

And now, dear reader, permit us to ask, Do you not see from what has been advanced, somewhat of the peculiar blessedness arising out of this saying of our Lord and Master, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, *that there may be meat in mine house?*"

We may have failed to convey ourselves—it is only the Lord the Spirit can do this—but we have for ourselves seen and felt peculiar blessedness in the thought. We see that the Lord does condescendingly and graciously make such use of His children, in their contact one with another. His own work in the hearts of His redeemed He so acknowledges. The faith He bestows is so fruit-bearing. He so illustrates in man and by man the salvation He has provided for man. The comparing of notes—the interchange of thought and feeling—are ordained of God to be so refreshing and establishing. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." These communings lead to the fresh realization and rejoicing in the fact, that there is (blessed be God!) "meat in mine house."

Now permit us to give one among the many examples which might be quoted. Prompted no doubt by fellow-feeling arising from the remarks which we were led to make in our last leading article, a beloved correspondent writes thus in a letter just now received from Colchester:—

"I have now to tell you what I feel sure will give you pleasure, and call forth your praise to our prayer-answering God. I imagine you will recollect that my son, the Rev. H. H——, has been a source of the intensest anxiety

to me from his birth, and his entering the *ministry* in an unconverted state caused me bitter anguish; but (to be short) it pleased the Lord, of His wonderful grace, to convince him suddenly (last February the 20th) of his lost estate as a sinner. His anguish of soul for three days and nights was pitiable, but then he was *enabled* to lay hold of Christ; and from that time he has been growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus. Thus my thirty-six years of praying and tears have been abundantly answered. My other son, whom you may recollect seeing at Captain D——'s, in Dublin, a *young mid.*, is now a lieutenant of three years' standing, and in the Mediterranean. He is much *arrested* by the change in his brother, and anything but indifferent to his soul's interest. Will you ask the Lord to work irresistibly on his heart? The poor D——'s are in great affliction, the Lord having taken their youngest daughter; but her end was glorious."

By the same post is a letter from Tenby:—

"I assure you, dear sir, your most suitable and experimental portions are food to my poor soul, when sometimes very low in feeling, and especially in the anxious thoughts for those most dear on earth, that they may be one with Jesus. I know 'nothing is too hard' for the dear Lord to do; but when I know a dear parent's life to all appearance hangs as it were on a thread, how it makes me long for a *good hope through grace* for him. I earnestly pray that I may be granted that unspeakable mercy before he departs. I pray you may be spared many years yet to talk to us as it were upon the blessed realities which are known only to those who long to be for ever with the Lord."

By the same post, a bereaved one from Philadelphia writes:—

"I sometimes feel that the burden is too great to be borne, and am left to question the Providence that took my dear husband from me—why one so good and kind, so full of life and health, should go. But the question answers itself. It was because he was ripe for glory. He had finished his course, and God took him that we might be drawn heavenward, that our eyes might be opened to see what an idol I had made of the creature. But, at times, I am enabled to cast all care at Jesus' feet, trusting to Him and in Him for every blessing and comfort I enjoy and feel. He is my only refuge, and I am made to praise the Lord, that poor needy sinners have such a retreat from every storm."

Reader, observe in these three letters only, what a diversity of experience, and yet all tending the same way; each writer intimate with the self-same God of all our mercies; each clearly evidencing a familiarity with the throne of grace, and the habitude of resorting to the great storehouse of mercy, love, and goodness of which we have testified. Oh, how refreshing are these facts! How do they endear to us a precious Christ! How do such writers witness to His divine all-sufficiency, love, and tenderness! Oh that He may continue to remember these correspondents, and visit them according as He seeth they need; and oh that these His gracious helps and merciful interpositions may, in these last days of rebuke and blasphemy, encourage others to betake themselves unto *Him*—HIM—that MIGHTY HIM who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

Dear reader, for the present here we must leave the subject. It may be the Lord will lay it upon our heart, to take up in our next the latter clause of this precious portion. Meanwhile may the Holy Ghost apply what has been penned to the glory of His great name and the comfort and edification of many souls.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, Feb. 6, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE FALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"In Adam all die."

It is very necessary that we have right views of the degradation of human nature through the fall of Adam, our federal head; for, if wrong here, we are wrong everywhere. We know that there are many amiable persons who, if they will allow of the fall of our first parents, cannot receive the fact that the consequences descend to Adam's posterity. We shall endeavour by the Spirit's help at this season to show that this is so, bringing Scripture evidence to establish the assertion. Now,

I. THE ACCOUNT OF THE FALL

is familiar to all Bible readers—we have it at the third chapter of the Book of Genesis. God placed our first parents in the garden of Eden; out of the ground therein He made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food: the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the fruit of which God commanded them not to eat; but the serpent, more subtle than any beast of the field, tempted Eve to eat of this forbidden fruit. At first she resisted the temptation, affirming to the serpent that God had declared, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And Eve fell under the temptation; she listened to the words of the serpent, before the commands of God. She saw that the fruit "was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked." Then was the voice of the Lord God heard, and the guilty pair hid themselves; but how vain the attempt to hide themselves from the all-seeing One! Dissemblance concerning their guilt was made, and the Lord God cursed the serpent above all cattle and every beast of the field, uttering those memorable words which described the fall, and foreshadowed the remedy from its consequences: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head [*i. e.*, *He*, Christ, shall pound thy seat of power], and thou shalt bruise his heel [*i. e.*, thou, the serpent, shall strike merely His back parts]; and then, having pronounced solemn words of condemnation upon the woman and her husband, He drove them out of the garden of Eden. "Yes," say some, "this is a mere allegory." No such thing. We must recollect that the Bible is "THE TRUTH." It is God's revealed will to His people. Besides, if the fall of man were allegorical, so might the redemption be allegorical also. But no, the latter is a fact, and so is the former; and we must insist upon this. But let the Scriptures prove themselves: *e. g.*, the apostle Paul looked at it as a fact, for he says to the Corinthian Church, "I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ" (2 Cor. xi. 3); and to Timothy he affirms, "For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression" (1 Tim. ii. 13, 14). This, then,

will suffice to establish the fact of the fall, and to banish the thought of its being a mere allegory. We proceed to notice,

II. THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE FALL OF ADAM.

1. *It brought death into the world and all our woe.*—This was conveyed in the words of the Lord God to our first parents upon the discovery of their guilt: "Unto the woman He said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children: and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. And unto Adam He said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And that this did not apply merely to Adam personally, but to all his posterity, is evident, for the Scriptures declare, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Which brings us to another consequence of the fall, viz.,

2. *All are born in sin.*—"No," say some. "Man acquires vice by imitation; he is born with some amount of inherent good, which, if cultivated, will develop itself in virtue." Such a position is not merely contrary to God's word, but contrary to what we witness ourselves. For instance, how often do we see the children of God-fearing parents, who are brought up to look upon virtuous conduct, yet manifest abundant proof that they are by nature passionate, malignant, and unforgiving! We see this every day. We are not undervaluing early training. God forbid. But, with all, do we not see abundant proof of the fact, that "man is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity?" We are, saith the Apostle, "by nature children of wrath, even as others." And then, still further, man is not merely born in sin as the result of the fall, but

3. *Is corrupt and perverse in all his ways.*—Moses, as the prophet of the Most High, gives the testimony of Deity that this is so. "God saw the wickedness of man was great, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." And David is constantly dwelling upon this fact (one which, poor weak, erring man, he must have felt the force of in his own experience): men "are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good." "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and did seek God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, *not one.*" But a step further,

4. *By nature man cannot receive the things of God.*—"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually discerned.*" We see proofs of this again and again; men, deeply taught in the wisdom of this world, who can unravel deep problems in various branches of science, who at the same time manifest a profound ignorance of the things of God, while a poor unlettered cottager, who has never had a day's schooling in his life, yet, if taught by the Spirit of God, judgeth wisely and correctly concerning Jehovah's scheme of salvation.

and is clear enough upon the doctrines of grace and the fundamentals of the religion of Jesus; nay, further, not merely cannot a man receive the things of God who is blinded by the god of this world, but

5. *He is decidedly opposed to them.*—As our Saviour declared, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." "He seeth wickedness also," said Zophar, "but he *will not consider it*;" and our Lord explains why "every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, *lest his deeds should be reproved.*" The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God; neither indeed can be.

If, then, it be true, as we have seen, that through the consequences of the fall man by nature is "born in sin," is "corrupt in all his ways," "cannot receive the things of God," nay, is "decidedly opposed to them," it must follow that *he cannot of himself do anything towards his salvation.* He cannot himself work a remedy for his disease. This is affirmed by Solomon, who asks, "Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?" and by a greater than Solomon, who declares, "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much sope, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." How then can we be saved? This brings us to

III. THE REMEDY.

"By grace ye are saved."

"In Adam I'm undone,
Condemn'd, defil'd, enslav'd;
In Jesus, and in Him alone,
I'm justified and saved."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

But can he believe of himself? Oh, no. *Faith is the gift of God.* Peter is sent by the Lord to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles—note his testimony. "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as He did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; what was I that I could withstand God?" First, then, comes the gift of the Holy Ghost, He gives the hearing ear and the understanding heart, then the awakened one believes. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; *it is the gift of God.*" "For unto you *it is given* in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."

Thus the remedy is the finished work of Christ. He died to deliver His people from the power of sin, as well as the punishment; and this fact may keep us from fearing that the old Adam nature will get the better of us. No, our Jesus is the stronger Man armed. He has Satan in His power; and, though he may struggle for the mastery, he shall not prevail; the flesh may, and will, lust against the Spirit, but the Spirit will conquer. "We can do all things through Christ who dwelleth in us."

And these remarks may bring us to another inquiry, viz. :—

IV. IS THE OLD ADAM NATURE EVER CHANGED?

We think not; it may be kept under, and subdued, but it is there still; as an old writer has quaintly said, "The heart of man is like a knot of little snakes wrapt up in a dunghill." And those who know anything of the

plague of their own hearts, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, will acknowledge the force of this figure; indeed it is Jeremiah's affirmation in other language, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." And the beloved John, one who enjoyed such special communion and fellowship with Jesus, said, not to the renewed, but to his brethren and sisters in the faith, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." And David, one who could give faithful testimony concerning the frailty of human nature, says, "Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? for Thy sight shall *no man living* be justified."

And every-day experience gives proof that the Old Adam nature is still within still. Let prosperity come, and, then, how elated and puffed up with pride! Let adversity come, and then, how rebellious ere the affliction is sanctified! Let temptation, and, alas! how susceptible and easily led into it, do we become; and if, through the grace of God, we are not suffered to put our secret thoughts into action, yet must we feel, that "the toad is full of poison, though he may not spit it." We, then, for one, must subscribe to ninth article of the Church of England, wherein she declares, "The infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated." And ask the dying saint whether he has anything to say in favour of the old Adam nature? He will reply, "No! indeed no. There is no perfection or holiness, but in Christ. He is the Lamb WITHOUT SPOT, and only as seen in *Him* can I feel I am pure and acceptable to God."

"Mysterious truth! the saints are all
Both black and comely too—
Black and polluted through the fall,
Comely in Jesus' view."

Let us notice some of

V. THE EXPERIMENTAL EFFECTS OF A KNOWLEDGE OF THE FALL.

1. *It brings us to a deep acquaintance of ourselves.*—And such an insight will render the injunction acceptable, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." We have never had any "confidence in the flesh" since we witnessed the fall of a child of God. We say "child of God," for we could not doubt it. There was an unction about his prayers, a sweetness about his writings, that commended them to God's people, and he mixed much with those who loved Christ, and was looked up to in the prominent position he took in connexion with the house of God; and yet we saw that man so tipsy, that he was obliged to be held in the chaise after which he tarnished his character as a husband, robbed his employers, and the last we heard of him was that he was in prison. It is with pain we narrate such a case. Years have rolled away since then, and we have no doubt ere this he has been brought back again, by terrible things, in righteousness; but the circumstance has left such an indelible impression upon our mind, that we repeat, we have lost all "confidence in the flesh." And then,

2. *A knowledge of the fall brings one to "humility of spirit."*—Let us have an insight into what we are by nature, and we shall feel that there is no room for pride. What are we better than others? Solomon, who looked well into the heart, tells us some humbling things of poor human nature. He says, "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not. Also take no heed unto all words that are spoken; lest thou

hear thy servant curse thee: for [mark!] oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others." Reader, it is deeply humiliating to be told plainly these things; but are they not true, and must they not level in the dust creature-pride? We may think ourselves more holy and righteous than our neighbours, but a look within will banish all such puffings-up, and we shall be obliged to acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am." And then,

3. *A knowledge of the fall brings us to see the need of the atonement.*—If we were born clean, we should not need cleansing. If not "born in sin," there would be no need of such a remedy as the atonement for sin: but the provisions of God's plan of salvation were all needed—the fall was great, the atonement must be great.

Lastly. *A knowledge of one's self, drives us to the throne of grace.*—It will deliver one from all reliance upon creature-works, and will bring one to say and feel,

"Simply to Thy cross I cling."

If a man be not clear upon the fall, he will be found leaning upon self; but, when one is taught by the Spirit what he is by nature, he will acknowledge, with overwhelming gratitude,

"I am a sinner saved by grace;"

and in this character will he be ever approaching the throne for fresh help.

In conclusion then, we would say, that we may most certainly infer that the doctrine of the depravity of human nature, through the fall of Adam, our federal head, is supported by Scripture, and is a doctrine of the Bible; and it may be observed that, in dealing with it, as with other fundamental points, we have adhered to "*Thus saith the Lord*;" for our growing conviction is, that what saith man is of little moment; it is what the Lord Jehovah saith about it. This is our stronghold, and we may safely rest upon "*His word*." And what a mercy, dear reader, if the knowledge of what we are by nature is driving us daily to Jesus with the cry, "Lord, help! I shall surely fall if Thou art not near." And thus, fearful of self every step of the way, we are led to cast ourselves, just as we are, into the keeping of Jesus, with a feeling sense that we are only safe when leaning upon and trusting in Him. Blessed be His name, He has taught us the secret that—

"In Adam's death I died,
In Adam's fall I fell,
In Jesus Christ the crucified
I'm saved from sin and hell."

South Park, Ilford, Essex.

G. O.

If things live, God is in them, and gives them life; if things move, God is in them, and gives them motion; if God withdraws Himself, they presently lose their being.

Beware of the first wrong step. Sin is of an hardening nature. It is not easy to break off bad or sinful habits; it is like rolling a stone down a hill, the further it goes, the faster it goes; so it is not easy to stop a coach in the middle of a hill.—*The late William Tiptaft.*

Anecdotes and Extracts.

“The preacher sought to find out acceptable words.”—Eccl. xii. 10.

ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF MY CONGREGATION.

BY THE REV. S. A. WALKER, M.A., RECTOR OF MARY-LE-PORT, BRISTOL.

(Continued from page 79.)

THE homilies of the Church, referred to in the thirty-fifth article, are a series of short discourses drawn up for the use of such ministers as had not the gift of preaching. They are divided into two Books, one composed in the reign of Edward VI., principally it is supposed by Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and the other in the reign of Elizabeth. They contain, for the most part, clear expositions of Christian truth, and seek, with great simplicity and power, to direct the life and conversation of those who desire to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. They are specially valuable, however, in our day, for the bold stand which they take against Popery, and their honest exposure of its corruptions. For this reason they are well worthy of our study, containing as they do a fund of valuable information, and always upholding the authority of God's word, to which they constantly refer us. It is sad to think how much they have been neglected. Perhaps, had it not been so, the Church of England would not now be so perilously exposed to the devices of Popery within and without her pale.

With such evidence of the views of the Reformers as we have in their own writings, as well as in the formularies of our Church, we might well conclude that they intended the Church of England to be decidedly Protestant. Indeed, I may venture to add that by Protestant they meant Calvinistic, as is admitted by the High Church party now. One says, “Calvin and his school were the master spirits of the Reformation,” and this we may well believe, when we are informed that Calvin himself was in constant communication with our Reformers, and that both Bucer and Martyr, friends of Calvin, and partaking his views, took an active part in everything concerning the Church after their arrival in England. Cranmer, Ridley, and the others, were of the same opinions; and we know from history, that at that period, and for some years after, the doctrines of grace, as they are called, were exclusively held by the pious ministers and members of the Reformed Church. In 1596 the archbishops and bishops drew up articles at Lambeth, which are called the Lambeth Articles, nine in number, all breathing the doctrines called Calvinistic, and all giving utterance to what would now be called by many in our Church the most extreme opinions in reference to God's electing grace, and man's predestination to eternal life in Christ Jesus.

Under these circumstances, how painful is it to observe the desire which many clergymen are now plainly avowing for a reunion between the Church of England and the Church of Rome! As if weary of their blessings derived from the Reformation, and, despising the spiritual provision which God has sent from above to feed and sustain His people, they seem determined, like the Israelites of old, to return to the slavery, de-

gradation, and corruption, from which He delivered them three hundred years ago; and many of the people who call themselves members of the Church of England love to have it so, and are lending their aid with infatuated ignorance and folly to their pastors, whose object it is to prepare them for Popery, that deadly system under which their forefathers groaned, and many of them died in prisons, on the scaffold, and in the fires of Smithfield. And what are the people to gain by the triumph of High Churchism, Ritualism, or whatever it may be called? Whoever gains, they are sure to lose. It means the triumph of priestcraft—that is, the exaltation of men who pretend to be priests, into the position of lords over God's heritage; that is, spiritual tyrants, to put their heels on the necks of the people, and compel them to lie crouching at their feet until they are pleased to release them from hell, and admit them to heaven. That is the power claimed by Roman Catholic priests; and those clergy who aspire to be priests, envying their Romish brethren their high pretensions, are struggling to have their priesthood admitted by the laity, that they may exercise over them the same degrading tyranny. What fools the laity are, not only to admit their priestly claims, but actually to assist them in carrying them into practice! What is this but to forge chains for themselves, and to open the door to the slave-driver who comes to put them on, and to drag them into captivity? Shame on English men and English women, who were born free—free because they were born in a Protestant country, where the Bible is an open volume, and where no pope, cardinal, or priest can as yet, thank God, quench the light of Gospel truth, and compel us to bow to them for pretended pardons or preparations for heaven; but where the revelation of God's finished work of salvation in Christ Jesus is still freely proclaimed, and sinners told of a way of reconciliation and return to God, free from all human interference, and independent of all human agency.

It is alleged by these High Church clergymen, and repeated by many others, that they are more honest than those called evangelical, inasmuch as they keep close to the Prayer Book, and carry out its instructions, which are decidedly popish. That I emphatically deny. The compilers of our Prayer Book were men eminent for their decidedly Protestant sentiments, which many of them maintained even unto the stake and the faggot. They laboured in their day, both by preaching and writing, against Romanism in all its forms, and it was not likely that the Book which they knew would mould the character of the Church of England, should encourage doctrines or practices which they abhorred. No, the Prayer Book is an eminently Protestant compilation; and if there be here and there a word or sentiment which savours of Rome, we may feel assured that the good men who inserted it there, never intended it to be taken in that sense, but in a very different one, which was understood as true and scriptural in their day, but which, from not considering the mode of expression or turn of thought familiar then, though strange perhaps now, we are apt to interpret in a way never contemplated by them. It is always well, in studying any book, the Bible and our Book of Common Prayer especially, to try and discover the character of it, not from isolated passages lighted on here and there, but from a view of the book as a whole, and from an unprejudiced comparison of one part with another. Taking the Prayer Book as an example, let us compare the Communion Service with the Articles; the Baptismal Service with Morning or Evening Prayer; the Catechism with the Collects, and so on; and, taking the entire of our Sunday Service, that

is Morning Prayer, Litany, and Communion Service, can any one say, knowing what the Romish Prayers, Litanies, and Mass are, that our pious Reformers have not succeeded in bequeathing to us a decidedly Protestant and Christian ritual, upholding the honour of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and keeping marvellously free from the doctrines and practices of Rome?

The Ritualistic party are confessedly aiming at conforming the Church of England to that of Rome. They say they want to accomplish the union of Christendom, by which they mean union between the Roman Church in the West, the Greek Church in the East, and the Anglican Church, that is the Church of England. Now, both the Roman and Greek Churches are superstitious and idolatrous. Both believe in transubstantiation, or the pretended change of a wafer, after the priest has pronounced certain words over it, into the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. Both worship the Virgin Mary and the Saints, and both believe that the priest can absolve a sinner from his sins, and thus prepare him for heaven. The Church of England loudly protests against all these abominations. Her Reformers wrote volumes against them, and many of them died in the fire for refusing to believe them; but the High Church clergy see no difficulty in uniting with these apostate and heretical Churches, notwithstanding their "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." Nay, more, all their labours now are so to assimilate the doctrines and practices of the Church of England to those of Russia and Rome, that there may be no difficulty in bringing England into the union, because, should their efforts be successful, there will be nothing in these Churches for us to object to, there will be nothing for them to require from us. I pray God that their ungodly designs may be frustrated, and that the Good Shepherd, seeing the wolf coming, will graciously hasten to the rescue of His beloved people, and save them out of his hands.

It is to familiarize the Protestant people of this country with the pageantry of the Church of Rome, that every effort is made by the Ritualists to render the services of our Church gorgeous and imposing. Hence we have our chancels and communion tables so transformed from the simplicity of former days, that, on entering a Tractarian church, one is at once reminded of the Romish altars which they have seen abroad. Carving, gilding, candles, crosses, high altars, altar pieces, altar furniture, altar cloths, gates to exclude the profane, several steps to ascend to the "holy place;" and then the ministers—oh, if Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and especially Hooper, those martyred Reformers, were to rise from their graves, and see the Anglican priests in their vestments of blue, green, scarlet, with silver and gold ornaments, and even sometimes bejewelled, what would they think of their own labours, sufferings, and death? Were they to be present at their Mass Services, and observe the bowings, crossings, genuflexions, turnings, opening and shutting of hands, extending of arms, and other mummeries practised by men calling themselves clergymen of the Church of England; could they see them fingering the bread and wine in mimicry of the priests of Rome, with the object they say of turning them into the body and blood of Christ; could they see them in full canonicals, receiving the confessions of the dupes whom they are preparing for Rome, and hear the absolution, which, with daring insult to God, they pronounce over those of whose hearts they are utterly ignorant, and of whose spiritual standing before God they can know absolutely nothing; would not these sainted men feel that, if the Church of

England were to take the form and feature which these things indicate, all that they had done and suffered was utterly in vain?

My friends, the Church of our fathers has fallen on evil days, but it is not the first time that attempts have been made by the evil one to rob her of her Protestant character, and plunge her again in the mire of Popery. In the days of Charles I., Charles II., and James II., there were traitors among ourselves who sought to unprotestantize our Church. They had a certain amount of hearers, and "many followed their pernicious ways," but God in His mercy came to the rescue, so that Rome was defeated, and the Church saved. We owe this, under God, to the evangelical character of her articles and formularies, which remain a standing testimony of her Protestant character and unswerving antagonism to Rome. We owe it, above all, to our open Bible, which papists and semi-papists have never been able, God be thanked, to close, since "the Lion of the tribe of Judah prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof," at our glorious Reformation. You and I know, with thankfulness and joy, how much of the contents of that blessed book is incorporated with our Church services, and how much therefore of Holy Scripture we who attend these services are permitted to enjoy; and so we too may trust, and not be afraid. We have still the same scriptural services, and the same open Bible. Oh, pray the Lord of the harvest that He will raise up faithful labourers, who, not ashamed of the Reformation, or of the names "Protestant" and "evangelical," which represent the principles embodied in that great event; above all, not ashamed of Jesus—His cross, His sepulchre, His Gospel—will esteem it their highest honour to be despised, neglected, and even persecuted, for proclaiming His full, free, and electing grace, made sure, without any human power or priestly intervention, to all the family of God, "chosen in Christ out of mankind, and brought by Him to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour." This is the glory which God seeks in this work, and this is the wisdom that empties fallen man of his pride, and prepares him for the mercies of Calvary, and the glories of the kingdom that will soon be revealed. May God the Spirit commend it to our souls!

In conclusion, let me say, my dear friends, that we have reason to thank God for the simple, unostentatious services which we are permitted to enjoy in our own Church. We do not miss the sensual ritual of those Churches that ape the pomp and parade of Rome. May our tastes in that respect ever remain simple and unpretending as they are, satisfied with spiritual food, and not craving the carnal devices of a more corrupt system. May Jesus in our midst be to us altar, incense, vestments, and priesthood, and His word, brought home to our ears and hearts by the Holy Ghost, be sweeter and more entertaining than a chorus of angels. Yet we must not be indifferent to the manner in which our Church services are conducted, or the sort of united worship which we offer to God. It is one of the pleas which the Ritualists employ in favour of their theatrical displays, that they seek to elevate the character of our services, which they allege are cold, bald, and lifeless, and often very irreverently conducted, both by minister and people. Perhaps there is some truth in this allegation; but then, it is not by turning our churches into theatres and opera-houses, that the defect is to be remedied. There is a much more simple course which may be adopted for giving more life to our congregational worship, and rendering our services more devotional, and so more interesting and impressive. It is by the members of the congregation bearing their part

in prayer and praise, and not supposing that they come to the house of God to be prayed and sung to. I have, as you will bear witness, my dear friends, in several of my annual addresses, adverted to this subject; and now I must implore you to remove this reproach of the Ritualists, as far as you are concerned, from the opponents of Romish practices in our Church, by the adoption of a more becoming and practical view of your duties as members of a Christian congregation. Take your part in the prayers by accompanying the officiating minister, as prescribed in our liturgy. You cannot think what a difference the general responding of the congregation makes in the effect of the service, besides the attention which it secures from each member; and then let all who can, join heartily in the singing, led by the organ and the choir. So anxious am I to encourage this, that I request our friends who kindly lead the singing, to select the most familiar tunes, which I think we can say they do. I would not have singing disfigured by attempts on the part of those to whom God has given no musical faculty whatever, but these, I should suppose, are very few; and I know that a little cultivation on the part of most will enable them to bear their part in so important a portion of our worship, without injury to the general effect. Do, my dear people, try to make our services, as far as in you lies, more lively and devotional, that the cultivators of an imposing ceremonial and of choral performances may not say of us that we need their aid to relieve us from our dulness and frigidity, and to teach us how to worship God with the fervour due to such a hallowed and inspiring act.

And now, my dear friends, "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified." My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may be so built up and established in the faith, that the great crisis which is coming on our Church may find you prepared, and that, when parties take their respective sides for the forthcoming struggle, you will be found enlisted under the banner of the great Captain, determined, through grace, to do battle, without compromise and without fear, for the glorious truths proclaimed from the cross and the sepulchre, and restored to us at the Reformation; and may God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be your strength and your salvation, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Your affectionate Friend and Pastor,

SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER.

St. Mary-le-Port, New Year's Day, 1867.

MEDITATION VIII.

BY A. TRIGGS.

OH, sing, my soul, of mercies sure as these!
 Forget not, day by day, to speak the fame
 Of one Jehovah—the one Alehim—
 The God of Israel, and thy own Father;
 Bless Him, thy God, for giving thee His Son;
 Bless Him also for giving thee to Him;
 Bless Him for life and strength, and health and food,
 And bless Him alway while thy life shall last,

Ascribing blessing, honour, glory, pow'r
 To Him who is thy Father and thy God.
 Also that glorious truth, my soul, admire;
 Yea, ponder o'er its sacred contents,
 As is declared by the word of God
 That is; by God the Father sanctified.
 O glorious blessing! who can fully trace
 The heights and depths that in Thy bosom dwell;
 With all the vast contents of sacred love,
 That is by Thee set forth to sinful men.
 They set apart, by God the Father's love,
 Vessels of mercy to be fill'd with grace,
 All sanctified for the Master's use,
 And all unto His glory and His praise.
 This most stupendous, boundless act of God
 Fills my redeemed soul with love and thanks;
 For, being thus once set apart by God,
 It stands unalter'd through eternity:
 'Tis fixed in Him, th' unchanging God,
 And they a people for Himself are found.
 O sacred deep! thy limits pass all thought;
 No finite mind can e'er thy depths explore,
 Nor understanding stretch to comprehend
 The full displays of glory and of grace,
 As is set forth in God's most holy word.
 But stop not here, but follow on, my soul;
 In sweet employ, let all thy thoughts proceed
 To learn the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths
 Of glorious truths, that in the Gospel shine.
 Justification is a word profound,
 The love-act of the Father in the Son,
 And viewed in Him without iniquity,
 Before the mountains and the hills had birth.
 To this dear truth the Scriptures fully speak,
 That God no sin in Jacob doth behold,
 Nor see transgression in His Israel;
 Eternally they are all justified.
 Thus love, and the foreknowledge of our God,
 Do meet and shine in streams of purest light,
 With everlasting mercy and rich grace,
 In these unchanging acts unto the Church.
 Predestination now I hear proclaim'd,
 A sweet and precious truth unto my soul;
 Predestinated to be sons of God,
 And to the image of the Son conform'd.
 This sacred truth in blessed union stands,
 With free adoption, to be sons of God.
 And thus we trace effects up to the Cause,
 Into the fulness of eternal love;
 And freely ascribe all unto the praise
 And glory of the riches of His grace;
 Our gracious God and loving Father too,
 The God and Father of our Saviour Christ.

MAN hath a power to devise and imagine, but no power to effect and
 cute of himself. God wants no more power to effect what He will, than
 wants understanding to know what is fit.

A WEEK OR TWO IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 659.)

Sept. 7.—Soon after reaching Waterford, to-day, met our dear old friend, Sandford, with two other clerical brethren. Eight years had told upon us all. How many had passed away during that time! Not a few of those who used to meet at the Bishop's palace, at our happy monthly clerical meetings, had gone to their long home. This fact, as well as the present excited state of Ireland, afforded much material for conversation, as well as the change in our own positions, and the diversified claims of our several spheres of labour. One finds at such times, and in such meetings as these, the force of that Scripture, as "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." As intimated in a former paper, dear Sandford was one of the first friends we met in the sister isle, twenty years ago. It was, therefore, a cause of real delight, thus so unexpectedly to meet our old friend again. Our pleasure was heightened, in consequence of our having just come from Templemore, where were our former mutual labours in connexion with famine scenes. We could not, therefore, unitedly look back and converse upon these scenes together, with all that we had experienced since, without a grateful sense of the goodness and mercy which have followed us.

Towards evening of this day, we once again set out for Bonmahon, rendered memorable to us by the ten thousand mercies in connexion with our long sojourn there. Ah, how natural all seems! The route thither presents precisely its old appearance. Nought seems changed in the least degree. No improvement—no advancement whatever, in point of buildings and the reclaiming of waste lands, as in other places; but there is a dearth and a desolation pervading all.

A two to three hours' drive brings us to the dear old spot. Ah, there is the wide-spread sea—there the splendid cliffs, bold headlands, and that fine strand. It is so familiar, that we feel as though we had never left it. And here is the church, and there the churchyard, where the mortal remains of many of my old parishioners are reposing, till the archangel's trump shall awake the sleeping dead. What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind as we contemplate this spot! The truths proclaimed within those sacred walls, the exhortations given, the addresses by the open graves from time to time. Ah, what effects have followed! To whom has the word then spoken proved the "savour of life unto life?" To whom, alas! of "death unto death?" How solemn are these considerations!

And now we pass through the village; but the same lack of improvement is wanting, as that which marked the route hither. There stands the old "printing-school" building, but how changed! Instead of the life and activity that characterized its former appearance, it is now falling into decay. Occupied by one elderly person, in what was formerly the press-room, the rest of the building looks drear and desolate indeed. We now feel what we used to fear, namely, that we could never remain in this small parish if those schools were closed. The want of a larger sphere and more occupation would have crushed the spirit.

But how pleasant it is to see once again, the faces of our former friends and parishioners. These meetings and greetings are most grateful to the heart. Old associations are revived, and a thousand thoughts come

crowding in upon us, but all to the setting forth the goodness and loving-kindness and faithfulness of our God. Twenty years ago, we drove up to this gate of a then stranger, but now to that of an old and much-loved friend and family. Then, we were entering upon our ministry and a new and untried path; now, we are looking back upon all the way by which the Lord our God hath led us. In our first walk through the village, twenty years ago, we thought it was too poor and too desolate for us ever to remain in it; we learnt, however, to regard it beyond all places, and could have been well satisfied (had our God seen fit) to have ended our days there.

The reader may rest assured that the conversation did not flag upon the first evening of our arrival at our old parish. Nay, we may say, that during each evening throughout our stay—which with scarcely an exception was passed at our dear old friend the Doctor's—there was no want of topics.

Sunday, Sept. 9, proved to be nearly as boisterous a day as we ever remember to have seen during our long sojourn in the parish. It was with the utmost difficulty we could reach the church, so severe was the storm. The sea was rolling in upon the strand, hard by which we had to pass, most majestically.

The spiritual reader can easily conceive with what feelings we sat in that church where we had so long been permitted to minister. Contracted as was our then sphere, yet how many changes had taken place! How many who had formerly worshipped with us within those walls, had now for ever passed away, or were removed from hence to lands and climes which forbid our ever meeting more, until we meet upon the shores of vast eternity! How solemn was the reflection! And, when upon the next Sabbath we once again occupied the pulpit, and gazed once more upon a congregation with which we had been so long familiar, we were reminded not only of the missing countenances beneath that roof, but likewise of the fact, that, within the last three years or thereabouts, six or seven clergymen who had ministered in that or neighbouring parishes, had been called to their great account. This gave additional solemnity to our meeting together on that day. How brief did this fact cause time to appear; how did it stamp change and vicissitude upon all things connected with this ever-changing world. How did it enforce the desirableness and necessity of setting one's affections upon things above, and not upon things on the earth. How did God's providence thus respond to God's word. How loudly did it proclaim the great fact, that "here we have no continuing city."

We were greatly pleased and edified with the clearness and earnestness and affection which characterized the ministrations of the clergyman who now occupies the pulpit of Monksland.

On two or three evenings subsequently, we were privileged again to meet in the schoolhouse, where we had formerly been permitted so long to minister. Singular as it may appear, of the two we used to realize more of the Lord's presence here in ministering, than in the church of Monksland. We could hardly account for it, unless it was that these services were marked with more warmth and power. Moreover, the fact that they were invariably *evening* services, may have had somewhat to do with it. The singing, too, as united in by many of the poor Roman Catholic girls, gave additional warmth and zest to the services. Some of our songs of praise were sung with a sweetness and a power, that renders

those hymns and tunes ever memorable. Who that heard those poor Romanists sing,

“Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;”

or,

“Poor Mary, the Master is come,”

can ever forget them? They retain in our heart the unction and the savour to this day.

There was one feeling, however, which possessed us on this our renewed visit to these sacred spots, and that was, the impossibility of reviving the emotions enkindled by the Spirit at the time and under the circumstances in which we formerly ministered. No, they were gone—they had subsided: it was only the self-same Spirit that could revive or renew them. No creature-power nor fleshly effort could produce it afresh. And, if we had not had plain matter-of-fact in proof, we should have been ready to call in question the reality of our ever having been enabled to minister within those walls, in the calm, self-possessed, and happy way in which we had been permitted to do, whilst our life was at the same time imminently imperilled. Oh, how enviable were those seasons in the remembrance! Truly one could say, in the retrospect, “This is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.” Such, indeed, it often proved to our soul.

A somewhat similar feeling was enkindled, from time to time, during our recent visit, in gazing upon the building formerly used as our printing-school. But for the same matter-of-fact, we should have been ready to have deemed it a matter of impossibility, that those varied and important works had issued thence. From within that humble and now-decaying building, the renowned Dr. Gill, through his elaborate commentary, spoke far and wide—yea, to the very length and breadth of the habitable globe. 5,000 copies of Dr. Hawker’s precious Morning and Evening Portions, had been sent forth from the same source. The blessed Toplady and Hart had (so to speak) touched their lyres there, and their notes of praise had vibrated thence through many a heart. Ambrose Searle and Benjamin Keach had, through their inimitable works, within those walls, been again brought forth to the light. And this humble building was the birthplace of the now wide-spread broadsheet, *Old Jonathan*. Who, then, had the veriest idea that his literary life would have been so prolonged? that, within a few years, that first sheet would be multiplied, not into thousands merely, but millions? How little is one able to foresee events! How ill does it become any to “despise the day of small things!” How sweet is it to trace these small beginnings, and to observe the wheel within a wheel, in the kind and gracious leadings of Jehovah’s wise and wonder-working Providence!

THE spirit begins a spiritual life here to fit for an immutable life in glory hereafter, when believers will be placed on a throne that cannot be shaken, and possess a crown that shall never be taken from their heads.

There is not one perfection but may be said to be, and truly is, immutable. How cloudy would His blessedness be, if it were changeable! How dim His wisdom, if it might be obscured! How feeble His power, if it were capable to be sickly, &c. Mercy would lose much of its lustre, if it could change into wrath, and justice much of its dread, if it could be turned into mercy.

Pilgrim Papers.

CHANGES NOT A BAD SIGN.

How many are the changes through which the people of God are called to pass, both internally and externally! Some of them can say with David, "My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing." It is better to sigh for what is good, than to sing of what is evil. The Lord usually teaches His dear children to *sigh* for salvation before He helps them to *sing* of it. How many persons there are who often lightly sing about salvation who were never led by the Holy Spirit to sigh for it! Plenty can be found who sing of it; but where can we find those who sigh after it? Reader, I don't ask you if you are in the habit of singing about salvation, but I solemnly ask you if you ever sighed after it? Remember that bitter sighing must precede sweet singing. None sing so sweetly of salvation, as those who have bitterly sighed for it.

When the blessed Spirit of the Lord causes a poor sinner to sigh for salvation, He does not leave him there, but gently, and in some instances quickly, leads him on step by step till He enables him to sing of it. This is a change which God the Holy Ghost can alone effect. When it is brought about, the subject of it can "sing of His righteousness, and His mercy, and judgment." Then is fulfilled the precious text, "They shall sing in the ways of the Lord:" not sing *of* the ways of the Lord, but *in* them.

In Psalm xiii. 2, the Psalmist asks, "How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?" Heart-sorrows are what some of the Lord's people are well acquainted with, they being seldom far apart, or far apart from them. But the Holy Spirit can enable them to pass from heart-sorrow to heart-joy in a very little time. He can make a road from one to the other in the sick chamber, or when business fails, or the family is scattered, and turns out rebellious. My dear sorrowing Christian friend, Jesus, who was a Man of sorrows, is near you, looking on you, and one precious word dropped from His mouth into your sorrowing heart, would enable you to say, "My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation;" "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." Spiritual sorrows are better than sinful joys. Christian friend, you will empty the cup of sorrow shortly, but your cup of joy will be kept full through eternity. "In His presence is fulness of joy." While here on earth, at times you may feel no joy; but, when the Lord takes you to Himself, in heaven, you will feel no sorrow. Sorrow and sighing will have fled; oh for a heart to say, "Come, Lord Jesus!"

The living family of God experience various changes—from sinking to sing. They do not always feel mounting up as on eagles' wings. Though they are really going to a very high place, yet they sometimes feel as if they were sinking into a very low one, even "in deep mire where there is no standing." Here is the place where the Lord teaches His dear people what real prayer is—how to pray without formality. The cry of the soul is then, "Lord, be merciful unto *me*, and raise me up." Here is where the child of God feels His own weakness, and the Lord's strength. How merciful, good, and gracious the all-wise and unchangable God is to those who feel themselves the subjects of so many changes! Friend, where are you in respect to the feelings of your soul—sinking or rising?

So far as you are concerned, you may, for a time, sink low, as to be beyond human help and hope; but you cannot sink beyond the reach of the arm of the omnipotent Saviour. Others have been brought low—aye, as low as you are—yet *He* helped them, even when none else could. The good Lord increase thy faith. Thy cry, “Lord, help me,” will not be always forgotten. Many a dear child of God, for days and weeks together, can’t get beyond a “Lord, help me.” It is a blessed sign to have such a cry in the heart, when going into the pulpit, pew, Sunday-school, factory, fields, shop, House of Lords, House of Commons, hospital, when about to undergo a painful operation, when tempted to sin, or on a dying bed. None value the help of God like those who feel they have none of their own. That poor soul is most assuredly *not* left of God, who from his heart is crying out, “Lord, help me.” No man unhelped of God could cry out for His gracious help.

On some occasions the Lord’s children are “dumb with silence,” having no heart-liberty, nor tongue-liberty. At such times they feel much, but cannot express what they feel. Honest-hearted people do not desire to talk at random; neither do they wish any gap to be between what they feel in their hearts, and speak with their tongues. The tongue may be silent when the heart is active. The internal work of the Holy Spirit does not so much affect the tongue as the heart, although He can, and does, make use of man’s tongue in “talking of His doings.” Nothing is so much calculated to prevent Satan making use of the tongue, as the blessed work of the Holy Ghost felt in the heart. Those who can, like the Psalmist, humbly talk of God’s righteousness, will not proudly speak of their own unrighteousness. How abundant is tongue-religion! How scarce is heart-religion! Children who keep on talking while at their meals, do not generally feed so well as those who keep quiet. Talking Christians may not be after all the best feeders at the Gospel table. “In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.” Many study to talk; but the Bible says, “Study to be quiet.” Oh for wisdom to speak the right words, at the right time, in the right place, and in the right spirit! Right words may be spoken in a wrong spirit.

Another change the follower of Christ experiences is that from fear to courage. “But,” says one, “I am more acquainted with fear than courage.” You can say with one of old, “Fear was on every side.” It is not very pleasant to be “troubled on every side.” Yet somehow or other the Lord finds His way through all the fears and troubles of His people, and so strengthens their souls, as to enable them to say, “I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.” “Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.” What a mercy to be kept from heart-fear when in the midst of enemies! The writer, some few years ago, while in a weak state of body, was the subject of a long and severe temptation that some dreadful thing would occur to him. It followed him from time to time till it was acting injuriously upon his health. He thought he would go for a change of air, &c., to see if he could get rid of it. However, a particular Friend of his—the Lord Jesus Christ—prompted him one summer evening to go alone upon a high hill. He went, and, while there, began to pour out his heart before the Lord, and to tell Him what he feared and felt. Access was felt to the Lord, and he felt at home in spreading his case out to the God of heaven and earth, and in begging Him to interpose, and cause a way of escape. This went on for a short time, when a most blessed answer came from the King

eternal, in these words: "Speak no more to me, of this matter, I will be better to thee than all thy fears." To my readers these words may not have much weight, but the speaking of them to the writer's heart by the Lord, brought such relief—ay, something more than relief, they brought comfort, strength, and courage, and drew out the soul in wonder, love, and praise. Oh the condescension of the Lord in hearing and answering the cry of poor fearing trembling believers! The unworthy worm who was so helped and delivered from his fears by the Lord, went down the hill with very different feelings from those he had when he went up it. He carried a heavy burden up, but left it there. This was better than going for a change of air. Oh, what a mercy it is to be kept from taking a wrong step while suffering from severe temptation! Some may ask, "Has the temptation ever returned since?" Yes, but never with such power as before; for the mind would turn to the words dropped into the soul from the mouth of God, "I will be better to thee than all thy fears," &c. It is worth a thousand worlds to have a word from God to rely on; and those blessed soul-refreshing words of the living God generally are spoken home to the heart when in great trials. Heavenly messages mostly come through what is painful, and not through what is pleasing.

Perhaps there never was a more timid, trembling, fearing, hobbling follower of Jesus Christ than the writer; but, in the midst of all, he can say: "Hitherto the Lord hath helped." He is not always running, talking, or crawling on his way; but there is, through grace, a holding on his way. He has many times been ready to give all up; but the Lord would not give him up, for, bless His name, "He hates putting away." For about twenty years he has known some of the changes which the children of God experience, from sighing to singing, from sorrowing to rejoicing, from sinking to rising, from weakness to strength, from fear to courage, from fighting to triumphing, from looking down to looking up, from darkness to light; and, while passing through them, he has learned his own weakness, sinfulness, dependence, been taught to pray and praise, has seen what a crafty foe Satan is, and proved the faithfulness and goodness of the Triune Jehovah. To be without these changes is a very bad sign: "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." In this sense, the child of God is benefited by his changeableness, and in the highest sense he is profited by the unchangeableness of his heavenly Father. "I the Lord change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

F. F.

Tetbury.

[Brother! it is "the lame take the prey"—"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." "When I am weak, then am I strong," saith the blessed apostle; and, when is it the Lord's dear people perform their mightiest acts? Is it not when they are weakest and most helpless in themselves? Thus they realize His dear word, in all its richness and blessedness: "He giveth *power* to the *faint*, and to them that *have no might* [and what a blessed state is this, in a Gospel sense!] He *increaseth strength*." "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved?"

"Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong;
Vents in His bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along."

M

Your remarks, brother, brought to mind the words of the blessed KENT, which flowed into our heart as we left our bed this morning:—

“’Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And ’tis as well, in God’s account,
When they the furnace prove.

“’Tis well when joys arise,
’Tis well when sorrows flow;
’Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

“’Tis well when at His throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
’Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away;”

and we could not help thinking, brother, how blessed it is to *live by the day*; to contemplate and rejoice in our Lord’s own precious love-words, “Take no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” We could not, moreover, but admire the very wonderful way in which the Lord fulfils His word; that as one (if one may speak for others) commonly wakes of a morning, under a sense of weakness, and helplessness, and poverty—beginning each day, for most part, with a *sigh* rather than a *song*; with a *plea* for help, rather than with *praise* for having been helped—oh, how wonderfully and how graciously is the Lord contented to hear the “groanings of His prisoners!” “He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.” And oh, how mercifully does He infuse fresh strength, and bestow fresh courage, with which to confront the day’s trouble and perplexities, and cares and sorrows; bringing to pass so beautifully and so blessedly His own word, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.” And, depend upon it, dear unknown yet well-known brother, it shall be so down to the very utmost extent of the journey; and then shall be realized, in all their fulness and power, what is contained in the annexed lines:—

“Come, my beloved, by purchase thou art mine;
Be life—eternal life—for ever thine;
His Lord for glory made His servant meet,
Then called him home to worship at His feet.”

“Come, Lord Jesus. Come quickly.”—ED.]

MILLENARIAN CONTRARIETIES.

“Where the word of a king is, there is power,” “Thus saith the Lord,” “Thus saith the Holy Ghost,” is the title-page we look for of the volumes that are penned by men who profess to be teachers of the word of God; but, however deep their research and profound their lore, unless their statements can be proved by the infallible standard of God’s word, we should reject them at once as unsafe and unsound. The truths of the Bible are all in unison with each other; and, where they seem to differ, it is owing to our ignorance or pre-conceived opinions. If men would but write less, and think more—if they would only give us *God’s* mind instead of *their own*, we should get different books, and the world of literature would not

upside down" with the mythical, heterodox, wild chimera, and hypotheses, which, upon the subject of the Millennium, come from the press. Scarcely a single writer agrees upon one thing are we to believe? Who taught them? Surely not the Lord, for *His* teaching is so plain, that "he who runs may read;" and so complex, so complicated, gnarled, and knotted, that to all, requires a peculiarly-clear head; but it is very questionable whether they can understand it themselves. What is deeply to be regretted is the conceit, and dogmatism with which these writers abound, just as if they had received it from Christ Himself, or an angel from heaven.

It is not the new Gospel, nor "thus saith Dr. Cumming, thus saith Mr. Baxter," &c., but "THUS SAITH THE LORD." We find among them the teachableness of Jeremiah, who called himself "a fool?" (chap. i. 6) or the humility of Isaiah when he said, "Behold I am of unclean lips?" (chap. vi. 5.) May the words and the example of the humble but heaven-taught apostle be written on their hearts, that they may think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as now."

In the last volume of Mr. Grant's recent work, "The End of All Things," the following extracts are transcribed, to show the distance from which these writers stand from each other in their Millenarian views, which must naturally leave a bewildering effect upon the minds of readers, with an utter absence of profit or spiritual instruction in the end:—

The Millenarians, in previous periods of the history of the Christian Church, were in a near approach to unanimity, in their belief that the Lord, after being caught up, on the morning of the transformation of the world, would descend and of the resurrection of the dead believers in Jesus, would return to our earth, and remain during the thousand Millennium in our world, Christ and His Church conjointly dwelling in it, and our Lord sitting on the throne of David on Mount Zion in Jerusalem, reigning over the whole earth in association with the saints. But now: 'Instead of Christ's own throne, and the seat of the Church, of His saints, being on Mount Zion, in Jerusalem, or on the earth, they are to be in the New Jerusalem, which is to be a material city, built in the air above Jerusalem. The Church, thus placed in the heavens, is to be the bride of Christ, or the Lamb's wife, mentioned in Revelation; and, when our Lord comes to call those con- vincts of the Church to be with Himself in the air, the marriage supper will take place. Those thus taken by Christ into the air, on the day of His personal advent, are alone to constitute His Church for ever, and for ever. No addition—not in one single instance—made to the Church thus in the air with her Lord, either at the beginning of the Millennium, or at any future period. The Church will then be complete, and here will be saints on earth during the Millennium. That, however, is involved in the very idea of a Millennial state of the earth. And, but there will be a vast preponderance of the people of God on earth during the thousand years. Some say that in the Millennium almost all, if not literally all, earth's inhabitants will be saved; but still they will not belong, in any state, to the Church of Christ. The Church, having been made complete at the advent of the Lord, can receive no additions, but no believer will have any other or usual sense of the word, to the Church. The saints on earth

will then be a distinct body from the glorified Church, residing and reigning with Christ in the ærial heavens. And, as they will be distinct, so they will be much inferior in position and privileges to the "children" of the first resurrection. They will constitute the kingdom of Christ on earth, not the Church of Christ which shall have ceased to exist on earth.'

'Although the saints with Christ in the air, and the righteous on the Millennial earth, will thus be in different spheres, and consequently cannot have close or continuous intercourse with each other, yet that Christ, and the saints with Him in the air above, will occasionally pay—some Millenarians say daily—visits to the saints on earth below, and interchange words and offices of affection for each other.'

The other Millenarian theory is, that Christ and His glorified saints shall reign on Mount Sion in Jerusalem, whence they will give laws to the whole earth, and carry out practically that course of legislation which they deem best adapted to conduce to the happiness of those who are resident in the Millennial world. Christ and His saints are to be visible while thus carrying on the government of the earth in its Millennial state.

The view of another: 'Christ will remain in the air directly above Jerusalem during the thousand years with His resurrection saints, called the Church, in contradistinction from the saints on earth, who will be called the members of Christ's kingdom; and that David himself will occupy a throne of transcendent glory on Mount Sion as the vicegerent of Christ, not acting independently, as he did when he reigned in Jerusalem nearly three thousand years ago, but in accordance with the specific instructions on all important points, which he will receive from the Lord. Christ, we are further told, will often personally visit David sitting on his throne on Mount Sion, for the purpose of making known to him His sovereign will in regard to the government of the world.' This writer also believes that the Millennium instead of only lasting for a thousand years, is to be *eternal*.

Dr. Meikle advances 'that the Millennium will last three hundred and sixty thousand years.' He grounds his belief in this, partly on the triumph which Christ would thereby achieve over Satan, by making the number of the saved vastly greater than the number of the lost, and partly on the expression in Peter that *one day* is with the Lord as a thousand years; so that three hundred and sixty days, of which the Jewish year consists, according to our meaning of the word day, would, in the Lord's acceptation of the term, be equivalent to three hundred and sixty thousand years.

Mr. Birks thus writes: 'The dominion of God in heaven from the beginning has been the reign of the Father and the Son, by the Spirit, in perfect unity of divine perfection, *but also with a public subordination of the Son to the Father*. When the work of redemption is complete, the character of the kingdom of God over His ransomed creation must be the very same. Hence, as soon as the work of subjugation is complete, when all enemies have been put under the feet of Christ, and the whole universe holds Him the First and Last, the Head and Lord of creation, He will, by a solemn act before the whole universe, *profess His own subordination to the eternal Father*. Thenceforward it will be the perfected kingdom of God and of Christ. The throne of God and of the Lamb will be set up for ever. *Christ, as the Son of Man, shall sit on the throne of David, and be a perpetual worshipper*; while, as "the Lamb in the midst of the throne,"

He will perpetually share with His Father the homage of the universe, that God may be all in all.'

Mr. Purdon's views: 'When our Lord sets up His kingdom, He will divide its provinces among its saints, and will make them literally rulers over the whole world. He will Himself be the paramount Sovereign; but, as all His saints are said to be one with Him, they must necessarily take part with Him in His sovereignty. The world will be divided into departments in the council-chamber of heaven; and each saint, according to his merits, will be advanced to a corresponding rank in the heavenly government, and will rule over five or ten cities—over a larger or lesser province.'

'Christ,' says Mr. Lloyd, 'is now an *Exile from His throne*.'

Mr. Baxter writes: 'It appears that the nations will retain their distinctive customs and languages (unless Zeph. iii. 9, signifies that there will be only one language), but will probably all have the same laws, currency, and standards of measurement, by which their mutual commercial dealings may be facilitated. The earth's inhabitants will engage in agricultural, mechanical, scientific, and mercantile occupations, and follow the legal, clerical, and literary professions, just as in these days. But the military profession will be forgotten. Peace will prevail universally. No standing armies or warlike navies will be maintained. Bayonets and rifled cannon will be regarded as the relics of a bygone age of darkness and barbarism. There will be no despotism, tyranny, or oppression. Cases of crime will be very rare. The whole earth will probably be covered with a network of railways and telegraphs, and the surface of the ocean unceasingly traversed by innumerable vessels, maintaining constant intercourse among all the communities of the globe. England and North America, released from the dominancy of Antichrist, will doubtless occupy the foremost position, next to Israel, among the regenerated nations.'

Mr. Govett's notion regarding Antichrist is, 'that he will be Nero raised from the dead, three years-and-a-half before the personal advent of Christ, and that he will lead the enemies of our Lord and His saints at the great battle of Armageddon.'

The Rev. T. Will, in his work of 'The Retrospect,' 'believed he could prove that Napoleon the First was to rise again from the tomb and appear before the world as Antichrist.'

Mr. Rees, of Sunderland, maintained 'that the Spirit of the First Napoleon would be infused into some other person bearing a Napoleonic name, destined to be Antichrist.'

Mr. Baxter feels 'as confident that the Antichrist has already come, in the person of Louis Napoleon, as if he had a special revelation from heaven on the subject.' Another believes 'it will be Judas raised from the grave.'

Mr. Brookes affirms 'that the risen saints will possess the sense or faculty of *taste*, and probably *eat* and *drink*.'

Mr. Molyneux believes that 'the Millennial will be a probationary state, like the present.' Mr. Birks zealously maintains that 'it will not, any more than heaven will be a state of probation.'

The Rev. S. Garratt supposes 'that the satanic army, which is to fight with the saints in Jerusalem, in the battle of Gog and Magog, will consist of the heathen raised from the dead for the purpose.' The Rev. J. Burchell is of opinion 'that the army of Gog and Magog will consist of evil spirits in material bodies.'

The theory of the late Mr. Cunninghame was, 'that after the atmo-

sphere is destroyed at the commencement of the Millennium, there will be found in the earth men living in spiritual bodies, and men unchanged during the whole of the Millennial state. Yet he maintained that a third or intermediate class of men, will be created in the Millennium, who shall be neither righteous nor wicked.'

Mr. Baxter thus writes: 'The Lord's second coming will not occupy merely a few hours in its accomplishment, but *about five years*, commencing with His descent from the highest heavens into the aërial heavens near to the earth, and the instant resurrection of all deceased saints, and their removal, with 144,000 watchful living Christians, to meet Him in the heavens, where they remain during that interval of about five years, and at its close all the Christians on earth who die during those five years are raised up, and, together with all surviving Christians, are translated to heaven, and then forthwith, *in a few days*, Christ descends from Mount Olivet, with the whole of those translated saints, to destroy Antichrist, and usher in the Millennium.'"

It has of late become almost universally an essential article in the Millenarian creed, that though anti-millenarians will be—some of them only say *may* be—saved, the salvation of those who believe in, and are earnestly and constantly looking for, the personal coming of Christ to establish His Millennial reign on earth, will be incomparably more glorious than the salvation of those who do not entertain Millenarian principles.

May "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory," give to us all "the spirit of wisdom and revelation," that we may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.

C.

A GREAT CALM.

A SHORT cessation of the waters' strife, to be followed by a storm of doubled fury? The angry waves couched for a little moment in their bed, again to toss themselves still higher than before, and, "rolling mountains high," to swamp the little bark, with all her living freight? Oh no! A "great calm." How sweetly welcome to the poor storm-tried mariners! A moment past, their ship was filled and sinking, and a fiercely-raging tempest was driving them to their wits' end, and causing them to despair even of their lives. Now, a *great calm* has succeeded; the conflicting elements have been hushed to perfect stillness by the voice of Him who created them for Himself, and all is peace. The boisterous billows now have ceased their roaring; the sea has not a ripple, and, riding peacefully upon its tranquil bosom, the fears of all subside, and they are glad "because they be quiet." Ah! who would not rejoice to have Jesus with them in the vessel? That blessed One, who, though He might fall asleep on a pillow, and *seem* forgetful of their safety, would yet allow them, even as rudely as they did, to awake Him, and would rise to calm the troubled waters, and bid the wind be still before He said one word of reproof to His faithless followers. And then, how gently did He chide them! "Why are ye so fearful; how is it that ye have no faith?" Had they not seen His wondrous power manifested many times before? Had it not been abundantly proved to their hearts that the blessed Jesus *was* interested in them, and *did* care for them? How *could* they say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" Did they think He had bid them "pass over to the other side," only intending for them to make half

the voyage, and then to perish? Or did they, could they, suppose that He would, in an hour of danger and death, save Himself and leave them in a sinking vessel to find a watery tomb? Oh, cruel unbelief! To think that *Jesus*, who never did a thing to please Himself, *could* cease to care for those who, having put their trust in Him, were dearer to His heart than life itself.

Beloved fellow-Christian, tried, and it may be "discouraged, because of the way," hast thou ever doubted the faithfulness of thy Jesus?

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,"

hast thou been tempted to think He has forgotten thee, and cared for thee no longer? Oh, be assured it is not so!

"He with His own hath ever stood,
His lovingkindness, oh, how good!"

Have many cares oppressed thee? Have many fears besieged thy soul? Has the wind been contrary and the rowing toilsome, and hast thou ever indulged unkind thoughts of thy ever-blessed Master? Oh, do not give way to them: He careth for thee still, for, "having loved His own which are in the world, He loveth them unto the end." Thou canst not doubt thine eternal safety, since He has sweetly whispered to thine heart, Fear not, "because I live, ye shall live also." He surely can never perish; and *no more* canst thou, for He has linked thee with Himself; thou art "joined unto the Lord," and not the strain even of the heaviest sea can sever that blessed link. And has He cared for thy soul, and will He not provide for thy body? Has He laid up an inheritance for thy eternity, but forgotten the daily necessities of thy fleeting earthly sojourn? No, no; He is still watching over thee: "above the clouds and storm He walks serene," and He is making all things work together for thy good. Thou, in thy darkness and distress, art looking at the rough and threatening waves, beating high above thy head, and thinkest that all is against thee, but by and by thou wilt think quite differently. When the clouds have all vanished and are gone for ever, and the sky is clear above thee, thou shalt look back and see, and know how everything was overruled for thy best welfare. If the night had not been quite so stormy, thou hadst never called upon the Master, but toiled on in weariness against the adverse wind; and so thou hadst not known the sweetness of that "great calm" that visited thy soul and circumstances. Oh, then, much-tried Christian, rest thee here; thy Lord is with thee, and He assures thee that *all things* are working together for thy good. And, if thou wilt trust Him, and make known to Him thy requests, "by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving," thou shalt know that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," keeping thy heart and mind through Christ Jesus—a "great calm" truly!

Wolverhampton.

W. T.

GOD'S GRACIOUS GIFTS.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."—JAMES i. 17.

THERE are many persons who possess great gifts, that are neither good nor perfect, nor "from the Father of lights," because they are employed in deeds of darkness, are offensive to God, pleasing to the devil, and distressing to God's children. Such are the gifts and talents of the theatrical

infidel, Deist, Atheist, and Arminian, many of whom possess great gifts and talents for speaking, but, as all those gifts and talents are employed against the sovereign love of Jehovah, we are certain that they are neither good nor perfect, nor come "down from the Father of lights."

I. *Consider these good and perfect gifts essentially.*

1. Christ in the complexity of His person. This is the Gift that contains all gifts. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This Gift is the speed-wheel of all spiritual motion; the life of God comes down by Him, the sins of the Church are removed by Him, God is well pleased by Him, we are received in Him, the devil is cast out by Him, enmity to God is slain by Him, and all true believers are made new creatures in Him—"In Him we live and move and have our being." This is one good and perfect Gift that is from above, "and cometh down from the Father of lights."

2. The Holy Ghost is the good and perfect Gift of God to His people, and by this Gift they all speak with new tongues and glorify God, as the apostles did, though not in the same extent or manner, for by nature our tongues and speech were vain, evil, unprofitable, and mischievous; but, after receiving the Holy Ghost, they became as seasoned with salt by grace in the heart, savoury, good, and profitable, so that the spiritual are encouraged and edified, and the carnal rebuked. I remember the first time I preached in my native place, several of my former companions in sin came to hear me, full of *prejudice*, thinking to mock and reproach me; but, on being asked by a godly man as they returned what they thought of their old companion now, one of them replied, "We thought he had turned fool by turning religious, but now we see he is wiser than all of us." Thus the Lord enabled me to cast out the devil *prejudice*, by speaking in a new tongue, by which many others were edified.

3. Eternal life is another good and perfect gift, and comes down from the Father of lights through Christ, who lighteneth every man that cometh into this spiritual world. Our former life was base, corrupt, and mutable; but the life that is thus given is good, perfect, and immutable, being hid with Christ in God: and because He liveth, we shall live also. And the life that we now live, is by faith on the Son of God; and whoso believeth this shall never die, for He giveth unto His sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish: and, though in this time-state they die daily, yet when Christ, who is their Life, shall appear, they shall appear with Him in glory. These three gifts are all from above, and come down from the Father of lights, in whose light the spiritual see light.

II. Time-gifts that evidence an interest in the former eternal ones.

1. Faith: for "he that believeth is passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation." And this is not the faith of carnal reason nor human freewill; but it is the gift of God to all His chosen and redeemed family. This faith soars above reason, believes contradictions, and owns that with God all things are possible. This faith is given and nourished by the Holy Ghost, and makes men willing in the day of God's power; for, because they are sons, God sends forth the Spirit of His Son into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father. And, though they often mourn because of the weakness of their faith, yet they may always know its genuineness by the length of it; because this faith will never stop short of Christ, or reach beyond Him: and this is a good and perfect gift, and comes down from the Father of lights.

Love. This is a good and perfect gift from the some divine Source; for no man by nature ever loved God, nor even desired to love Him; but, where the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, there will be a desire to love more, and a complaining against self because of our little love, and looking at God's superabounding love to His people in sending Christ to save them; and then, comparing their love with God's love, they more frequently mourn under the littleness of their love to God, than rejoice under the greatness of God to them. But the desire of love is a good and perfect gift; for a desire to love arises from love, and, if we love only a little, it is because He loved us a great deal: for "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10); for "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John iv. 16). "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14). This love is like its Author, it has no beginning nor any end. Christ, speaking of His Church to His Father, said, "I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one;" and Thou "hast loved them as Thou hast loved me," and "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world," and "I will that they . . . be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory" (John xvii. 23, 24). Thus we see that love, with all its blessedness, is the gift of God; and this good and perfect gift is given unto babes, while it is hid from the wise and prudent. "Even so, Father, for it seemed good in Thy sight."

3. Repentance is a good and perfect gift; for Christ is exalted "to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance and remission of sins" (Acts v. 31). This is that good and perfect repentance, that produces humiliation and confession, and cometh down from the Father of lights, and leads to Christ for pardon. This repentance leadeth the person to forsake outward evil, and to mourn under the inward ones; and is a repentance that no man would choose nor have if he could help it, because it pains his conscience, wounds his heart, and makes him miserable, because of what he sees and feels in himself; and this repentance shows him that by his sins he has murdered his best Friend, sold himself for nought, and exposed himself to eternal wrath. This repentance brings him to the feet of Christ with streaming eyes, crying, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." This repentance, in other words, is the fear that God puts in the hearts of His people, that causes them to depart from iniquity, and still depend upon Christ, the sacred and sealed Foundation that standeth sure, God knowing them that are His (2 Tim. ii. 19). All these are good and perfect gifts, and them that receive them are instructed in the essential gifts before named. They are good because they prove us accepted in our Beloved; perfect, because they cannot fail or be altered.

4. Prayer is a good and perfect gift, and cometh down from the Father of lights. God commanded Ananias to go to Saul, and silenced all his objections by saying, "Behold, he prayeth;" and Scripture informs us that God will pour upon His people the spirit of grace and supplications; and supplication is prayer: and these prayers do not consist of a jingle of words nicely put together in oratorical sentences or rhetorical figures, but are the breathings of a broken heart, the sighs of the prisoner, the moan of the afflicted, the cry of the guilty, the tear of the penitent, the look of the despairing, the desire of the naked, the cravings of the hungry. All these good and perfect gifts come down from "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Dear reader, may the Lord bless you and me, and all that love Him, with an abundance of these heavenly and evidential gifts; then it will be pleasant to see time fly away and eternity draw nigh, feeling sure that to whom our God giveth grace, He will give glory. Excuse my abrupt finish. For Christ's sake,

Plymouth.

Yours in the Lord,

JOHN CORBETT.

"THE SPEAKING TOMBSTONE."

"WHAT a title!" some will exclaim. Who ever heard of a tombstone speaking? Strange, as it may seem to you, dear reader, it is true—a tombstone *did* speak; and we will tell you what it had to say.

At a meeting held lately for the Bible Society, one of the speakers related the following striking little story—proving the power of the divine word, and the way in which the Lord of that word is pleased to bless it:—

"A poor man, in France, was sent to print on a tombstone the text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' As he formed the letters and words on the stone, the Holy Spirit of God struck home the mighty truths they contain to his heart. He felt himself to be a sinner, and, as such, needing the cleansing of that precious blood. He could not rest until he went to Him who died for poor lost and ruined ones, and, finding pardon and peace, he was then able to say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth [*me*] from all sin.' Thus did the Lord make use of a simple circumstance to bring a poor sinner to the foot of the cross. Well may we say, with our Christian poet,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The precious blood of Christ! Oh, what a word! The value—the infinite value of that blood—the *unspeakable* blessedness of being under the shelter of that blood, and the awful danger of rejecting its cleansing efficacy. My reader, what do *you* know of its saving power? How have you treated it? Are you washed in it? or, are you still living regardless of it? If so, how solemn is your position! You are amongst the number of those "who count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing," "who trample under foot the Son of God," and who say, "We will not have this Man to reign over us." "How shall *you* escape, if you neglect so great a salvation?" Think of the Son of God shedding His precious blood to save sinners, such as you and I are. Think of His agony on the cross—His dying cry, "It is finished!" Will you still reject Him and His full and free salvation? Do you prefer bearing the weight of your sins on your own head, and the wrath of God *abiding even now* upon you? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God *abideth* on him." Listen to the voice of Jesus, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Flee unto Him, the sinner's Friend. He waits to be gracious, and has said, for the encouragement of seeking ones, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." So shall you, like the poor man whose simple tale we tell, find in your ~~own~~

blessed experience, that "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

And, when time shall be no more, you shall join "that multitude which no men can number," whose song before the throne is, "Unto Him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Brighton.

E. M. S.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

A Sermon delivered at St. Luke's Church, Bedminster, Bristol, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, on February 3rd, from Exodus xvii. 6: "Thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink."

THIS, my beloved brethren, is one of those Old Testament narratives, of the typical significance of which we cannot for a moment doubt; for it has pleased God the Holy Ghost in the tenth chapter of the First Corinthians to stamp it as an evangelical type with the seal of His royal authority. You remember the words, "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." That Rock was Christ; just as the Lord Jesus Christ, in the same night that He was betrayed, took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and said, "Take, eat; this is my body," not meaning, as the Church of Rome would have us believe, that He held in His own hand Himself—that, by a transubstantiating process, that which was bread before consecration became the humanity and divinity of the Lord Jesus after consecration—but, "This is my body"—this typifies, this exemplifies, this illustrates, this symbolizes—this is to be a standing representation to the end of time of the great and glorious work of salvation, which I am about to accomplish in my "own body on the tree." And so here "that Rock was Christ"—not that the rock was transubstantiated into Christ, but that the rock symbolized—the rock prefigured—the rock exhibited, in the most glorious fulness, the work of salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. We have, then, this divine warranty for thus understanding the narrative I have read in the verses immediately preceding and following our text. Then, let us, beloved, contemplate the rock in the three stages of its existence. Let us look at the rock before its smiting; let us look at it in its smiting; and, thirdly, let us look at it after its smiting. And oh, may the Holy Ghost, who knows the inmost secrets of every heart in this large congregation here presenting themselves before God—may He guide my words, so that you may depart from here with the conviction that He who giveth His servants the tongue of the learned, hath enabled me to speak, unknown to myself, but known to Him, the suitable word to many an one who is hearing it!

Let us, I say, contemplate the rock in the first instance—"before its smiting." My beloved brethren, what are the main ideas that are at once brought to the mind when that word "rock" is mentioned? You think of majesty, you think of might, and you think of antiquity. You think of majesty! The rock is not a little pebble of the brook. The rock is not

even one of those huge stones which have gone to make up this beautiful building. No! the rock is God's mighty quarry, from which all the pebbles of the brook are brought, and all the stones of His temple are taken by the hand of man. The rock hath length, the rock hath breadth, the rock hath height—the rock, in short, hath *majesty*. And tell me, then, is there not majesty in our Rock, Christ? What do we read of Him in Scripture? “Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre.” And so also in the Romans: “As concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever” (chap. ix. ver. 5).

Oh, then, our Rock hath all the majesty of the essential Divinity. But the rock hath *might*. The rock is not that upon which a child can leave the impress of its little feet. A giant may tread upon the rock, and leave no mark behind. We may pile mountain upon mountain, and the rock shall not yield a whit. But oh, my friends, once more I say, What is the might and strength of any rock compared with the might and strength of the Rock Christ? “Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God.” Yes, the great and mighty God—“He that is, and He that was, and He is to come”—the All-mighty!

But, once more, the rock hath *antiquity*. My brethren, those rocks which so adorn the banks of your beautiful river—those rocks existed when the sun was clothed in darkness, and Jesus gave up the ghost. Those rocks existed when the fountains of the great deep were broken up—when the windows of heaven were opened, and the ungodly perished in the waters of the flood. These rocks existed when He said, “Let there be light: and there was light;” and so the whole generation that is, shall pass away, and those rocks shall live still. Generation after generation, it may be, shall succeed, and the rocks still shall live, till the day cometh when the most high God shall fold up the heavens like a scroll, and the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be dissolved. But once more, I say, What is the antiquity, and what the duration of the rocks of the earth to the antiquity and duration of the Rock of Ages? No, my brethren: “Before the world was, Thou *art*,” and when heaven and earth hath passed away, it shall be proved that “He that was in the beginning with God,” and “was God” is still the same—“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

Now, do not, I entreat you, think that, in bringing thus distinctly before you to-night the essential Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ, I am dealing with a merely speculative subject. No, my brethren; at the foundation of the soul's salvation lies the Godhead of the Man Jesus Christ. Once remove His divinity—once undo His Godhead, and you are lost for ever; we perish beneath the ruins of the edifice in which we had fondly thought to find a hiding-place from the storm of wrath of the Almighty God. For indeed none can endure that storm—none can bear up the foundation of that superstructure, but One who hath all the majesty, and all the might, and all the strength, of “God over all.”

But this will appear the better, if we pass on to contemplate, in the second place, “the rock in its smiting.” The narrative that I have read to you has been, I doubt not, familiar to you from your childhood. Many of us have seen the picture which represents Moses standing before the rock, with the rod in his hand. Now, just analyse the simple facts of the case. The rod of the lawgiver falls, by command of Jehovah, upon the

passive rock. I say the rod of the lawgiver. Moses has "to take the rod in his hand." The rod of the lawgiver falls on the rock; Moses has to smite the rock. The rod of the lawgiver falls upon the rock to smite it, by the command of Jehovah. Then, again, the rod of the lawgiver falls upon the passive rock. That is the obvious fact. Now let us return to the parallel: the rod of the lawgiver falls upon the rock. Now carry on your thoughts to a day which is not very far distant—carry on your thoughts to Good Friday. See there, hanging upon the cross, the Lord Jesus Christ. Hear the cry of anguish that comes forth from His lips: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" O brethren, what would the answer be, if it had pleased God to give *explanation* then of His dealings with His own dear Son? His answer would have been: "I see Thee laden with the iniquities, laden with the transgressions, laden with the sins, of millions. I have made Thee answerable for the iniquities, the transgressions, and the sins, of my people. Then, because those sins are upon Thee, therefore the rod of my wrath must fall, and Thou must be banished from my presence, because of the sins with which Thou art charged." Yes, beloved, *it was the rod of the law smiting the Lord Jesus Christ*, when He cried aloud, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And oh, do, I entreat you, lay hold upon this! Do, I entreat you, fast retain this blessed truth—that the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ were strictly and entirely penal sufferings. My brethren, you know what is the meaning of the word penal. It means "by way of punishment." We are taught by some, in the present day, that the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ were exemplary. So they were. We are taught by some in the present day that the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ were heroic. Oh, the word is unworthy of Him; but still they were great and glorious, heroic, deeds of blood! But, my brethren, if they were only exemplary, and if they were only noble acts of devotion, you and I are lost and undone for ever. No, they were penal sufferings—the dying of the Just for, and in place of, as a Substitute for, the unjust. Then remember another truth: that those sufferings thus endured effected their object. They accomplished the purpose for which they were designed. They put away the sins that were borne, and suffered them "to be remembered no more." O brethren, this is the glorious Gospel of the blessed God! Let me remind you of another word that fell from the Lord Jesus Christ—"It is finished!" Could we have put the question to Him then, "What is finished?" His answer would have been, "I have finished bearing the sin; I have finished the suffering for sin; I have finished the blotting out of sin; I have finished the redemption of the sinner. The whole work of penal suffering is over; I have blotted out the guilt of sin—"It is finished!" The rod of the lawgiver fell upon the rock by command of Jehovah.

My brethren, the text, as I read it, presses this point; and so it was with regard to the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ. They were endured by the special appointment, direction, and counsel of the Father. There are, I know, those who would represent it as the Father delighting in suffering. But know, brethren, that this is not the scriptural view; we must represent the Father as so loving the poor simple people of His choice, that He had rather give His own dear Son, than that they should perish. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whoso believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was the counsel of the Father—His wisdom combining in one most

glorious transaction His justice and His love, making "mercy and truth meet together: righteousness and peace to kiss each other."

But, brethren, I said that the rock was "passive." Is that true with regard to the Lord Jesus Christ? Certainly; we are taught by the prophet Isaiah, that "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." But that would be but part of the noble story. Listen to Him as He speaks in prophecy: "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God." "I delight to do Thy will." And what is the will He delights to do? To bear sin till His conscience was burdened, and He said, "Mine iniquities have gone over my head: as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me." To suffer for sin until He cried in agony, "Reproach hath broken my heart." "I delight to do Thy will"—"I have a baptism to be baptised with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" I say, let the answer come from the 5th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians (ver. 25), "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." The rock in Horeb was passive, but Jesus was the willing Rock, anxious to suffer, anxious to die: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These, then, are two aspects of the rock. We have looked at it before its smiting, and we have learned from it of the majesty and the might, and of the eternity, of the Rock—the "Man Christ Jesus." We have also looked upon it "in its smiting;" and we have seen the rod of the lawgiver fall upon the passive rock at the command of Jehovah. And we have been reminded how, in the fulness of time, the Father in His love gave His Son, and how His Son gave His life, and was willing to be given, and to die, a sacrifice for sin—bearing away, carrying away, putting away, by the shedding of His own precious blood, the sin of the world; that is to say, not the sin of the Jew only, but the sin of the Gentile also—even the sin of all who, from the beginning to the end of time, shall believe on His name.

But we have yet more to learn, for we have to pass on in the third place to speak of the rock "after it was smitten." My brethren, remember what happened directly the rod had fallen upon the rock. There flowed forth refreshing and abundant and perpetual streams, and Israel drank and lived. There flowed forth refreshing streams. Oh, my friends, I need not say how refreshing to the wearied one on a sultry day in the summer heat is a glass of cold water, even in our northern country; but what must it have been to Israel in the parching desert of Arabia, when, looking round on the dry and barren sand in every direction, they saw no water? What joy must it have been to them when the rock was smitten, and water gushed out like a river! Oh, what refreshment for the weary, perishing, thirsty children of Jacob! But oh, tell me if you can, what refreshment is equal to the refreshment of the Rock-stream flowing from the riven side of Christ, to the poor weary, broken-hearted, and contrite sinner? Here it may be—unknown to me, but known to the Master who sent me here to-night—it may be that some poor soul came into this church to-night, weary and heavy laden with perhaps the accumulation of guilt of a long life of sin. It may be that there is some one here who says, "The sins of a life, sins of thought, sins of speech, sins of action,

with things left undone that ought to have been done, and things done that ought not to have been done—all are crowding upon my memory, burning my conscience—all are telling me that ‘the wages of sin is death,’ and that the pit is ready to open its mouth to swallow me up. What shall I do to be saved?” Oh, my brethren, to that person I would say this, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!” Yes, I say, look at the Rock of Ages; cast thyself on Christ the Rock. The very sins that weigh down thy soul, the very sins that break thy heart, the very sins that make thee feel as though the pit were ready to shut her mouth upon thee—they weighed down the soul of that Substitute, they wellnigh broke His heart—they made Him fall as though the pit was ready to shut her mouth upon Him; but He, being the Mighty God, was enabled to endure the burthen, was enabled to withstand the shock, was enabled to put away all sin, to be known no more. And now His message by me to thee, poor broken-hearted sinner, is, “Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned:” cry unto her that “she hath received at the Lord’s hands double for all her sins.” Yes, and if another word is wanted, listen to the voice that cometh forth from the Rock: “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” And, whatever the poor sinner seeking comfort from the word of God desires, is to be found flowing from the Rock of Christ. Do you say you are thankful to hear of sin put away—thankful to hear of guilt blotted out? but that you need the wedding garment, the mantle of white, to cover you from head to foot, that when the King comes in to see the guests He may not say to you, “How comest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?” Look to the Rock again. For what is the suffering of Jesus upon the cross but the consummation of a loving obedience—the finishing touch to the wedding garment for every one of His poor and needy people? Indeed, we are assured of this in the very words that run round the apse of this church: “Christ is the end of the law of righteousness to every one that believeth.” There is not a believer who does not stand renewed in Christ, washed whiter than snow in His precious blood, and clothed in a righteousness which neither angels nor archangels can equal; for he is clothed in the righteousness of God. And oh, my brethren, if again the poor sinner says, “I am thankful for the love, and I am thankful for the righteousness; but I long for grace to go and sin no more: I long for grace to go and show forth His praise who hath called me ‘out of darkness into His marvellous light,’” then I say, Look to the Rock again. The Lord Jesus Christ is full of grace. Through His riven side flowed forth a grace equal to any emergency; so that, to every contrite and timid soul now before Him—not only in this church, but in all the congregations of His saints—He says, “My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.” My brethren, time would fail if I were to attempt to go any further in showing the refreshing draughts that flow from the riven side of the Rock of Ages. Nothing was the rich flood of clear crystallized water that flowed from that rock—nothing was it in comparison with the stream of living water, full of pardon and grace, and the supply of every need, that flowed forth from the riven side of the Rock Christ.

But then I can fancy some poor doubting soul, saying, “He doth not know my case; He does not know the corruption of my heart; He does not know how I have sinned against light and truth, and every

privilege with which God has favoured me. It might be that those are more guilty than I might drink, but surely there can be nothing for me. Now, my brethren, I say look at the type, and then learn what the Antitype is. There flowed forth from the Rock of Ages not only refreshing water, but abundant streams. The six hundred thousand Israelites drank of it—their children drank, their wives drank, and their cattle drank. Then, how tell me that there can be any soul in all this church, who should venture to say, “I may not drink!” Oh, my brethren, look up, if you will, to the throne of God. See there the multitude of all nations, and ask them whether the riven Rock of Ages poured forth streams enough for them? and you will find them tell you that there is not one of all that countless throng that did not drink, and was refreshed abundantly. And they will tell you to go to your Bibles, and read the 55th chapter of Isaiah, that came before us in the last Sunday’s service. It is proclaimed with trumpet tongue, in the words: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” And “whosoever that will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.” Can you may have it as a gift, “without money and without price!”

But I can fancy that another thought may be working in some poor sinner’s mind to-day. I can fancy that there may be some one here to-night who says, “I know that the water is refreshing, I know that the water is abundant, but I have slaked my thirst there, and I have slaked my thirst again, and many have slaked their thirst with me; but I am young, I have many, many years, it may be, to travel through this weary wilderness;” or, “I am aged, and I may live but a few days; but, whether my days be few or many, I fear that I shall perish after all by the way.” Now brethren, I entreat you to go back to the type once more. What did that rock do? “They drank of that rock which *followed* them!” It accompanied them all their journey through, and we cannot doubt that, the manna never ceased till Israel ate of the first ripe corn in the land of Canaan, so the flood of living water followed them with the manna, and never ceased till they drank of the brook springing up in the hills of the land of promise. And so I say to every poor needy, broken-hearted, trembling believer, “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and ever.” He is not a workman, my brethren, who leaves his work half done; His work is good, and, when He begins a good work, He performs it unto the day of Jesus Christ. Yes, He is able to keep His people from falling, and to present them faultless before His presence with exceeding joy. And, if He is able, He is willing: “My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” Oh yes, my brethren, here the Antitype exceeds the type. We have fancied to ourselves that the water followed the children of Israel, and accompanied them only to the borders of Canaan. But, my brethren, it is not so with that river which makes one the children of God, that flows from the riven side of the Rock of Ages. No; it accompanies the believer through childhood—if he be a little child: and through youth and manhood and age, even to your old age, He will bear you up, He will carry you, He will deliver you. It accompanies the believer to the banks of Jordan, it crosses the Jordan with him: “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: my cup runneth over.” And then, when in the land

iss and rest and peace, what are the words of holy writ? They are these: What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God," and the Lamb shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." "Shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." "They drank of that Rock which followed them: and that rock was Christ." "And so shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Now these, my brethren, are some of the thoughts which God has taught us to draw from this wonderful narrative; and now do let me, in conclusion, say a few words of practical application.

In the first place, I entreat every person in this church to remember that if Israel, after the rock had been smitten, had not drunk, Israel would have perished; and so I say without any hesitation whatever, that, if you, my brethren, after hearing as you do continually the Gospel of the grace of God, after having, as I may well say, the healing floods flowing from the cross of your Saviour—if you are found amongst those who have not drunk, you shall not be saved. No: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Oh, brethren, do think of this, and do put it to yourselves, "Have I prostrated myself before the Lord Jesus Christ? Have I cast away all impediments, all encumbrances, all my bosom sins, and have I submitted to the Gospel of His grace? Have I believed, to the saving of my soul?" Oh, brethren, it is a solemn thought that, whereas there can be no doubt whatever, that when the rock was smitten, the whole of the vast company of Israel drank and lived, Christ's healing streams flow to us century after century, and yet how few they who drink and live! And why this? Because they thirsted not. Israel thirsted, and their thirst compelled them to bow down, and compelled them to drink. Oh then, what have we to pray for? what have we that are ministers to plead for? what have all those who are our helpers in the ministry to pray for? We have to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, to make sinners feel their need, feel their want of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then, casting away all the weapons of their rebellion, they will go to Him and "drink, and live." Oh, brethren, lift up your hearts, I say, to Him who heareth the very vilest when they come to Him—lift up your hearts to Him, and call Him who has permitted you to be baptized in His name, and brought you into visible communion with His Church, and surrounded you on every side with Gospel privileges, tell Him you want one thing more, that no minister can give you, that you cannot give yourself—that you want that which none but He can give—the gift of His Holy Spirit. And, if He then giveth thee that good thing, if He does make you thirst, I can but repeat what I have already said—that it is a simple act of obedience and duty to "drink, and live." Oh, I would leave that comforting word with the weary and heavy laden, and I would tell him it is not merely an invitation, it is the positive command, of the King of kings. Strive to do His will, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you are doing Him the greatest honour, you are paying Him the most humble obedience, you are doing that which angels and saints will rejoice over when you say, "I will touch the hem of His garment; for I am assured that, if I do but touch

the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." Oh that it may please God in His great mercy to pour down His Spirit not only to convince of sin, but to pour down His Holy Spirit to work in any poor soul that may be thirsty here to-night to obey what once sounded forth in the court of the temple of Jerusalem, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink;" and "He that believeth on me," as the Scripture has said, "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters."

Again I say, let no man think himself too vile. I have often been struck—and perhaps you have often been struck—with the wonderful wisdom which characterises the relative position of the third and fourth chapters of the Gospel of St. John. The third chapter brings before us the upright ruler, the learned, the dignified, the moral, the religious man. The Lord Jesus Christ meets him with the words, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Oh, how wise! no one so learned, no one so moral, no one so dignified as Nicodemus here. Well then, if he must be born again, so must I. But let us come to the fourth chapter. Who so vile, who such a reprobate, who such an outcast, as the woman of Samaria? Yet to her He said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." My brethren, when this is said to the woman of Samaria, is there a man, is there any woman, is there any child, who dare say "There is no hope for me?"

And now just one word more. I have been permitted by my honourable friend, your dear minister, to tell you that there is a work to which he asks your contributions to-night. In the diocese over which God has placed me, in the city of Carlisle, there was, about thirty years ago, a parish full of artisans, containing 18,000 souls. The whole church accommodation for that large population was about 400 or 500 sittings in the nave of the cathedral. About that time the preceding bishop of the diocese cut off from the 18,000 souls a district of 10,000 souls, and provided a church for them. That church, my brethren, was far from adequate to the requirements of the people. The population has gone on increasing, and, after thirty years, another effort has been made. It was commenced by my predecessor—a man whose name is well known to all of us—Bishop Villiers. He did not live to accomplish this purpose, and I was privileged to take it up. We have had many hindrances, but we have provided a sufficient endowment. We have built—under peculiar circumstances, rendering the accomplishment of that design necessary—a parsonage, and now we are just putting the last stroke to a church beautiful—I dare scarcely say as beautiful as this building—but very beautiful; and a church in which, my dear friends, I do trust, before many months are over, to see as large and attentive a congregation, in proportion, as I see before me to-night. The population there—in respect to employment, occupation, and honest industry—corresponds very much with the population which I rejoice to see represented here to-night. But we stand in need of at least £600 to accomplish our work. We have canvassed the city, we have canvassed the neighbourhood, we have canvassed all England for help. And, my brethren, it did occur to your minister and I gladly fell in with the idea—that, if I visited you, and told you our need, you would be glad of the opportunity of offering a liberal thank offering to the Lord God for the mercy shown to you; for truly it is a great mercy to have placed amongst you an open church—open from end

end, as the church for which I plead is to be—to have placed amongst you an open church, and to have a faithful minister of the Gospel proclaiming continually the message of peace.

Well, now I ask you for a thank-offering; and remember, my brethren, that when I ask you for this, I only ask you to offer what you yourselves have received. I was reminded by your minister, and you have been reminded, that contributions have come from all parts of England to build this church; but I will go back to a much more august and telling precedent than this—I will go back to the Acts of the Apostles; and I find Paul and Barnabas travelling through Asia Minor, Macedonia, and Greece. I find them going even as far as Rome. And I find in every case they did not forget to call upon their converts to contribute to the poor saints at Jerusalem; yes, verily, to the maintenance of distant, far-distant, thousands-of-miles-distant, members of the body mystical of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, with that precedent, do tell me, am I wrong in asking for your contributions? You will surely do wrong if you do not, my dear friends—each according to his own means—put your alms into the boxes to-night, and give me the great joy of taking back to the honoured son of your dear minister a thank-offering from his father's congregation. Let me just tell you one word more: we have in that son, a minister whom you know, and a minister whom you have all learnt to value and esteem. Whenever it shall please God to remove him, we shall have other ministers of similar mind and worth to take his place. For as here, so there, the patronage is placed in the hands of trustworthy evangelical trustees; and so every difficulty in the way of your contributing is removed, and you may give, in the assurance that, so far as poor fallible man can accomplish it, in that church for ever will be preached the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Through the courts of that Church for ever shall flow the rivers of living waters, of which, if any man drink, he shall never, never, never thirst.

“CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.”

THOU Guide of the comfortless heart,
Administer comfort and light,
BID sorrow and sighing depart,
And banish this gloom of the night.
Oh, put a new song in my mouth,
And let me Thy mercy declare,
REMOVE the dominion of sin,
Unfetter my spirit in prayer.

[**long** to rejoice in Thy light,
And speak to the praise of Thy
name,
BUT sin and corruption affright
And fill with confusion and shame;
Oh, then how I mourn and repine,
My burden is grievous to bear,
THE lion is roaring around,
And I am encumber'd with care.
Birmingham.

Oh, let me be joyful in *Thee*,
For *Thou* art the hope of my heart,
To whom but Thyself can I flee,
When earthly enjoyments depart?
Thy presence can banish my fears,
And fill me with gladness and
peace,
Can raise me from death and despair,
And cause this rebellion to cease.
Dear Father, I fall at Thy feet!
Thou knowest this sorrowful heart;
Some blessed assurance repeat,
And bid the accuser depart.
My spirit then tun'd to Thy praise,
Shall joy and rejoice in my God,
And rising from gloom and distress,
Shall spread the glad tidings abroad.
E. B. M.

* * * To be had, as a handbill, post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham,
6d. per dozen, or 2s. 6d per hundred.

A WEEK OUT UPON THE CHURCH HOME MISSION.

On a former occasion we spoke approvingly of this Mission. For years in succession, we have devoted a week to its work. The districts in each instance are mapped out for the preacher, who, only a few days beforehand, is made acquainted with his route. We presume he seldom ever, goes over the same ground, consequently he has more ample opportunity of "telling the sweet story of peace" in a larger and wider field. It was our privilege to spend the first week in December on the Mission, and, despite the excessively wet weather, our preaching tour was a most refreshing and grateful one.

We commenced on the Monday evening with Lymsham, Somerset, some six miles from Weston-super-Mare. Some three or four years ago a beloved friend at Weston drove us over to Lymsham for the purpose of seeing its beautiful little church. It is laid out with exquisite taste, and around its walls are inscribed most striking and appropriate portions of God's blessed word. We remember being struck with the well-known couplet as placed prominently upon the wall in the vestry, immediately contiguous to the pulpit, and which we have since adopted in our own vestry :—

"I'd preach as though I ne'er should preach again,
Myself a dying man, to dying men."

We wish ministers in general would adopt this reminder.

The Rector of Lymsham is, indeed, a beloved brother in the faith. We know not when we have passed a few such happy hours as those spent in his library. There was a kindred spirit and a warmth of heart which was most refreshing. We could but contemplate with adoring wonder the wise and gracious arrangements of our God, in the totally-different appointments of His hand. There was our dear brother in the Lord, in a beautifully-ordered house, pretty domestic chapel, well-laid grounds, and every human luxury, with everything appertaining to his study and library arranged with the utmost precision and greatest possible nicety. We could turn to books showing every parochial visit he had made, every letter received and answered, every sermon preached, and where, for years and years past, brief notes of which numbered now some three to four thousand. All was admirable, and reminded us much of the beloved brother-in-law, late of Charles Chapel, Plymouth. Here was the same precision—the same system and order. But how differently constituted was the poor Editor, admiring it greatly, envying it much; but, with his efforts, for years and years failing to attain to it. A poor dependent upon his Lord; obliged to act upon the spur of the moment. If a tempting soul is to be communicated with—an article to be written—a sermon to be preached, for most part it must be at the moment, just as the Holy Ghost gives the then present power and ability. No reserve, no storing up, a head too distracted to dig deep and dive into, yet, at the same time helped of the Lord, according as He sees the need. Ah, as we sat there communing with the beloved brother to whom we have alluded, we thought, What a difference! and what an all-sufficient Lord thus to deal with each, according to His wisdom, love, and tenderness. Both "poor and needy," both nervous and dependent, both day by day compelled to cry, "Lord, help and deliver," but upon such very different grounds. The one ready to regret his over love of order, the other his lack of it; the other

a *slave* to it, the other an intense mental *sufferer* for want of it. Many of his trials and much of his debility and depression to be traced to a want of it. Yet, in each case the superabundance of it in the one, and the scarcity of it in the other, ordered of our God to the making up of the daily cup of bitters, to be changed by a Father's hand into a sweet and soul-cheering cordial, by which each should in due time exclaim, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all the benefits He hath done unto me? I will take of the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Ah, reader! when we get to the end of our journey—if not before—we shall see and say, "He has led us by the right way, that we might go to a city of habitation;" exercising us and testing and trying us with precisely the things—in their every possible phase and bearing—with what should minister to His glory and to our good; all contributing, in the most eminent way, to the "bringing down our hearts with labour," and to the raising and exalting upon our ruined condition and circumstances, a precious, precious Christ.

Other lessons, moreover, had we to learn at Lympsham, and more material for praise and thanksgiving was there to be gleaned. When our dear brother showed us to our chamber, "Did you know," said he, "the late Mr. Symons, of Paul's Cray? There hangs his portrait; and this is the room he used to occupy when visiting my dear father." This at once led to a train of thought that banished sleep from our eyes. The way by which the Lord had led us, since at Paul's Cray we had heard so much of that beloved servant of God. Oh, what a ceaseless train of providential mercies had followed us throughout the chequered pathway from that moment to the then present hour; and to think that upon such an one had been such mercy bestowed, and such grace given, as to be privileged and allowed to go forth and preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Then, ere we left in the forenoon for our next destination, and after the most interesting and edifying domestic service of the morning; how sweet and simple and expressive and ardent were our dear brother's pleadings at the throne of grace on our behalf. Place after place to which we were going was mentioned by name, and care after care, and circumstance after circumstance, all denoting such familiarity at the throne, and such access and freedom there. Truly it was a never-to-be-forgotten scene and season, and abundantly was our spirit refreshed.

Our next place was Compton-Bishop. This is a sweet spot, and lies up under the hills far away to the left of the passenger as he travels by rail from Bristol to Bridgewater. As we have spoken of this place much at length in the *Old Jonathan* for April, where is given an account of a young person who died there, we shall not dwell upon it here. We cannot, however, but testify of the real pleasure it gave us also in ministering to the congregation in that remote but prettily-arranged church. It was most interesting to gaze upon the number of lanterns indicating the approach of worshippers to their village church, in that dark and dreary night. Unfavourable as the evening was, the church was comfortably filled with most orderly and attentive hearers. We met, too, at the parsonage, not only the minister and his family, but with incidents in connexion with them of a truly interesting and profitable kind.

Our third place was Blackford. To this village we were driven by its minister, the son of a former rector of one of the largest and most important parishes of Bristol. Unfavourable as the journey was, in regard to weather, the connexion of which we have spoken led to much conversation

of a refreshing character. The church—or rather chapel of ease—Blackmore, was of octagon form; the parsonage is most unfavourably situated, and calculated, from its confined position, very greatly to depress the spirits of Patrons of parishes, or those who have to do with the arranging of sites for parsonages, would do well to take into consideration the many depressing circumstances with which parochial ministers have to contend. Not merely coming into contact with the poor in their house-to-house visitation, and the many cases of distress in regard to which they may be said to be almost if not altogether powerless, but they have also their own mental work, which is in itself a tax and strain upon the nervous system. The more sedentary the occupation, the greater the necessity for pure air and a bracing locality.

Although there fell nearly the whole evening a drenching rain, and the roads were filthy in the extreme, the church was comfortably full. We were perfectly astonished at this. Nothing could more clearly show the anxiety of the people to hear the simple Gospel, nor could anything more fully prove their thorough appreciation of this most excellent Mission.

On the forenoon of the following day, it was arranged we should take a lecture at a schoolhouse about midway between Blackford and Wedmore, the place appointed for the Thursday evening's preaching. This schoolhouse service—at which there was a nice little gathering—reminded us very much of one of our former services in the sister isle.

Wedmore is a prettily-situated village, and is justly remarkable for its fine old church and its noble towers. These towers abound throughout the county of Somerset. We spent a very pleasant and profitable season at the parsonage. The clergyman has been located in the parish for nearly forty years. Here again the congregation was large, nearly filling the church. The whole scene and service was most interesting. After walking through the parish on the following morning, and visiting the school, we were driven to a place called Crickham, where another schoolhouse lecture was arranged to be held at midday. This building is attached to a Baptist Chapel, and stands in a most commanding situation. The view embraces a considerable range of country. The room was kindly lent for the occasion by the minister of the place, who, together with many of his friends, was present at the service. Here some sixty or seventy people were collected, and a refreshing season we had.

At the close of the service aforementioned, we were driven on over the wolds and at that time piercing moor, to Axbridge. This is a small and business-like town lying under the range of hills and hard by the famous Cheddar cliffs. Here again stands another of the fine old Somersetshire churches. Again we had a famous congregation, and with this evening our series of services closed, much to our own soul's refreshment, and we trust to the profit and edification of others. This was the only church where the clergyman of the parish did not himself take an active part in the service.

Directly after breakfast the next morning, the kind friend at whose house we were entertained, drove us to the Cheddar cliffs, and a grand and imposing spectacle they presented. The morning being delightfully clear after the recent succession of heavy rains, the view was the most magnificent. To any of our readers who may not have seen this wonderful specimen of our God's handiwork, we would recommend their availing themselves of the earliest opportunity that may present itself of their visiting these beautiful cliffs and their even more remarkable caves.

After luncheon, our kind friend changed horses, and drove us to the

village of Banwell, where another kind friend met us from Weston. Here we passed a few hours, reaching home in time for our Saturday-night prayer-meeting, after one of the most interesting and refreshing weeks we ever remember to have passed.

We cannot close without adding our conviction that we know of nothing more calculated to stimulate and cheer both ministers and people, than the visits and preachings connected with this admirable Mission. We have repeatedly heard both ministers and people testify how truly refreshing they are. Nor do we know of any means more calculated to stem the progress of Ritualism, or to give the people a deeper sense of the value and importance of the simple Gospel, or truth as it is in Jesus.

Correspondence.

THE BIBLE STAND AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Bible Stand, Crystal Palace, Feb. 8, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—You will be glad to learn that the Committee of the Bible Stand at the Crystal Palace has succeeded in obtaining a large space in the grounds opposite one of the principal entrances of the Paris Exhibition, where the Bible Stand is now being erected, in which eight or ten competent missionaries—natives of as many foreign countries—will be employed to distribute gratuitously portions of the Scriptures in their several languages, so that they may read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, and also to speak to them as far as may be possible of “the unsearchable riches of Christ.”

Our experience of the London Exhibition of 1862, when the first Bible Stand was opened, will, by the grace of God, be a great help in this new enterprize, and we may confidently look forward to a rich blessing from above upon the two million portions of Scripture we contemplate circulating.

The Bible Stand, being placed in the most attractive position, will fulfil a *peculiar* mission which no other agency can more *easily* or efficiently perform, since we draw the people to the Bible, instead of sending it through colporteurs to them.

We rejoice to tell your readers that nearly four thousand different individuals have already subscribed, collected, or promised to give more than four thousand pounds towards the cost of this work, which is not connected with any other society.

We hope this statement will suffice to commend the work, and those associated with it, to the earnest prayers of all true Christians; and may He without whom we can do nothing, and who ordereth all things well, direct the hearts of His servants to take the right steps, so that His word may have free course and be glorified.

We remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

THE COMMITTEE OF THE BIBLE STAND.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

INSTANT SALVATION.

Instant Salvation by the Instant Acceptance of a Mediator and Surety.
the Rev. JAMES GALL. Edinburgh: Gall and Inglis. London:
Houlston and Wright; Morgan and Chase.

SUCH is the title of a work lately placed in our hands, and for which we have been asked our candid opinion. In some respects we are sorry to be called to the task, inasmuch as the author has done good service to the Church of God by his painstaking and perseverance in the "Interpretation of the Bible Concordance" which he has published. But, as the little book before us is now being urgently and extensively recommended, and as we believe it to be pre-eminently dishonouring to the Holy Ghost, in His Divine Personality and all-glorious and indispensable work, we are bound to respond to the request to review the book; but, before we proceed, in order to prove that *we* are not alone in our opinion, we would remark, that a gentleman, of deep reading and prolonged experience, offered this significant comment upon it: "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

Such was the impression upon our own mind during the reading of the early chapters. Although the book contains many truths, others are garbled and perverted. The creature is called upon to perform acts which are alone within the power and province of the Holy Ghost to do. The hearts of God's people are saddened by so great a misapplication of Scripture, and the virtual ignoring of the Person and work of the Holy Ghost. If this book be true, a new way to pardon and peace has been discovered. Old and New Testament believers—and myriads since that day—have toiled in vain and laboured unnecessarily. The Christian's armour, the fight of faith and labour of love, are all superseded; and they ever have been of any use or any advantage whatever, both the one and the other appertain to a bygone age, and have given place to a power and a power which throws past dispensations into the shade.

What is the effect, upon the young especially? what but perplexity and confusion? Before we proceed, we ask the reader to well consider the weighty words, given in a recent number,* of that mother in Israel who at the age of ninety, says: "Tell the dear children that the religion I am recommending is a thing not merely to be found in books, sermons, and knowledge, but at the throne of grace; it is a 'casting off the works of darkness, and putting on the armour of light;' it is 'putting off the old man, and putting on the new;' a 'crucifying the flesh, with its affections and lusts;' it is set about by a knowledge of themselves; a repentance towards God; a faith in Christ; a passing through the strait gate; a new birth; Christ formed and brought forth in the soul, enabling the creature to walk in Christ, with a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; a self-denying life." Of how much more value is the testimony of a deeply-trying, well-taught, and largely-experienced believer, than the vague theory and sentimental enthusiasm of an excited and exciting author who, as far as words go, seems to lack a true scriptural insight into the desperate and dreadful extent of the fall. He appears yet to have not learned that man by nature is absolutely "*dead in trespasses and sins;*" and

* See January number, page 32.

that the "*carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.*" The author (talented as in other respects he may be) either is ignorant of, or fails to recognize, that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; *neither can he know them*, because they are spiritually discerned."

With regard to this "INSTANT SALVATION," so called, these are the premises which we lay down, and which, in a simple dependence upon the Great Teacher, God the Holy Ghost, we shall now proceed to prove. We add, we pray God that He may give us grace that we may deal with the author in perfect fairness and Christian candour and sincerity. Hence we shall again and again let him speak for himself, and we shall thus afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself as to whether we have arrived at just conclusions in regard to *the virtual non-recognition of the distinct personality and absolute and indispensable ministry of the Holy Ghost.*

In his preface, Mr. GALL says:—

"During the last few years of spiritual awakening, it was the privilege of the author to converse, individually, with many hundreds of anxious souls; and, while engaged in that work, he had an opportunity of observing the happy effect produced by a simple and scriptural solution of the difficulties and misapprehensions which generally exercise the minds of inquirers; and also of noticing the evils resulting from the injudicious dealing of those who, not rightly understanding the nature and causes of these difficulties, attempted to remove them by inadequate explanations and erroneous advice.

"He found many professing Christians who, when awakened to a sense of their danger, found that they really did not know the way to be saved, simply because they did not know what it was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. They thought that they believed, or at least they were not conscious of any doubt in regard either to His person or His doctrine; and yet they were very conscious of this—that they were still unsaved, and shrank with terror from the thought of having to appear before the judgment-seat of God. They therefore imagined that, besides the believing, there must be something else necessary to their salvation—such as repentance, reformation, and a change of heart, none of which they possessed, and to obtain which they thought it necessary both to labour and to pray. In some cases, the individual had for years continued to agonise in prayer for this new heart, with its love to God and its hatred of sin, on which to build a hope that he was really forgiven; but, feeling no change, and having only a fear of hell and a dread of God's judgments, he appeared among the anxious inquirers, still asking, 'What must I do to be saved?'

"In dealing with such cases as these, a great error is frequently committed by saying, 'Pray on; you are in the right way—only, you must pray still more earnestly, and wait patiently for the blessing. God does not always give the answer at first; but you must be like the importunate widow, and give God no rest until He saves your soul.' From such comforters the inquirer goes away very sorrowful and very sad; whereas, were he told that he has been altogether wrong, and that instead of *praying* he ought at once to have *believed*: had he been reminded that God was pressing upon him the acceptance of His Son, that Christ had provided all that was needed for his salvation, and that nothing was required but his own consent to this arrangement, by which Christ was to become his, and he was to become Christ's, he might have at once reposed his soul upon the promise, and, by accepting Christ as his Saviour, obtained immediate peace in believing."

Now we presume it will not be difficult for the reader to discern two things in the foregoing statement: first, that upon Mr. Gall's hypothesis, there are numberless cases, both in Old and New Testament Scriptures, which would have presented a totally-different phase, if so be they had

but possessed a little of *his* superior light and intelligence. Regard either in the light of providence or grace, the *waiting*, the *wrestling*, the *watching* times of patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, was really unnecessary. The importunity of an Abraham, the wrestling of a Jacob, sighs and the tears and the anguish of a David, were uncalled for. Isaiah's "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God," was vain and indefinable. Yet we ask, do not the testimonies of these servants of the Most High constitute a part—and no inconsiderable part either—that sacred prophecy of which we read, that "holy men of God spake they were moved by the Holy Ghost?" Were not *their* names included in that blessed list left on record in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, as constituting so "great a cloud of witnesses?" We are not, moreover, said of them, that "these all died in faith," or (as it is rendered in the margin) "according to faith?" And this faith is ascribed in the opening of the chapter, as being the substance (or ground) or confidence) of things hoped for, the evidence (or certainty) of things not seen.

Now, much as the author of "Instant Salvation" may dilate upon faith, we shall show (the Lord being our Helper) that that which he calls faith is not that which is distinctly declared to be the gift of God—an inwrought Spirit-maintained principle in the souls of the spiritually-quickened, divinely-regenerated, but a mere effort of nature—a creature action, a power put forth by man of his own freewill, and brought into action by mere human suasion and under impulse and excitement.

This we proceed to prove.

In chap. I., under the title of the "OFFER OF PARDON," Mr. Gall says

"If you are indeed anxious about your soul's salvation, or rather, I may say, even though you were not so anxious as you desire, if you are even willing to be saved from your sins: then in God's name, and by His authority, I offer you immediate reconciliation, the pardon of all your sins, and a new nature, that will enable you to lead a new life; in short, I offer you instant salvation, through His Son Jesus Christ, the moment you accept of His offer."

Now (as we have already intimated) this language clearly bespeaks upon the part of the author, a want of a thorough knowledge and natural insight into the true nature and desperate extent of the fall. Man by sin has *died*. Whilst he lives in the flesh, he is dead to God and things of God. He is by nature "dead in trespasses and sins." Not only so, as we have already shown, "the carnal mind," says the apostle, "is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither can it be." He, as a natural man, has neither *will* nor *power* Godward. Therefore, the first work of the Holy Ghost is to quicken the man, who is vitally dead, according to that momentous declaration of the Lord Jesus Christ to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Moreover, in the 119th Psalm, in direct reference to Christ, it says, "Thy people shall be willing the day of Thy power;" clearly intimating that, prior to the exercise of His power, the subjects of it were in a state of unwillingness and hostility. Hence the author of "Instant Salvation" reverses God's order, and promises "a new nature" as a *consequence*, rather than as a *cause* of a *desire* and a *willingness* to be saved. As in nature, so in grace, the cry of the

an infant is an unmistakable sign of life. "As new-born babes," says the apostle Peter, "*desire* the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."

Again says the author:—

"It matters not who or what you are: though you were the greatest sinner on the face of the earth, God is both able and willing to save you. You cannot be so low that His compassion does not reach you, or so wicked that the blood of Jesus cannot wash away your sins. You cannot be worse than a lost sinner; and, as Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, He has now come to seek and to save you. He sends you a message of mercy and love, asking and entreating you to be reconciled, and offering to be your Saviour, if you are only willing to give yourself up to Him to be saved."

Now, admitting that the author is addressing himself to those who are anxious about their souls' salvation," and that, consequently, he feels justified in declaring that Christ came to seek and to save them, is he warranted in putting the Lord, as it were, in the attitude of a Suppliant? He sends you a message of mercy and love, and *entreating you to be reconciled, and offering to be your Saviour, if you are only willing to give yourself up to Him to be saved.*" What is this but making the will of the creature stronger than that of Him, concerning whom it is testified, that "He telleth in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; at none dare stay His hand, nor say, What doest Thou?"—He who saith, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure?"

With much truth the author proceeds to say:—

"He does not require you to do anything for your own salvation, for He knows that you can do nothing. You cannot atone for your own sins, nor change your own heart; and as long as your heart is not changed, you cannot reform your own life."

But then, in the same God-dishonouring tone as that to which we have just referred, he adds:—

"God knows all that, and yet *He offers to save you*; all that He requires is that you *consent* to give yourself up into His hands, just as you are, and *allow Him to do it all for you.*"

We say again, what can be more derogatory to the dignity and power of Jehovah than such language as this? We protest against it, as putting the Omnipotent, not merely upon a level with His creatures—the very best of the earth—mere moths crushed beneath the tiniest pressure but it is actually (as far as language implies anything) making His will subservient to that of those whom He declares to be as so many grasshoppers, or as mere grass, which "in the morning is green, and withereth up, and in the evening is cut down, and withereth."

We expressed at the onset our wish to deal perfectly fair with the author; in that spirit we quote what he terms—

"THE STORY OF GOD'S LOVE.

"When man sinned against God, God's justice required that man should suffer. The Bible says, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them' (Gal. iii. 10); and, 'Whosoever offendeth in one point is guilty of all' (Jas. ii. 10). One sin, therefore, would make even an angel a sinner, and the wrath of an offended God would rest upon him on account of it. One theft would make a thief, one murder would make a murderer; and so, one sin would make a sinner, even though he were never to commit another.

"How, then, could man escape the curse of God, and yet God's justice be

satisfied? There was but one way—God's Son must die, or else all men must perish. Without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin, and there was no other blood but His that was able to atone for it.

"But, supposing that an angel, or any other creature, could have atoned for sin, even that could not save us, unless he could also change our hearts, and give us a new and holy nature. This none but the Spirit of the living God could do; and, therefore, none but the Son of God could be our Saviour. Yet God so loved us, that He did not spare His only-begotten Son, but freely gave Him up to the death for us all. John iii. 16; Rom. viii. 32.

"Jesus, therefore, came into the world to die for sinners. The Lord of glory became a Man, taking the form of a Servant, to obey God's law for us, and to suffer the punishment of our sins. He bore the torments of God's wrath in the garden of Gethsemane, and shed His blood on the cross to make an atonement for sin. The justice of God being thus satisfied, He rose from the dead, and sent forth His disciples into all the world to preach the Gospel, promising that, whosoever would believe in His name should not perish, but have everlasting life.

"But this was not all: He ascended into heaven, and sent down His Holy Spirit to convince and convert sinners, and to dwell in the hearts of believers, and raise them up at the last day."

The foregoing is clear enough. We raise no objection; but to the annexed we do, as again reversing God's order, and putting the creature to do what is distinctly and emphatically the work of the Holy Ghost:—

"As when the woman touched the garment of Jesus, and virtue came out of Him and cured her (Mark v. 32), so the sinner, the moment he accepts of Christ as his Saviour, receives the Holy Spirit from the person of Christ, who, though now in heaven, proves Himself to be a present and a living life-giving Saviour. At that moment the sinner is born again, receiving a new life and a new nature; and as the Spirit of Jesus ever afterwards dwells in him, he becomes one with Christ, bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh."

Again we say, we protest against this as being most God-dishonouring doctrine. It is a virtual denial of the distinct office-character of the Holy Ghost as the Almighty Quickener, and the Convincer of sin. Let the author "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the momentous truths contained in the vision of dry bones, as given in the thirty-seventh chapter of the prophet Ezekiel. Let him, moreover, duly consider the very Scripture he has quoted in his footnote to the passage we have above quoted: "And when He is come, He will *reprove* [or *convince*] the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

The annexed is a glorious truth; we neither wish to, nor can gainsay it:—

"Christ, being the Head, and he being one of the members, they are so united, that God's justice cannot separate or distinguish them; 'there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;' for when justice looks on the sinner he sees Jesus there, and is well satisfied."

(To be continued.)

WORDS FOR THE WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

M. A. G., W—h.

PRECIOUS sufferer! and if precious to thy kindred in the Lord, how much more so to thy Lord! Ah, He it is that has the management—the direction and control—of the whole. Every ache and every pain, each sigh, each groan, each tear—all ordered, appointed, regulated by Him. Do you see the earthly physician prescribe with so much thought, and the

user make up with so much care; not a grain, nor a drop, either too much little, in deviation from the prescribed dose? And shall the great can fall short in His wisdom, His interest, His care-taking? Nay. tely wise, and infinitely gracious is He. All is wondrously ordered, autifully and blessedly arranged. If this be occasionally seen now t the mists and the gloom, and in circumstances so directly in anta- n to all that our poor frail flesh would dictate and desire, what will r conclusion? and what the estimate of our God's handiwork, when His light we see light?" when, in the full blaze of the brighter and -land, we look back and review all the wondrous path of the wide- d wilderness? Ah! if there are *even now* moments (cumbered as we ith the body of this death) when we can see and say, "He hath *all* things well;" what will it be when, "delivered from the burden e flesh," we see Him as He is, and know even as we are known? : up, then, dear suffering one! "Soon He that shall come will come, ill not tarry." Soon thou shalt follow thy loved and long-sainted r; soon shalt pass on, as "Recluse," "Crispin," and a goodly com- well known to thyself, have done; and soon shalt thou hear, as they have already heard, the "Well done, good and faithful nt: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Hallelujah!

S. H., H—y.

as was a refreshing epistle. As we read, we could but admire the m of the Lord, in the adaptation of His people to the cross, and the to His people. However poor flesh may suggest to the contrary, in rn God-dishonouring interference and fault-finding, yet, when put to est, not only how reconciled—but how well satisfied—are the members e household of faith, with their Lord's special and wisely-and-well- ged allotments! There can be no substituting or commingling. It h cross for each. In regard to some public services, the military or olice, for example, there is the special equipment arranged under the al name. There may be such a seeming resemblance as to supersede ecessity for the particular suit for the particular man; but, in order fitting and exact adaptation, each equipment has its special allot- . And so it is with Zion's warriors. Much as the armour may ble as a whole, there is a speciality notwithstanding. There is the l, the sword, and the battle-axe for each. Each for each. No posing, no exchanging, no intermingling. David, you remember, d not wear Saul's armour, for he had "not proved them." He felt r and more at home with his staff, his shepherd's bag, and his sling. ing cumbrous, uneasy, or strange, in these. In these he had learned, his, to be strong, and do exploits. In its simplicity and its purely- oted nature, consisted its strength and his security, because the God of Israel fought for David. The giant "came to him with a d, and with a spear, and a shield;" weapons offensive and defensive. . prepared, this wonderful warrior, according to the flesh; but "I to thee," said David, "in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of rmies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." Ah, what a contrast! A t, strongly accoutred on the one hand; a mere stripling, apparently ly defenceless, on the other. Yet how glorious the results! And, red, has it not always been so in a way of experience? Has not this e been fought again and again—yea, ten thousand times over— has not victory been always declared on the stripling's side? and why?

because, as of old, "the Lord God of Israel fought for Israel." Cheer then, poor nervous and anxious one, "ye have no need to fight in battle; the battle is not yours, but the Lord's. He shall fight for and ye shall hold your peace." Oh, how blessed is it when He brings to that most privileged of all positions, namely, to "stand still, and the salvation of the Lord."

H. G., U——e.

WHATEVER leads to self-distrust and creature-loathing, with a corresponding looking to and hoping in the Lord, must be of Himself, and will honour it. The flesh cannot deny itself. Old Adam will not cry old Adam. He is too great a self-lover for this; and, as for Satan or world begetting self-aborrence, it is altogether out of the question. Satan and the world are in deadly hostility against Christ; hence every cry and every sigh Christward must come from a totally-different source. And, since it is the Holy Ghost reveals our need of Christ, and only the Holy Ghost begets a looking to and a longing after Christ, your sighs and cries must be of Him; and He is too wise, too gracious, too omnipotent to allow of either defeat or disappointment. Moreover, that peace, docility, and simple leaving yourself in the Lord's hands, which you, in the depth of trial and affliction experienced, were only the earnest, and the foretaste, and the pledge, of what you shall yet still more fully and blessedly enjoy. Therefore, fear not; but be it thine to adopt the language of Manoah's wife, and say, in spite of all that Satan or unbelief may suggest to the contrary, "If the Lord was pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt-offering at our hands, neither would He have shewed us all these things; nor would He, as at this time, have told us all these things."

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. XVI. 3.

WE have, as a nation, great cause for gratitude in the matter of the Fenian insurrection. Planned with considerable ability, and fostered with extraordinary secrecy, it might have burst like a tornado upon Ireland and Canada, finding the Government unprepared, it might have reiterated before it was quelled, the fearful scenes of the rebellions of 1644 and 1798. Thanks, however to a merciful overruling Providence, the plot was discovered in time to prevent its attaining any extensive development, and little damage has been done. Subsequent events, however, and chiefly those of the last few months, have served to show how imminent was the danger, and how narrow the escape. The enormous quantity of arms and ammunition lately discovered in the rising in various parts of Ireland, the threatened and almost accomplished attack upon Chester Castle, and the disaffection found to be existing among our military forces, prove clearly that the movement was only just checked in time. It is a remarkable fact connected with this insurrection, that it appears to have been carried on as a purely political not a religious one, and the Roman Catholic priests seem to have had nothing to do with it. In the preceding Irish rebellions, religion occupied the foremost place, politics a second; and the priests were almost invariably the chief (although not the only) leaders. What is the reason of the change? Simply (we believe), that Ireland has shaken off to a considerable degree the yoke of the Papacy; the priests no longer have the hold that they once had upon the people; they are no longer able to direct and control their movements as they used to do; nor is

le in general the same love and reverence that they once had for an Catholic religion. It is supposed, indeed, that this insurrection originated and been principally carried on by Irish emigrants, but, if this be more clearly shown that the reason we have alleged for this change is one, because it is well known how numerous are the cases in which emigrants emancipate themselves upon arrival at a distant land from all connection with Rome and Romish priests. What a lesson is this for England! We are fostering the harlot at home, by imitating her practices, and she is almost everything that she asks for, those who have more intimately known her, and who have been subject to her dominion for centuries, are turning themselves from that dominion, and, in numerous instances, forsaking her altogether.

Very much fear that the concessions made to Rome by the late Government will be followed by the present Parliament with yet larger ones. Satisfied with what they have already obtained, the Roman Catholics are pressing forward fresh demands, which they freely admit are to be followed by more. At the very commencement of the present session, before any public business of importance has been accomplished, they request, besides other things, that the highest office of State in Ireland may be thrown open to the House of Representatives, instead of instantly refusing the request. It seems quite disposed calmly to grant it! Once having obtained this, the Roman Catholics will never rest until they have taken advantage of it, thus the representative of our Protestant Queen in the Sister Isle—the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—will be a Papist! What would be the result of such an innovation as this may be as easily foreseen; all the chief offices under the Lord Lieutenant would be filled up according to the wishes of the Papal Court; every new judge or chief officer of State would be a Papist; every bishop and high ecclesiastic appointed in the Irish Church would be one favourable to Papal pretensions; the Roman party would throughout Ireland have the ascendancy, and petty and open—not violent and open—persecution would be everywhere encouraged; having successfully carried out this policy in Ireland, it will be possible, upon England; for nothing will satisfy Rome but complete absolute dominion. Nor are we alluding to an extreme or unlikely case, but saying that, supposing permission be given, a Roman Catholic Lord Lieutenant would be appointed by our Protestant Government. It might not place immediately, but in process of time it would almost certainly do so. As the *Record* observes, "If once it were possible to nominate a Roman Catholic as Lord Lieutenant, the Minister of the day would be beset by a numerous faction, and compelled to defer to their desire on pain of incurring their unrelenting hostility unless he did so. It would be such an immense advantage to have a pliant ally in such an office, that the Romish party throughout the realm would insist upon it that no other should be appointed, and in these days, when parties are nearly equally divided, no Premier would be bold enough to face their anger." This "equality," of parties, as we are more intimated, is the true reason of the rapid concessions made to Roman Catholics lately by our legislature; neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives can afford to lose their support, and so, to obtain that support, they are willingly undermining the very foundations of our Protestant Constitution. We hope that there is sufficient of the good old Protestant spirit of our noble martyrs—left us to prevent this state of things lasting much longer; or else that the Roman Catholics may soon become a third party in the House of Commons, as to preclude their alliance with one of the other parties. But we little depend upon any human source in this matter: "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and leaneth upon flesh his arm;" if it be the Lord's will that our country should be given over into the power of the Papacy—His will be done; and, if it be His hand but His can prevent it. Meanwhile may all those who love the Saviour remember His solemn exhortation, "Come out of her,

my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of plagues."

Once again the question of Reform appears about to engage the attention of Parliament. Much interest seems to be taken in it, and considerable excitement occasioned by it. It is, we think, a most important subject, and one that ought to be treated with very great caution. Changes be needed, but in a constitution like ours, which is the admiration and envy of the world, they ought to be very gradually and thoughtfully introduced and not made the basis, as they seem now to be, of a Ministry's struggle for place and power. Nor ought they to be in anywise forced on either by acclamation, the brute force, or intimidation of mobs. We are surprised that intimidation of any kind should be allowed for a moment either in the matter of election or parliamentary discussions, and that any members of the House of Commons should be permitted with impunity openly to endeavour to arouse the passions of masses of people, composed chiefly of the lower orders.

We are glad, in connexion with the present Parliamentary session, to see that a bill is about to be brought forward relating to public capital punishment. It proposes to abolish the infliction of capital punishment in public and to provide for its being done within the walls of gaols under close securities.

Ritualism still appears to be engrossing a considerable share of public attention. Rightly so perhaps, for having proceeded as far as it has does much to be watched and made public. A large and enthusiastic meeting has been held upon the subject in St. James' Hall, in connexion with the Church Association, and a lecture given by Canon M'Neile to a crowded audience at the same place. On both occasions the different points brought forward by the Ritualists were mentioned, and most ably combated. We are told that Canon M'Neile's lecture that "it was throughout a master work. It was divided into two parts, one devoted to the statement of positive truth and the other to the refutation of error. Under the first head he discussed the nature of priesthood, and the objects of God in its institution. He then considered the typical forms of the priesthood of the earlier covenant, and their glorious Antitype in the person of the 'great High Priest who is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.' In the second part he brought the sacerdotal claims of our English Romanists to the test. It was shown that neither the language of our Lord, nor the recorded usage of the apostles, can possibly consist with their claims. He then strengthened this disproof by showing the inconsistency of the Romish tenet with the general doctrines of Scripture and of the Church of England. He concluded his lecture by a powerful and aweful appeal to the patriotism of his audience, an appeal which called forth a most enthusiastic response."

An important item in the month's events has been a speech of the King of Rome. Whilst most satisfactory to Englishmen, from the terms of it, it will in which they are alluded to, it does not appear to have afforded much satisfaction to Frenchmen, and it has called forth accordingly from many expressions of discontent. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. If ever these words were true, they must be so as relating to the present French Emperor. We met unexpectedly with a remarkable proof of this some time ago, when travelling in France. We had arranged to call at a certain place for our letters—a town on the extreme east frontier—and on our arrival we found it in a great state of excitement. Upon inquiring as to the cause, it turned out that the Emperor and Empress had just come to stay a few days, but that, upon their entrance into the town, an accident had happened to some members of their suite, and immediately the Emperor had to return by express train to Paris, lest a report should get abroad that the accident had happened to him, and that he was injured. He knew full well that the consequences of such a report might be most disastrous. How much better occupy the most humble position, than to wield a sceptre, with its cares, anxieties, its responsibilities, and its uncertainties!

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 16,
New Series. }

APRIL, 1867.

{ No. 1,216,
Old Series.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

"I WANT MY BROTHER!"

"One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

"Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
THIS WAS BOUNDLESS LOVE INDEED!
JESUS IS A FRIEND IN NEED."

"It is the 15th," said my dear wife, as she opened the book to read the "PORTIONS" for the day. "And my first article is not yet written," was my reply. She read, and blessed were the beloved Dr. HAWKER's comments on 2 Sam. vii. 18, 19, "Then went king David in, and sat before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" And 2 Cor. xii. 2, "A man in Christ." The previous four days of the week had been so entirely engrossed with parochial business, that I prayed earnestly I might have a peaceful and uninterrupted day in my study. Scarcely, however, had I entered it, ere a memorandum was placed in my hand, "Child dangerously ill—want it baptized." With snow deep on the ground, and a mile from the house where the child lay, I saw at once my plans for the day were overturned; but I thought of dear NEWTON's words, "I regard a knock at my study-door as a call from God." In an hour or so I had the babe in my arms; and a fine, bright-eyed boy he was. I could not see the semblance of death in his features, but the doctor, I was informed, had declared him to be labouring under a hopeless malady. As the dear little sufferer looked up at me with repeated smiles, I could not help thinking, "What are all

human hopes? and what is there in this poor world into which are introduced, to smile at?" And yet again one could but construe that smile into the thought, "I am going hence, to be nestled in Jesus' bosom; why would you have me tarry here?" Ah, yes, dear child, the words of Jesus have in nowise lost their weight or blessedness, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" "And Jesus called a *little child* unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as *little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In the adjoining street lay a venerable pilgrim, who had long been a great sufferer. I, therefore, resolved to pay him a visit. He was an old Wesleyan, and had known the Lord some fifty or sixty years. We did not enter upon either Wesleyanism or Calvinism, but met once upon the one theme dear to both our hearts. "So you are here, dear friend?" "Yes," was the reply, meekly and placidly. "Has there not been a fulfilment of the promise, 'Thy shoes shall be of iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be'?" With equal readiness, the dear old pilgrim admitted it, although upon his last visit his sufferings had been so intense, that it pained me much to see him in such extreme anguish. And, such a dread had he of the operation that was occasionally necessary, that he prayed the Lord most earnestly that He would take him, in order that he might be spared a renewal of the anguish produced thereby. As he now lay calm and resigned, I could but think of the contrast, and of the Lord's all-sufficiency. As his voice was somewhat muffled, I lost much that I would gladly have caught. As I saw there was an occasional expression indicating *if* he held on, *then* would there be such and such a happy result, I strove to direct his mind to the faithfulness and sufficiency of God. I quoted the Scriptures where He testifies "resting in His love, and hating to put away." "I am the Lord, and my change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed;" "I will put my fear into their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." "The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." The dear old pilgrim drank in these truths with gladness and rejoicing. And then, when he spoke of the language of Job, "Will He plead against me with His great power? No; but He would put strength in me," he added, with much feeling, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." "Ah," said he, "I have often heard you quote that 103rd Psalm, 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.'" He then spoke of his mind being at times dark, and that he could not see his way. I reminded him that the sun was still above us, although hidden by clouds. This seemed to give him much comfort, and then, with regard to any sufferings that might be in reserve, I reminded him of that precious ver-

“There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man : but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will *with the temptation* also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” In the course of conversation, the dear old saint so revived, that his voice became clear, and, with considerable animation, he repeated sundry hymns, one of which, in particular, was exceedingly precious. They were all about the immediate presence of God and the Lamb. And, when he quoted the following verse, he reminded me of another dear old pilgrim, who on one occasion had repeated the same verse with such intense ardour and emotion :—

“There shall I see His face,
And *never, never sin.*
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.”

When I bowed the knee in prayer, oh, with what fervour did the dear old man respond, especially when praying for more faith and more patience to suffer the Lord’s will, and abide His pleasure.

Upon leaving his chamber and retiring downstairs, the conversation turned upon a young man who had lodged at the next house, and who a few days since (painful to say) had been killed in a fight ! It was an awful reflection. It would seem that there had been a contention between him and a fellow-workman. It was proposed to settle their differences in a fight ; but the deceased, being much the stronger of the two, had expressed his fears that he should kill the other, and, therefore, was unwilling to engage in the conflict. Upon being dissuaded from the attempt, he said, “if he refused, he could not continue in his work.” “Then you had better leave both it and the town,” was the answer. This was urged the more because of a dream, in which the friend who thus remonstrated with him had been impressed with the conviction, that, if he fought, he would never return alive. Strange to say, this dream was literally fulfilled, for, after fighting for an hour, the young man in question was seized with apoplexy, and died whilst being carried from the field. What an awful death, and what an awful reflection for those who took part in that fatal affray !

It was with sad reflections I walked away from that house, remembering, as one did, the many thousands by whom one was surrounded, who have not the fear of God before their eyes. When facts of this kind come to one’s knowledge, one’s heart sinks under the pressing claims of nearly nine thousand souls, leading to the frequent exclamation, “Who is sufficient for these things ?”

The next call was at a place of business, where active and extensive operations were going on. The thought struck me, as I entered amid that busy scene, “How soon will all this subside ! how soon will death put a stop to all these, and similar proceedings !” And then the conversation with the principal—a dear personal friend—turned upon the times we live in. In one particular we differed, failing, in regard to the spread and dominion of Popery, to see eye to eye. In turning

away from those busy scenes, and reflecting upon the matters on which we had been conversing, and in which one's own arguments and personal observation and experience had failed to convince, the thought occurred, "When will the Lord Himself explain that which now seems so adverse and perplexing? When will He come to adjust and reconcile all that now appears to be working so directly contrary to the furtherance of His own cause, and the glorification of His own great name?"

The next visit was to an intense sufferer. Some short time since I had been requested to call and see a stranger, who had come from Wales for medical advice, but who had become so ill, as to be unable to return. Poor thing, hers I found in many particulars to have been a bitter portion indeed. Her domestic life had been the reverse of a happy one. Although not yet thirty years of age, she had been the mother of seven or eight children; and was now come to this parish to die! Dropsy had followed other maladies, and her sufferings are, in consequence, extreme. Still I am not without hope that the Lord Himself is teaching her. As far as words are concerned, she has a deep sense of sin and utter unworthiness. She seeks to hold upon the blood. Her cry is constantly for "Jesus! Jesus!" She declares that her whole trust is simply in Him; that she has nought else to look to. My simple utterances at the footstool of mercy on her behalf are frequently interrupted by her pleadings for Jesus, that He would appear to and for her. May the Lord graciously manifest Himself to her before He calls her hence!

After visiting these different cases, and amid the varied reflections which these sundry scenes had enkindled, I now walked towards the Schools. It was the dinner-hour; and in the porch of the B. School stood an interesting little girl. Whether she had ventured to knock at the door or no, I cannot say; but, when I asked her what she wanted, she looked up, with tears in her eyes, and said promptly, but plaintively,

"I WANT MY BROTHER!"

Dear child! This simple saying went to the very core of my heart, and I mentally responded, "And so do *I* too, and so do a great many more. There is many and many a one can say with you, dear child."

"I WANT MY BROTHER!"

I knocked, and presently the door was opened, and there stood a boy, with one or two more in the distance. The one in question, however, had been detained a part of the dinner-hour, for some misconduct. This accounted for the sister's waiting for his coming. His promise to the master that there should be no recurrence of the misconduct, secured his release and accompaniment of his sister, with light heart and joyous step walked away. Not, however, without the little incident leaving me matter for reflection, as I directed my steps homeward.

"*I want my Brother!*" "That's just it!" thought I. "It is

very want of which *I* am the subject ;” and it just chimed in with a portion upon which my eye had dropped, I think, as my “morning word” for this day : “They took knowledge of them, *that they had been with Jesus.*”

“I want my Brother !” “Brother !” thought I, “what a bond ! what a relationship !” Oh, what a dear tie is that of brother ! Let them be severed by however great a distance, or placed in whatever circumstances, yet what a peculiarity of interest exists ! They descend from the same head, and have one cause in common ; hence said Judah to his brethren concerning Joseph, “Let not our hand be upon him : for he is our brother and our flesh.” Distance may hinder and circumstances separate, but the relationship still exists ; nothing can break the bond, or snap the tie ! It is “brother” once, and “brother” always. Hence again, after Joseph’s many years’ separation from his father’s house, how intense was his anxiety to have tidings of—and to behold—his brother Benjamin ; and then, when at length he came, mark his language as “he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother’s son : Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me ? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste ; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother : and he sought where to weep ; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there” (Gen. xliii. 29, 30). And observe, further, dear reader, the intense emotion of the patriarch, when he could no longer refrain himself ; but that there should be no intrusion—no interference—no trespass upon the sacred rights and privileges of brotherhood, he cried, “Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.” No ; neither Joseph, the type, nor Jesus, the Antitype, would have any intruders, or mere observers, or speculators, whilst he discovered himself to them, or disclosed the great—the agonizing—secret of their base treatment of him. “And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt” (Gen. xlv. 4). “And he fell upon his brother Benjamin’s neck, and wept ; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them : and after that his brethren talked with him” (Gen. xlv. 14, 15). Ah, beloved, how blessed to pass from the less to the Greater—from Joseph to Jesus ! How blessed to think of His grace, and His pity, and His tender, loving, boundless sympathies ! Even the history of the patriarch represents but faintly and imperfectly what is the marvellous love, grace, and compassion of “the Brother born for adversity,” and “the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

Circumstances may—and but too often do—arise in which the tie of *brother* is virtually ignored. Because of reverses, or misdeeds, or for some cause or other, there is a shutting-up of the bowels of compassion ; and, could strangers behold the parties thus allied in some of nature’s nearest and dearest relations, such relationship would be called in ques-

tion. Hence the expression above quoted, "The Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." It bespeaks an abiding—a changelessness—a friendship that defies invasion or undermining. If we mistake not, this word "sticketh" has been illustrated by the limpet clinging to the rock, or the nap to the cloth. There is no room for severance or disuniting. It is, as it were, one and the same. There is, essentially, one life and one blood between brethren. Abram felt this, when he said unto Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for *we be brethren*." And even Esau, after the guilty purpose for which he came forth to meet Jacob, exclaimed, in regard to the presents proffered him, "I have enough, *my brother*; keep that thou hast unto thyself." And then, touching upon this oneness of life and identity of interest, the Church in the Canticles exclaims, "O that thou wast as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother!"

The sweetness of this near and endearing tie is again beautifully and blessedly set forth by both Martha and Mary, in regard to Lazarus, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The reader will particularly observe the manner in which both sisters expressed themselves. They did not say, "*our* brother," but "*my* brother." It bespeaks what may be called, in one sense, the blessed monopoly of love. Although they were related to Lazarus, in common, yet such was the intensity of their affection—so ardent was their love—that they could not, under the circumstances and under the acuteness of their bereavement, admit another to the speciality and peculiarity of the bond. Nothing less than "*my* brother" would express the tender, precious tie.

Furthermore, in speaking of this sweet relationship, the apostle, in writing to Philemon, in respect to Onesimus, says, "Perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him for ever; not now as a servant, but above a servant, *a brother beloved*, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord?"

There is, however, another fact or two in regard to the incident which I named respecting the dear little girl, which is not without its teaching.

1. There was but a door that separated her from the object of which she was so anxiously in quest. Although she could not see her brother, he was very near, nevertheless. Dear reader, although thou *seest* not thy Beloved, He is, notwithstanding, very nigh. Ah, how nigh, literally, thou canst not tell. Ere thou art aware, as with the dear child I have named, the door may be opened, and *thy* Brother, as did *her* brother, may stand revealed.

2. I have already said the weather was inclement—snow was lying thickly upon the ground; and, from the exposed position of the School-buildings, they were opened to the rude wintry blast. Still the dear little anxious one stood her ground. "*I want my brother*," was the language of her feet, as well as of her lips. "Poor trembling sin-

harassed, Satan-buffed soul, art thou braving both tempest and storm whilst in waiting for *thy* Brother? Has nought affrighted thee? nor ought driven thee from thy waiting-place?"

3. There were other boys in the playground, and amusing themselves too; but neither did she claim as her brother, nor could *their* pleasure divert *her*. Reader, is there nothing suggestive of comfort to thee in this particular? Amid the many attractions, the "Lo, here is Christ, and lo, there," has nought sufficed to draw thee off from "Jesus only?" Is He still "all thy salvation, and all thy desire?" Art thou rooted, grounded, and settled in the glorious, God-honouring fact, "that there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby thou canst be saved," but that of Jesus only? Does no ritualism—no sacramental grace—no forms—no ceremonies—no prayers—no penances suffice? Is it still with thee, as with the Church of old? "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" Moreover, has no pleasure—no pursuit whatever—served to draw thee off from seeking and saying of Him, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?"

4. I know not how long, or how often, the dear child in question had been knocking; but, clear it is, that success at length attended her waiting; and such was her joy, when admitted and when her brother was released, that it was evident that she forgot the time and inconvenience of waiting. Reader, this in due time shall be thy case. A sight of thy Brother shall abundantly recompense all thy painstaking; and, even wert thou called to wait years for Him, they would appear but as moments *when* He stood revealed to thee in all His loveliness and beauty. One moment in heaven will make amends for scores and scores of years of suffering on earth. Yea, one glimpse of Jesus, even by faith, makes up for months and years of soul-travail.

5. If I mistake not, I saw the child of whom I have spoken, peeping through the keyhole of the door as I approached the porch; and, possibly, if she had not caught sight of her brother, she had heard his voice; and that well-known voice reassured her of his being near at hand. Reader, hast thou not again and again heard the voice of *thy* elder Brother? Have there not been whispers and intimations of His being near, even though thou wert *without* (as the dear child was), exposed and comfortless? And, as the child was reassured and encouraged to wait because of her brother's voice, so God grant that thou mayest be encouraged to wait also, as thou rememberest the many sweet and precious words spoken by Jesus. Oh, be it thine, never, never to overlook, much less to under-value, these love-words—these precious tokens of Divine favour—which the Lord is pleased again and again to give. They are earnest and pledges and proofs that in due time He will satisfy to the full, all the ardent cravings, and anxious emotions, and divine breathings which He has enkindled in thy soul. He will never, no, never, disappoint, but will assuredly "remember the word upon which He has caused thee to hope."

6. Moreover, with respect to the providential dealings of thy God, even the little girl may, instrumentally, suggest thoughts for thy consideration and comfort. She had been waiting, and looking, and knocking, it may be, for some time there, but all would seem to have been in vain. But one way of relief presented itself to her view. The door must be opened from within. How little did she imagine that a third party, and that, too, from without, would appear, and by whom entrance would be obtained. Ah, beloved, the providences of our God may, and often do, appear very dark. There seems, at times, to be no way of escape whatever. Destruction and disgrace stare the dear children of God in the face. The enemy takes advantage, and prematurely taunts with a "Where is thy God now?" "Persecute, and take him; for there is none to deliver him." But, when matters are darkest, most gloomy, and forbidding, as with the dear child, a deliverer is raised up, and generally, if not always, at the most unexpected time, and in the least expected way. A door, in God's wonder-working providence, is opened; and, in one moment, the whole scene may be changed, and a mighty deliverance wrought by the wisdom, love, and power of a wonder-working God. Oh, how marvellous are His acts!

7. Then there was the recognition of the child. As soon as the door was opened, although there were other boys in the school, there was no mistake as to which was the brother. There was the mutual recognition. And so, dear child of God, is it with thee; or, in due time, shall be so. Many a poor soul, under the weight and burden of sin, asks, "How shall I *know* that my sins are pardoned? May I not be mistaken? May not Satan or my own heart deceive me?" Ah, no: "And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him: for they know His voice." He who causes His voice to be *heard*, causes it also to be *known*. And if, dear reader, the voice of Jesus be heard, and His footsteps recognized by *faith* here, in this valley of tears, amid all the corruption of the flesh and the bewildering events of life, what a recognition will that be, in the upper and better world, when "delivered from the burden of the flesh, and in everlasting joy and felicity!"

One thought more, and I have done. In the case before-mentioned, there was a twofold waiting. Not merely was the sister waiting for the brother, but the brother for the sister; and so, beloved, is it a mutual waiting on the part of Jesus and His bride, the Church. Anxious as the Church is for Jesus, she is not nearly so desirous after Him, as He for her. Oh, it is a wondrous thought, but, nevertheless, true, that of every living soul it may be said, "The Lord hath need of him." The bride's pantings after Jesus are but the blessed fruits and effects of His desires after her. It is His love has begotten her love—His drawings have enkindled her desires. Hence, dear reader, thou never wouldst have had a wish or a craving Christward and heavenward, but for the Holy Ghost having quickened thee into spiritual life, and revealed Christ as the one living and loving Object.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, March 16, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"Hath the rain a father?"—JOB xxxviii. 28.

ids were miserable comforters; the line of argument urged by em could but make his distress more poignant. Elihu reasons is: he attributed Job's affliction to unrighteous conduct, which, l of, God "would deliver him out of his strait; and that which set on his table should be full of fatness." But the Lord had differently. He told Satan that His servant Job "was a perfect right man," one that "feared God and eschewed evil;" and He him to be tried and tempted not on the ground of his unrighte- st, but to show forth the riches of His grace and love; to lead it to magnify His great name, and to show to His people to the e the hallowed effect of sanctified affliction, that in the midst of distresses they might learn to put their trust in Him. Hence, u had spoken, Jehovah, referring to him, says, "Who is this meth counsel by words without knowledge?" and then breaks most sublime exposition of His own wisdom and mighty power t, asking among other questions this significant one, "Hath the er?" We may respond, Yes, the rain hath a Father, One who very pearly drop that falls to the earth, even the great God and from this inquiry we may trace Him in the character of the vidence—

"Who moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

bserve,
at both the universal and special providences of God are doc-
he Bible.
at they are confirmed by the every-day experience of His wait-
atching people.
at a firm belief in these doctrines produces important and hal-
alts.
the Spirit of God may enable us to contemplate and adore

"Whose being no beginning knows,
While matchless splendour round Him flows,
And all things wait His nod."

then, to prove that the doctrines of the universal and particular es of God are doctrines of the Bible. Do we hear one exclaim, "I do not believe in the Bible?" Then to such an idiot we have o say, only praying that the Lord may forgive him for his auda- have mercy upon his soul. In this, and in every other contem- e spread before us the sacred Scriptures, and by them we stand or o the law and to the testimony." And,

I. AS TO THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD:

are some that would have us look at God as a Creator of all ut as a Sustainer of none—as having made certain established

principles and laws, and left the carrying them out to depend upon the voluntary motions of His creatures as free agents. We shall endeavour to prove that the all-knowing, all-seeing God, is silently operating in every form of life, and that every thing is under His providential superintendence and control. Trace this as exercised over,

1. *Vegetable life*.—"All the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish: I the Lord have spoken and done it" (Ezek. xvii. 24). Here is a statement that every form of tree is subject to His power and mandate.

2. *Animal life*.—"He giveth to the beast his food." "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle;" and, let Him "blow upon them," and how soon they perish, as of late: yet will not foolish, vain man acknowledge that His hand is in it for some wise purpose and end. Again,

3. *The fowls of the air*.—"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." And, not merely does He feed them, but He has the host of winged ones under His command; hence He said to Elijah, "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee." So also with,

4. *The fishes of the sea*.—"Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee." Here Jehovah-Jesus had the fish of the sea at His control. And so now, how many hundreds of poor families are supplied with food by the fish that are driven to their coast. Who drives them thither? Natural causes, responds the sceptic. The God of providence in His goodness, replies the Christian.

Trace Him further in His present control of the elements. Some think that the blowing of the wind and the rising of the waves is all due to natural causes; but God "turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings." "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God." "He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes." Here, then, is nothing about fixed laws; but all is declared to be done personally by the God of providence. Look up, too, unto the starry heavens; "behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth." "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: *The Lord is His name*."

And now, if we pass from tracing God in the rustling of the leaves, the grazing of the animals, the flight of the fowls, the movements of the fishes of the sea, the blowing of the wind, the twinkling of the stars, to *man and his movements*, is there not a God of providence here controlling this, and permitting the other to further His own designs? Oh, yes! note (1) *His power over the nations of the earth*. The breaking up and shivering of certain states and empires, the advancement and growth of others, is too often attributed to the arm of this king or the other warrior, as if God had nothing to do with it; but he who studies the history of the world, and is watching the unfolding of His prophecies, discerns that Jehovah was at the bottom of it all, working according to the purposes of His will and to perpetuate His great name.

“ All worlds obey my Father’s nod,
And His decrees fulfil;
The arm of Israel’s covenant God
Performs His sovereign will.”

Again (2), *God ordereth the condition and circumstances of the lives of men*, although they think often they can prolong their lives, and make arrangements for years of peace and plenty. It is all in vain, for “the Lord killeth and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up.” Then, again, He often overrules the wicked designs of the ungodly for the good of His people, as in the case of Joseph and his brethren. “Therefore,” said Joseph, “be not angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. . . . As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.” At other times *the Lord will defeat their wicked designs*, as in the case of the Egyptians who pressed hard after the Israelites: “Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?” Thus have we dwelt upon the universal providence of God in connexion with the various works of His creation, and in His control of the actions of men. We now come to think of—

HIS SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

Now some will grant all we have written upon His universal providence, but will struggle against this word “special;” but we must maintain that it, too, is a doctrine of the Bible, which we will now proceed to prove. We may see its exhibition,

1. *In His continued preservation of His people.*—“The Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not His saints; they are preserved for ever:” “for He giveth His angels charge over them, to keep them in all their ways.” And our Lord said, “But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

2. *In the continued protection He affords them.*—“He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.” “O God the Lord, the Strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.”

3. *In His providing them with the necessities of life.*—“Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.” The poor man has not bread to give his children; his strong soul is moved; but, if he be one who fears God, he may remember the lovingkindness of the Lord, and feel satisfied that the Lord will not forsake him. Now in these ways, and in many others, we may trace from Scripture the declaration of the special providence of God. There will be much, very much, that we cannot understand—dark providences as well as light; but whoso observeth these things shall see the lovingkindness of God; and he may depend upon it, the time will come when he will be led to see that all His paths are mercy and truth to His people, and that not one of His promises concerning them hath failed. God, in all His judgments and leadings, givings and withholdings, is but acting out His heart of love to His people: He will do

nothing that is not in harmony with His attribute *love*. And now let us see—

II. HOW THESE DOCTRINES ARE CONFIRMED BY THE EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCE OF HIS WAITING AND WATCHING PEOPLE.

The worthies who have gone before, give us ample testimony of His special providence. Take the case of the eventful history of Elijah. What a many proofs we have therein to the point! Ahab, king of Israel, sinned so grievously, and provoked God beyond all that was before him, so that God sent Elijah the prophet to reprove him, and to foretell that there should be neither rain nor dew in his land for several years, which accordingly came to pass. During this famine the Lord fed Elijah in a remarkable way—the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and in the evening, and he drank of the waters of the brook; and, when the brook itself dried up, God sent him to a most unlikely source for continued sustenance, even to a poor widow woman, to provide for him. How marvelous! Well, Elijah's God ~~still~~ lives, and still provides, as the writer and reader can testify. Take another case, that of Esther. What an overruling Providence was manifest in every step in her eventful career! Herself a Jewish captive, yet that she should be the chosen one to become Queen of Persia. The concealment of her pedigree; Mordecai's revealing the plot on the king's life, and yet his reward was suspended till the appointed time; the promotion of the proud and ambitious Haman; Mordecai's refusal to bow or worship him; Haman obtaining of king Ahasuerus a decree for the massacre of all the Jews in his dominion; Esther's determination to plead their cause at the peril of her life; her success; Haman's downfall and Mordecai's exaltation, and the preservation of God's ancient and chosen people, are all standing links in God's providence, reminding us that Esther's God still rules and reigns, and He will not suffer any plot against His spiritual Israel to prosper; and time would fail us to tell of Joseph and Ruth, and Job and David, and Daniel, and many others whose histories develop the same overruling providence of God.

And now, dear reader, if you and I turn from the histories of the worthies who have gone before, and calmly look at the grades and shades of our own little lives, oh, what mercies we should have to recount! what signal providences we should have to tell of! Look at the links in our lives that have brought us up to the present hour. Do we not live to trace the Lord's hand in them all? Perhaps the writer may be permitted to recount an incident in his own life, which will ever stand as a waymark to remind him of the Lord's goodness and help in time of need. Some years ago he went into partnership with a gentleman in the midland counties; there seemed a fair prospect of success, and the engagement appeared highly desirable, but experience proved it to be far otherwise. Five years of misery resulted in a separation; still it was not expected that the loss would have been great. Keen valuers, however, made out that the writer's capital was gone, and the award stood against him. What was to be done? Time for payment was asked for and refused. "Pay me what thou owest," was the inexorable demand. The writer and his dear wife were driven to the throne of grace. The Lord said, "Peace, be still; I will help thee. Fear not." True to His word He did help us, and that, too, in a remarkable way. Unknown to him, his dear wife wrote to a Christian friend, whom God had blessed with this world's wealth,

asking for a loan. His beloved partner, when she read the letter, said, "*It must be done.*" The loan was forwarded, and the hearts of God's bowed servants were cheered; but, strange to say, a few weeks after, that benevolent man of God (now in glory) cancelled the writer's promissory note, telling him that "the Lord had laid it upon his heart to give him the sum, and payment would never be required." We were melted and overwhelmed, for the sum was a large one; and that memorable instance of God's special providence stands out as a signpost on our roadside journey, bidding us never more doubt; and we now recount it to the Lord's family, that they too may believe that God will be their Helper. Lastly,

A FIRM BELIEF IN THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD PRODUCES IMPORTANT AND HALLOWED RESULTS.

But before we trace these results we might observe,

1. That the providence of God might well awe the sinner; for, be it known unto him, it is in vain he shelters himself under the idea that God is too exalted and remote from him to watch or consider his course of guilt. We are told "all things are naked and open to the piercing eye of God;" so then, when transgressors say, Surely darkness shall cover us, His word responds, "Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee." Let him, therefore, pause in his career of sin, and think, "Thou, God, seest me."

2. The fact of the providence of God, while it should strike terror into the breast of the ungodly, is most consoling to the tried and tempted child of God. Placed as he is in a world of sorrow and sin, it is sweet for him to think, "My Father above knows and sees all."

To the fearful and timorous, oh, how precious is the fact of the watchfulness of God over His people, as well as the many covenant promises recorded for their comfort! How often have they foreboded this evil and the other danger, forgetful of their ever-faithful God; when some sweet assertion of Scripture has brought peace, and caused a rolling the care upon Jesus, and a resting upon Him: and the timid one has been led to say,

"Why these fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship;
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep;
To the region
Where the mourners cease to weep."

3. The fact of the providence of God gives the greatest encouragement to prayer. It gives encouragement to prayer in a time of national calamity. The Scriptures tell us that when God in His anger sent fire among the Israelites, which consumed even in the uttermost part of the camp, the people cried unto Moses; and, when Moses prayed unto the Lord, the fire was quenched. Here was one instance among many more that might be named of the interposition of the providence of God in answer to prayer, and a standing encouragement for us, when afflicted by any national calamity on account of national sins, to pray to the Lord Jehovah to avert the evil.

Again, it gives the greatest encouragement to public and private prayer at all times and under all circumstances. Peter was kept in prison,

but the brethren and sisters in the Lord, having full confidence in the providence of God, made prayer without ceasing unto God for him; the result was his deliverance in a most remarkable and sovereign way. James, after asserting that "the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much with God," draws attention to a most striking proof of it: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

Thus have we noted some of the hallowed results of a belief in the providence of God; we add, there is no such a thing as accident or chance. He who observes the fall of every sparrow, the descending of every pearly drop of rain to the earth, has numbered our months and our moments, fixed the bounds of our habitations, and hath arranged the time when the brittle thread of life shall be severed. In a word, the providence of God opens out His character as the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent One. Glory be to His great name!

In conclusion, dear reader, suffer us to say that we trust the foregoing remarks may draw you out to recount the *Lord's stepping-stones of mercy in your pilgrimage*. Come, tell us of His goodness. Facts concerning the leadings of God will put to silence the fiction of carnal opposition. Your life and mine has been made up of special providences—gainsay it who can. Come, tell us, then, what the Lord hath done for your soul, that we may be mutually strengthened in the precious acknowledgment of His divine providence. Tell us how, again and again, He has been your "Stone of help," and believe with us in that golden couplet which asserts,

"He who hath helped us hitherto
Will help us all the journey through."

Ilford.

G. C.

"I NEVER WILL LEAVE THEE."

"I NEVER will leave thee"—O glorious assurance!

My spirit, rejoice at the truth of thy Lord,
And bear all His will with a patient endurance,
Since Jesus to thee hath now pledged His word.

"'I never will leave thee'—believe it and trust me,
When Satan comes in with his troop like a flood,
For my Spirit shall lift up the standard to cheer thee,
And prove I am still thy unchangeable God.

"'I never will leave thee'—now canst thou still doubt me?
Oh, think of the mercy and grace I have shown;
Had I meant to destroy, should I ever have taught thee
Such things as are still unto thousands unknown?"

My Lord, I believe the sweet word Thou hast spoken,
And rest in the views of Thy covenant love;
Not a promise Thou speaketh can ever be broken,
So this, like Thyself, must immutable prove.

Wisbeach.

M. A. G.

MAN, by his fall, wounded his head and heart; the wound in his head made him unstable in the truth, and that in his heart unstedfast in his affections.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Eccl. xii. 10.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

REMARKABLY has God, in various ages of the world, manifested His righteous vindication of His own law, and, by His visible dealings with sinners, whether individually or collectively, exhibited before an ungodly world this truth, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The following gives us a solemn illustration of this point, which proves that Satan is a cruel master, and that "the way of transgressors is hard."

"The only occasion on which Beckford, of Fonthill, threw open his splendid mansion to company was when Lady Hamilton, along with Lord Nelson, visited it. All that the wealth of the princely owner could furnish was provided to give splendour to the scene. The grounds were illuminated by lamps and torches, and the interior of the apartments was a blaze of jewellery and gold and silver. 'Spiced wine,' says the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the day, 'and confectionery in golden baskets, were handed round to the company.' A numerous party was assembled, and Lady Hamilton shone, the envy of them all. Attired in a rich costume, she entered, with a golden urn in her hands, and recited some verses, which the company was far too politic not rapturously to applaud, spoken as they were by one who had such influence over the hero of the hour. No one was there to tell her all this was but deception; that sin surely carried its own punishment with it, and that the pleasures she was pursuing were merely the mirage. And yet it was even so. Thirteen years after the banquet at Fonthill had taken place, a lady, buying some meat for her dog at a butcher's stall in Calais, was thus accosted by the butcher's wife: 'Ah, madam, you seem a benevolent lady, and upstairs there is a poor Englishwoman, who would be glad of the smallest piece of meat which you are buying for your dog.' Who then was the grateful recipient of such alms? Alas! Lady Hamilton, the beauty. After the death of Lord Nelson, deserted by those who fawned upon her in prosperity, she gradually became impoverished, and died in a wretched lodging at Calais. Her property consisted only of a few pawnbroker's duplicates. Her body was put into a common deal box, without any inscription. A pall was made, by the hand of charity, out of an old silk gown belonging to the deceased, stitched upon a white curtain; and, over the praise of statesmen, warriors, poets, and artists, the funeral service was read by an Irish officer on half-pay! 'Her remains lie buried,' says Rae Wilson, the traveller, 'in the ditch of Calais.' By others, the spot of her interment is said to be used as a common woodyard; nothing indicating where her ashes repose. Such was the end of the beauty."

The word of God tells us that, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." And perhaps in the annals of history no event was more signally visited upon a nation and royal house than the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when five hundred Protestants of rank, and about ten thousand people, were killed in cold blood.

At eleven o'clock on that awful night, the assassins were at their post, waiting for the fatal sound of the palace bell. The lighted torches in the

windows gave the signal of alarm to the Protestants, but it was too late. A white handkerchief round the left arm, and a white cross on the hat, distinguished the murderers. The cry, "Death to the Huguenots," being raised, the slaughter began. The streets of Paris ran with blood, and, when scarcely a Protestant remained alive within reach, the butchery ended.

But God did not leave Himself without witness. When the intelligence reached that heaven-endowed man, John Knox, he thundered from his pulpit the vengeance of God against the king of France, by whose treachery, "the birds he had got into his net," as Charles the Ninth expressed it, "so that none of the wicked race he had marked for destruction could escape." John Knox, the faithful and dauntless prophet, who feared no kingly frown, and courted no smile, told the French Ambassador, Lero, to tell his master, "that sentence was pronounced against him in Scotland, and that the divine vengeance would never depart from him or his house."

Solemn was the retribution to France of St. Bartholomew's day in the history of the Bourbons; and John Knox, then on the brink of eternity, saw these few weighty words, prophesied of dark days to that guilty house. In the horrors of the French revolution; in the violent deaths of the king and queen; in the miseries entailed upon their offspring; and, after feeble and futile attempts to restore the dynasty, its final expulsion from the throne—all put the seal of heaven to the prophecy of the dying seer, and asserted with solemn authority, "*Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.*"

But let us turn for a moment to the Gospel of peace and salvation, which proclaims to God's elect this wondrous truth, that Christ, as the sinner's Substitute, bore the wrath, curse, and penalty due to sin, that His people might be blest, pardoned, justified, accepted, and saved; and the blessedness of the Gospel revealed to the mind consists in this, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more"—forgiven and forgotten by the God against whom they were committed. Nor is this all. Not only is sin removed, but righteousness is brought in—the righteousness of God in Christ, which is "unto and upon all them that believe, being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

ONE.

It seemed but a poor opportunity for usefulness when, on ascending the pulpit, a minister found his congregation to consist of a solitary individual. Such was the case on one occasion when Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, was about to preach. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange; and the Sunday proved to be excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was midwinter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet, there was no person present; and, after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question, and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no

right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and pronouncing the benediction, with only one hearer; and, when all was over, he hastened down from his desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally; but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him familiarly, calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours alone in a house, in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," said the old man; "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do indeed! and, if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir, and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

MORE LEAFLETS BY THE "OLD PILGRIM'S" WIDOW.

STRENGTHEN THE WEAK.

ARISE, thou feeble, trembling saint,
From weakness and dismay,
Thy fears are great, thy strength is small,
And thorny is the way;
Though trials press, and fears arise,
Let not thine heart be faint,
Go to thy *Father*, tell him all,
And pour out thy complaint.
Unbosom *all* thy sorrows *there*,
Each anxious care confess,
For *God*, thy *God*, delights to hear,
And will thy griefs redress;
Oh, bless Him for that constant care,
That watchful eye of love,
Which overrules *each* trial here,
To lead thy heart above:
To raise thee from the dust of earth;
And from this passing scene,
And point thee onward to thy rest,
Without a veil between.
Oh, *trust* thy *Father's* love and power
To lead thee safely home,
Where all is life and light and joy,
And thou no more shalt roam.

COMFORT FOR THE FAINT.

CHEER up, thou fearful, trembling saint,
Oh, be not thus dismay'd!
What is the cause of thy complaint,
And *why* art thou afraid?
Thy heav'nly *Father's* wise decree
Has ordered all thy lot,
And, though thy pathway thorny be,
Thou *never* art forgot.
Let not thy wayward heart repine,
Thou hast a *Father's* care;
He governs all by love divine,
And hears thy daily prayer.
He measures out thy daily weight,
Of sorrow and of pain;
And, though thy trials may be great,
Not *one* is sent in *vain*.
Cheer up, then, trembling child of God,
And doubt His love no more;
Submissive bow, and kiss the rod,
And praise Him evermore!
Each trial leaves the number *less*,
The *last* will shortly come;
And thou shalt reach th' promised rest,
Thine everlasting home.

. To be had, as a handbill, post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham. 6d. per dozen, or 3s. 6d per hundred.

Pilgrim Papers.

SPIRITUAL LIFE IN THE PRESENT DAY.

THERE is nothing so distinct, and yet at times so difficult to distinguish, as spiritual life from spiritual death. Let us, however, not forget the truth (and an awful reality it is) that all men by nature are dead with respect to spiritual life and power. Popery and Arminianism have tried (and in the present day are trying) their utmost to prove that man by his own inherent power can accomplish any spiritual act whatsoever. We need not, therefore, be surprised that natural and fleshly deeds are mistaken and substituted for spiritual and heavenly ones—our Lord's assertion that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh" being flatly denied, or, by some spirit of casuistry, explained away.

"The thoughts of man are lies;
The word of God is true;
To bow to *that* is to be wise;
Then hear, and fear, and do."

The age in which we live has doubtless greatly conduced to the fuller development of this spirit of self-confidence. Remarkable indeed are these days. Wondrous are the achievements of the human intellect. Mind appears to be obtaining marvellous conquests over matter. Difficulties once considered insurmountable have vanished, through man's indomitable energy and thought. The wonders of creation are being continually unravelled, and the natural laws clearly explained.

Such being the case, we need scarcely wonder at this proud and triumphant intellect refusing to submit as a little child, in order to be taught by the word of God. Hence the thoughts and opinions of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, yea, the very Master Himself, "who spake as never man spake," are boldly called in question. And this, bear in mind, describes not only the acts of the world, from whom indeed we could not expect other conduct, but, alas! those of the professors of religion—the outward Church. These persons ignore the solemn assertion of Paul, "The world by wisdom knew not God." If any people could have discovered Him, doubtless the Greeks (the wisest of all people) would have accomplished it. The conceited intellectualism of the present day arises from what men would be the last to acknowledge or suspect; viz., from unrenewed and unsanctified minds and hearts.

Whence, I would ask, has the professing Church obtained her intellectual panoply? Surely not from the devout study of the word of God! Not from perusing the writings of holy men! No; but from secular writers: persons of considerable but unsanctified intellectual powers. Men that want to harmonize the Church with the world. Individuals striving to make the religion of Christ palatable to the world, by removing its crosses, throwing down its wall of partition, and robbing it of its spirituality. Hence they wish to have a religion which will allow them to select what parts of Scripture they please, and to reject or question all those which are antagonistic to their unrenewed and carnal natures. Thus "the Bible is arraigned at the bar of public opinion as a suspected criminal." As well might a blind man attempt to describe the charm of colour in the flower, or the varied and glorious tints of the landscape, as

for these carnal men to sit in judgment upon God's word, and attempt to decide what is truth and what is not. "If the light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

"Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Let us now take a glance of spiritual life where it is possessed. Some little time since the writer of these thoughts and reflections was conversing with a clergyman who had been for nearly fifty years rector of a parish in Derbyshire, when he remarked the awful and general neglect in the present day of the reading and study of God's word. "When I first entered," he said, "upon my parochial duties, there were comparatively few who could read the Bible; but," he added, "they who could, knew far more of its contents than the many that now so partially and so seldom peruse it." Verily, "there were giants in those days." Religion then had great depth; now it is spread over a larger area, and the consequence is that shallowness and a want of vitality are grievously apparent. Of how few can it be said, "Their delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law do they meditate day and night."

"Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts."

But we shall be told that the times are changed; literature, science, and art are presenting such enchanting food to the minds of men, that they have neither time nor inclination to partake of the old and precious truths. We are resembling the Athenians of old, by ever desiring "to hear some new thing." Devote, my reader, I would say to the child of God, more time to the perusal and study of the word of God. Neglecting this source of spiritual life and strength, need we wonder if we are compelled to cry out, "My leanness, my leanness?"

As the possession of wealth tempts us to forget God, and cease to supplicate for our daily food, so in these days of mental abundance we are greatly in danger of feeding our souls upon intellectual husks, rather than seek that spiritual food which can alone satisfy and strengthen our immortal natures.

"This spring with living waters flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts."

The writer is aware that many will dispute his statements, and therefore demur to his conclusions.

But he would ask those of his readers who have reached middle age, to account for the great change which has come over the professing Church. What is the state of our week-day services? Some, alas! miserably attended, and others altogether dispensed with. How different to what it was a few years ago! Then the means of grace were prized, and but little difficulty was experienced in getting people together, even on week-days, to hear the word, and to invoke the Lord's blessing. What congregations that dear man of God, the late WATTS WILKINSON, used to draw

from worldly avocations to obtain a draught of living water to slake the thirst caused by the heat of this dusty and noisy world of mammon! Merchants left their counting-houses, stockbrokers the exchange, that they might rub off a little of the rust produced by worldly contamination. And yet, if we are to believe this boastful and noisy age, when every person almost professes to be desirous of the reformation of others rather than himself, we never lived in such good and pious days as the present!

What, then, mean the complaints of long sermons? What the weariness of God's public ordinances? Whence do these arise? Unhappily the Church overflows with empty professors, persons destitute of the grace of God, "having a name to live while they are dead." They also who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, are living so far from Him, realize so little of His presence, take so little delight in the ordinances of His house, are so mixed up with the world, that the result is they have no hungerings and thirstings after righteousness as the Church once did. Where are they who can say with the Psalmist, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand;" or exclaim with the poet—

"My soul, how lovely is the place
To which Thy God resorts;
'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts?"

Never was there a greater necessity for the heavenly caution, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which are ready to die."

Then look at the state of the young. The most striking feature of young persons in the present day is their utter disregard and contempt of the wishes of their parents and elders. The fifth commandment is almost ignored. The great Luther might well say human nature was like a drunken man on horseback; prop him up on one side, and he immediately falls to the other. We at one time practise excessive severity, and then we fall into the opposite extreme—the most foolish indulgence. We have given up the reins, and need scarcely wonder that our children are beyond our control. Has not your heart, my dear reader, bled at the sights presented to your eyes upon the evening of a Lord's-day? What sounds have reached your ears! What conduct has met your eye! And this, be it remembered, in the age of Sabbath-schools! How true that "the letter killeth, but that the Spirit [only] giveth life."

But time would fail to mention all the baneful characteristics of the present age. It is fast becoming thoroughly sceptical and secular. Material objects employ men's hearts and minds, to the almost exclusion of the divine and eternal. Spirituality is fast declining. Our country seems about to undergo a great spiritual eclipse. Gloomy indeed would be the prospect, but for those great triumphs which the Redeemer is obtaining in the world at large. Witness those marvellous triumphs of Protestant principles on the Continent; Austria, the backbone of Popery, humbled to the dust by Protestant Prussia. And is not the Pope at this present time trembling in his shoes for his future power and safety? Then, again, look at the United States, and behold the chain of the slave snapped by the providence of Him "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." Within the last few years what triumphs have been obtained! Christianity has broken through the wall of heathen China. India has been found to be insecure unless instructed in the religion of the Saviour.

Thus, though the Almighty appears to be hiding His face from guilty Britain, He is accomplishing mighty purposes, and will assuredly be more and more victorious. Let us, then, watch and pray, believing that He reigns.

“ His purposes are ripening fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

THE LORD'S EVER-CONSTANT MINDFULNESS OF HIS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JAMES J. EASTMEAD.

“ I have formed thee ; thou art my servant : O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto me ; for I have redeemed thee ”—ISA. xliv. 21, 22.

WHAT a favour conferred upon Jacob was it when God appeared to him, and said, “ And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land ; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of ” (Gen. xxviii. 15). Jacob might be assured from that time, that the Lord God of Israel would be better to him than all his fears. In his pilgrimage he had *much* to try his faith ; like all God's family of grace, he was much exercised ; but the Lord's promise still remained ; and what the God of Israel promises, He is sure to perform. “ The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent, for He is not a man that He should repent ” (1 Sam. xv. 29.) Now, this is a truth most cheering to the people of God. Let a man know by inward-felt experience that he has the signs and marks of God's family of grace, and God promises to do in his experience what He promised to do in the experience of Jacob. Throughout the writings of the prophets God speaks of His people by the names of Jacob and Israel. Jacob was the man's name in his nature-state, and Israel was the name given to him in his grace-state. It was given when he wrestled with the angel ; for we read that the angel, who assumed the form of a man, said, “ Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name ? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more *Jacob*, but *Israel* [Prince of God] : for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed ” (Gen. xxxii. 26—28). In our text you will see that God calls His people by the names of Jacob and Israel, teaching us that God knoweth them in their nature-state, as well as in their grace-state, as the objects of His everlasting, unchangeable love. And, for their encouragement, He says, “ I have formed thee ; thou art my servant : O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto me ; for I have redeemed thee.” These words I have said God addresses for the *encouragement* of His people ; and they often find themselves so placed, that they need such encouragement to be brought home by the Spirit of God from time to time, through the ministry of the word, to revive their drooping faith, and to enable them to go on their way, still trusting in Him who, in the experience of His people, has ever proved Himself to be a covenant-keeping God.

I. The first thing God reminds His people of in the text is expressed by the words, "I have formed thee." Looking upon God as the great Creator, and man as His creature, these words may be taken in a *universal* sense; every creature that has breath was formed or created by God; but God is addressing Himself in the text to *His people of grace* called by the name Israel; and to each one of them He says, "I have formed thee." God has a *reason* for forming a people for His own glory. The reason which He has revealed to us in His word, is *the good pleasure of His will*; and we must bear in mind that the Type according to which God forms them is the eternal Son of God. "For," saith the inspired apostle, "whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the Firstborn among many brethren" (Rom. viii. 29).

Now, here let me trace out, with the light which the Holy Ghost will graciously give me, the characteristics of this people of whom God says, "I have formed thee."

1. They are a new creation. This new creation-work is effected when the Holy Ghost quickens in them a new life. The word of God teaches that man in his fallen state is corrupt and depraved; various forms of Scripture are used to express this idea, but they all mean one and the same thing in regard to human nature. For example, the Holy Ghost, in speaking of the condition of man in his *nature*-state, says, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5). The Holy Ghost, by the prophet Isaiah, gives a description of human nature in the following words, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Isa. i. 5, 6). And the inspired Paul saith of human nature, that it is "*dead in trespasses and sins*" (Eph. ii. 1). This is the state in which all men are born, so that, in the case of His own people, God forms them a new creation. He brings into existence a new spiritual life, and then it is that a man feels himself to be condemned, and under the curse of the law; whereas he was *once blind* to his own sinful, corrupt state, *now* he *sees* it; whereas he was *once* not in the least *concerned* about his spiritual state, *now* he is often greatly *troubled* in his mind. These are signs in a man that God has formed him, as He forms all His people, viz., a new creation; and we must bear in mind that in forming a new creation, God does not *destroy* the old; the old corrupt, depraved nature-state exists, as a body of sin and death, and *never* becomes better, but is kept in subjection, until it is put off by the process of death, and the new-created man will be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and thus one characteristic of the people of whom God speaks in the text is that they are a new creation—their spiritual life is a new life, created by the Holy Ghost.

2. Another characteristic of the people of whom God speaks in the text is, that they are formed to *love*. They have a principle of love implanted in their heart, and this love is from time to time inflamed by incarnate, bleeding, dying love. They are enabled to say, "We love Him, because He first loved us." This love is a never-dying principle. It often becomes cold, but it never dies out. God says to every soul born of God, "I have formed thee to love me," and every soul thus formed knows by experience that it is not in man in his *nature*-state to love God; his heart is alienated from God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject

to the law of God," &c. True, it is the duty of man to love God, as God's rational creature placed under the law (covenant of works), but fallen man can *never* fulfil this duty; it is the people of whom God says, "I have formed thee," who are enabled to love God. They love God because He has given them a heart to love, according to His covenant promise, "A new heart will I give," &c. Not only are the people of God formed to love *God*, but they are also formed to love *one another*, as the effect of a new heart created in them. It is a sure sign that God has formed a man for Himself, if he feels his heart drawn to the people of God simply because they *are* His people. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii. 35). The true disciples of Christ will feel their hearts drawn to one another simply because they are all members of one mystical body, and all interested in one common Lord. They have all His Spirit, and are all redeemed by one precious blood, "which cleanseth from all sin."

3. And, then, another characteristic of the people of whom God speaks in the text is, that they are formed to live upon Christ by faith. Man in his nature-state does not live by faith, but by sight; he knows nothing of that faith which lives on Christ—the unregenerate mind is an unbelieving mind. But the people of God are formed to live by faith. All the blessings of the Gospel which Christ secured to them they enjoy by faith. They are saved during their time-state by faith—that is, faith is the eye through which the Christian sees himself saved in Christ on the ground of His sufferings and death. A sinner who lives a life of faith on the Son of God, has been formed by God to live such a life. The faith of such an one will be greatly tried, but it will stand the test. He will be enabled to hold on under the heaviest trials, as seeing Him who is invisible, and he shall come off more than a conqueror through Him that loved him.

4. And then another characteristic of the people of whom God speaks in the text is, that they are formed to commune with Christ, and thus live in the enjoyment of His presence. Oh, how delighted are souls born of God to enjoy sweet communion and fellowship with Christ! They are then enabled to say of Christ, by inward-felt experience, "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked," &c. God has formed His people for the special purpose of communing with Him. They are His *temple* in which He dwells, to whom He unfolds His sacred purposes of grace, and reveals Christ in His blood and righteousness.

5. And then another characteristic of the people spoken of in the text is, that they are a people whose light shines before men. Their life is consistent and upright; they *cannot* live in sin, though sin liveth in them; they cannot take delight in sin, though often overcome by it: "For we are His workmanship, created [formed] in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. ii. 10). Such are some of the characteristics of the people of whom God says, "I have formed thee." Blessed are we if we can trace out these characteristics in ourselves; we have indeed occasion to magnify the riches of sovereign grace.

II. And then, further, God says of His people Israel, "Thou art my servant." In a sense all men are God's servants, for even an ungodly world, although they serve the god of this world, are, along with the god of this world, the servants of God; yet it is in a special sense God saith to spiritual Israel, "Thou art my servant." A servant is one who serves. It supposes that "he doeth the will of Him whose servant he is."

This is the case with every true disciple of Christ—he is the servant of the Lord. And here let me observe in what sense the disciple of Christ is the servant of the Lord.

1. He is the servant of the Lord, in the sense of doing the Lord's will. And, when we speak of doing the Lord's will, we must distinguish between the *inward doing of faith*, which is the Lord's working within, and the *outward doing* in the life and actions—the two go together; the true disciple of Christ is unable to do the Lord's will in himself; to do that, he must be able to keep the whole law of God in its spiritual interpretation. But Christ, the great Lawfulfiller, is the Doer of the law; He has done the Lord's will for His people, and they, as united to Him and actuated by His Spirit, do the Lord's will by the doing of faith. And then this doing of faith is displayed by the doing whatever is right and pleasing to God in the outward life and character; so that the true disciples of Christ serve the Lord both within and without; they are indeed obedient servants of the Lord; and the secret of their obedience is the power of Divine grace drawing their faith to Christ as the great Lawfulfiller, and then inclining their hearts to walk even as He walked.

2. And then the disciple of Christ is the servant of the Lord, in the sense of seeking to bring glory to the Lord; hence the exhortation addressed to believers is, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31). There is a deal of seeking our own glory; the most gracious man, if left to himself, would seek his own glory, and not that of Christ. Human nature is bent upon serving itself, but grace *shall* triumph over human nature. God, in His dealings with His people, casts down human nature, and brings the carnal mind into subjection, in order that they may do all things to the glory of Christ. "Thou art my servant," saith God to every true believer, as He constrains him to glorify Christ, and to magnify the riches of His grace. "Thou art *my* servant," intimating, Thou art not to serve thyself, not to seek thine own glory; but thou art to serve me as thy Lord and Master.

3. And then the disciple of Christ is the servant of the Lord, in the sense that he is made to feel himself the Lord's. He is not his own, the Lord has bought him for *His* service. From the time he tastes that the Lord is gracious, God says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). The inspired apostle says to believers, "Ye serve the Lord Christ," and, living as they do in a sinful body, influenced by the world, the flesh, and the devil, they need to be reminded whom they serve. "Thou art my servant," saith God, and therefore at liberty to serve only me. A virtue in those who are servants is, that they are *faithful*; and this virtue *the Lord secures in His people of grace*. In themselves they are unfaithful, and, if left to themselves, will forsake the service of Christ, and go into the world; but the Lord keeps His people faithful, and again and again He draws their hearts to Himself, and causes them to serve Him with their affections, serve Him with their thoughts, serve Him with their desires and feelings. "Thou art my servant"—as though God said to His people, Thou shalt not serve any other master; the devil, though he tempts, shall not enslave thee. How important, therefore, to each one is the question, Whose servant am I? Am I the Lord's servant, or am I the devil's?

III. And then, in addressing His people, God saith, "O Israel, thou

shalt not be forgotten of me." Very often God's dealings with the believer are such as to lead him to think that God has forgotten him, though such a thought is from the carnal mind. The Lord *cannot* forget Israel, that is, the people of His grace; they are His chosen, blood-bought inheritance, in whom He delights, and whom He has redeemed. The Lord has assured us that sooner would the mother forget her own infant child than He forget His people. "Behold," He says, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands" (Isa. xlix. 16.) Now, several reasons might be given why God saith in the text, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me."

1. The Lord saith it because His dealings with Israel are often most trying: from the beginning God has tried His people. How He tried Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! How He tried Jeremiah and Job, and Hezekiah and Asaph and David! All the family of the redeemed are a tried family. This world of sin is the world in which God tries them. God does not try them to see whether they have anything good in them. He *knows* that they have nothing good in them, and are incapable of doing any good of themselves. It is their faith which God tries, that is, He places some heavy pressure upon their spirits, which is very painful to bear, and, during the heavy pressure, grants them faith in a covenant God, to enable them to bear it with submission. And, during that time, when God tries their faith—when He wounds their spirit, and causes them to walk as under a dark cloud, *then* it is that He says, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." That was a most trying time for Joseph when, after being sold by his brethren into Egypt, he was cast unjustly into prison. During the time of his incarceration, he would many a time think that he was forgotten of the Lord. But such was not the case, the Lord verified in his experience the words, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." And many a child of God is in a spiritual prison through the wickedness of his carnal mind; while there, he feels his spirit shut up and unable to come forth into the felt enjoyment of Christ. He sighs and cries for deliverance, and often, when no help comes, he is led to think that he is forgotten of the Lord. All the family of God, more or less, have their seasons when their faith is tried; but saith the Lord, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me"—intimating, You *may* be tried, you *may* cherish unbelieving thoughts, you *may* write bitter things against yourself, but "thou shalt not be forgotten of me;" nothing comes to you without my sovereign will. I have my Shepherd's eye upon you, and know how much you can bear.

2. Another reason why the Lord saith to His people, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me," is because in dealing with them He has often to chastise them for their sins. It is a most blessed teaching of Scripture, that Christ bore all the punishment due to His people for their sins, that He completely, and for ever, exempted them from the curse of the law. But this exemption relates to the eternal punishment due to His people for their sin: God does not exempt them from the chastisement of sin in this life; He often chastises them in their consciences, and makes them to smart severely, because of their sins. Depend upon it, God does not countenance sin in His people, though they are not under the law, but under grace; for every sin is made to pierce them through with many sorrows; and yet while the Lord is chastising His child, He saith, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." Calling the believer by the endearing name of "My son," God says, "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for

whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth" (Heb. xii. 5, 6). God chastens His people in this life; He brings them all more or less through the fire of hell in this life, that is, the hell of their own conscience; but better far to be brought through that fire in this life than in the life which is to come. And, when passing through that fire, the Lord saith in His blood, as He applies it to the conscience with felt sin-atoning power, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me."

3. And, then, another reason why the Lord saith, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me," is because they are often brought to feel their need of special help. Natural Israel, as a type of God's spiritual Israel, were often brought to feel their need of help from the Lord. When that help was withheld on account of their rebellion, they were troubled, and became a prey to their enemies. The believer is often brought to feel his own helplessness, both in providence and in grace; for in providence his way is sometimes hedged up, so that he can do nothing but wait until the Lord deliver him; and in grace he is made to feel himself entirely dependent upon the sovereign power of Christ for the healthy state of his soul. He often walks in spiritual darkness; but saith the Lord, at such a time, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." Moreover, He saith, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. xii. 9). And thus how full of meaning are the words, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." God forget His redeemed, blood-bought people? *Never!* God loves them with a love equal to that which He has for His own eternal Son; they are ever before Him, and their way, both in providence and in grace, is not hid from Him. The words, "*thou shalt not,*" are well worthy of notice; they are the words of Him whose promise *has* never failed, and never *can* fail. The words lead the believer to see that God not only does not forget him now at this present time of need, but that He will not forget him at any future time; that He will always bear him upon His heart, and never forget him.

IV. And then, to encourage Israel still farther, God says: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." This is indeed a precious truth; that which mostly concerns awakened sinners is their transgressions. The confession of the people of God is well expressed in the words of the prophet Isaiah, as the mouthpiece of Israel: "For our transgressions are multiplied before Thee, and our sins testify against us; for our transgressions are with us; and as for our iniquities, we know them" (Isa. lix. 12). Verily do the people of God, from the time they are made partakers of the high and heavenly calling, know what it is to be troubled on account of their transgressions. But how sweet to the soul wearied and heavy laden with guilt, are the words of God, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." The word "*transgressions*" seems to refer to outward sins actually committed, and the word "*sins*" seems to refer to sins of the heart. The idea "blotted out as a thick cloud," leads our thoughts to the firmament of heaven. When the sky is clear during the day, we see the sun shining upon the earth, shedding forth his radiant beams; and, when the sky is clear during the night, we behold the moon walking in her brightness, and the stars glittering in the firmament like so many sparkling diamonds. But the glorious appearance thus presented is quite obliterated when a thick cloud is made to cover the whole concave of heaven. Now, just as the thick cloud blots out from the firmament, so far as the eye of the beholder is concerned, the sun by day and the moon and stars by night, so God says to His people, "I have blotted out, as a thick

cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." Mark, God says, "I HAVE blotted out;" the past tense is used, carrying us in thought back to His eternal purpose expressed in the covenant of grace. That purpose was actually accomplished in the great transaction on Calvary, when Christ—as the great Substitute for sin—the great Sin-bearer, poured out His soul in death, and endured the penalty of the law which the sinner has broken; then it was when it pleased the Lord to bruise His only-begotten Son, and to put Him to grief; when "He who knew no sin, was made sin for us," then it was that the Lord blotted out for ever, as a thick cloud, His people's transgressions, and, as a cloud, their sins. The *actual* blotting out is *done*, and now God has the experimental blotting-out to do. How does He do this? He does this when the Spirit of God reveals Jesus in His blood and righteousness in the sinner's conscience. When He causes him to feel the sin-pardoning efficacy of His blood, and to experience its cleansing power. "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins," saith God, as He reveals Christ crucified in him, and speaks to him in the Gospel: and what more can a poor sinner want? Let a poor sinner have brought home with power these words which God addresses to His people, and oh, how soul-comforting, how soul-cheering they are found to be! Let me, as a poor guilty feelingly-condemned sinner, know that all my transgressions are blotted out as a thick cloud, and all my sins as a cloud, I have no need to fear. Do I think of death as the wages of sin? Death to me will have no sting; it will be only a sleep, and that sleep in the bosom of Christ. Now mark; in all this God makes known to His people what HE has done for them; and this is the sum and substance of the Gospel. What is the Gospel? Why, it is good news to poor sin-stricken, sin-burdened souls—it is the good news of free sovereign grace.

V. And then God says, "Return unto me." The language supposes that God's people have departed from Him in heart; and this is no *unusual* thing, they *often* depart from Him. The words of God, addressed to Israel of old, are intended for God's spiritual Israel through all time. "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the Fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 12, 13). But, in dealing with them, God is ever saying, "Return unto me." To all His people God says, "Ye were, as sheep, going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." And such an evil heart has the believer in him—which is ever tempting him to wander from God—that he needs again and again the words of God addressed to him, "Return unto me." The words are an expression of God's unchanging love and His covenant faithfulness. God does not say to His people, "Because you have wandered from me, and set your hearts upon other things, and not upon me, therefore will I cease to love you." God does not say, "Because you have acted an unfaithful part in not serving me faithfully, I will put you out of the covenant of grace, and blot your name out of the book of life eternal." No! the God of Israel does not say thus; but, *determined* to love, *determined* to save, *determined* not to be disappointed of the objects of His grace, He says, "Return unto me." And He says this not only in *word*, but with *power*. For, putting forth *power* in His words as addressed to them from time to time, He draws their hearts to Himself, and convinces them that the words of the Lord God of Israel are not vain words. To every Christian wandering from God in his heart, and looking to himself instead of looking to Christ, in whom he is com-

plete, God says, "Return unto me." And to whom can the poor wandering sinner return but unto Christ? The words of Peter well express the sentiment of his heart: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (John vi. 68). There are blessed times in the experience of every true believer; when, after wandering from God in heart, he *does* return unto the Lord. *Then* it is he feels his heart glow with fresh love to Christ; then it is that his faith is in active exercise, and he feels melted down into tears of penitence and grief at the recollection of his sins and follies. "Return unto me." It is the language of the Shepherd to His wandering sheep, for whom He laid down His life. It is the language of the Father to His prodigal Son, whom He is ready to receive with all the affection of a Father's heart.

VI. And, then, the reason God gives for His people returning unto Him is, "For I have redeemed thee." With what were they redeemed? The inspired apostle says: "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter i. 18, 19). Christ claims His people on a threefold ground: first, they are His because the Father gave them to Him; secondly, they are His because He redeemed them with His precious blood; and thirdly, they are His by conquest. Having overcome all their spiritual enemies, as the Head of the Church, He is the mighty Conqueror. The reason which Christ gives for all He says to His people, and for all that He does *for* them and *in* them by the working of His omnipotent Spirit, is expressed in the words, "For I have redeemed thee." And that poor sinner whom Christ has redeemed by His blood, He will *never* lose sight of. Most precious are the words of Christ respecting His redeemed, blood-bought family, where He says, "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Yes, poor sinner, feeling thyself condemned and lost, Christ says, "I have redeemed thee." Hear Him speaking to thee in the Gospel, inviting thee to come, and find rest unto thy soul: and, when you have found that rest, and find yourself wandering from Christ, Christ says, "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee;" and thus Christ will never be disappointed of one of His own: He stands engaged to bring them all in triumph to glory.

A FEW REMARKS BY A CHURCH HOME MISSIONARY.

It will be admitted by competent judges, that few movements, originated in connexion with the Church of England, are more eminently calculated, with the divine blessing, to promote her spiritual efficiency than the Church Home Mission. Having recently spent a week in this most blessed work, it seemed to me that it might not be unprofitable to give some little account of my proceedings. On the Monday in the mission week, I arrived at the hospitable house of the deservedly-respected Rector of Lympsham. I had known him for many years, and we were both pleased to have an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance, for as "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." It was also a source of gratitude to "the Father of mercies" to meet with a brother who, in these days of spiritual peril, is preserved sound in the faith, and who is not ashamed boldly to proclaim the "unsearchable riches of the grace of Christ." Here I opened my commission on the words, "Partakers of the heavenly calling." I was led to show that this calling

was heavenly because it came from heaven in God's predestinating grace, that it was heavenly in its nature, the believer's calling being to holiness, and that it leads to heaven because the golden chain connects the believer with the electing love of God on the one hand, and with the consummation of his bliss in eternal glory on the other. The congregation was attentive, and seemed to appreciate the truth. On the next day, I proceeded to Compton Bishop, a retired spot, but pleasant in the summer, where I received kind attention. The congregation was good, although I believe several had to come from a distance. It is very encouraging, in these missionary towns, to see how some will deny themselves, and take pains to go to hear the Gospel of peace. Here I called the attention of the congregation to the subject of salvation, and showed them that it was a deliverance from the guilt of sin by the blood and righteousness of Christ; from the power of sin by the Spirit of Christ; and that it was a free salvation, bestowed without money and without price. I pointed out the greatness of this salvation, and the corresponding greatness of the sin of neglecting it. On the following day I reached the village of Blackford. Here I met with the son of a very old friend, the former Vicar of Bedminster, &c. The little church here was well attended, and the attention of the congregation seemed to be arrested while I was speaking on that precious subject, the righteousness of Christ. I showed how it exalts its possessor above the *curse of the law*, the *designs of Satan*, the *sting and power of death*, and that, finally, it will exalt him to reign with Christ for ever. On the next day, I had to address a small company of hearers, in a schoolroom in the parish of Wedmore, and thence proceeded to the vicarage. Having partaken of its hospitality, we assembled in the fine old parish church at the appointed hour. The salvation which is in Christ was again the important theme, and seemed to carry away a solemn impression, which I pray may be followed by genuine conversions unto God. On the afternoon of the last day, Friday, I addressed a few persons in the Baptist schoolroom, at Crickham, and then safely reached the little town of Axbridge. Here the home missionary was generously entertained by the proprietor of the principal inn, who seems to take an interest in the Mission. It is of the greatest moment that the Mission should be continued here, as it receives no countenance but from several of the inhabitants, who value the high privilege of hearing the glad tidings of peace, and anticipate with pleasure the visits of the missionaries. Thus closed my missionary week; the results are with Him who alone can give the increase. If only one should have been led by the Spirit to the saving knowledge of Jesus, or one dear child of God have been cheered in his Zionward course, my labours will have received an ample recompense, and all the glory shall be given to the triune Jehovah.

J. B.*

ISRAEL'S RESTORER.

BEING A FEW REMARKS UPON THE "FALLING AWAY," AND "RENEWING AGAIN UNTO REPENTANCE," SPOKEN OF IN HEBREWS VI.

THAT which is called repentance under the Gospel was signified by the act of confession under the law; and each theocratic form of Church polity had its own special and peculiar means of restoration. Now, no one knew better what were the requirements of Moses under the *old* covenant, and

* It is somewhat remarkable that this unknown brother should have so gone over the same ground as that spoken of by ourselves in our last number, and in the April number of "Old Jonathan."—Ed.

of Christ under the *new*, than he who lived under both these dispensations. And thus the apostle Paul, who was a Hebrew by birth, and, being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, "profited in the Jews' religion above many," both thought and taught at this time "according to the perfect manner of the law of his fathers." But, when "called by grace," and, as he says, "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me," immediately he conferred not with the "flesh and blood" principles of the law; but, leaving these things (of Moses) which he now considered "*behind*," he pressed forward to those things (of Christ) which he saw were "*before*." Indeed, so persuaded was he that the "*law*" which "*came by Moses*" was superseded by the "*grace and truth*" which came by Jesus Christ, that he went about everywhere preaching the faith which once he destroyed. Moreover, having received "grace and apostleship," for the express purpose of preaching repentance towards God, by "OBEDIENCE TO THE FAITH" (of Christ), among all nations for His name, he was as strenuous for submission to the "righteousness of God," by faith in the Gospel, as he had been zealous for subjection to the "righteousness of the law," as hitherto he had taught was by "works." For, since the Levitical customs were now "changed," and the "time of reformation" had come, Paul well knew that the "God of glory" could only be glorified, as the Gospel of His Son Jesus Christ had its "free"-grace-"course" among the people.

Added also to his being thus made an "able minister of the new testament," he became, by being so well instructed into the mysteries of the kingdom of God, "*a scribe*" unto the Churches, whose letters were alike both "weighty and powerful." Thus, ever bearing his one uniform testimony, he wrote unto the Galatians, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage." To the Ephesians he said, "Be ye therefore followers of God" (not of Moses), "as dear children" (begotten through the Gospel of Christ), "and see that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools" (or natural men), "but as wise" (or spiritual).

And so in all his epistles to the saints and faithful in Christ Jesus; but especially when addressing his own brethren and kinsmen, according to the flesh. To these he writes his long, comprehensive, and most blessed letter, called his "Epistle to the Hebrews." And these he addresses, first, in their national and original character and position, as those unto whom pertained, "*the adoption*" (unto Moses), "*and the glory*" (or Shekinah), "*and the covenants*" (of circumcision and of works), and "*the giving of the law*" (upon Mount Sinai), and "*the service of God*" (in the sanctuary), and "*the promises*" (made unto their fathers), &c.; and, secondly, in their grace-standing in Christ Jesus, as being—

1. "*Once enlightened*," that is, illuminated by the Spirit of God.—And that these Hebrew children had been so illuminated, is evident by their having (as a consequence and proof thereof) "endured a great fight of afflictions" (chap. x. 32). The expression, "once enlightened," is synonymous with "once purged from sins;" and this is effected by the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." To be "once enlightened," then, with the light of life, implies being "born again" by the "quickening Spirit" of God.

2. And have "*tasted of the heavenly gift*."—The essential Gift of God from heaven is CHRIST HIMSELF; but the "*gift of God*" is also said to be "*eternal life*." And it is only those who possess in their hearts this gracious and precious "*treasure*," of whom it may be said, They have "*tasted of the heavenly gift*."

3. And been "*made partakers of the Holy Ghost.*"—This at once defines the new-covenant position of these Hebrew children of God. To be a "partaker of the Holy Ghost," is to participate in the holiness of God (chap xii. 10), and thus to possess the Spirit's Witness within our hearts. And what the apostle said the Holy Ghost bore special testimony unto these redeemed Hebrews was, their sanctification and perfection by the "one offering of the body of Jesus Christ" (chap. x. 14, 15). Surely the apostle was not wrong, then, when he spake of these enlightened possessors of this "heavenly gift," as being partakers of the divine nature, both of Christ (chap. iii. 4) and of the Holy Ghost (chap. vi. 4).

4. And have "*tasted the good Word of God.*"—Christ in His sacred person is the good "Word" of God, whose "flesh" is "meat indeed," and whose "blood" is "drink indeed." Of Him alone, then, can it be said to every soul that is hungering for the bread of life, "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Christ is the "good Word of God" that "gladdeneth the heart of man."

5. And "*the powers of the world to come.*"—To the enlightened partakers of the Holy Ghost who live by faith in Jesus Christ, eternity has already begun; and, having "passed from death unto life," they never pass back again from life unto death; but are sustained by the promise of God, which embraceth not only the past and present, but the "powers of the world to come." "For if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But hope anchors where faith enters, and that is "*within the veil*, whither the Forerunner had for these Hebrews entered. Now, "unto the angels," Paul said, "God hath not put in subjection *the world to come*" (chap. ii. 5). But the "saints shall take the kingdom," and, by faith in the promise of eternal inheritance, have a foretaste of its everlasting powers.

Such, then, were the characters who, like Paul himself, were the "true circumcision," who once had confidence in a religion of the flesh; but now by grace worshipped God "in spirit and in truth." And to these he wrote more fully about the laws and ordinances of the old Jewish sanctuary than to any other people; showing how all the Mosaic ceremonials served, for the time then present, as examples and shadows of heavenly things; also what the Holy Ghost signified by these patterns and figures; then, passing from the dying priesthood of Aaron to the ever-abiding priesthood of Christ (who, the apostle says, has now "passed into the heavens" "with His own blood," and as the "Captain of our salvation" made a "*perfect Captain*," through sufferings), Paul next speaks of Jesus as becoming the "Mediator of a better testament," and as having "taken away the *first*" (or old covenant), "that He might establish the *second*" (or new), thus showing how the "ministration of righteousness" preached in the Gospel exceeded in glory the ministration of condemnation proclaimed by the law; so passing on from the literal to the spiritual, from the now-shaken things of the old earth and heavens, to those things which remain unshaken belonging to a kingdom "*which cannot be moved*" (chap. xii. 28).

"Wherefore," saith the apostle Paul to these Hebrews, "let us have *grace*, whereby we may serve God acceptably," not with "sacrifices and offerings" which God "would not" regard; but "with reverence and godly fear." And again, taking advantage of the transgressions and disobedience of the children of Israel under the first testament, for which they were overthrown in the wilderness, he says, "Let us labour therefore to enter into rest, *lest any man fall after the same manner of unbelief*;

implying the possibility of the children of God *falling away* from their *steadfastness*, both in *grace* and *faith*; but by no means inferring that such may "*fall into the condemnation of the devil*," or "*draw back*" *unto the perdition of ungodly men*." No, the apostle had not so learned Christ.

Therefore, when Paul says, "*For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift . . . if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance*," &c., he is neither supposing the impossibility of a believer "*falling away*" from the truth and faith, by word or deed, which would have been against the Scriptures and the witness of his own heart: or the possibility of such a believer falling into hell, which would have been against the testimony, promise, and faithfulness of God; but he is speaking of the impossibility of the "*once-enlightened*" believers under the *new testament dispensation*, being "*renewed again*" upon the legal principles of the *old*! As we said at the onset, each particular covenant had its own peculiar method of dealing with its subjects. The Jews, who were under the law, were judged by the law; the Gentiles and Jewish converts, who were "*redeemed from the law*," were no longer *under law*, but *under grace*. They were "*not without law to God*," but it was "*under the law to Christ*." Therefore the apostle, who had before exhorted these believing Hebrews to be "*looking unto Jesus*," the "*Author and Finisher of their faith*," now counsels them no longer to exercise themselves in things which have "*not profited them who have been occupied therewith*," but to "*consider*," in all His bearings, teachings, offerings, gifts, and new-covenant testimonies, the great "*Apostle and High Priest of their profession, Christ Jesus*" (chap. iii. 1).

And it was under the influence of this Gospel spirit, with the earnest desire that these children of God should "*walk in the truth*" (for only so could they "*walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called*"), that the apostle Paul said to these Hebrews, "*Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ*," which were undoubtedly embodied in the law, "*let us go on unto perfection*," or to Christ, the perfect One; or it may mean unto the perfect law of faith in Christ as propounded by the Gospel, where perfection alone was to be found. Well did the apostle know, as he also said, that "*the law made nothing perfect*," but that "*the bringing in of a better hope did*;" and it was by reason of this "*hope*," called a "*better hope*," because it was established upon "*better promises*," and also a "*lively hope*," because it sprang from, was sustained by, and centred in a *living God*, that the apostle became so desirous these Hebrews should no longer use "*milk*," denoting "*first principles*," or the mere "*principles of the doctrine of Christ*," but "*strong meat*," or essentially fundamental ones, as found in the Gospel of Christ, where all those principles of doctrine culminate. And lest any mistake should arise as to what these legal and ceremonial rudiments of the schoolmaster contained in the law of Moses were, the apostle specifies them thus:—

1. "*Of faith toward God*."—Now, he that cometh to God, as each true Israelite daily did, must believe that He is God. And this was the faith of all the Jews; they believed in the one true and only proper God; their devotion was concentrated in the Elohim, which is the "*abstract expression for absolute Deity*." And it was the glory of God to conceal that holy Thing which should be born of the Virgin, until the fulness of time, when the "*mystery of godliness*," "*God manifest in the flesh*" (of Christ), should make it known. Then all men were commanded to "*honour THE*

SON, even as they honour THE FATHER." But until then the Jewish nation were "shut up unto the faith" (of Christ) which should thus be afterwards revealed. Nor was it until the "Lo, I come" did come, that the Hebrews' "*faith toward God*" was designed of the Holy Ghost to break forth on the right hand in the divine and sacred *person* of Christ, and on the left in His sacrificial atoning *work*. Therefore said Jesus unto His disciples (who were Jews), "Let not your heart be troubled; *ye believe in God*, believe also in ME." The scribes and Pharisees said, "There is one God, and there is none other;" but the test of true discipleship then was, and now is, "*Dost thou believe on the SON OF GOD?*" Thus "*faith toward God*," where there is a *denial* of the Lord Jesus Christ (which was rampant in the apostle's day, and constitutes the lifeless state of the Jewish people to the present moment) may justly be called a "*dead*" *faith*.

2. And "*of the doctrine of baptisms*," or divers washings; and which daily ablutions, like the "meats and drinks," were now numbered among the "*carnal ordinances*" of the law.—The doctrine of baptism as held by the Jews, who at the same time rejected Christ's atoning baptism in blood and suffering, also the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost in His regenerated people, may also be said to be a *dead doctrine*.

3. And of "*laying on of hands*," as was customary with the priests and Levites when they offered up sacrifices for the people. Now the laying on of hands in such a penitential manner, after God had said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," is a "*dead*" *confession*.

4. And "*of the resurrection of the dead*."—Here, let us observe, there is a distinction made, and therefore to be observed in the Scriptures of truth, between the Jewish belief in a resurrection of the dead, and of the New Testament hope in the resurrection OF CHRIST *from the dead*. That the Jews did believe in the "resurrection of the dead," apart from *faith in the resurrection of Christ*, is evident from what Martha said, concerning her brother Lazarus, unto Jesus thus: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Nor was she at all aware of what our Lord meant when He said, "Thy brother shall rise again," until Jesus added, by way of interpretation, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE." We have also another proof of this fact, arising from what Paul said when brought before Felix for preaching "Jesus and the resurrection." Thus, when accused by Tertullus, who was employed on behalf of the Jews, Paul said, concerning *their* belief in the resurrection of the dead, "*Which they themselves also allow*" (Acts xxiv. 15). But the holding of this belief whilst denying the resurrection of Christ, is what Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians called a "*vain faith*," and in our text, a "*dead*" *work*.

5. And "*of eternal judgment*."—Law and judgment also belonged to Old Testament teaching. Aaron with his breastplate represented both. Indeed the mount which burned unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, especially taught this solemn truth. But, since at the appearing of Christ, it was revealed that "all judgment was committed unto the Son of God," faith looks to the mediatorship of Jesus, in coming before "*God the Judge of all*" (chap. xii. 23). The powers of the world to come, with all that belongs to it, is put in subjection to the rule and authority of Christ; therefore to believe in "eternal judgment," whilst rejecting Him who is crowned with glory and honour, and before whose judgment-seat all must hereafter come, is a "*dead*" *belief* indeed.

Now, besides, these reasons for considering the "*principles of the doctrine of*

Christ” contained in the law, may, in their belief and practice, be called “*dead works*,” they are also to be accounted “*dead*” in the same sense as the “*sanctuary*,” which, though representing the body of Christ, was termed “*worldly* ;” and the ordinances of divine service, which prefigured the work of Christ, were called “*carnal*” (chap. ix. 1). Indeed, the life of Christ had stamped death upon all that had gone before ; and the living things of grace had made legal things unlawful. In that God saith, “*A new covenant*,” He hath made the first *old* ; and who can serve God in the “*oldness of the letter*,” when He hath necessitated all true worship to be rendered in “*newness of spirit* ?” Nevertheless, says Paul, “*these things will we do if God permit* ;” but he was fully persuaded that God, in His Gospel, did not permit their use and observance as they were held and practised under the law. Therefore he saith in substance, Let us leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, to which we have become “*dead*” through the *death of Christ*, and “*go on unto the perfection*” which is alone to be found in His LIFE AND RIGHTEOUSNESS. Not laying again the foundation of repentance, from the dead works of a faulty, worn-out covenant, but, as it was the “*goodness of God*” that first *led us to repentance*, so let any who may “*fall away*,” or *backslide*, or be “*overtaken in a fault*,” seek renewal by the *grace of God* ; for it is impossible for those who were “*once enlightened*” to be restored in any other way than by the “*prayer of faith*,” which saves the sin-sick soul ; which faith, being in the blood of the new testament which God hath now enjoined unto His people, is alone effectual to raise up the fallen, and heal the afflicted (James v. 15). And, that these Hebrews had been thus “*once enlightened*,” is evident, or the apostle would not have spoken of their being “*renewed again*.” The “*Restorer of paths to dwell in*,” is ISRAEL’S SAVIOUR, JESUS ; and all renewings of the “*inward man*” is by the *quickenings of the Holy Ghost*. The “*answer of a good conscience towards God*” cometh not by a figurative baptism, but by the accomplished baptism of our Lord Jesus Christ, which “*doth now save*.” Paul was so established in the blessedness of these Gospel truths, that he would not lay again the foundation of repentance, or any other spiritual act or exercise, upon works which were “*dead*” through the death of Christ ; or upon principles of doctrine, “*that were swallowed up in His victory*.” To turn from grace to works, would be going back again from Christ to Moses, and thus, having begun in the Spirit, to end in the flesh. Therefore the apostle Paul would not have these children in the faith, if they should “*fall away*,” to lay the dead works or doctrinal principles of the law, as a foundation for their renewal to repentance unto life ; for, for all such as have been “*once enlightened*,” and so “*renewed in the spirit of their minds*,” to seek perfection by the flesh of sacrificial things, or restoration when fallen, by turning again to the “*weak and beggarly elements*” of the old and ended covenant, and thus to put themselves under the law of works, to the rejection of the “*righteousness of God, which is by faith in Christ Jesus*,” is verily, as the apostle saith, to “*crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh*”—that is, they act as if they created a fresh necessity for the Son of God to suffer ; and this virtual denial of His having come in the flesh, “*puts Him to open shame*,” which was the great reproach of the unbelieving Jews of old, and is the bane of these broken-off, blinded people to this day.

But to these “*illuminated*” Hebrews who had proved the reality and sincerity of their attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ, by enduring a “*great fight of afflictions*” for His name, the apostle said, “*But, beloved,*

we are persuaded better things of you." And what things were these but, as Paul further says, "*And things that accompany salvation?*" Ah, this is the key that unlocks the whole subject. The "things that accompany salvation" are grace things, Gospel things, "things of the Spirit," "the things which are Jesus Christ's;" yea, all those new-covenant things of God that minister to the necessities of His tried and tempted people. These the "RESTORER OF ISRAEL" employs to renew His fallen unto repentance, even the *living things of grace*, and not the *dead things of law*; for, "If we sin wilfully," says Paul, "after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." No, certainly not; for all *sacrifice* for sin hath ended with the offering up of the body of Jesus "*once for all*;" and, therefore, the "all manner of sin" committed by all manner of sinners must be met, and cancelled, by the "blood of sprinkling," ere there can be any *renewal of strength to the soul*. And, until such an erring, fallen one, regains his position of peace by the great RESTORER of *all spiritual life*, there will be felt within, that "certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

But finally saith the apostle, whose fruitful mind drew lessons of instruction from nature to illustrate things in grace, "For as the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and *receiveth blessing from God*," &c., so we may say of the rebellious and backsliding, brought to dwell in a dry and barren place, but who are nevertheless thirsting for the refreshing dew of God's Spirit and grace; when Jesus restoreth the joys of His great salvation to their souls, they truly receive the needed *blessing from God*, whilst such an apostate, as was Judas, who "beareth" nothing but the "thorns and briers" of sin, "is nigh unto" the law's "cursing," whose end is therefore the judgment of everlasting burning. But from such eternal sinking, the Lord preserveth the feet of His saints.

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON

PREACHED ON THE FIRST SABBATH OF 1867, IN CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD CHAPEL, LONDON, BY THE REV. W. P. TIDDY.

"*Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.*"—PHIL. i. 6.

It is—

1. A good thing to be confident—it gives strength, assurance, and courage.

2. *Especially good* when we can be confident of the "very thing" we desire; however distant its possession, it is patiently waited for and diligently worked for.

3. *Better still* when we are confident on good grounds; *best of all* when on infallible authority. Many persons are not so; their confidence is built on the quicksand—mere imagination.

4. "Being confident," is a good motto for the first Sabbath morning of a new year, and a profitable subject of meditation.

5. Being confident that this year will be prosperous in business; that I shall have perfect and uninterrupted health; attain my most sanguine hopes; possess my most cherished desires. Who would not feel with this confidence, that it is a "Happy New Year?"

6. "*Confident*" in these matters is utterly impossible, as all will at once acknowledge. We have no revelation from God on the subject. We may dream of "being confident," but the dream is not certain, and the interpretation thereof is not sure. (Prov. xxvii. 1.)

7. We know not what reverses are awaiting us in business, or what prosperity God is preparing for us, what worm may be sleeping, just ready to burst its case, and to come forth to grub on our health, and to dig for us our grave; or what blight is coming towards us, to wither the object of our affections. We cannot be confident of either adversity or prosperity; sickness or health; life or death. Doubtless God could tell us, and then we should be wise, and do right, to be confident; but, without such a revelation, we dare not be "confident."

8. Is there nothing in the world about which we may be confident? Yes; one thing—a good thing—that "very thing" about which we may be confident—"That He which hath begun a good work will perform it." I am glad Paul was confident, because, as he was, so may I be; for the same reasons; on the same authority; with the same safety. The believer may be infallibly certain of "this very thing," "that He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." I am glad Paul has sent us this message, for he heard it from God's own mouth. Had he been with Christ, he would not have needed this new revelation of this old truth. Christ had already said, "None shall pluck them out of my hands." He was not there, and the Holy Spirit revealed this doctrine to him, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses the thing might be established.

9. It is a mercy that we need not be uncertain about the *one thing needful*, the most precious thing that God can give. All things else are, comparatively, of no value; and it is these about which we dare not be confident.

THERE ARE FOUR THINGS ABOUT WHICH PAUL WAS CONFIDENT:—

I. That it was a *good work* which had been begun in the Philippians.

II. That it was *God's own work*.

III. That the work *was begun* in them.

IV. That God *would perfect* it.

I. The work begun was a *good work*.—There has been much discussion as to what work is meant; but verse 5, I think, settles the point. *It was for their "fellowship in the Gospel" that Paul always thanked God.*

1. Is it a good work to give food to the perishing from hunger, drink to the thirsty, eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, tongue to the dumb?

2. To make a diseased body whole, to make sound that loathsome leper, to make sober, for ever, that drunkard mad with delirium tremens, to make innocent, pure, and chaste, that wretched, depraved, and degraded Magdalene, to make that unhappy and miserable thief, honest, rich, and happy?

3. To erect a bulwark around that hitherto honest young man, so that no "roaring lion" shall destroy him; another around that virtuous girl, that no seductions or charms shall tempt her to stray from the paths of innocency?

4. To render you back the object of your affections, whom death has

just stricken down? To venture life in that frail boat, in order to rescue yonder crew from perishing in the storm? God's work does infinitely more. It is for the body, for this life, the former cares; God's work cares both for body and soul, for this life and that which is to come.

(1) The dead in trespasses and sins are quickened, and made alive eternally.

(2) The soul is rescued from the storm and tempest which will shipwreck a world.

(3) It will heal all the diseases of the mind, give eyes and ears to the soul, purify the thoughts, the affections, the conscience, and the spirit, and make the man a new creature in Christ Jesus (1 Cor. vi. 9—11; Eph. i. 1, 6). Is not this a *good work*?

(4) The foundation of a new constitution and character is laid. Man is depraved by nature; God's *good work* makes him a new creature—sin had once sole dominion; now he is under grace. The best of men is only a spoiled potsherd, naturally; God makes him a vessel of mercy fit for the Master's use. He was once sensual, now he is spiritual.

5. It is the only qualification for rightly fulfilling the duties of life.

(1) No man can be discharged from this responsibility; but no man can fulfil the duties of his station aright, who is not a Christian. Let him fulfil all the duties of the second table, keeping "all these from his youth up," yet, if he loves not God with all his heart, obeys Him not, glorifies Him not in his body, spirit, and talents, he is a debtor to the whole law, and, sinning in *one* point, he comes under the whole curse.

(2) The Christian has a Guide, Counsellor, and Light; the worldly-minded man walks in darkness, and can but stumble. The believer walks in light, discerns the stumbling-block, and avoids it; or, if he fall, rises and turns aside.

6. It is glory in the bud. God has been sowing in the heart the seed of eternal life: He ploughed up the heart; it was perhaps sharp work, but the good seed took root, *divine root*. The sap, therefore, is divine; it has grown up; it buds now; it will blossom and bear fruit in a rich and heavenly harvest. If it be a good thing always to walk in the light, to be always guided and led by an unerring Hand, to be upheld by almighty power, to enjoy pardon and peace here, and bliss hereafter, to escape the bondage of sin and power of the devil here, and hell throughout eternity, to be useful here and to enjoy eternal life hereafter, to be for ever with the glorified and the good, the loving and the loved ones, to be like Christ, and be for ever with Him—then it is a *good work* which God has begun in every converted soul. Of "this very thing" Paul was confident; who can or will gainsay him?

II. That it was *God's own work*.—Few will dispute this; man could not do it if he would, Satan would not if he could.

1. None but God knows what is in man; therefore He only can influence the heart, and turn it into right paths, and give it right affections and correct judgment.

2. None can give life but God.

3. None can pardon sin but God.

III. That the good work *was begun*.—"By their fruits," &c. (Matt. vii. 17, 18).

1. He saw *good fruit*; he judged, he was confident, that the *tree* was good (see verses 7, 19, 26, 27).

(1) Right feelings in their hearts.

(2) Right principles in their consciences.

(3) Right actions in their conduct.

Religion is vain without these. We, too, may be confident of this thing, that if God has *begun* the work in us, we shall bring forth the fruit of righteousness, and walk in the light.

2. He saw that it was *begun*—not yet finished. Hence his exhortation; he did not expect to see the perfection of the good work; he knew the good seed must grow up (Mark iv. 28, 32). “First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. It is like a grain of mustard seed,” &c.

IV. That God *will perfect* the good work which He begins.

1. We learn that God’s word grows in the soul. Knowledge, experience grow; many harvests reaped here, before transplanted into the garden in glory.

Useless is the discussion as to progressive sanctification; strife of words. Satan stands by, and laughs whilst saints quarrel about words. The seed is divine—it cannot be made more holy in its nature, but the seed is before the corn, the tree before the fruit, the disciple before the teacher, the babe before the man. Paul was confident they would grow, the work would be perfected.

2. God’s *personal* work on every converted soul.

(1) *He will perfect it*—finish it. He began the work, and does not stop till He has finished it. Thus we are spared and continued in different spheres of usefulness.

(i.) This was taught by Christ: “But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered” (Luke xii. 7).

(ii.) *His providences* are accomplishing or perfecting this work; look at them in this light, they will give you great confidence in their end, the object they have in view.

(iii.) *His word* is a guide, counsellor, reprover, comforter. The Lord employs all as His tools, and this proves the work to be divine.

3. God’s faithfulness secures this perfection of the good work.

(1) It is *His will* to give us His kingdom; we cannot inherit it until we are born again and *endure unto the end*.

(2) His purposes of love cannot *be frustrated*. He will continue to work in His people; their security is in God’s fidelity to His word and promises. The unsanctified may presume on this doctrine, the hypocrite, *the* may abuse it, but the Christian will rejoice in it.

4. God shall at last make the perfection manifest.

(1) When He claims His work, and calls for the fruit.

(2) When Christ shall come the second time, without sin, unto salvation.

This New Year’s Sabbath morn is the token and pledge of that eternal Sabbath morning—that Sabbath, the keeping of which “remaineth for ever” to the people of God.”

SINCE God wanted not wisdom to frame His decrees, nor holiness to regulate them, nor power to effect them, what should make him change them?

I AM signifies God’s eternity. That—or the same that I AM—signifies immutability. God is said to repent when He changes the disposition of His affairs without Himself, as men, when they repent, after the counsel of their actions; so God alters things without Himself, but changes not His purpose within Himself.

Correspondence.

A FATHER'S TESTIMONY ABOUT HIS DYING BOY.

Henley-on-Thames.

DEAR SIR,—Having been a reader of the *Gospel Magazine* for many years, and, I trust, have been much blessed with its contents, from time to time I have often resolved to write a few lines to you, as I have felt, and still do feel, my heart knit in love towards you. You remember the *Conversations by the Way*; I do trust they were much blessed to me, and to others that I am acquainted with. Well, sir, since then I have had much to pass through, having a large family of seven children wholly depending on my own exertions. I have felt it a great struggle to bring them up as I could wish, still the Lord has been good to me. I could say much respecting that. Blessed be His name, “has done all things well.” About three or four years back, it pleased the Lord to visit us with typhus fever. Five of my dear children had it; two were given up as hopeless. Earnestly did I pray to the Lord to spare them; and He did so, contrary to all expectation. Nearly five months since, my dear wife was taken with it, and, after nursing all the others, died. You, sir, can enter into my feelings, as I can remember when I was called to pass through a similar trial. However, “as my day,” I found my “strength to be.” That passage was sweetly applied, as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.” As soon as my eldest boy left school, I was anxious to apprentice him in some Christian family, where he would be likely to hear and enjoy what it had always been my aim to instil into his mind; and so I placed him with a Mr. B——, at K——. He went on well, and everything seemed all that we could wish. He came home at Christmas to spend a week with us, and went back as cheerful and well as we could wish. In about ten days after, I received a letter to say he was not well. Mid-day’s post brought me another, to say I was to come at once to see him. How my heart sank within me! I tried to cast my care on the Lord; and earnestly did I pray, as I rode into the town, that, if the Lord was about to take him, I might have a testimony that he had been in the Lord. I hastened to his room as soon as I arrived. It was at the top of the house—a small room; and never shall I forget the dear boy, when I looked at him, and he at me. “He was much better,” they said, than he was;” still he was very bad, and much worse than I then thought him to be. I talked to him, and prayed much with him, and tried to impress upon his young mind the importance of a change of heart, though I well knew God alone could do the work. I stayed with him a few days, and hoped, when I left him, that he would recover. I sent one of his sisters to be with him, and to help to nurse him. Her first report to me was very desponding, the next was more so, and on the Thursday she wished me to come at once, as she did not think he ever would get well. Oh, how I lifted up my heart to the Lord that night as I rode into the town! I trusted, if he was to be taken, He would answer my prayer, and give me a true token that my dear boy was safe in His covenant mercy.

As soon as I arrived, I hastened upstairs to his bedside. Oh, what a change I saw since I last left him! I could see death had marked his

victim. You only that are parents, and know what real, heart-felt regret is, can enter into my feelings at that time. Was he safe? had he taken possession of his heart? was he amongst the number of God's chosen?—such thoughts and feelings as these passed through my breast. I had once told him my thoughts respecting him, and now felt sure the Lord was about to take him. Dear boy; I shall never forget his look at me as he said to him "he would die." He never spoke, but lay in solemn thought some time. I went to prayer. "Do, Lord, if Thou art about to take this boy—do give me a true token that he will be with Thee. Work Thy will in his heart, and show Thy covenant love." Oh, what beauty there is in that chapter in Deuteronomy, where the Israelites were bitten by fiery serpents! How sweetly the Holy Ghost, I trust, enabled me to speak that to him. I told it mattered not how or where they were bitten, they had only to look to the serpent, and live. All at once he looked up at me saying, "Papa, I think I love Jesus." "Do you, my boy?" I said, "then I am sure Jesus loves you." From that time his mind gradually opened, and death seemed to have lost his sting. He would often say, "What a wicked boy I have been!"—"what an awful sinner he is." Still, I was like Gideon: the Lord had wetted the fleece, but now I was to let it dry all around. So I pleaded again, "Lord, give me a true token." Never shall I forget that little room and my dear boy. I felt willing to part with him, as long as I knew he would be with the Lord. Oh, how kind and gracious is our God! "able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think." Gradually his mind seemed to be prepared for the solemn change that awaited him. Sometimes I would say, "Charley, pray to the Lord yourself; tell Him all you feel." He would pour out his heart in that simple, childlike way, which none but one taught by the Spirit can. How sweet I felt it to point him to Jesus, and tell him he had nothing to do but "look, and live." There was nothing to bring, and nothing to pay. He came to save sinners; and, if he himself a sinner, Christ came to save Him.

On the Sunday evening he seemed a little better; his two sisters came with me, and they went out to chapel. I stayed with him. I said, "We have not prayed together to-day, we will do so now." I took the Bible and asked him what chapter I should read. "The last in Revelation," he said. I did so; I then prayed, and, when I had finished, asked him to do so. Dear boy, I shall never forget him, as he held up both hands, and poured out his young heart to the Lord. Then he seemed a little better, and he tried to lie down and get a little sleep. Next morning about one o'clock, he seemed to get a little worse in his throat. I thought he had a little cold, which seemed to increase, and so we went up. After a little while he said to me, "Papa, my night is coming." From that time there seemed to be a change in him, but I did not think he was so near his end. I went for the doctor about five o'clock, but he did not tell us his mind respecting him. About seven or eight o'clock he seemed to breathe with more difficulty. I sent word to all that were in the house, "If they wished to see him, they had better come, as I do not think he would be in this world long." His master, coming into the room, he looked up as he came in, and held out his dear hand, and said, "Good-bye, sir; I am going home to Jesus;" and then he lifted his hands upwards, clasped them together, and seemed uniting with us in prayer. I was sitting, at this time, on the bed, with my arms under his head. He got off the bed, and went to prayer. Oh, that solemn time! all knee-

round his bed ; sisters weeping, friends weeping ! Let us hope it was not prayer in vain : I groaned in my spirit to the Lord. After all but myself and his sisters were gone ; he looked up at one of them, as they were standing at the foot of the bed, and said, " What time is it ? " She told him, and asked him why he wished to know. His answer was, " Because I want to make *haste* home to Jesus. " " Home, " I said, " my dear boy, it is a blessed home to go to. " I had, a day or two since, asked him to let me know if he felt happy when he was dying, and, if he could not speak, to lift up his hands as a sign. Dear boy ! as he lay in my arms, he lifted up both his hands, and held them as well as he could. I asked him if he felt happy. He held them up for a minute, dropped them down, and breathed his last. I felt at the moment something like Bunyan. I looked in, and could not help wishing myself with him ; I said, " Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. "

Perhaps this may fall into the hands of some godly parent, who has been praying for an ungodly son or daughter, and is ready to think it is a hopeless case. My Christian brother or sister, " will God deny Himself ? " Does He not say, " The promise is unto you and your children ? " If so, present appearances are nothing. He has said, " that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. " He cannot contradict His word. In His own good time it shall be fulfilled. I have now experienced His love for many years, yet oftentimes doubt His grace, and sometimes think that one day I shall, after all, fall ; but then I look at His promise, " Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away. " Oh the blessedness of having a felt Christ to live upon ! Well might He say, " My flesh is meat indeed. " May the Lord bless you in your work, and enable you long to stand as a champion, to preach the glorious doctrines of grace, is the prayer of

Yours, most truly,

C. P.

THE PRESENT LEAN STATE OF CHRISTENDOM ; AND WHY ?

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN CHRIST,—My mind has been much occupied for some time in finding a satisfactory reason for the present declension in the Church of Christ, and for the low spiritual attainment of many of the members of His mystical body ; and, in giving you my thoughts on the subject, I desire not to seem to be yours or any other man's teacher, but simply ask to be instructed, and to be set right if wrong.

Judging from my own experience, and observation of others with myself " bound up in the bundle of life, " and encompassed with like infirmities within, and snares without, I believe the evil to be accounted for from two causes : First, that of departing in doctrine from the old " landmarks ; " secondly, admixture with that world of which our Lord Himself declared, " if any man love, the love of the Father is not in him. "

Departing from the " old land-marks "—and what are these ? Are they not the bulwarks of our faith, the whole compass of the doctrines of grace, the foundation which " if destroyed, what can the righteous do ? " And, were I asked to enumerate those precious doctrines, would they not be almost strange and unknown to many of our modern divines, and, alas ! to many who once held them (it would seem in the head only) *obsolete* ?

In the professed desire not to limit the free invitations of the Gospel, and to bring its reception into a small compass—viz, merely believing in

Christ, or rather, mentally and instantaneously receiving Him, they have stopped short entirely of the necessity of the work of the Spirit, and man's utter fall from righteousness and spiritual power in himself.

This reception of Christ being done, the believer is urged immediately to rush into workings and doings in public associations, thereby necessarily mixing with persons and things which please and feed the flesh, and render religion most palatable and agreeable to the natural and carnal mind.

But, to return to the doctrines of grace, so little preached in our day. Were I to name some of them, would not the mere mention of them prove them to be unfamiliar to hundreds of hearers in and out of the Church of England? For instance, the essential, glorious doctrine of the Eternal Spirit being as much engaged in our salvation, and in our daily working out of that salvation, as is our blessed Redeemer; saving that He "being made flesh, and dwelling amongst us as Man," renders Him in this, and His various other offices, nearer and dearer to faith's apprehension. Then, again, the blessed doctrine of one (that is the Church's) eternal union to Christ, justification in Him, and sanctification by virtue of that eternal union, and thereby the only acceptable fruits and effects flowing from communion, by virtue of union; and thus our all being in Him, and He in us, Alpha and Omega of faith and works.

The next doctrine I would refer to, is that of redemption by the blood of Christ; and that blood shed for a covenant people—and for a covenant people only.

But have not the goats in sheep's garb, for worldly and carnal purposes, appropriated that blood without the sanction of the word of God, and drawn multitudes of the better-taught and real flock of Christ to follow their pernicious teachings?

See, then, the doctrine of assurance, the very comfort and stimulus of a child of God almost discarded altogether, and, at best, treated as dangerous!

The very word election is enough to make Christians of the present day not only look frightened, but instantly to shun the person using it as one believing error. And oh, the blessed consequence of all, the final perseverance of the called of God—dangerous again! They would not work, they would get idle, they would think themselves better than others if they held this doctrine, little remembering that the effectual calling of God the Holy Ghost engenders no such devouring insects in our borders as these. But our salvation and all its accomplishments bringeth self-renunciation, abhorrence of sin, meekness, gentleness; the creature nothing—Christ alone honoured.

But, thanks be to God, that Eternal Spirit so dishonoured in the teaching of the present day, will, and does, in His own way, lead the flock into these great truths; yet when—as they should do—they go to hear that which should lead them on, and build them up in their most holy faith—they, alas! go hungry and come away hungry: their teachers are hid, or know not how to teach; and why? These truths are not interwoven and bound up in their own daily experience; they are discovered to be shallow in doctrine, and, therefore, meagre in experience; and consequently too secular, too worldly, and too much given with their flock to fall in with the maxims, customs, and fashions of this world, not examples to the flock.

Dear brother, is it not a fact too evident, that, instead of making the

world what it is and should be—our enemy—we are too often, alas! “Hail, well met;” and, because, in this ungodly admixture, many seem to escape without incurring their spot, or seeming to be leavened by it, the young, the feeble, the doubtful, are drawn into the snare, arguing that “If such and such a Christian go arm-in-arm with the world, and is unhurt, surely such a one as I may tread in their steps, even though the word of God says, ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners?’” “Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.”

Dear brother, having felt inclined to enlarge on these points, I hope you will plead my excuse for intruding so far, for I trust an abler pen may be induced to carry out my remarks, and offer correction where I may be thought to be in error.

Leaving the subject in your hands, and with the blessing of God,

I am dear brother,

Yours in the Lord,

A CONSTANT READER.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF RITUALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(Reported expressly for this work.)

AT a recent meeting of the West of England Protestant Church Union, held in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, under the presidency of Lieut.-Col. Savile, the Rev. Canon Girdlestone delivered an address on “The Rise and Progress of Ritualism in the Church of England.”

He said: Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—It is not often when I am not in residence, that I feel it my duty to leave my country home and accept an invitation to a meeting here; but, sir, exceptional circumstances require an exceptional course of conduct, and I have left Devonshire this morning for the express purpose of taking a part, even in the slightest degree, in these proceedings. (Cheers.) For when, sir, I called to mind, that the invitation sent to me was sent by a Protestant Church Union; and, when I likewise remembered that that Union had done me the honour of nominating me as one of its Vice-Presidents, and had besides conferred upon me the favour of publishing one of the sermons which I preached in the Cathedral during my last residence (cheers)—and when I further remembered that Union was not simply for Bristol, but for the whole of the West of England, in one county of which I happen to be beneficed, and, when I further called to mind that the object of that Union was to cement in one compact body all those in the West of England, of either sex, who were opposed to any species of innovation, either of doctrine or ritual, in the Protestant Church of England—I say, sir, when I called these things to mind, I could not, without a failure of duty, decline the invitation. (Cheers.) Not, I believe, that my opinion on the subjects which are connected with this night’s meeting are unknown, either in Bristol or elsewhere. Whatever I may be chargeable with, I do not think I am chargeable with reticence on these subjects. (Cheers.) Under circumstances which would have shut many a man’s mouth, during my last residence in the Cathedral, I spoke on these subjects boldly, and plainly, I may say.

I do not refer to this, sir, in the spirit of boasting, but simply in order to crave your indulgence, if, in the few observations I shall address to you, I use the same boldness and plainness of speech.

Now I look upon the state of things, to consider which we are met this evening, in the light of a disease which has come upon the body of the Church of England—a disease which has been developed apparently with such a rapidity as has not only surprised, but alarmed the whole country. I confess myself, that, though I am quite open to the alarm, I am not the least surprised at what has taken place. It is simply that which I have been for years expecting; it is the natural result of causes which have long been in operation; and I believe that the slightest inquiry will suffice to show that this disease, though apparently so rapid in its development, like physical diseases appearing under the same circumstances, is a disease of long standing, and may be traced to an origin comparatively remote. I think we may go back to the very time when the Reformation took place. We must bear in mind that those who carried out the Reformation, and those by whom our Prayer Book was compiled, were men who had only just themselves emerged from the trammels of Popery. Their opinions were unformed—the light had not shone in full splendour upon them. It was scarcely to be expected that they should see the full force, and meaning, and use which would be made in future ages of the expressions which they used in the formularies they drew up. Hence, in the formularies of the Church of England in the Prayer Book, which it is impossible to estimate too highly, we, nevertheless, undoubtedly do find certain expressions and certain forms which, though I would not on any account stigmatize them as Romanistic in their character, yet are so ambiguous, as that they are easily susceptible of being made, by designing persons, the vehicles of Romanizing error. (Cheers.) I allude to the forms of absolution in the Prayer Book, and especially the form to be used in the Visitation of the Sick, and the directions given for confession in it. I allude likewise to several expressions that may be found in the service for the administration of the Holy Communion. Also, I allude to the use of the word “priest,” when the word “presbyter” should be used (cheers); and on no word has a more towering building of Romanizing error been founded, than upon that unfortunate word “priest.” I allude also to that which has given a kind of semi-sanction to the excess of ritualism in this country, the rubric which is to be found at the end of the calendar, just before the commencement of the Morning Service, “And here is to be noted, that such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained, and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth.”

Now I do not say that these things are Romanistic in themselves, but I say they are of such an ambiguous character, that they were easily susceptible of being made use of for Romanizing purposes; and we have nothing to do but to look back upon the different eras of the Christian Church, to find that in successive periods this Romanizing use has been made of these expressions with more or less success. But I pass quickly over the ancient periods of the history of the Church of England, not wishing to take up your valuable time with things which may be thought uninteresting, and I prefer to dwell on that which is more practicable and tangible, which is nearer to the times in which we ourselves are living. I refer to that to

which the gallant general (Major-General Aylmer) who preceded me has referred; I mean the "Tracts for the Times," a publication with which he has connected the name of an elder brother of mine, who happened to be very intimate with almost all the leaders of that movement. They endeavoured to persuade him to be one of the party, but he told them that he would have nothing to do with them. (Cheers.) He said that they would be either obliged to go over to Rome themselves, or Romanize the Church of England, and they defied him by saying, "If you will not come with us, we will soon march past you." (Cheers.)

Those who took the leading part in that movement, the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," are sometimes called Tractarians, from the tracts they published; sometimes they go by the name of Puseyites, because Dr. Pusey, the learned Hebrew professor in the University of Oxford was a prominent leader; and sometimes they are called Anglicans, the name which they prefer to be called by themselves. But it does not matter much what we call them; we are more concerned with the principles which the tracts themselves put forth. These principles generally go by the name of "Church principles." For myself, I think they would be more correctly named "Roman Catholic principles" (cheers); especially as the very principle which is the foundation of all the teaching of the "Tracts for the Times" was that principle which is at the foundation of Jesuitry in the Church of Rome—the principle which was especially advocated in Tract No. 90, of putting a non-natural interpretation on every formulary, no matter how clearly it is set forth. I ask you to follow me for a few minutes in tracing the manner in which these so-called "Church principles" have made progress during the five-and-twenty, or something like thirty years, in which they have been broached. One of the first things broached in those tracts was decency in the conduct of public worship; and without doubt at that time decency in public worship was a thing to be much desired. It had not only been much neglected, in our cities and large towns, but utterly lost sight of in many of our country districts. But mark the progress! inch by inch, and step by step, decency in public worship has gone on and on, until it has now been developed in what I can describe as nothing but pageantry in public worship. (Cheers.) It is exactly the same with everything else connected with this part of my subject. The communion was set forth as a sacrifice; people were accustomed to look upon it as a sacrifice; we have it now developed as a sacrifice in the fullest sense of the word. (Hear, hear.) Then the communion table was called an altar; and it was wonderful how that word "altar" was taken up by everybody: it is wonderful how it is taken up at this very moment. When I am in company with some of the most evangelical of my friends, I hear nothing but about altars and altar-cloths. You may depend upon it, that that name has a great deal to do with the thing; and I believe that the names "priest" and "altar" have been at the bottom of a great deal of Romanistic doctrine. (Cheers.) Hence people have gradually become accustomed to look upon what the Church of England in her rubrics calls a table, as an altar, and to call it an altar; and it is now used as an altar. Then we come to the word "presbyter." The Church of England knows nothing of a priest in the sense of a sacrificing priest. The word priest is nothing but an abbreviation of presbyter; and, whenever "priest" is used in the formularies of the Church of England, the only proper word to render it by is "presbyter." See what has been built upon the misrepresentation of this

word. Now the presbyters of the Church of England in every quarter of the country are not only looked upon by their congregations as priests, but they use all the attributes of a Roman or even a Jewish priesthood. (Cheers.)

Just in the same way the Lord's Supper in the Tracts was first of all propounded as a sacrifice. People did not think much about that at the time the thing was first propounded; but by degrees men's minds had been accustomed to look upon it as a sacrifice. They had been taught to make obeisance, and receive the Lord's Supper with their hand; so that not a single crumb might drop, because it was the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have seen ministers of the Gospel, presbyters of the Church of England, those who call themselves Protestants, amongst others, the bishop of this diocese, drop on their knees after the communion service has been ended, to receive what remains of the elements that have been consecrated. (Cries of "Shame.") I say in these ways men's minds have been disposed to consider the Lord's Supper, which the Prayer Book of the Church of England never considers in this light, as a real sacrifice for the forgiveness of sin.

Just in the same way with regard to the clergy. It was first put forth in the "Tracts for the Times" that the clergy were different from the laity; and this idea has been improved upon, and now we find the clergy assuming a position distinct from the laity. We have our churches built so as to separate the clergy and the laity; and thus it comes to be looked upon that the laity have nothing to do with the Church, but that the Church of England is synonymous with the clergy, although the Bible teaches that the clergy are the servants of the laity for Jesus's sake. (Cheers.) Thus things have been going on. Another thing that has been constantly enforced on people is this, that preaching is not of the same importance as ritual. Now no one denies the efficacy of prayer. God forbid that any Christian preacher should; but still every one who has read the New Testament knows that preaching is one of the greatest instrumentalities in bringing men to a knowledge of Jesus. I am trying to trace the course of the disease, and the way it has been led to its present state of development. Things began to assume a bolder form; men began to introduce into the notices they affixed to their church-doors every Roman term they could think of. We began to hear of matins, complines, and evensong. Whatever was most Romanizing in its type, that was thought most eligible. Instead of flying from the enemy, people seemed to be only too ready to run into its arms and embraces. (Cheers.) Then architecture and music—very powerful agencies; both these were enlisted into the same unholy service. You cannot go into many of our newly-built churches, without being struck by the gloomy aspect of the whole building; the sullen, solemn darkness which prevails, the clergy and the choristers kept in the chancel, where the congregation are not to intrude: and even the very architecture itself that has been enlisted into the services of the churches of the Church of England, render them more like Popish places of worship than anything else. (Cheers.)

I take it that exactly the same course has been adopted with regard to the music; we have a great number of Romish hymns introduced into our places of worship at this present moment; and, though I may not carry the whole of the sympathies of my audience with me in what I say now—and, though I am connected with the Cathedral, and rejoice in the choral services of the chief churches of the nation, I think the introduction of

choral services into all our remote agricultural village churches, is nothing in the world but a scheme of the enemy to keep people from joining in the beautiful ritual of the Church, and to take the whole of that service to themselves, and their purple robe, and surpliced choristers (cheers); and I therefore was one of those who had the greatest satisfaction in denying Bristol Cathedral for the purposes of a large choral festival. (Cheers.) Well, then we had poems, beautiful striking poems, all tainted with the same poison, and tales of the same exciting character. The press teems with such; you know it—tracts of the same description too. There were some for every rank, every age, every condition in life; food for every one. Things afterwards assumed a still bolder form, and people began to hate, and not only to hate, but openly to express their hatred of, the very name of Protestants. I have myself heard with my own ears many clergymen of the Church of England actually declare, "I hate the name of Protestant." (Cries of "Shame.") Then we had brotherhoods formed, as if Christian men could not go and read the Bible and pray with their brethren without being formed into brotherhoods, and wearing a peculiar dress! (Cheers.) And then we had sisterhoods, and nuns, and colleges of unmarried priests. Celibacy was held up to be preferable to that state which the Scripture has pronounced to be holy; and men's minds have been insensibly secretly accustomed and habituated to everything which is Romish and Romanizing. (Hear, hear.)

Meanwhile, no effort was made to arrest the progress of this insidious malady in the Church of England. The archbishops and bishops of the two provinces, to whom, as rulers of the Church, one naturally looked for some relief and remedy in this respect, very few of them—it is a matter of history, and therefore I do not at all mind referring to it—interfered. Some encouraged these proceedings, and one or two actually took a part in them. We cannot shut our eyes to these things, as they are historical facts. Well, then, I say that this disease insensibly and secretly derived and acquired strength which few men were able to foresee; and now it has assumed a form of doctrine and a form of ritual, which, as far as I can see, can only be adequately described by saying that it is perfectly and entirely Romish. (Cheers.) We have Romish vestments of every description. I really am not sufficiently learned to give you a catalogue of these things. (Laughter.) I heard, as I was coming along to Bristol to-day, that one gentleman had had confided to him a lot, valued at £600 or £700, for exhibition in one of the principal towns in Devonshire. (Laughter.) We have candles lighted in the middle of the day; we have incense freely used; we have the host actually elevated at the so-called altar. We have the host adored; and the priests, the presbyters of the Church of England, falling down on their knees in adoration of the consecrated elements. We have auricular confession of the worst possible description, on models taken from the worst types of the Romish confessional, as my friend Mr. Moncrieff will inform you in detail. We have the confessional imposed as a matter of necessity on the people, and we have the doctrine inculcated, of no forgiveness of sins without priestly absolution. When these things are rife in the Church of England, what can you call it but directly and pointedly the Church of Rome? (Cheers.) And I beg you to be kind enough to observe that this is not a mere ephemeral disease; it is not an illness that has come upon the Church, simply to last for a year or two, and then to vanish away. It is not the prejudice of a few isolated clergymen here and there. Not at all; we have

it inscribed in the pages of books published and circulated freely amongst every class of our population. We have it in the first place, set forth in the most exact order, in a book called the "Directorium Anglicanum," an expensive volume, which costs fourteen or fifteen shillings. I wanted to become the happy possessor of that book a few weeks ago, but I really felt that I could not afford to give so large a sum for it. But, worse than this, we have the same doctrine and the same ritual set forth in publications of the cheapest possible character. Those you can purchase for a few halfpence or pence from Mr. Drake, Park Street. If you will take the trouble to read some of those books, "Catechism on the Holy Communion," "Catechism of the Chief Things which a Christian ought to know for his Soul's Health," and the "Little Office Book"—if you read these books attentively, and act up to them, you will become some of the most accomplished Papists of the age. (Cheers and laughter.)

Well, I think, then, in this way this disease, though certainly it has been developed with apparent rapidity—I may nevertheless be justified in describing it as I did at the beginning, as a disease of long standing and slow and gradual progress—is the result, the inevitable result, of the principles which were set forth in the "Tracts for the Times." No doubt the development within the last few months or years has been of a very rapid kind—a very startling description. Thank God, say I, that it has been so; it has at least startled both clergy and laity into action. Thank God, it has led them into union here and there, and everywhere—of the same kind as that in connexion with which we are now met together. (Cheers.)

As a remedy for this disease, I confess that I do not look with any large amount of confidence to that declaration of the bishops of the province of Canterbury, made almost unanimously, as was stated in Convocation a few weeks ago. The very fact of that resolution having been made almost unanimously, and the very fact of the Bishop of Oxford having been one of the prime agents in passing that resolution—those facts suffice to weaken my confidence of anything practical taking place. (Cheers.) Nevertheless, I am bound to say, and I think we are all bound to say, that we ought to test that resolution. (Hear, hear.) And I am very glad to see it stated in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* last week, that that test had been applied in this neighbourhood, and that a representation of the ritualistic practices in the church of Saint Raphael's has been made, by the acting Committee of the Union, to the Bishop of the diocese. (Cheers.) We shall see what we shall see. (Laughter.) At any rate, I think the Protestant Church Union has taken the best and most practical step of testing the resolution of the Bishops. (Cheers.) If this Union does nothing else than call officially the attention of the bishops in the West of England to those churches in which excessive ritualism prevails, the Union will not have been launched in vain. But, as I said before, personally I have not much confidence in this resolution. I have infinitely more confidence—in short, most of my trust and confidence is in the laity of the Church of England, and especially the laity of the middle classes. (Cheers.) All my life long have I been battling that the laity should be considered to be, as they really are, a large and most important part of the Church of England. (Cheers.) I say, my confidence is in the laity of the Church of England; and, when I see that our meeting this evening is presided over by one gallant gentleman, and that the proceedings of the evening were initiated by another gallant gentleman—both belonging to the same arm of the service—the artillery, that arm which

has the handling of guns so large, that we ecclesiastical "canons" are by comparison perfectly insignificant—I say, when I call this to mind, I have not only confidence in the laity, but I feel great trust and confidence in the artillery. (Laughter and cheers.) Seriously speaking, however, it is to the laity of the Church of England that we must look at this great crisis of the history of the Church of England, and then to those of our clergy who do not boast the name of Anglican. If I might be permitted, which is perhaps very presumptuous in me to do, to tender a word of advice to the evangelical clergy of this diocese and of the West of England, it would be this, that we should sink all our differences of a minor character, all those differences which have kept us from acting together as a united body; sink those differences which have divided us from the laity, and also sink those differences which have kept us aloof too much from the Protestant dissenting portions of our parishes. (Cheers.) All evangelical men, whether churchmen or dissenters, clergy or laity, should be banded together in one strong, invincible bond against the false and idolatrous Church of Rome. (Cheers.) When the cholera first invaded this country, we spent large sums upon the erection of hospitals, and upon securing the largest amount of the most eminent medical skill that could be obtained throughout the length and breadth of the land; and yet you will remember that we made but very little progress against the disease. Each successive time that that epidemic has visited this country, we have been, under God's providence, enabled to contend against it more successfully. Now why was this? Because during the interval we have cleansed our cesspools, we have diverted our sewage away from our houses, we have purified our fountains, our streams, and our pipes. Now what I say is this, that it is to little purpose to deal with this excessive ritualism only. We must go deeper down than this; we must go to the root of the matter; we must attack those Church principles, as they call them, which are in reality the disease with which the Church is afflicted, excessive ritualism being merely a sort of symptom, or eruption, which the disease produces; and, as long as Tractarianism and High-Churchism are allowed to prevail in the Church of England, so long, more or less, will streams—wide and deep—of Roman pollution cover the length and breadth of the Church of England. (Cheers.)

And now, before I conclude, I may be permitted perhaps to say that I think in this diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, as much, or perhaps more than in any other diocese in England, there is need on our part—I mean on the part of the Protestant portion of the Church of England—of energy, boldness, and perseverance. (Cheers.) As a member, and as a minister of an episcopal Church, I trust no word will ever escape my lips connected with the episcopal order, which can be supposed in any way to militate against feelings of the most profound respect. (Cheers.) And, with reference to the individual prelate by whom the throne of this diocese is at present filled, I trust I shall never be found to utter a word which can be justly construed into anything which can interrupt those friendly and very pleasant relations that have always subsisted between Bishop Ellicot and myself. (Cheers.) It is impossible not to look with the deepest respect upon the abilities and acquirements of the Bishop of this diocese, as both a scholar and theologian. It is impossible not to be fascinated with his charming, friendly, and winning manner. It is impossible not to admire the perseverance, the untiring energy, with which he devotes almost the whole of his time to

the administration of the duties of his laborious diocese. Just in the same way I have always been accustomed to admire the unblemished lives, the learning, and the perseverance of the heads of the Tractarian party, including Keble, Pusey, and Newman, with some of whom I have had, in times gone by, the most friendly relations. But we must not, as Protestant members of the Church of England, allow personal feelings, and the admiration of personal holiness, to blind our minds to the danger which may be threatening the truth as it is in Jesus. (Cheers.) We cannot forget, I never wish to forget, that the Bishop of this diocese, in his sermon at the Cathedral, spoke of the subjects in which we are interested to-night with a very uncertain sound. (Hear, hear.) We cannot forget, I do not think we ought to forget, that all his patronage, with very few exceptions is bestowed in one particular direction. (Cheers.) We cannot forget that at a moment when his doing so was an act of the most marked and significant character, he withdrew from his office of Vice-President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Pastoral Aid Society. (Hear, hear.) We cannot forget that in Convocation he is always found side by side with the Bishop of Oxford. (Hear, hear.) We cannot forget that he is the first, I believe I am correct in stating that he is the only Bishop, who has thought fit, in the private chapel of his own episcopal palace, to semi-ordain, if I may use the expression, with a service concocted by himself, lay Scripture-readers; putting forward what I believe to be the most detestable of Romish doctrines; namely, that the Bible is a closed book unless it be unsealed by some one clothed with episcopal authority. (Cries of "Shame.") I, for my part, would not say one word in the absence of the Bishop, that I would not say in his presence (cheers); and, if he were here to-night, which I heartily wish he were, I should not have had the slightest hesitation in propounding to him this question, Are you an evangelical, or are you an Anglican? And, if I had put the question, he would not have had the slightest hesitation in the answer that he would have given. (Cheers.)

It is not for me to censure any man for holding this, that, or the other opinion. But these are matters of fact which justify us in saying, that, in this diocese and at this moment, we do need redoubled energy, redoubled perseverance, in resisting every innovation upon the Protestant character of the Church of England. (Cheers.) Depend upon it, the disease under which the Church of England is suffering at this moment, is a very dangerous disease; and, unless the Church, like Samson of old, rouses herself from the arms of those who would bind her hand and foot, and shakes herself, and asserts her inherent strength and power, depend upon it, she will be doomed to destruction. And, if the Church of England be destroyed, oh, what a destruction it will be! It will be a destruction at which Roman Catholics will triumph; and, when they triumph, they will laugh at the folly of those who have committed suicide upon themselves. (Hear, hear.) It is a destruction at which Satan and his wicked angels will rejoice. It is a destruction which will be a triumph to infidels of every description, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and for this reason—that infidels know well, wherever Roman superstition is, there intellect will assert its supremacy, though it be hurried into infidelity. It is a destruction at which all great and good men will mourn. It is a destruction which, as I believe, the dissenting communities of this country would lament; for, though they differ from us on many points, yet they

have ever looked upon the Church as a good old light-ship, which, if once torn from its moorings, their own vessels would be left to struggle alone in a sea which would soon overwhelm them. (Cheers.)

And I believe more than this—that, if the Church of England should in God's providence—which God forbid!—be doomed to destruction, that it is a destruction at which saints and martyrs will weep; especially those good old martyrs of our own land, who shed their best life-blood in order to secure to the end of time the foundation of the Church they loved so well. Ah! it is a destruction from which even angels will hide their heads beneath their wings, lest they should be constrained to gaze upon it; a destruction at which I believe even Jesus, the Almighty Master of all the Churches, who wept over Jerusalem of old, would shed tears; would weep over that Church which He would have gathered, but she would not. (Cheers.)

A CITY VOICE.

[The following spirited and only too-truthful statement of Bishops' doings and the aspect of the Church of England, in the present day, appears in a recent number of the *City Press*. We rejoice in so bold and scriptural an enunciation from a leading journal in the very heart of the metropolis. It is clear that the supineness, indifferentism, and unfaithfulness of many of our so-called Protestant Bishops will not long be tolerated. They have tampered with traitorism and pampered with Popery until they have so alienated the affection of the people from a Church whose principles and privileges they hold as a blessed birthright, that we tremble for the issue. A recent copy of the *New York Observer* informs us that a large number of the clergy, headed by two Bishops, are about to secede to Rome. We are sorry to doubt the accuracy of the statement. We wish it were true. We should be glad to know that the Bishops of Oxford, Salisbury, and others whose hearts are at *Rome*, had the courage and the common honesty to forego their Protestant pretensions and Protestant pay, and avow themselves to be what in reality they are. They are, to the utmost of their poor feeble ability, *sacrificing* a Church they have pledged themselves to *support*. If some of our martyr Bishops, of blessed memory, could raise their voices at the present juncture, in vindication and defence of our glorious Protestant principles, how weak and purile would appear, in contrast, the compromising Bishops of our day! Into what contemptible insignificance would they fall before such giants in principle and powers as those who would sacrifice their lives rather than betray their Church, or falsify their consciences. Moreover, we rejoice to think that we have still Bishops among us of this stamp, and who are prepared (if need be) to seal their testimony with their blood, rather than say, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." We have a Cashel, a Carlisle, a Cork, a Durham, a Ripon, and a Rochester, who, we believe, are prepared for this alternative if need be.—ED.]

THE charge of the Bishop of London was looked for with intense anxiety by those who have made up their minds that ritualism is pernicious nonsense, and must be put down by a summary process, and in a determined spirit. We have the charge, and we find therein a mild protest of precisely the same pattern as many that have been made before, and which will have no more effect in checking the spread of ritualism than it has in staying the encroachments of the sea. The Bishop has

adopted the convenient method ; he has attempted to satisfy public requirements, and at the same time inflict as few wounds as possible on ritualistic friends. He takes care to compliment them by saying, "actors in these scenes are, no doubt, conscientiously preaching by worship a doctrine which is very dear to them, but let them remember it is not the doctrine of the Church of which they are ministers." In the utmost of the Bishop's denunciation ; it is milk and water, with a ponderance of the last-named ingredient, and it will have no effect to convince the ritualists that the Bishop is afraid to disturb their peace and can do no more than quicken their zeal by harmless opposition. There are unquestionably many men in the ritualistic party who are convinced that the salvation of men may be accomplished by the use of ribbons, crosses, and genuflexions ; but the party can make no claim to conscientiousness, for their mode of procedure is a violation of the principles and the doctrines they hold are directly at variance with the established principles of the Church to which they profess to belong. The fundamentals of ritualism are founded in hypocrisy, which a pure conscience abhors. The men who preach and practise Romanism, but keep the pale of the Establishment, for the sake of its money, are condemned by their acts as traitors, hypocrites, pretenders, and practitioners of a vicious expediency. They make tables into altars ; they shape the order of worship in such a way that the people can take no part in it ; they make an exhibition of vestments, in place of presenting spiritual treasures ; they encourage children to confession, in defiance of parental authority and in supercession of parental care ; and they subvert the work of centuries by the proclamation of the doctrine of the Real Presence. Behind the mask of a sanctimonious phraseology, they carry out a system of worship which is grossly sensuous, and make religion the instrument of intellectual slavery. That their churches are thronged is no argument in their favour, and this the Bishop tells them, adding that "it is a question how far these churches are filled by the parishioners for whom they were built." The great argument against ritualism is that it is dishonest. We do not ask whether or not the ritualists believe what they profess, because mere belief is not sufficient. Fanatics are usually sincere in their belief, yet society has always sought to put down fanaticism. We grant that a few of the most prominent of the ritualistic party are men of high character and ability, but no sort of casuistry can deliver them from the stigma that attaches to men who secretly war against the Establishment they are paid to support and extend, and whose actions all too soon turn themselves into a system of double-dealing. They cannot make the good by appeals to either law or reason ; they evade, by the most plausible shifts, submission to a fair test in the face of the general public. The low intellectualism of the party has its analogue in a low moral standard ; for duplicity is the principal characteristic of their professions and practices.

We rejoice to know that in this City the majority of the church are devoted to the worship of God in a Protestant manner. The City is not wholly given up to idolatry, and the clergy, as a body, are ministers of the Gospel, and not men-milliners. But, if the Bishop of London be pleased to make an exploration, he will find that there are in the City examples of ritualistic practices as gross as any among those that have been made the subject of repeated condemnation. Punch and Judy to be a week-day entertainment only, but something like it has

the place of a spiritual office and a holy service, and the most solemn things are turned into subjects for burlesque by irreverent triflers. The Bishops have engaged themselves by their consecration vows to "banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same." And what, after years of agitation upon this subject, have they done? They have either espoused the ritualistic cause, or shelved the question. Our *good* Bishop of London follows the established precedent, and makes a protest when a counterblast was required, and shapes the protest so that it merely indicates what is his private opinion, but shall do no harm or good to anybody. He is scarcely himself until he has quitted this painful subject to dwell on the blessedness of peace and union. Now, it is too evident that peace and union cannot be promoted in conjunction with honour until war and disunion have been manifested. If Bishops, if the lawyers, if the clergy cannot purify the Church, the people will assuredly take the task in hand, and fire and sword will be employed for ends that may now be gained without them. Already the cloud no bigger than a man's hand has been seen at Northmoor, what will it be if it spread till the heaven becomes "black with clouds and wind?" It will assuredly overwhelm with terrible vengeance these perverters of the simple faith of our fathers, and establish "peace and union" by destructive agencies. The whole affair is being paltered with; the missionaries of Rome in the Church of England are encouraged in their deadly and treacherous work by the passive condition of the Church itself, and the temerity of its highest officers. But the people will be the stay of the Church at last. The great heart of the nation is as truly Protestant as ever, and, with all our vice, and ignorance, and infidelity, the Reformation has borne such fruit that an idolatrous worship can never take root in the land, though it may be tolerated in holes and corners; and the dreadful task of sweeping idolatry and false doctrine out of the Church will be thrust into the people's hands at last by those ostensible guardians of the venerable institution, who have been solemnly charged to be to the flock of Christ shepherds, not wolves; who have sworn to "correct and punish" "such as be disobedient and criminous within your diocese." The time has surely come for action, but we look around and see none ready to act; and, while we are assured, on the one hand, that the law of the land is openly broken, we are, on the other hand, convinced that there is none to vindicate the law and defend the true religious interests of the people of this country.

SACRED MAXIMS.

God often works mysteriously in the accomplishment of His most important purposes.

The foundation of wise actions is in deliberate and wise purpose, or counsel.

We have lost much by the very equivocal sense in which we understand the term Grace.

I fill heaven and earth; not a part of me fills one place, and another part of me fills another, but I, God, fill heaven and earth; I AM—whole God, filling the heavens, and whole God, filling the earth. I fill heaven, and yet fill earth; I fill earth, and yet fill heaven; I fill heaven and earth at one and the same time.

“OUR OWN FIRESIDE” AND THE RITUALISTS.

WE are glad to observe that the editor of that sound and excellent periodical, *Our Own Fireside* includes in his programme for this year a series of papers entitled, “Light on Church Matters,” in which the pretensions of the ritualists will be exposed and refuted. The introductory article states: “We do not propose to occupy space by the insertion of lengthy papers on the particular topics of the controversy. We think we shall better—at least at present—secure the object we have in view by placing before our readers a series of extracts, gathered from various sources, presenting brief but conclusive refutations of Romish and ritualistic error, in contradistinction to Bible Protestant truth. Our present extracts, it will be noted, bear upon a vital and fundamental point—a point which, in fact, must decide the whole ritualistic controversy. Once let it be settled that there is no sacrificing priest, no altar, no sacrifice, no supernatural combination with the elements, and, as Archdeacon Hone forcibly observes, ‘there will be no need of reference to the innovations in dress, in the furniture of the communion table, and in other things of like nature which have engaged public attention through the last few months.’ Around the great central falsehood, all exaggerations of ritual are but as satellites. The greater necessity involves the less; and the folly of these ritualistic ornaments of church or ministers is best displayed by disproving the assumed title of those who adopt them to the name or functions of sacrificing priests, which alone can give them any significance whatever.” Our readers will observe the editor’s thorough grasp of the main point of his subject. It is most important to support this and all other efforts for popularizing sacred Reformation principles and facts.—*Record*.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH’S ORDINATION CHARGE

AFTER the oaths were taken by candidates ordained, the Bishop delivered his charge, which occupied about three-quarters of an hour. The subject which he took was, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted,” &c. His exposition was most excellent, similar in every respect to Bishop Jewel’s, of which his lordship read a portion from his Apology. He said he could not believe how men who believed in penance and absolution, as taught by Dr. Pusey, could conscientiously sign the Articles, &c., of the Church of England. His lordship laid great stress upon the authority of Bishop Jewel’s work as having been referred to in the canons. In conclusion, he made a solemn and very earnest appeal to the admitted candidates, that they would pray to God for the Holy Ghost, for he, their Bishop, a miserable sinner, could not confer such a gift. At the same time, he said that the use of the words by the Bishop was by no means, as some had said, blasphemous. Speaking of absolution, his lordship said that Dr. Pusey had not a particle of authority to read the absolution over the sick on every occasion, as it was only intended for special cases of danger.

After the charge the Bishop, according to his custom, said that the candidates were to appear at half-past ten in the morning with their gowns, excepting the first on the list of deacons, Mr. Handcock, of St. John’s Divinity Hall, Highbury, who was to appear in his surplice to read the Gospel.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

“Can ye not discern the signs of the times?”—MATT. xvi. 3.

WE are glad to learn that several meetings have been held in the metropolis, connected with a very important subject—the non-attendance of our working-men at public worship. It is well known that the great majority of our working-men, without exception as to trade or calling, do not attend any place of worship; their wives may do so, and their children may do so, but they themselves do not. Why is this? Is it that they lack opportunity? Certainly not. The hours of the Sabbath, generally speaking, are all their own; they can spend them as they choose. Are they too much fatigued? In some cases, perhaps; but in most cases the Saturday half-holiday has refreshed them, and there is ample time on the Sunday both to attend public worship, and obtain the rest that they require. Is it that there are no places of worship at hand? Never were they more abundant. Is it that the Gospel is not faithfully preached, or not preached to the poor? Never, in all probability, were preachers of the Gospel more numerous, or the poor more frequently remembered in that preaching. What, then, is the reason? Chiefly, we believe, indifference to religion, and that indifference fostered and strengthened by other things, such as pride, drunkenness, influence of the public-house, infidel and immoral publications, and seats set apart and rented in churches and chapels. There is pride as to dress—want of sufficiently good clothing is pleaded as an excuse; and there is pride as to intellect: they think it is humiliating to be lectured by a preacher. There is drunkenness—oh, how many does it keep away!—and the public-house, side by side, indeed, with the house of God, but deadly hostile to it. There are myriads of infidel and immoral publications, spreading their subtle poison in thousands of breasts, and homes, and families. There is the obnoxious system, so often to be found, of a few miserably-situated and uncomfortable seats set apart in the place of public worship for the poor, the rest to be sold or bought at a price corresponding to their position or convenience. And there is, chief of all, the natural carelessness of the human heart as to its higher interests, and inclination to cling to any excuse rather than seriously attend to them. Nothing, we believe, can effectually change this state of things except the mighty working of the Holy Spirit, convincing of sin, leading to the Saviour, infusing an earnest desire into the soul for spiritual food; but still, might not human agency remove many of the obstacles to which we have alluded? Kind exhortation, direct and personal appeals to our working-men, combined with the exhibition of real interest in their welfare, might, we think, do a great deal; as it is at present, half (if not more than half) of our valuable machinery for benefiting our working classes is useless as far as the men are concerned: for the house-to-house visitation of district visitors, Scripture readers, and ministers of the Gospel, is chiefly carried on during the day, when none of the men are to be seen except they are ill, out of work, or at their meals. This is certainly a mistake; it is of far more importance to influence the head of a family, than any one of its members; and, as far as our experience goes, none are more grateful for kindness shown to them; and none are more worthy of labour bestowed upon them than our working-men. Night-visiting, indeed, is very self-denying work, more especially in the darkness, wet, and cold of winter; but self-denial is sweet when the welfare of immortal souls is concerned, and, when exercised for the Redeemer's sake, it is abundantly rewarded. The late Canon Stowell's Night-Visiting Society exactly supplied the need that we speak of. And, with respect to infidel publications, might not more be done to counteract their

effect by the circulation of pure literature—not merely tracts, which wiser men seem very much to dislike, but attractive literature, combining instruction and entertainment? Reading Rooms, so much thought of on the present day, are, we fear, often a failure in this respect, the working-men, having the full management of them themselves, select the worst kinds of reading, both as to newspapers, magazines, and books, and reject the best. Instead of supporting such institutions, therefore, by contributions, a far better way of aiding them is by supplying them gratuitously with really wholesome sound literature. And might not something more be done with regard to places of worship and the pews? Could they not be thrown more open to the working-classes, and the invidious distinctions between the different seats be removed? A seat may be free, but is it necessary that it should be marked FREE, in large letters, or be labelled “For the Poor?” And though it may seem an insignificant matter, is it not in reality so; and, at all events, is it not our duty to avoid “anything” whereby our brother “stung” or is offended, or is made weak?”

The Romish Church is still making rapid progress in our country; and it seems to make little difference whether a Liberal or a Conservative Government is in power; almost every favour that is asked for by it, is granted. The Bill of which we spoke last month, opening the offices of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Lord Chancellor of England and Ireland to persons of great influence and importance, to Roman Catholics, seems to excite no surprise, and meets with but feeble opposition; and the same may be said of two other bills now before Parliament, one permitting them to hold important offices in the hitherto Protestant University of Dublin, the other paving the way for their obtaining a share of the emoluments and patronage of the University of Oxford. The Pope’s representative in Ireland, Cardinal Cullen, has presumed to appear in his official capacity in robes as “Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin” at a state banquet, occupying the next place of honour to the Lord Lieutenant; and this is actually sanctioned and excused by the Government! Well may a Protestant paper exclaim:—“There does not seem to be any nation so willing to patronize the pretensions and schemes of the Papacy as England in these days—short-sighted and too much confiding, and too ill-informed England. Multitudes believe any charlatan tells them as to the meekness, harmlessness, and docile nature of Romanists and ritualists; and then, when the cheat is discovered, the poor dupes are laughed at for their credulity and folly.”

By the time this number of the *Gospel Magazine* is in the hands of our readers, the Paris Exhibition will probably have been opened. We are to see in connexion with that exhibition that a very important Christian mission is to be carried on by the Bible Society and the Evangelical Alliance. The former is to have a large stall well supplied with Bibles in almost every language; the latter has erected a hall for religious services capable of accommodating 500 persons. It is proposed that in the Hall there shall be preaching not only in English, but in a number of foreign languages, prayer meetings, meetings for evangelical addresses to various classes, and international conferences. Besides the larger hall, the building contains a smaller hall, which it is proposed to open for friendly Christian intercourse. It will be supplied with religious periodicals in different languages. Reports of Missions and other Christian Societies of different nations, and similar public Registers also will be provided for the names and addresses of ministers and other visitors during their stay in Paris, and information supplied relative to the services, &c., of each successive week. Who can estimate the good that may be effected, with the Divine blessing, by these means? How many a wanderer coming hither for mere earthly pleasure, may obtain unexpectedly the pearl of great price, and return on his homeward way rejoicing; and how many a darkened soul, illuminated by the bright light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, may become the bearer of its glad tidings to distant lands!

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 17,
NEW SERIES. }

MAY, 1867.

{ No. 1,217,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

BOUNDLESS GRACE AND MERCY FOR ANY POOR SINNER WHO FEELS HIS WANTS; OR, COME AND WELCOME TO JESUS CHRIST.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing."—MAL. iii. 10.

BELOVED, you will remember we dwelt upon the early part of this passage in the March number. We endeavoured therein to show how the Lord encouraged His people to draw near unto Him, and at the same time, sought to prove, from the language before us, how acceptable were the offerings of faith; that whatever was done with an eye to Christ, or springing from a sense of His love and goodness and mercy, was well-pleasing to the Lord. We testified that the fruits of faith as brought forth in the soul by the powerful working of the Holy Ghost, could not be otherwise than acceptable to Jehovah. It constitutes, assuredly, in one sense a phase of that glorious truth spoken of by the prophet, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied." These offerings to God of a sweet-smelling savour, constitute in part "the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God."

Furthermore, we endeavoured to show how these fruits—or these tithes brought into the storehouse of divine love and mercy—were, so to speak, dealt out again, to the glory of Jehovah, and to the profit and edification of His dear children.

In a certain sense, these precious fruits of faith, as wrought in the souls of the redeemed by the Holy Ghost, and in direct connexion with and bearing upon that new, distinct, and imperishable life which

He infuses and maintains in the hearts of His quickened ones, may be said to be somewhat like the corn which the Egyptians brought to Joseph during the seven years of plenty. This was all stored up in the granaries and storehouses which he provided. Then, when dearth came, the poor famine-stricken ones resorted thither for supply. "Go unto Joseph," was the counsel given on every hand. Joseph was a glorious type of Christ; and, as the type opened the storehouses to supply the pressing necessities of the people, so the Antitype opens out the treasures of His grace, for the maintenance and support of His poor and needy ones. As the corn with which the Egyptians were supplied, sprang from the seed which Joseph had dealt out to the people, and with which they had sown the land, so, in a certain sense, that with which the waiting souls of the redeemed are supplied, are the "precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth by the moon." What are "the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills, and the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof," but the goings forth of Jehovah in gracious covenant acts of love, mercy, and grace for and on the behalf of His people? All the consolations and all the blessedness are drawn from the Lord's dealings with His dear blood-bought Church. All and everything that strengthens and invigorates the souls of His people is drawn from the treasury of His word, opening and unfolding as it does, where He has met with them—how He has dealt with them—and to what unspeakable blessedness He has ultimately conducted them.

We ask the believing and Spirit-taught reader, whether all light and comfort does not come thus? whether present peace and consolation do not spring from the contemplation of what the Lord is and ever has been to and for His people, as well as what He is in Himself? Nay, there is no contemplating the Lord apart from His redeemed. It was once said—and well said, too—"I know of no Church separate from Christ, and of no Christ separate from His Church." Christ and His people are indissolubly and unalterably one, and therefore there is a beautiful identity and a blessed oneness in all His acts and dealings. And in this sense also, "there can be no schism in the body." "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

This, beloved, brings us to our next point, "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts." Now this word "prove" means to try, or put to the test, as one would examine and purify metals in the fire.

The word, as here used, sets forth most wondrously the kindness and condescension of the Lord towards His people. It is marvellous that He should thus as it were *challenge them* to test and try Him in the most scrupulous and rigid way. It is as though He would say, "Don't take my bare word for it, but probe and prove what I say to the very utmost."

Reader, in order to show in some degree the sense of the word as here used, we would refer you to some few Scriptures, by way of illus-

tration. Turn to Gen. xlii. 15, 16, where Joseph says, with respect to his brethren, "Hereby ye shall be *proved*: By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be *proved*, whether there be any truth in you: or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies." Now, what a severe test was this; what a terrible ordeal was that to which the brethren were subjected, when Joseph "put them all together into ward three days."

How wonderfully gracious, therefore, and how condescending of the Lord, to make use of such a term, in regard to His people testing and trying Him! How the Lord thus comes down, and meets the necessities of His people. How does He thus deal with them, as poor, wayward, shortsighted, frail creatures. What can be more gracious or loving?

Again, we meet with the same word in Psalm xvii. 3, "Thou hast *proved* mine heart; Thou hast visited me in the night; Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing." Now, we know how sorely and how long the Psalmist was tried: who more so? Yet here the Lord would, as it were, change places with His people. As He had tried *them*, now He would seem to say, "Come now, you shall try *me*."

In Psalm lxvi. 10, we read, "Thou, O God, hast *proved* us: Thou hast tried us, as silver is *tried*;" and then the Psalmist describes in what way they had been tried. "Thou broughtest us," he says, "into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water." Here was a five-fold mode of trial, any one of which, without divine sustaining power, would have been enough to have overwhelmed and issued in destruction.

Yet the Lord, by adopting the self-same word, intimates His willingness to be tested and tried to the very last degree, by His people.

In the 81st Psalm and at the 7th verse, we have the same word. "Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I *proved* thee at the waters of Meribah." Here again is material for deep thought and reflection, when we consider how *the Lord tested Israel* in the desert. Then, in the 95th Psalm and 9th verse, we have the testing in a directly opposite way—the people testing the Lord, rather than the Lord the people. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness: when your fathers tempted me, *proved* me, and saw my work."

Hence, from these various Scriptures, we see, beloved reader, how mercifully and how condescendingly the Lord encourages His people to test and try His divine faithfulness. In what terms could He set forth more strongly or graciously His interest in and love towards them? How kind and how tender are His remonstrances: in what a loving and gentle way does He thus treat with His people!

We come now to consider upon what the Lord seeks to be *proved*:

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing." Consider once more, dear reader, the Speaker, and the merciful and most condescending position He assumes. He, "the High and the lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy," thus treating with a poor worm of the earth, crushed beneath the moth, putting as it were His very heavens at his service and command!

The "windows of heaven." Let us contemplate the expression for a few moments, nor let us forget that when the Lord is pleased to make use of earthly figures or representations, He does so for the express purpose of coming down to our poor finite minds and comprehension. We are to adopt the type or figure in all its fulness and expressiveness.

Now a window is often used not for sight or contemplation merely, but as a channel or medium of communication also. See, for example, with regard to Noah and the appointments of the ark. In the direction given him with respect to its construction, it was expressly said, "A window shalt thou make in the ark." Now we shall see presently the significant use made of that window, and very naturally we may say, "What could they have done without it?" We read, subsequently, "And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground." Thus we see that the window, in the extremely critical circumstances in which Noah was placed, was made a medium of communication. Those of our readers who have known what it was, hour after hour—and that perhaps for days and nights together—to be pent up in the berth of a ship, when a storm has been raging so violently as momentarily to threaten that ship with destruction, can in some degree understand Noah's position; they can imagine the relief it was to him when, upon the fountains of the great deep ceasing to pour forth their mighty waters, and the tremendous torrents of rain being stopped, to open the window of the ark—once more to look forth from within that vast and gloomy fabric, upon the now calm and placid heavens. Although without doubt he had the utmost confidence in his Preserver, and his mind was calmly reposing upon his great and gracious Deliverer throughout those mighty and most destructive convulsions, which had so completely sealed the fate of the vast human family, with so few exceptions, yet it could but be a relief to him, once more to behold the face of the fair heavens; and Noah's sending forth, on sundry occasions, both the raven and the dove, proved his anxiety to be liberated from the place wherein he had so long been detained in a merciful but at the same time mournful captivity.

And we can understand, moreover, with what peculiar interest Noah awaited the return of the little messengers he had from time

to time sent forth in quest of tidings as to the actual condition of things. How, as he despatched his little winged inquirers, he watched their flight and awaited their return. With as yet no mark or sign to indicate the subsiding of the waters, how grateful must have been Noah's feelings, when the dove at length returned with an olive leaf, plucked off; not only thus bearing evidence that the waters were decreasing, but a sweet emblem of Jehovah's good will and pleasure.

Ah, believer, hast thou not known something of the self-same thing in rich and happy experience? Looking forth from thy prison-house over the widespread and tribulated waters of this poor sin-steeped world, hast thou not, in the form of prayer and supplication, sent forth many a messenger in search of proof that the restless and roaring waters were subsiding? Has there not been a heartfelt yearning for sign and token that thy frail bark should ere long cease from its rolling and tossing upon the surging flood, and rest in peace and quietude upon some sure foundation? Oh, the cry—the earnest, plaintive cry—for peace and rest that many a poor soul sends forth to the Lord God of Sabaoth! Oh, the intense desire that such give utterance to, in sighs and tears and groans, as, David-like, they cry, “Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.” And yet what mercy there is in the fact, that this poor world fails to afford shelter or peace or satisfaction. What stronger proof can there be that God Himself has created a void—a blank—a dissatisfaction, the which He alone can supply? Oh, how prone are the dear children of God to overlook this rich and distinguishing mercy! The world never denies itself. Satan never neutralizes his own provision and pleasures. This were to defeat himself. It is *God's* work to do this, and by which He counteracts both Satan and the world. Whilst they do their utmost to engross the thoughts and entertain the mind, the Holy Ghost, by a counteracting power, stamps the whole with “vanity of vanities;” and then creates a craving which none but Himself can satisfy. Thus a precious lesson is taught by Noah's dove finding no rest for the sole of her foot.

And the same lesson is taught in the higher and more advanced stages of the believer's experience; for, if such believer seeks to find pleasure or satisfaction in looking forth from the Ark Christ Jesus, all such seeking shall be found vain and abortive. Of necessity, there shall be found “no rest for the sole of the foot,” whilst flitting hither and thither over the widespread bauble-pleasures and pursuits of this poor fleeting world. There shall no real satisfaction be realized, or peace or delight or security, but in a precious experimental returning to the Ark; for in Jesus, and Jesus only, are true comfort, joy, peace, and satisfaction to be found. It is in Christ, and Christ alone, is realized that solid consolation, and that divine power, and that precious, precious peace which passeth all understanding. Oh, what a rest—what a stayedness—what a calm, undisturbed, unruffled contentment is to be found at the feet of Jesus, and flowing forth from His love—

looks, sustaining arm, and sweet whispers of love, tenderness, and mercy! Reader, do you know anything of it? Have you been led by grace and love divine into a heartfelt knowledge of these divine secrets and precious, precious mercies? Has Jesus, on these very grounds, become to you, personally and experimentally, the "chiefest among ten thousand," the "altogether lovely?" Can you say,

"Do not I love thee, dearest Lord?
Oh, search this heart and see!
And from my bosom tear the part
That beats not true to Thee?"

Yea, and in spite of the occasional ten thousand fears to the contrary, when contemplating your carnality, and waywardness, and ingratitude, and unbelief, are there not moments when, in all the fulness of your heart, you can exclaim,

"Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust?"

Ah, yes, and when the dark fear has crossed your heart about ignorance of Jesus—indifference to Jesus—no love to Jesus—taking part with the enemies of Jesus, have you not felt the same promptings as that which induced a Peter to say, "Though I should *die* with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee?" Has not this really been the language of your heart? Has not "the spirit been willing," however "weak the flesh?" Would you not again respond to the touching inquiry, "Will ye also go away?" as Peter did: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And what about the appeal, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" "Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Reader, is not this the case, notwithstanding all the counterworkings, and all the numberless things, both in self and circumstances, which cause you day by day, and moment by moment, to "groan, being burdened?" Is there not, we ask, after all, a something at the bottom that you cannot give up? a something dearer, not merely than all earthly things, but even more precious than life itself? Cannot you say, in reference to that something, "If in this life only I have hope, then am I of all men most miserable?" Oh, who is it, day by day, sustains but Jesus? and what is it, instrumentally, bears up the heart, moment by moment, and under pressure and care and anxiety, what but the hopes and the expectations that are based alone in and upon Jesus? Assuredly, if He analyzes the heart, and scrutinizes the feelings, it shall be found that He is "all our salvation and all our desire," and that we can, as before a heart-searching and rein-trying God, declare, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Reader, here we must stop. Should it be the Lord's will, we may take up the subject again, and speak somewhat of the gracious promise to "open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing."

Meanwhile, may it be your mercy, and ours likewise, to be upon the look out for these blessings, knowing that where the Lord gives the grace of a wrestling, watchful, waiting spirit, there in due time shall follow, in rich and precious manifestation, the blessing also; for He hath said, "The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever," and "Blessed are all they that wait for Him." Doubtless you, dear reader, in common with ourselves, have much to wait upon Him for; ah, how much, and how critical and complicated, is known alone to Himself; but what a mercy, He heareth the groaning of His prisoners; He bottleth up the tears of His people; He hath appointed the bounds of their habitations; their times are in His hands; and, come what will, or happen what may, nothing shall in the least wise interfere with that great and glorious declaration, "We know that all [yes, ALL] things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Beloved, for the present farewell,

St. Luke's, Bedminster, April 11, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

THE TITLE TO MANSIONS IN THE SKIES.

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

IN these strains were God's children in the habit of recording their trials, exercises of faith, and joyous deliverances in the last century; and such, or similar, are the expressions of believers in the year of grace, 1867.

In many cases the deep feeling of anxiety is expressed by,

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

It has been said, and may still be said, that the person who can utter these words from the heart, has no need to be the subject of anxious thought; but it is the case, nevertheless, and reminds one of a little incident I have often heard mentioned: A person passing along saw an acquaintance imprisoned in the stocks; calling out to him, he said, "Jack, what art in the stocks for?" His comrade named some trifling offence, which had brought him there. "Why," said he, "they can't put you in for that." "But," replied the other, "they *have* done." "Oh, they *can't* put you in for that!" "But they *have* done," was still the prisoner's reply. Now we may say, dear Christian soul, you have all the feelings of God's children, and you have no reason at all for "anxious thought;" and still the reply from many a truly converted soul is the same—But I have "anxious thought"—I cannot read "my title clear."

What can we do to help such bondaged souls? We can pray *for* them. we can pray *with* them; we can direct them where to look; we can speak to them of the finished salvation, of the work begun, continued, and ended in Christ; and we can testify of what the Lord has done for others, once as weak and as doubting as they are. If a man desires to know his title to an earthly property, to what source does he look? To the will by which it was devised to him; to the title-deeds of purchase or bequest, by which it first came into the testator's possession. If there be any

ambiguity in the mode of expression, by which a doubt may be engendered, whether the said property will come into his possession ; will he not seek counsel's opinion ?

Now this is what we recommend to all doubting souls ; search the title-deeds, and how runs the charter ? " God so loved the world, that he gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life " (John iii. 16). " He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but *is* passed from death unto life " (John v. 24). And again, " Him that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out " (John vi. 37). Coming to Jesus, is believing on Him, casting all the cares, concerns, wants, sins, guilt, misery, and helplessness of the soul, on Him ; having no other *refuge*, desiring no other ; no plea but His gracious invitation, " Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." But even here the soul finds a difficulty—Do I come ? do I labour ? am I heavy laden ? are my feelings right feelings ? is *my* sorrow *godly* sorrow ? These questions Jesus alone can answer ; He is the *Counsellor* specially retained to help by advice all who feel their own ignorance, and come to Him for counsel : go to Jesus, ask Him to solve every doubt, to resolve every difficulty. But will you excuse my saying there is, at times, in some true Christians, a disposition to *hug* these feelings, these doubts, as though it were a presumptuous thing to use the language of that noble Christian poet, who said,

" Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread the sail,
Thou, Thou must breathe th' auspicious gale?"

I remember well, a dear man of God, now in heaven, who was always in this low, hesitating state of mind, and was fond of reading such religious books as, by their description of certain soul-exercises and inward trials, seemed to make it appear that such experiences, and such *alone*, proved a man to be a child of God. Taking up a book of this character one day, he said, " Is not this an excellent sermon ? " " There is a good deal of truth in it," said I ; " but *you* should never read such sermons as those ; there is not enough of Christ in it ; it makes too much of human experience." He was very angry with me for my candour, but did not show it at the time. Ten years after, when, through grace, he was brought to a more simple reliance on Jesus, he said to me, " I was very angry with you, that time at Lockwood, when you spoke as you did, about a sermon I showed you ; but now I quite understand it, and it was just as you said." He died " in perfect peace," resting on Jesus without the shadow of a doubt. One day after he had long lain on a bed of sickness, he said to me, " I cannot tell why the Lord keeps me here." " But," I replied, " I can ; it is that those who have known your *doubts*, may now know your *confidence*, and glorify God for His faithfulness ; that you may say, " though we believe not, yet He abideth faithful." An aged pilgrim, who has been a quiet, timid, doubting Christian all his days, is now lying on his bed, longing " to depart, and be with Christ ; which is far better," waiting, with child-like confidence, his dismissal—why ? because now, at last, he looks to nothing else but Jesus, the dying Saviour. May the little ones of Christ's flock, who may read these words, be enabled to forget what *they are*, and think only of what *Jesus is*. So prays their brother in Him,

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

PRAYING TO CHRIST.

"The travellers walked through byways."—JUDGES v. 6.

FELLOW-CHRISTIANS, you who have been in the daily habit for a long year of praying to your precious Redeemer, to give you blessings which are treasured up in Him, Bishop Colenso says you are wrong; that you have no business to pray to Christ at all. Meeting the smile of scorn and holy indignation which spreads over your countenance at the mention of the learned doctor's logic, which it is not so difficult for the veriest babe in grace to dispose of. Truly may it be said there are many travellers who are walking through byways, they will, we fear, find but end in the pit of destruction. Now we could not wish to take up this self-evident matter, if it did not become so in this day of false-teaching to defend our most holy faith, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that "asketh us a word of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear." This fresh assertion of Colenso's is but another device of Satan's to draw precious truth from Christ—another miserable attempt to dishonour and dethrone Him, and, God helping us, as long as we live, we will lift Him up very

high. Colenso challenges any to produce a single instance in which we are instructed, enjoined, exhorted, or counselled by our Lord, or by any of the apostles, to pray to the Son or to the Spirit, as we are taught to pray to the Father." And Dr. C. A. Heurtley Margaret, professor of Divinity at Oxford, replies to this challenge: "I frankly concede to him that I have no such instance to produce." I cannot join the learned doctor in his concession; for, if words mean anything, what else can the apostle John, the apostle of our Lord, mean when he says, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God. And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He [the Son of God] heareth us: and if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him"—not of the Father, but of Him, "the Son of God" (1 John v. 13—15).

We are quite ready to admit with thankfulness of heart that, precisely as we poor sinners are to pray to the Father in the name of Jesus. "Everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God;" "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly;" "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him;" and a multitude of similar passages will suggest themselves to every Bible reader. We do not wish to ignore or lessen in the least degree this inestimable privilege; but we must recollect our Lord's own memorable declaration, "*I and my Father are one.*" And these six words the whole matter hinges. We are to honour the Father, we honour the Father. "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?" Now, the Church of England, fully

recognizing this important truth, addresses the majority of her collects and prayers to the eternal Father, yet not to the ignoring the equal privilege of praying to the eternal Son; as, for instance, in the collect on the third Sunday in Advent, on St. Stephen's day, and on St. John the Evangelist's day. So again in her Litany or common supplication. Who does she supplicate for the general blessings desired, but each of the Eternal Three? "O God the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners. O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us miserable sinners. O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have mercy upon us miserable sinners." And then, addressing distinctly God the Son, she petitions, "By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation, good Lord, deliver us," closing the same by seven times appealing to Jesus for that mercy which He can and will bestow upon all penitent sinners. What a solemn farce must this Litany be, if we are not to pray to Christ! Does Colenso repeat it Sabbath after Sabbath? If so, we have this anomaly: a bishop declaring we ought not to pray to Christ, and yet himself professing to do so time after time! But, beloved, let us aside with man's authority and opinions, and come at once to the word of God itself, seeking the Holy Spirit's aid to enable us to draw therefrom such inferences as shall establish us in the privilege of praying to our ever-precious Redeemer, and thus honouring Him as we honour the Father. We note, then,

I. SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY CONCERNING PRAYING TO CHRIST.

Open with us, dear reader, the New Testament; the first passage we will place our finger upon is Mark v. 18, 19. Christ delivered a man possessed of a legion of devils; and the first thing that the liberated one did, was to pray to Him that he might be with Him. "Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Turn further to Luke xvii. 5. Colenso challenges us to produce a single instance in which we are instructed to pray to Christ. If we find that the disciples did pray to Christ, surely this is sufficient. And in this passage we are told, "And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith." Again, Luke xviii. 35, a "blind man sat by the wayside begging: and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant. And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passed by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And they which went before him rebuked the poor man for his impunity; but his was a case of need; and, feeling it to be so, he cried so much the more, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." What was that crying to Jesus but true prayer? And Jesus heard the poor man, and answered Him, as He had power to do. "Lord, that I may receive my sight," was the burden of his cry; and Jesus said unto him, "Receive Thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee." Again, if these cases failed to prove our point, look at Luke xxiii. 42. The dying thief appeals with earnestness of spirit to the Redeemer on the Cross, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." This was a prayer indeed to Jesus, graciously and gloriously answered. Further, turn to the beloved John's inspired testimony (see John iv. 10). Jesus is at Jacob's well,

with the woman of Samaria. And He "answered, and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." What is this but an injunction to ask Jesus for a required blessing? Again (John xiv. 14), Jesus asserts, "If ye ask anything in my name, *I will do it*;" surely we are not wrong to ask Him, when He declares "*I will do it*." Furthermore (Acts vii. 59), "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit*. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." One would think nothing could be clearer: this dying saint had seen the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," and, appealing to Him to whom prayer shall be made, he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." At such a time, and under such circumstances, there could be no mistake, and to our mind this fact alone is enough to silence Colenso. But once more (2 Cor. xii. 7—10), "Lest I should be exalted," said the apostle Paul, "above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." What is this but an appeal or earnest prayer to Christ, who was able to give grace to enable His tried servant to bear up against the affliction, and feel that there was a needs-be for his *thorn in the flesh*?

But let us come to some of the utterances of our dear Redeemer Himself. For instance, He said, "Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me" (John vi. 45). How can a poor sinner come unto Christ, but by the prayer of faith? and what are we to go to Christ for? Surely one essential thing is, we must pray to Him for forgiveness of our sins; and what can be plainer than the language of the apostle Paul upon this point?—"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." We are, too, to get life from Christ; therefore must we pray to Him for it: "for as the Father raiseth up the dead, and *quickeneth* them; even so the Son quickeneth whom He will." We are, too, to get strength from Him; therefore must we pray to Him for it: "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." We are to get rest and peace from Christ; therefore does He invite the weary to His throne: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Ye hear how kindly He invites,
Ye hear His words so blest;
'All ye that labour come to me,
And I will give you rest.'"

Thus, surely, we have drawn enough from the sacred Scriptures to authorize us to pray to Christ.

The man possessed of a legion of devils, the wavering disciples, the poor blind beggar by the wayside, the woman of Samaria, the thief upon

the cross, the dying Stephen, and the tried and tempted apostle of our Lord, all prayed to Christ; and so must we. And, then, the fact that we are to get from Him forgiveness, and life, and strength, and rest, and indeed every blessing we need, surely proves to us the great need and privilege of praying to our blessed Lord. But, further,

II. THE CHARACTER OF TRUE PRAYER WILL SHOW US THE NECESSITY OF PRAYING TO CHRIST.

True prayer is not a studied effort of polished words, all set in apple-pie order. The sacred Scriptures describe prayer,

1. *As a crying to the Lord.*—Hence does the Christian know what it is in the midst of the busy concerns of life, or under a sense of the weight of sin, or in the moment of need, or in a time of felt weakness, to appeal, in broken utterances, to that God whose ears are open to his cry.

2. True prayer is described as "*wrestling*;" and that with Jesus, "the Man" whom Jacob wrestled with, and would not let Him go until He blessed him. O my soul, dost thou not know somewhat of this *wrestling with Jesus for a blessing*, especially in times of dearth? When the soul feels as barren as a waste, howling wilderness, dost thou not know what it is to lay hold by faith of a precious Christ, and to say, Do come near, Lord, and bless me, even me: I cannot live without Thee. Oh, warm my cold heart, draw out my languishing affection, that this wretched indifference and coldness may give place to the warmth and vigour of divine life? Reader, dost thou know what such exercises of soul are? if so, you will join us in the assertion that such wrestlings are true prayers to Jesus. Again,

3. True prayer is described as "*pouring out the soul*," when melted in contrition by the Spirit of God. Oh, the vehement desires and earnest longings that are experienced under such hallowed meltings of heart! And where do these desires and longings centre but in Jesus?

Well, then, "crying to the Lord," "daily wrestlings," constant "pourings out of soul," and many other expressions, will occur to the Bible reader, as setting forth heart-felt prayer; such as "groanings which cannot be uttered," "drawing near to God," &c. And we would ask, How can these exercises of soul be separated from a precious Christ? Nay, does not the child of God, find himself crying to, and wrestling with, Jesus, and pouring out his soul before Him who is the Object of his adoration and love; and does he not feel,

"Jesus the name to sinners dear—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven?"

Thus far, have we dwelt with the positive side of the matter. Let us now turn to the negative, and note,

III. WHAT A DENIAL OF THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYING TO CHRIST MUST LEAD TO

1. *It aims a blow at the Trinity.*—Because, if we are not to pray to Christ, we most certainly ought not to pray to the Holy Spirit; and that we ought to pray to the Holy Spirit, is evident from the fact that He hath power to confer gifts which we essentially need. "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the

Spirit the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit ; to another faith by the same Spirit ; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit ; to another the working of miracles ; to another prophecy ; to another discerning of spirits ; to another divers kinds of tongues ; to another the interpretation of tongues : but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will " (1 Cor. xii. 7—11.) "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost ; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour " (Titus iii. 5, 6). Now, here is abundant testimony that we must pray to the Spirit, the Third Person in the glorious Trinity ; and, if to the Third, why not to the Second, even our blessed Redeemer ?

2. *It is an attempt to lessen the power of Jesus.*—But, if Jesus, when on earth, had power to cause the blind to see, the lame to walk, the lepers to be cleansed, the deaf to hear, and the dead to be raised, why has He not that power now ? and, if He has that power, then, if I am blind, and feel myself to be so, I must pray to Jesus for sight ; if halt, I must pray to Him for strength to walk ; if under the leprosy of sin, I must pray to Him to cleanse me ; if deaf to the sound of Gospel truth, I must pray to Jesus that I may have the hearing ear ; if dead in trespasses and sins, my cry must be to Him for life. And never shall we plead for these blessings in vain ; for,

" Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness ;
Every blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchased all."

3. *It annuls many of the offices of Christ.*—We can only collect a few ; for example, *High Priest*. How sweet to pray to One who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities !" and to whom can we go, but to Him who was "tempted like as we are ?" "*The Author and Finisher of our faith.*" If my faith be not finished, I must go to the Finisher ; and I must pray as His disciples did, "Lord, increase my faith." Again, "*Saviour.*" O sweet name ! I have a Saviour at the right hand of the Father, and yet not pray to Him ? Absurd ! The poor saved soul must pray to Him day by day, and hour by hour. Furthermore, "*Advocate.*" And can I have an Advocate on high, and yet not ask Him to plead my cause ? Impossible ! He will be "inquired of by the house of Israel." "*Heir of all things.*" Therefore He possesses the very thing I need and want ; and, if I am to obtain it, I must ask Him who is Heir of "*all things*" to grant my desire.

4. *It virtually destroys fellowship with Him.*—If I hold fellowship with an earthly beloved, how can I do so without telling him my wants. Perhaps he may not be able to satisfy those wants ; love prompts, but he is powerless. But this can never be the case with Jesus. No ; when I hold fellowship with Him, He draws out from me my wants and desires ; and He is both willing and able to satisfy my wants, if He knows such will do me good. I cannot hold fellowship with Him without unbosoming my care ; and what is this unbosoming, but praying to Him, and coming away from His throne gratefully exclaiming, "Truly my fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ ?" Again,

5. *It puts the lie upon many precious and familiar hymns.*—Are all the precious and familiar hymns which really embody a prayer to Jesus, and

have issued from hearts in love with Him—are all these in error? such for instance, as,

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.”

And again, the well-known lines,

“Whate’er I need in Jesus dwells,
And there it dwells for me;
’Tis Christ my earthen vessel fills
With treasure rich and free.”

And again, those precious lines that have encouraged so many of the Lord’s tried ones to go to Christ in prayer:

“Come, my soul, prepare my suit,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring.”

Are these, and hundreds more of similar character, all wrong? Verily not! Again,

6. *It casts a reflection upon all the sanctified prayers of dying saints.*—To whom does the dying saint chiefly appeal in his felt helplessness, to whom does he direct his prayer when on the bed of death, but to Jesus? And does Colenso dare to assert that all the sanctified prayers of all these worthies who have gone before are all in vain? Oh, what will he do in a dying hour if he prays not to Jesus?

And now, dearly beloved, in conclusion we would say we have not written upon this important subject with any hope that we shall convince the carnal reasoner; this the Holy Spirit alone can do. We have simply drawn inferences from the Fountain-head of Truth, with the hope of strengthening the faith of God’s dear people; for really the time prophesied by our dear Lord seems to have arrived, when false prophets should rise to seduce if it were possible the very elect. And Satan is using every artifice in his power to lower and dishonour Christ, and exalt the creature, that, God helping us, we will stand upon our watch-tower and proclaim the dignity and power of our precious Redeemer—He who is the Source of all the spiritual blessings we enjoy, and to whom we must pray for life and strength and everything we need on our journey to our heavenly home. Blessed and praised be His dear name!

“That He is God I can avouch,
And for His people cares,
Since I have prayed to Him as such,
And He has heard my prayers.”

“Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.” Amen and Amen.
South Park, Ilford. G. C.

Your feelings are not the clue to find out Jehovah’s purposes.
Sin cleaves to our best works, like the flesh to our bones.

Everything is injurious which tends to lessen spirituality of mind, to hinder communion with God, or to waste time instead of redeeming it.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Eccl. xii. 10.

WATTS' HYMNS.

It is nearly two hundred years ago that Dr. Isaac Watts, the children's friend, and perhaps the best composer of hymns, taken as a whole, we ever had, entered into this world of sin and sorrow. The town of Southampton was proud to claim him for its own, in the erection of a graceful marble bust to his worth; and there the Episcopalian and the Nonconformist can cordially shake hands together as they stand side by side looking at the benign and intellectual face of the venerable poet. "His hymns are in *my* selection," the one may say. "And so, brother, they are in *mine*," the other may answer. Probably a Sabbath seldom passes that in church or chapel that hymn is not sung,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs," &c.

It is one familiar to us all, and seems as if it could never die, but must pass out of one century into another: Jesus is the theme of every line, and there can be no question *who* was the Teacher when that hymn was composed.

Dr. Watts was raised up of God for a great work. He was born in the reign of one of our worst monarchs, Charles II., and in the year when the persecutions of the Scottish Covenanters commenced, 1674. He lived through national epochs of the deepest import and interest—the Revolution, the Union of Scotland, and the invasion of the Pretender; but, amidst all these political changes, he was quietly passing his days in retirement, preaching Christ, and employing his gifted pen to the service of his Master. That he loved preaching better than writing, we learn from his own words: "*There is no place, no company, nor employment under heaven, that can give me such delight as when I stand ministering in holy things to my congregation.*" It must have cheered his last years (and he lived to the age of 75) to have possessed the friendship of Doddridge, Whitfield, Lady Huntingdon, and others, and to have witnessed the commencement of a great revival in religion, after such an age of darkness.

There is a charm in some of the hymns of Watts, that are unsurpassed in any succeeding writer. As a "sweet Psalmist in Israel" he holds high rank. He honoured the work of the Spirit; exalted Christ in His offices of Prophet, Priest, and King, and gave to grace the glory. In some of the hymns there is much richness of imagery; in others a depth of spirituality; and in many an experimental tone very touching to the heart. Let us look at some of the most familiar to our ears, and which may have cheered us on our pilgrimage course.

In the 146th hymn, book i., the titles of Christ are exquisitely delineated in each verse. It commences—

"Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders meet;"

and then we have the Saviour set forth and enjoyed by His people, as *Wine and Bread, a Tree, a Rose, a Vine, a Head, a Fountain, a Fire, a Rock,*

a *Door*, a *Stone*, a *Temple*, a *Star*, a *Sun*, &c., and the hymn closes sweetly and truly—

“His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold Him face to face.”

Then, in the cloudy and dark day when our souls are overwhelmed within us, and we know not to whom to turn or where to go, how soothingly comes in that oft-repeated verse (book i., 15th) :—

“Let me but hear my Saviour say,
‘Strength shall be equal to thy day,’
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.”

Some have a very great objection to the 144th, book i. :—

“Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?”

because they think they ought to be always rejoicing : David, however, thought differently, for he says, “*I mourn in my complaint. Return, O Lord, how long?*” The hymn only expresses the conflicts of a child of God wrestling in prayer for assurance and the witness of the Spirit, yet all the time satisfied as to the end.

“Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Shall safe convey me home.”

The same objections are raised to another, 65th, book ii. :—

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.”

It is not always that we *can* : perhaps most of us have more of the valley than the mount—of longing than realizing—of reaching forth than holding fast. And there is one more of the same stamp, so familiar to us all :—

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
“Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes!”

Is the promised land always in view to the spiritual eye? Is faith always in exercise to see it? Would that it was! But we can only see as sight is given, and rejoice as joy is given. Let us be thankful that we love the better land, and long to be there.

In book iii., 3rd, there is a hymn which in hours of bereavement (no doubt realized by us all) the people of God have found replete with comfort,

“Why should we mourn departing friends,” &c.

The fourth verse is full of richness :—

“The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?”

Jesus did indeed thus bless the grave of every member of His mystical body when He went down into His own; and their beds of suffering are soothed and softened by His tender, gentle hand; therefore the dying member need not fear to follow the dying Head.

A representation of Christ as the antitypical Lamb could not be expressed in poetry more clearly or gracefully than is given in book ii., 142nd:—

“Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.”

The inefficacy of the blood of bulls and of goats to take away sin (Heb. x. 4), or to relieve the conscience (ver. 2) of the offerer—the *heavenly Lamb, the nobler name, the richer blood*, are comparisons of great beauty. It is a hymn of heart-experience; faith laying her hand upon *that dear head of Thine* in Gospel liberty, yet Christian humility, confessing all the sins of heart and life over the Lamb of God, the divine Substitute, when hanging on the accursed tree, is rich in blessedness. *Bleeding love* is an expression very full in its signification, and conveying to the spiritual mind deep meaning. Of the same character, but richer in pathos, and even fuller in experience, is hymn 7th, book iii.:—

“When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.”

Newton may have had this hymn before him when he wrote—

“In evil long I took delight.”

There is a great similarity between the two in imagery, and the outpourings of a heart melted by the love of Christ; but one is very inferior in point of merit to the other. Watts is before Newton, though both hold an equal amount of truth.

The time would fail to look further into the beauty of Watts' hymns; only one more in conclusion, 34th, book ii., an address to the Third Person in the Trinity. Surely in the present day it is no lack of charity to say that the work of the Spirit is not honoured as it should be; therefore is it that the ministration of the Spirit is so seldom manifested in the preached word. Jesus cannot be honoured if the Holy Ghost is dishonoured by substituting the power of man for His sovereign power. Christ and His Spirit never work apart.

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.”

Nothing but the divine kindling can melt our frozen hearts. It is *His* presence in our assemblies that we need; there is no profit where He is not; no lacking where He is; and, as Watts writes:—

“His power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.”

When the Spirit touches the lips of the preacher with a live coal from off the altar, then a blessing follows. He opens the heart to receive the truth, exalts Christ Jesus, and all the glory is gratefully ascribed to the Triune Jehovah by the Church of God.

A VISIT TO MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

ONE who is now a minister of the Gospel, gave the writer the following account:—

I had one of the kindest and best of fathers; and when I was a little white-headed boy about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy: and he never seemed so happy himself, as when making me happy. When I was six years old, he came home one day very sick. My mother, too, was sick, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick, and all the physicians in the neighbourhood were called in to see him.

The next Sabbath morning early he was evidently much worse. As I went into his room he stretched out his hand to me, and said, "My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run to Mr. Carter's, and get me the medicine written on that paper." I took the paper, and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half-a-mile off; but when I got there I found it shut, and, as Mr. Carter lived a quarter-of-a-mile further off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back, I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and, though pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by pain. Oh, then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, "My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain." I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me, "No, father, Mr. Carter says he has got none." "Has got none! Is this possible?" He then cast a keen eye upon me, and, seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said in the mildest, kindest tone, "*My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine!*"

I went out of the room, and alone, and cried. I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing—all the children were standing round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest; and, when he laid his hand on my head, and told me "that in a few hours I should have no father; that he would in a day or two be buried; that I must now make God my Father, love Him, obey Him, and always do right and *speaking the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon me"—it seemed as if I should sink; and, when he laid his hand on my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God to rest upon me, "soon to be a fatherless orphan," I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bedside, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. Oh, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and asked him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for "the dying man." Oh, how my heart ached! I snatched up my hat, and ran to the apothecary's house and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bedside to confess my sin, crying out, "Oh, here, father"—but I was hushed: and I then saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead!* And the last thing I ever spoke to him was *to tell a lie!* I sobbed as if my heart would break; for his kindnesses, his tender looks, and my own sin, all

rushed upon my own mind. And, as I gazed upon his cold, pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, could I help thinking of his last words, "My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine?" I could not know but he died for the want of it.

In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and the children all scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it; but there it was, with its humble tombstone; and, as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bedside, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh, the thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart! It seemed as if worlds would not be too much to give, could I then only have called loud enough for him to hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late! He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over the ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me!

LEANING ON THE ARM OF THE BELOVED.

LORD, I would leave the wilderness,
This wilderness of vanity;
Where dangers close upon me press—
Then let me lean on Thee.

Oh, I am so beset by sin,
Which clogs my feet ensnaringly,
That scarce one onward step I win—
Then let me lean on Thee.

I yield so to temptation's power,
Through my poor heart's infirmity;
But ever, in the trying hour,
Lord, let me lean on Thee.

My weary steps are faint and slow,
And taken oft so doubtfully;
For sometimes scarce the way I know—
Oh, let me lean on Thee!

Ah, shame upon my foolish heart,
Too prone I am, most wanderingly,
E'en from the known path to depart—
Yet let me lean on Thee.

And there are stones of stumbling too,
When pride and passion wilfully
Make falls for me I dearly rue—
Oh, let me lean on Thee!

The tempter watches all my path,
And marks, with eye of cruelty,
What sin condemning influence hath—
Oh, let me lean on Thee!

And sometimes faith becomes so weak,
All grasp of truth is lost to me;
Which vainly to regain I seek—
Lord, let me lean on Thee.

Sometimes thick darkness closes round,
Where not one ray of light I see;
But sinful doubts my soul confound—
Then let me lean on Thee.

Remember'd sin, like dark'ning cloud,
Ofttimes with grief oppresses me;
And all the Gospel daylight shrouds—
Then let me lean on Thee.

Dear Lord, Thou wilt not say me nay,
Thine arm till now has aided me;
In all my trials still I may,
My Saviour, lean on Thee.

Amid all weakness, wand'rings too,
Griefs, doubts, and dark despon-
dency;
Uncounted perils yet in view—
Lord, I will lean on Thee.

Thus from the wilderness I come,
And, pressing forward cheerfully,
Would hasten to the heavenly home,
Still leaning, Lord, on Thee.

Thine arm will be my guide and stay,
On that I rest confidingly;
'Twill form one theme of heavenly lay,
That I could lean on Thee.

A. B. C.

"PLEASE, teacher, lots as lives in our court fights."

"I have no doubt of it," was the quiet reply.

"Ay, teacher, and lots as lives in our court," said another boy, "will go to the wicked place when they die."

"Better for us to look to ourselves than to our neighbours," said the teacher. "Now which of you all can repeat a text of Scripture to me?"

"I can," said one of the vagrant group, with triumph: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and I will teach them A B C."

Whether this answer was given in ignorance or impudence, it is needless to inquire; but we would attempt to draw a few hints from the child's version of the text. Said our Lord, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." This describes the character and condition of God's regenerated people. They are helpless, like little children, and need care; they are ignorant and require teaching; and, when they are made to know their state feelingly, they are among the living family of God, whether they can take the comfort of the fact or not. They have in God a never-dying Parent, who chose them before they had a being, and loved them in Christ before the world began: gave the Son of His love to die for them, and thence sends the Spirit to quicken them, and guide them into all essential truths: "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father," giving them the qualities and feelings that belong to children. But, though the gift of spiritual life is instantaneous, and qualifies the soul to live for ever with the Lord (1 Col. xii. 13), the children of God, during their time-state, for the manifestation of God's glory, must be educated in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and learn the lessons that discover God's mind towards them. As in earthly lore, so in the heavenly, there is an alphabet to be learnt; and we may use the three first letters, which are the initiative to the whole, to set forth a few truths familiar to our readers. The electing love of the Father, the redemption work of the Son, and the regenerating grace of the Holy Ghost, may be termed the A B C of the Gospel. If salvation flows not from God's election, whence comes it? It must come from God or man, there is no other alternative. If man's merit in part or in whole procures salvation, then man in part or whole is his own Saviour. But our second letter reminds us of redemption work; and that, not blood wastefully shed for persons that never were appointed unto salvation (1 Peter ii. 8), but an efficacious redemption, that rescues souls from the power of Satan, the dominion of sin, from the curse of the law, from eternal damnation, and gives them the benefits of the Gospel: "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7). Then in due order follows the work of the Spirit, whose office it is to reveal to the children of God the love-acts of the Father and Son, each bearing harmonious testimony to the other, in securing the salvation of the Church elect in Christ Jesus; and so manifesting the unity of the Trinity, and the Trinity in unity.

Now, some would have us believe these are not initiatory truths, but doctrines that should be carefully unfolded to the long-instructed and old-experienced believer. They say, "These are the meats of the Gospel, and the masses should have milk set before them, not strong meat." When we analyze this so-called "milk of the Gospel," we invariably find it a

very adulterated beverage. It savours of creature-power, free-will, a conditional salvation, offers of grace, and general redemption. The apostle Paul, writing his first epistle to the Church of Corinth, says, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, *neither yet now are ye able.*" Hence, then, we are not to look for meat in this epistle the apostle tells us; and yet, by a careful perusal of the preceding chapters, we see them full of the deep things of God. The doctrines of election, redemption, divine sovereignty, eternal union, are there spread out before this Church that was unfit for meat, and had need of milk. In Paul's second epistle, he gives the Corinthian Church a little meat, in the eleventh and twelfth chapters. And the analogy of Scripture throws more light upon this subject; for in Heb. v. the apostle tells us that milk means the first principles or doctrines of the oracles of God, in contradistinction to meat: "For every one that useth milk [only] is unskilful [or hath no experience] in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe." Infancy and doctrinal knowledge only, go together; whereas strong meat, or divine experience in the word, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, "belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." Thus we gather from the word, that doctrines received into the spiritual understanding of a child in grace, are termed milk; but the realization of divine truth in experience, is the meat suited to riper age, which constitutes fatherhood in the Gospel of Christ, and gives the believer the place of eldership in the Church of God (1 Peter v. 1). The text which the Arminians use as divine authority to conceal the truth, "I have fed you with milk, not with meat," is the believer's warrant for setting out the doctrines of grace, when viewed by the light of the two antecedent chapters, where the apostle fearlessly unfolds what are termed in our days, "high doctrines."

Maturely considered, this is a most appropriate term; all the doctrines of grace *are* high doctrines—planned by the most high God; issuing from the throne of God and the Lamb; arranged by the Eternal Three-in-One before all worlds; and in time the elect are made partakers of the divine nature dropped from heaven into their soul, as said our Lord: "Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Then, on the other hand, the term low doctrine is equally suitable; for every tenet belonging thereunto is not only of the earth earthy, but has a still lower origin, for it comes from the father of lies, who has no enmity to any religion that is false, but only to the true: and the characteristic of all false religions may be summed up in this doctrine—*man can begin with God*, whereas the basis of God's truth is, *God must begin with man*. Here we see the difference between what is called high and low doctrine.

But we would pass on to the three first letters of the alphabet in experience: *repentance* towards God, *faith* in our Lord Jesus Christ, and *love* of the brethren. Nor are we far wrong when we affirm that this is pretty much after the same working order of things in the hearts of all God's taught children. A sense of sinnership, like the preaching of John the Baptist, precedes the advent of Christ, and makes way for the gladsome reception of the "Lamb of God that beareth away sin;" and with this springs up in the heart that new and lasting affection of which the apostle speaks, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

But there is an alphabet of personal dealings every believer is set to learn; and these three first letters we find in Deut. viii. 2: "Thou shalt

remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to *humble thee*, and to *prove thee*, to *know what was in thine heart*." No doubt the drift of all God's teaching is couched in these few words. The elect of God, regenerated by the Spirit, are led through the wilderness of time for this very purpose—for humbling, for proving, for self-knowledge; and through these exercises the Lord, by the Spirit, leads His people, less or more, into Gospel discoveries and acquaintance with Christ. God's religion is no toy to play with; it is not an opinion to speculate upon; it is a living principle in the soul, founded upon truths revealed in vital experience to all those who are interested by covenant purpose in them, whether or not they are intelligently embraced. This living principle, called in Scripture "the faith of God's elect," must be tried; and the result is to humble the believer, to prove him, and to discover what is in his heart, that he may see himself as he is, and hate himself for what he sees. But all this endears a precious Christ. Fresh needs are opened up that require fresh supplies, and the sinner is kept dependent upon the bounty of the Saviour.

Divine dealings in every form have this instructive tendency, *to humble*. If trial and discoveries of sin are used, the effect is to lay the sinner in the dust, and make him cry out with Job, "I am vile." If the glory of the Lord be revealed to faith, the cry is similar to that uttered by Isaiah, "I am a man of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." If a day of pardon and peace be realized, humbling results follow, as in the case of the prophet Ezekiel: "I will establish my covenant with thee. Then thou shalt remember thy ways, and be ashamed." Thou shalt "never open thy mouth . . . when I am pacified toward thee." When the apostle Paul was exalted into the third heaven, the messenger, Satan, was sent to buffet him. When John was picked out as the means of communicating to the Church her future destiny, he must go into Patmos, and learn his lesson as companion in tribulation with the brotherhood. Saints have their deliverances to record, it is true. They have their "afterward" that yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. "Yet setteth He the poor on high [after, margin] affliction." But God's living family—be they what or who they may—know nothing of a cheap religion. All that is from God and worth having, like the temple vessels, must pass through fire or water; and in this way God purifies His people, not for salvation, but for service; not as their title to heaven, but for God's glory; not for their sanctification, but for their profit; not for the world's admiration, but for the benefit of the Church of God. And in this way, both collectively and individually, it is true concerning them, "We went through fire, and through water; but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." And this leads us onward to the end, when tribulation ceases, and lasting bliss begins; for we read thus: "They who are with Him are *called*, and *chosen*, and *faithful*." What heart can conceive, while on earth, the fullness of joy that is treasured up in these words, *with Him*? Here we lose sight of degrees in glory, which is another Arminian device to introduce into heaven the merit of works. Alas for the poor thief on the cross, who had no good works to bring! Alas for the myriads of the elect who, like him, were touched by the sceptre of grace, received their title at the eleventh hour, and took their place in glory among the kings and priests who were loved of God, and washed in the blood of the Lamb. But all those *with Him*, ultimately, were called by grace in time, because chosen in eternity, and kept faithful to the end by divine power. And now they

re for ever with the Lord, diving into the vast storehouse of divine progressive and immortal knowledge, treasured up for the saints in the kingdom of their Father—the few letters which, through sorrow and tears, they learnt here being the first step in that Spirit-world lore which eternity cannot exhaust, and which the elect shall realize when the Lord says, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

L.

Pilgrim Papers.

THANKFULNESS.

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—EPH. v. 20.

EVERY attentive reader of St. Paul's epistle must have noticed that at times the apostle makes use of what may be called very strong language. Whether speaking of the love of God, or of the privileges of the believer, or of the duties incumbent upon those who name the name of Christ, his language is equally striking. To this the words before us form no exception: “Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.” How full, how remarkable, are these words! Observe—

- I. The duty enjoined—“the giving of thanks.”
- II. The season of its performance—“always.”
- III. The things for which we are to be thankful—“all things.”
- IV. The Divine Being to whom the thanks are to be rendered—“to God the Father.”
- V. The element or sphere in which these thanks are to be rendered—“in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The duty here enjoined is not so much the performance of any one particular act of thanksgiving, or the cultivation of a thankful frame of mind. It is not an exhortation from time to time to declare or to give thanks—or to be thankfully disposed—to entertain at all times a grateful sense of the goodness of God in all His dealings towards us.

In bringing the subject before you, my object will be to notice some of the things included among the “all things” of the text, which often escape our notice, and for which we do not “always” give thanks.

And first I would notice the daily mercies we receive. Were it not that the very constancy of these mercies tends to make us unmindful of the Giver, I should not remind you of them this morning. The daily rising and setting of the sun, the continuance of our souls in life, the enjoyment of health, the competent means of enjoying life that we all possess, protection from danger, the means of obtaining knowledge, of becoming happy—these are mercies which, though not often made the grounds of our thankfulness, are indeed great! Their value we might ascertain by losing them. How sad would be our lot, if, as we watched the setting sun, we enjoyed no deep-rooted conviction that it would rise again! How sad even if there was but the probability that we should see that sun no more! Everything then would suffer. Perpetual night would be perpetual gloom and sorrow; yea more, death itself would follow!

The withdrawal of light would be the withdrawal of every source of happiness and enjoyment; yea, of life itself. And yet how few of us ever make the gift of light the subject of special thanksgiving to God! How few there are in whose mind the return of day excites the emotion of thankfulness and of praise! Yet, brethren, for every beam of light that delights the eye, for every breath of air that cheers our spirits, for every moment that we safely repose, for every step we safely take, for the happy issue of the least of our undertakings, it becometh us well to be thankful. And, brethren, forgive me if I dwell a little longer upon this point. God in His providence has placed most of you beyond the reach of want; He has surrounded you with the abundance of His goodness; He has given you not only enough, but enough and to spare, of the good things of this life. Now, I feel that the very circumstances in which you are placed—the very abundance by which you are surrounded, instead of exciting within you feelings of thankfulness, may have the very opposite effect. Never to have been lain aside, even for a single day, by ill-health—to have gone on year after year without any interruption in the enjoyment of blessings—oh, strange as it may appear, this is often the means of making us forget the Author and Preserver of our being! It is like the rising and setting of the sun. The blessings come, and we receive them as a matter of course. We forget that we are dependent for them upon Another. And, if it would not be true to say that we become ~~un~~thankful, yet is it not true that the feeling and the spirit of thankfulness is not cherished? “I am very thankful,” says the poor sick one, who, after days and nights of suffering, is permitted to enjoy one hour’s repose; but how few are thankful for the nights and days in which there is no suffering—no pain! “Yes,” says the mother, whose little one has weathered the worst, and good hopes are entertained that it will yet live; “yes, God has been very good in giving me back my loved one from the very brink, and I cannot be too thankful.” True; yet how few of us are thankful for lives equally dear, and which are spared from year to year! O brethren, it was the long, long period of suffering that gave a sensible value to the hour’s rest! It was the dark, dark prospect of losing her little one that excited the feeling of thankfulness in the mother’s breast. But is this as it ought to be? Must we lose the blessing in order to learn its value? Must God lay His hand upon us, and threaten, in order to make us thankful? That it is so, we may almost infer from the fact that many who have received the least at God’s hands, the least, that is, of temporal mercies, are the most thankful. Have you never been put to shame by the feeling of thankfulness manifested by some poor fellow-creature, as you supplied him with the means wherewith to obtain what was literally his daily bread? The days are not many since, as I was leaving the house of one of our poorer brethren, I heard the voice of thanksgiving for the help they had received, and the comfort in which they were permitted to live. I looked around again, to see from whence that comfort came. There was nothing to meet the eye—there was not even a chair upon which the Christian friend or minister of Christ could sit, as he addressed the afflicted one. From whence, then, did the comfort flow? It came from a contented and thankful heart. Oh, how it rejoices the heart from time to time to meet with such illustrations of the power of the grace of God! For many months I was called upon to visit one whose days on earth were few, and I rejoiced to see that, as the outward man perished, the inward man was re-

newed day by day. It was on the first day of the recent frost, I again entered the room. There was neither fire, nor a place for any. I asked the question, "Are you not cold?" The reply was simply this, "I am very happy; He will not be long now." "No," I said, "not long now; He that is to come, will soon come. Christ will not tarry. A day or two, or three at the most, and then—yes, then Jesus will come, and receive you to Himself; that where He is, there you may be also." But it is of the state of mind of the suffering one that I wished to speak. So patient in tribulation, so submissive to the will of God, so thankful for even the least mercy! Oh, brethren, let us learn to give thanks always for all things unto God! As God has given to us so many mercies, let us ask for a thankful and grateful heart. No earthly comfort, no amount of wealth, no friends, however dear, are worth that best of all gifts—next to God's gift of Christ, and eternal life in Him—the gift of a thankful and loving heart.

Now, doubtless, in a thankful frame of mind, there is much to be attributed to our natural disposition. Some men are by nature hopeful, cheerful, contented, trusting; while others are naturally anxious, desponding, fearful. Still, as the duty of thankfulness is one enjoined upon us by the word of God, it becomes us to strive after this as well as every other Christian grace. If you will, you may foster a discontented, unthankful spirit; and, if you will, you may cultivate a thankful and contented mind. But, in order to do this, you must use the means. And not the least of these is to think of the many mercies you continually receive. Are there not many who are continually thinking of some few things which they would like to have, but which God has not given them; but who never feel thankful for the many blessings which God for years has given to them, and still gives to them every day? The wants not supplied are often only imaginary wants; the wants supplied are real and abiding.

You will also observe that the apostle says, "Giving thanks always for *all* things." And some may be ready to ask the question, "Are we to understand this in its slightest and most literal sense? Are we to give thanks for sorrow as well as for joy? for adversity as well as for prosperity? for disappointment as well as for the fulfilment of our highest wishes? Are we to give thanks when the Lord takes away, as well as when He gives? Yes, brethren. It is so written in the word of God. And is there not a cause? Are not the afflictions, and the sorrows, and the trials, and the disappointments of the believer, among the "*all* things that work together for good to them that love God?" Are they not included in that "covenant ordered in *all* things, and sure?" Yes, brethren; when the Lord laid His hand upon you—when He took you aside—when He led you into the wilderness—when He removed from you every source of creature joy and comfort, did He not Himself speak comfortably unto you? Did He not more than compensate you for all that He deprived you of? Did you suffer, when He dashed in pieces that earthen cistern, and made you drink of the fountain of living waters—of Himself? Did not the tribulation work in you patience, and patience experience, and experience hope? And, after all, could not God say to you what the world could never say: "Have I been a wilderness to you—a land of darkness? Have I not been sufficient for all your wants? Have I not been faithful in every hour of need? Have I not been abiding when all things else faded and passed away?" Yes; in this way God has taught you—taught you not only the vanity of things earthly—but the

fulness and the all-sufficiency there is in Him to supply all your wants "according to the riches of His glory by Christ Jesus." And now, brethren, what is your testimony? Has not patience worked experience? Can you not now say, "I did not at the time see why it pleased God to send me that long season of broken health—why He so often disappointed me in matters pertaining to this life—why He crossed my path, and took from me the very thing which of all others I most valued. No; at the time I saw not. He was leading the blind by a way I knew not. But now I see it only in part; still I see in all His gracious hand—yea, more, I can thank Him; for, before I was afflicted, I went astray, but since I have kept His commandments?"

And, if it be so, that even God's temporal mercies—yea, if dispensations which are afflictive—if they are among the "all things" for which we should give thanks always to God, then how much more for His great love to us in Christ; for the wonderful scheme of redemption, which He Himself planned for the Saviour, He Himself has provided; for the kingdom prepared before the foundation of the world; for peace and happiness here, for joy and glory hereafter? Surely this ought ever to be a new song in our mouths—even thanksgiving to our God. But upon this I will not enlarge. In the coming eternity, salvation will be to the redeemed the one theme of thanksgiving. Then, when we who are in Christ have reached our home, we shall for ever ascribe blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might unto our God for ever and ever.

One word, and I have done. Observe the element, the sphere in which this thanksgiving is to be rendered—"in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Brethren, a man must be in Christ before he can claim any interest in the promises of the Gospel—before he can enjoy any well-founded hope that all things are working together for his good. But to the man that hath this hope in him—to the man who can rejoice in Christ as his Saviour, and look up to God as his Father, to him it is a privilege as well as a duty, to give "thanks always for all things to God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

SEVEN-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO !

WITH the present number we complete our seven-and-twentieth year as Editor of this work. Truly we are filled with amazement in the contemplation, and are, as it were, lost in wonder, love, and praise in the retrospect.

Dear readers, we feel, as we look back and take a rapid survey of all the way by which the Lord our God has led us, since we first tremblingly took pen in hand, that the very stones beneath us might well cry out, if we failed in at least wishing to express in some faint and feeble measure our sense of His great goodness, wonderful mercy, and astounding long-suffering and forbearance, in regard to His most merciful dealings with us, both before and since our connexion with this work. Oh, what have we seen, or rather what have we not seen, of the kindness and tenderness and compassion of our great God and Saviour towards us, the most feeble and unworthy of all His children? Well indeed may one exclaim, in the contemplation of one's shortcomings and base, base ingratitude and unbelief, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

Seven-and-twenty years! Oh, what hath God wrought? Truly His dealings are wonderful—yea, like unto His great and glorious name, the “Wonderful,” His ways are wonderful. He is verily “wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.” As we sit before the Lord, in our little study on this Saturday morning, we look back upon all the way by which He has led us, and wonder, and admire, and adore!

We love upon these occasions to take down the volume of the *Gospel Magazine* for 1840. We think again of the quiet chamber in the suburbs of London where, at early morn in the month of May, we penned our first address to our then altogether unknown readers. We read afresh the sentiments thus expressed:—

“We cannot but express our conviction of the importance of the work we have undertaken, and the consciousness of our own incompetency for such an engagement. We think of those highly-favoured men of ever-blessed memory, who formerly either conducted or contributed to the *Gospel Magazine*—we contemplate the character and attainments of a TOPLADY, and others equally valiant for the truth: we turn to our little library, and, while we glance for a moment at the volume upon volume which has issued from their pens, and which, with the exception of our Bible, we recognize as the most valuable of our little collection—we direct our thoughts towards that blessed resting-place at which, having finished their labours in this vale of tears, each and all of them have arrived; we think of them as having met there many, very many, both of the former correspondents and readers of this Magazine; we see the mysteries which, while here, they ‘knew but in part, and prophesied but in part,’ now fully and delightfully unfolded to their astonished view; we see all the differences of opinion which here they entertained (and which, alas! were too frequently the cause of bickering and strife) now fully harmonize;—in a word, we behold them, though but with a faint glance, now joining in one delightful melody—one unceasing song of praise and glory to Him to whom all eyes are directed with untiring admiration and wonder, even unto Him who sits upon the throne; and lastly, we look within, and ask ourselves the question, ‘Can we venture to take up the pen *they* have laid down; to turn over the future pages of a Magazine *they* have left unturned?’ And we should unhesitatingly reply in the negative, were not our hearts encouraged by such passages in God’s word as this, ‘He hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the mighty, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are.’ It matters not how weak the instrument, if God the Holy Ghost is but pleased to make use of it; and, simply looking up to Him for His divine teaching, with much fear and trembling, we take this our first step in a path, the difficulties and discouragements attendant on which, He only fully knows: we contemplate many, but, hoping we have His sanction for the work in which we are about to be engaged, we look to Him for the fulfilment of His promise, ‘I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.’ ‘Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and will teach thee what thou shalt say.’”

In connexion with the foregoing statement, we gaze upon volume after volume, as ranged upon our bookshelves. We reflect upon the Lord’s mercy in taking us out of a large and anxious business in the very centre of the Great Metropolis, upon the site now occupied by the Aldersgate Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, the sending us to the sister-isle, and placing us in the Ministry. We look up again, and see another series of works, GILL and KEACH and HAWKER and TOPLADY and SEARLE, as sent forth through the humble instrumentality of our Industrial Press in Ireland. We glance again from the window before which we are now seated, and there behold the large and beautiful structure within which we are privileged from time to time to seek to set forth, in some very humble

measure and degree, the goodness, the lovingkindness, the power, and the faithfulness of Him who is "the chiefest among ten thousand," and "the altogether lovely." Can we then, dear reader, do otherwise than exclaim, in the review of such mercies—

" Oh, for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all-harmonious tongues
The Saviour's praises speak ? "

Oh that we could praise Him as we would! Yet we are bound honestly to testify, that such is the coldness of our heart, such the power of unbelief, and such the many, many fears and misgivings about the details of the way with which we are still harassed and perplexed and burdened, that, in our efforts to praise Him as we would, we are compelled again to adopt the language of the poet:—

" But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their celestial strains ;
And, in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below His victories."

Oh, reader, how desperately wicked must the human heart be, and how awful the nature of that unbelief which is but too true a characteristic of that heart, which would, after such an astounding line of ceaseless and uninterrupted love and grace and mercy, leave the subject of it as weak, as powerless, as thankless, as fearful, as unbelieving, as ready to put a wrong construction upon Jehovah's most kindly and gracious acts, as ever! Aye, that finds such an one after such a marvellous train of mercy, as disposed as ever to say with Jacob, in reference to matters which for the time being seem obscure and perplexing, "All these things are against me." O base, base unbelief! God-dishonouring forgetfulness and ingratitude! Oh, how do such soul-humbling considerations lead one to cleave to His own blessedly-revealed Name as "the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;" and to rejoice, moreover, in the plainly and positively-declared mercy, "By GRACE are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

Here, dear reader, we are compelled to take our stand. We have no more, in ourselves or of ourselves considered, to look to or depend upon now than we had seven-and-twenty years ago—nay, in a sense we have less—for, in ourselves, we are weaker, viler, and more thankless and unbelieving now than then. What was said to Israel, in this particular, strictly applies to ourselves: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know [or that thou mightest know] what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no."

But here is our mercy, dear reader, whilst looking into the future; the Lord our God foresaw all, and prepared against all that *shall happen*, as well as for and against all that *has happened*. We may have the fears and faintings, doubts and dreads, that are inseparable from our poor fallen, fleshly hearts. But we "walk by *faith*, not by *sight*." Now that faith tells us it would have been in vain—utterly so—had our God appointed and arranged for our pathway up to a certain period, and then to have left the rest to blind chance or a hapless peradventure. This would have been most ungodlike, and tantalizing to His children to the last degree. No,

He has covenanted to complete what He has begun, blessed be His dear and adorable name! Yes, it is a glorious truth,

“Grace shall complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that *Wisdom* undertakes
Eternal *Mercy* ne’er forsakes.”

In the future there shall be the silver lining to the every dark cloud, even as in the past. The day of prosperity shall be set over against the day of adversity. Faith may and must be tried; but still the promise must stand good, because the great Promiser was never known to fail, or to falsify Himself. “There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it” (1 Cor. x. 13). Hence, in the simple confidence of faith, we add, “And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen” (2 Tim. iv. 18).

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER,

MINISTER OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

“And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a Man with him until the breaking of the day.”—GEN. xxxii. 24.

THE Lord’s dear servant Jacob had, up to the period of my text, passed through many troubles, and trials, and difficulties, from the time he found a Bethel, when cast out as a wanderer in a waste, howling wilderness. With nothing but a stone for a pillow, and the canopy of heaven for his covering, he lay down to sleep, and was favoured with that blessed revelation of God in Christ that he never forgot—that Bethel-visit which was to him the house of God and gate of heaven. Up to that time, Jacob knew not God. He had been a sinner, a supplanter, as his name Jacob denotes, and, owing to his deceitful practices, was banished from house and home; but in the wilderness God met with him. And Jacob realized what was spoken of the Church in an after-day: “I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably to her.”

And how greatly did poor Jacob need this comfortable speaking; there he lay—a poor, sinful, helpless creature; a true picture of the whole Church of God by nature. Have you ever been in Jacob’s place feelingly, and have you ever had the same discovery of a precious Christ? I can tell you it is in this way God blesses His people now, just as He did Jacob of old. God brings them into solitude, to humbling spots; to desolation; to a sick bed; and then He makes a Bethel for them. Some of you may be waiting for such a Bethel-visit. You know something of the wilderness—the desolation; but nothing of the Bethel, the house of God. You feel yourself a lost creature—ruined, helpless, hopeless, ill and hell-deserving. I congratulate you, if you have got so far; in due time you shall find your Bethel, the house of God. Many years had gone over Jacob’s head from that time, when God appeared to him; but he never forgot that visit. When did God appear to you? When did you meet

with the sinner's Friend, Jesus? Perhaps this mercy was never vouchsafed to some of you. You are strangers to this revelation work; you know nothing of such a Bethel-time; you can know nothing of God until you meet with Christ. He is the Meeting-place between God and the sinner; the Daysman, who can lay His hands upon both, and bring them together. This is the work of Christ, to bring God and the sinner together in such sort, that there will be a persuasion that He is the only help and hope of the soul.

Now Jacob knew such a time, and this chapter tells us of a fresh discovery made to him. He had had many trials, and no marvel. He had two wives, two concubines, and four families; and, therefore, with all these, what wonder he had plenty of trouble, and was often led to say, "All these things are against me?"

Once, when speaking to a friend of the weakness of my faith under trial, I observed that my state was like Jacob's, when he said, "All these things are against me." The reply was, "What have you to do with Jacob? You are under a different dispensation—a much more favoured one than Jacob was." Now, what say you to that? Why, the history of the Old-Testament saints is handed down for our learning; and, if we have nothing to do with Jacob, we have nothing to do with the promises made to Jacob, nor the dying testimony given by Jacob, nor the blessed experience he had of covenant mercy, when he declared he was "redeemed from all evil." But, if we have nothing to do with the troubles and the difficulties that we trace in Jacob's experience, then have we nothing to do with the joy, and peace, and deliverance which we see in the word that God's people realized. Abraham saw Christ's day, and was glad. Have you any experience corresponding with that? Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. Have you nothing to do with that? If you have nothing to do with the saints' trials, you have nothing to do with their blessings. If you do not know something of their difficulties, you know nothing of their deliverances. David calls himself a blessed man. You cannot get beyond that, I know. He said, when he felt the pardon of sin, "Blessed is the man whose sin is forgiven" (Psalm xxxii.). Why, some of you never got there! Again, David said, "The Lord hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." Some of you cannot follow David to this spot. David, though in Old-Testament days, got far beyond some of you in a Gospel dispensation. You cannot get beyond these worthies; well for you if you get up to them. The Lord realize their mercies to you, and give you to feel that the experience of Jacob, and Abraham, and David is yours!

But we must look at the history before us. You see all the troubles of Jacob did not crush him; they did him good. This is God's design in all the trials of His people—to do them good. As the Lord says, "I will not turn away from you to do you good," but "I will put my fear into your heart, that you shall not depart from me." He acts upon this principle, and therefore bears with them. Oh, what amazing forbearance God shows towards His people! We find it hard to bear with a few of His people; He bears with them all.

But now Jacob comes to a greater trial than he ever had—the apprehension of his brother Esau's approach, who, he hears, is coming against him with four hundred armed men; but greater was He that was with Jacob than he that was with Esau; for the Lord was the God of Jacob, his very

present help in time of trouble. True, there seemed no way of deliverance ; but Jacob knew there was nothing too hard for the Lord. Six troubles, yea, seven, He can deliver out of ; but poor Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed. His heart failed him, when he thought of Esau's four hundred men, and the helpless lot around him. Like the disciples, "they feared as they entered into the cloud." And that is like you—you tremble when you see the cloud of trouble approaching, and unbelief says, this trouble will crush me. But dear Cowper told out the result of many a trouble the saints have to pass through :—

" Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

When the Lord gives precious faith to rest upon Him, we shall not be disappointed. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that anticipate evils, are looking out for, and predicting evils ? Oh, no ; no such thing. "But the Lord taketh pleasure in them that hope in His mercy"—expecting that all shall be for the best, and work for good, come what may. Why, His power is boundless, and what can He not do for the deliverance of His dear people ? Sin, death, hell, the grave, nothing shall hurt them. "All things shall work together for their good ;" but poor Jacob's heart failed, just as yours does sometimes, and what did he do ? He betakes himself to prayer. Making use of all the means within his reach, he says, "I will appease him with a present ;" and he arranges then each in succession by way of an additional blow at his brother's enmity—a Christian mode of subduing his indignation. But, though Jacob used the means, he knew better than to depend on the means. Where is your dependence when clouds of sorrow and trouble gather round you ? Look at David's resources when his adversaries came out against him, "I give myself unto prayer." Is that your refuge ? Ah, some of you doubtless have found the blessing, the sweetness, the privilege of a throne of grace—a mercy-seat in your times of trouble. As the Lord very graciously says, "Call upon me in the time of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me"—not lie down in despair, but call upon me. So you see you need the same teaching David had, Jacob had, and all the Old-Testament saints had ; and, if you have it, then it proves you are of the family, and that you know the worth of prayer ; as that sweet hymn says,

" Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw."

Prayer makes you conqueror over the enemy, and lifts you up above the world. Now, then, we see Jacob in his trouble—he betakes himself to prayer. Ah, friends, it is trouble that proves the worth of prayer. God hath said, "Through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom," and the saints shall find it so ; but it is all to lead you off from the world, to draw you to the feet of Jesus, and bring you into communion with Him. Do not think you are cast into this world to enjoy it ; no, God will wean you from it ; make you hold it all with a loose hand, and, amid the good providences of life, teach you that Christ must be above them all. It is told of Luther, when some property fell to him, that his first exclamation was, "Lord, art Thou going to put me off with this ?" My dear friends, many are put off with the good things of time and sense, die and are lost. In Ecclesiastes you read of one concerning whom it is said, "He doth not

much remember the days of his life, because God answereth him in the joy of his heart;" therefore, he held all the rest with a light hand, because of the soul-blessing God bestowed on him. But of Jacob. On the eve of this trouble, he gave himself unto prayer. "Jacob was left alone." It is good to be alone sometimes. It has been well observed, "All decays in religion begin in the closet." This is a true saying. Closet-work is important work; to be alone with God, closeted with God, have access and communion with Him, to be made nigh and brought nigh feelingly, this shows the power and life of God's religion in the soul. Hence to promote this, God sends troubles that souls may pray. We want all kinds of prayer for our daily necessities—sitting prayer, walking prayer, closet prayer, waking prayer, aye, and sometimes you may get sleeping prayer, not sleep yprayer—that is another matter. Why, a child of God cannot live without prayer; and prayers of various sorts to meet his divers wants. God has no still-born children in His family. As soon as a child is born its voice is heard, and the heart of the father is rejoiced by the cry. So it is spiritually. The cry of God's children rejoices His heart. It is said, "Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him?" They may wait long, but the cry shall be heard. There may be no answer for many a day, but wait; God will hear. God is exercising *your* spirit of prayer, proving that you have got *the* spirit of prayer that will cry on, though not answered. When a soul is brought into the state Jacob was, it must needs cry. God teaches His people to pray, and draws forth their prayer by their wants; and, as He did by Jacob, so He does by saints now; for it is not said, "Jacob wrestled with the Man," but "the Man wrestled with Jacob." God wrestles still with His Jacobs. Did He ever wrestle with you? How does He wrestle? When He tries your prayer, tries your faith, your love, your hope; gives prayer, and no answer; gives a promise, and delays its fulfilment. Just as He did with Joseph, who lay in the prison two years, and that without any fault of his; and, while his feet were hurt in the stocks, "The word of the Lord tried him." God promised him deliverance, but it was so long delayed, it seemed as if "the Lord had forgotten to be gracious." God wrestled with him to show him the worth of faith, and the power of prayer, and the sweetness of the promise, which was fulfilled at last. Now, if God has given you a living hope, that hope will be tried; circumstances will appear to dash all your hopes, and faith also must be proved to be the faith of God's elect, by outliving all that opposes it, and triumphing in a promise-keeping God. Oh, my friends, if you are favoured with Gospel blessings, your graces must all be tried—your faith, your hope, your love, your spirit of prayer, your patience, your humility. Why, God will wrestle with them all, and prove whether they are of Him, by their abiding to the end, lest you should prove but a false professor—a hypocrite, having a name to live, but dead, and at last damned. But damned you cannot be if you are the Lord's; though tried, you shall be saved. The gold must be put into the furnace, not to consume the metal, but the dross; and God, by His furnace-work, shows up the grace He has put in His people; for, though He wrestles with them, they shall prevail. The light is not to be put under a bushel, but set on a candlestick, so that it may be seen. The Church shall see it, and, though it is darkness to the world, and has no glory in their eyes, yet grace does shine to the glory of God, and to the edification of God's Church. But I add no more. The Lord bless His truth.

Correspondence.

A VOICE FROM IRELAND.

WE have recently received two letters from Ireland which we much value, and which, we doubt not, will deeply interest our readers. The one is from our late highly-esteemed and much-beloved Bishop, written in reply to a letter of sympathy with him upon the recent death of two of the most aged of his clergy, one our late venerable Rector, at the age of 93; and the other the late Rev. Richard Ryland, of Waterford. The sweet tone of the Bishop's letter will, we trust, stir up many a heart to remember him before the Lord. He is very dear to us, inasmuch as he it was who so encouraged us in regard to the work of the ministry. His kindly words, spoken to us now some two-and-twenty years ago, retain all their freshness and power; and we can never cease to love him, or to remember him before the Lord. We know that he feels deeply the state of the Church, and Christendom generally, at the present time. His advanced years remind him, that his stay on earth cannot be long. Very many have been called, as it were, from his side, on the bench of bishops, each such call reminding him of his own. But that call, come when it may, we are sure, will be in peace, and only to take him to his rest, and to the immediate presence of the Master he has so long loved and so earnestly sought to serve. The recent call of the Bishop of Rochester was indeed a sudden one. "Sitting," writes a correspondent, "by his brother's side (who was lying on a sofa, indisposed) he all at once drooped his head, and died instantly."

The following is the Bishop of Cashel's letter:—

Waterford, 27th March, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—Accept my thanks for your kind and Christian letter. I am gratified by your thinking of me. I am grown old, and every year I lose some of those whom I considered as my friends—some younger, and very few older than myself. All flesh is as grass, but the word of the Lord abideth for ever, and He of whom the word testifies, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

It is very wholesome to be led to feel alone as far as man is concerned, that we may be led to cultivate a closer and more sensible union with the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and that we may be the more enabled to say with feeling, "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we expect the Lord, who shall change our bodies of humiliation, that they may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory."

May the Lord be with you as a man and a minister, and abundantly bless you, is the sincere prayer of

Yours most truly, in the bonds of the Gospel,

ROBERT CASHEL.

The other letter is from the much-beloved and now venerable EARL OF RODEN. The letter will speak for itself. For many years his lordship has presided at sundry of the large and important meetings held at this season in the Rotunda, in Dublin; and deeply interesting those meetings are. Possibly some of our readers may remember our speaking of them upon the only occasion in which it was our privilege to attend them. The meeting of the clergy especially, from all parts of the city and provinces, we shall ever remember with peculiar and grateful interest. With the many and great advantages secured to them by the Divinity class in Trinity College, Dublin, and surrounded as of necessity they were by

Popery, in all its diversified and delusive forms and operations, and presided over as they likewise were by men of deep thought and high spiritual tone, there was a savour and a power and an unction about those large clerical gatherings which are most grateful to our remembrance. As they sang in fullest tone and sweetest harmony, we were reminded more forcibly than we ever remember to have been upon any other occasion, of the great assembly "out of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, which shall at last stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cry with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." The meeting in Dublin, some fifteen years ago, of which we speak, was to us a very precious earnest of this last great gathering and assembly in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb.

Of these Dublin meetings, the beloved LORD RODEN thus speaks:—

To the Committees of the Religious Societies who meet to celebrate their Anniversaries at the Rotunda, in Dublin, during the month of April, 1867.

Tollymore Park, April 3, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It has been my privilege for upwards of forty-five years, almost consecutively to answer your call made upon me to preside over your annual meetings at the Rotunda. It has given me great pleasure, not only to unite with you in forwarding the objects of your several societies, but also to have the opportunity of meeting at those anniversaries so many of our fellow-countrymen, both lay and clerical, who come up from all parts of Ireland to celebrate our jubilee week, and to encourage one another in maintaining those principles on which our societies are formed.

But the time is come when bodily infirmity will prevent my occupying the honoured position of your chairman, and when I must ask you to supply yourselves with another, in my room.

Our meetings have been to me a source of profit and delight, and I shall never cease to bear in affectionate recollection the eminent Christian men—most of them now removed—who guided and influenced those meetings nearly fifty years ago. Some of the names occur to me whilst I write. It is pleasant to think of what they were, and what they now are: MATHIAS, PETER ROE, EDWARD WINGFIELD, JAMES DIGGES, LA TOUCHE, KRAUSE, Admiral OLIVER, the two SINGERS, that noble veteran Archdeacon IRWIN, and now KINGSTON, of St. James's. These and their like were the Fathers of our Church at that day, as well as others united with them, who were the means, under its great Head, of preserving it in its purity and its truth. How much do we owe them—how dearly should we cherish their memories!

In addressing you on this occasion, probably for the last time, I am sure you will forgive me for offering a few words of exhortation and admonition.

The Protestant Reformed Church in Ireland has been wonderfully preserved; I have seen it, in the course of my long life, apparently in imminent danger from external foes: it has always been, and is now, pre-eminently the object of attack by all who are opposed to Protestant truth, but it has cherished and clung to that truth, it has been firm in its allegiance to its Head, it has resolutely maintained that the Holy Scriptures are its sole rule of faith and practice, and I believe that, consequently, this truth has been its shield and buckler!

To the laity I would address myself particularly; let them join with our faithful clergy in resisting the first approach to these Romish practices.

Let it never be forgotten that the Protestant reformed religion, as purified and established at the Reformation, is our best and dearest inheritance. It is the right of the laity as well of the clergy, and, therefore, it becomes both to maintain it in its purity, and to assert that right as it was in former times, with the perseverance, self-sacrifice, and the courage of our ancestors.

To all of you I would say, "Be very courageous, and keep and do all that

is written in the word of God, that ye turn not aside therefrom, to the right hand or to the left," and the Lord will keep you in the hour of temptation.

I am, your affectionate friend,

RODEN.

Dear LORD RODEN! In the anticipation of his being called to his rest, which, as in the case of the beloved Bishop of CASHEL, cannot, in the very nature of things, be at any far-distant day, one's heart exclaims, "How ill can such men be spared;" and, with the exception of the Earl of SHAFTESBURY and a few—but very few—of his stamp, we ask, "Who can supply their places?" But (gloomy as is the aspect of the times before us, both in regard to England as a nation and a Church) we would not limit the Holy One of Israel. Satan and his emissaries may appear for a time to triumph, but "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth" nevertheless. And, although (as we long have believed, she is) England may be given over to a strange infatuation, so as to foster and encourage and, in a great measure, yield herself up to the Papacy, still Jehovah will take such means for the vindication of His own honour, the protection of His own people, and the advancement of His own truth, as only to make that short triumph of Popery the more strikingly minister to its own destruction and magnify its irremediable fall! It must be so, for the purposes of God shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure, in spite of all the efforts of men and devils to counteract the same.

Since the foregoing was written, the following has appeared as a leading article in the *Record*, which we gladly transfer to these pages:—

We publish in another column the touching valedictory address of the venerable Earl of Roden to the committees of the religious societies, which usually meet to celebrate their anniversaries at the Rotunda, in Dublin, during the month of April. For upwards of forty-five years that eminent Christian nobleman has been accustomed almost consecutively to preside upon these occasions. In early life he was one of the chief ornaments at the brilliant but unthinking circle which gathered round the Regent, afterwards George IV. But, called by the grace of God to experience the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, he at once assumed a decided position as a faithful witness for his divine Master, both in Courts and Parliaments. It was, we believe, in attending a public meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society that his attention was first called to the importance of a personal acquaintance with God's written word; and it was about the same time—whether before or after, we are not sure—that, when excluded by want of sitting room from the parish church of Cheltenham, the young nobleman wandered into a chapel of the Countess of Huntingdon, and there listened to a declaration of the Gospel by a pious Nonconformist, which came to his heart with power. Since that time he has never flinched from avowing himself to be on the Lord's side. By his dignified consistency of conduct he won the respect even of George IV., and made scoffers themselves to feel that there was something more than a form in Christianity. In Ireland his name is respected even by the partizans of Romanism; whilst among the Protestants it has been long cherished with an enthusiastic attachment peculiar to the sister island.

It would be a great mistake to look upon Lord Roden chiefly as a politician; but, when the history of 1848 is fully written, it will be seen that during that formidable crisis he was the daily counsellor and chief support of the Whig Lord-Lieutenant. It is, however, not on the political but the spiritual condition of Ireland that Lord Roden dwells in his short valedictory address. Had the Church of Ireland continued in the low state in which it had fallen at the beginning of the present century, as it was, for example, when the despatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley, as Chief Secretary, were written, its Establishment would have been long ago swept away. But at that very time

there was a leaven at work, by which the Church was aroused from a state of death, and made to assume a position worthy of its union with the Reformed Church of England. To this revival the annual meetings of the clergy and laity of Dublin have greatly contributed, and it is with just feelings of satisfaction that Lord Roden recalls the names of Mathias, Peter Roe, Wingfield, James Digges, La Touche, Krause, Admiral Oliver, the two Singers, Kingston, and 'that noble veteran, Archdeacon Irwin,' father of the learned and excellent Alexander Irwin, of Armagh. These and their like, says Lord Roden, "were the fathers of our Church at that day, as well as others united with them, who were the means, under its great Head, of preserving it in its purity and truth."

The strength of Protestantism in Ireland consists in the maintenance of the simplicity of the faith and of the worship of the Reformation. The preservation of Protestantism in Ireland is the only safeguard for the loyalty of the people and the conservation of the Union. If the Irish branch of the United Church maintains its allegiance to its glorious Head, and clings to the pure faith of the Gospel; if it resolutely holds high the banner of God's word written as the only rule of faith and practice, we believe that Jehovah, with all the attributes of truth and holiness, will yet be its shield and buckler. If it lets go either the doctrines or the simple ritual of the Reformation, all is lost. But we trust that the foe is still destined to be foiled and baffled in his renewed and malignant assaults.

NOT THE LETTER MERELY, BUT LIFE AND POWER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the article entitled "Given, not Taken," in the November number of your Magazine, and, with the view of encouraging further testimony upon such an almost dying-out truth *as the divine nature of faith*, I feel induced to send you the expression of my thankfulness for the beautiful illustration of which the above-named paper contains.

Did I think it desirable to attempt it, it would be utterly out of my power to describe to you the amount of perplexity and distress I have formerly suffered from the fascinating and plausible presentation of the contrary view of faith to my mind—wearied with long waiting upon the God, who, when He hideth His face, none can behold Him.

The danger of the error, that faith is an act within the power of man to perform, is greatly increased by the fact of its being found in connexion with sound statements upon the subjects of the atonement, and "righteousness without works." But after, *thus far*, giving Christ all the glory of His portion of the work of salvation, the advocates of this erroneous view of faith practically ignore the necessity of the Spirit's work, to take of the things of Christ, and *show* them to the soul, ere any one can truly *see* or *receive* them.

And what is the consequence of such teaching? The hearts of God's righteous ones are made sad, while the hands of the unregenerate are strengthened (Ezek. xiii. 22). The former are set *by man* to do in their own strength what *God the Holy Ghost* is taking pains, as it were, to teach them that they never can do, until they are endued with power from on high. While the latter, having no God-taught knowledge of their own spiritual powerlessness, feel no difficulty in believing a sufficient amount of truth to satisfy the claims of natural conscience, and thus, it is to be feared, many are deluded by the cry of, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." As the amount of danger attending the dissemination of any error ought to be calculated with reference to the people of God, and not

the world, or even the merely professing Church, I am inclined to think this error respecting faith being the work of the creature, and not the operation of God, is one of the most dangerous of the present pre-eminently erroneous day.

Terrible indeed are the grosser errors that are now inundating the Church of this land, but they are the apparently *little* foxes that spoil God's vines. Modern Evangelism, with its little fox of *natural* faith, is the error I dread the influence of more than any other theological mistake now prevalent.

We are fully assured that God's sheep are eternally safe in His keeping—that no man is able to pluck them out of His hand; but we are also assured, that through the ignorance or unfaithfulness of false shepherds, God's sheep may be "driven away" from their wholesome pasture, made "sick" and "broken" (Ezek. xxxiv.). It is what *the sheep* are likely to eat and drink, that the Chief Shepherd is so jealous of the purity of. They are to be fed with "the sincere milk of the word," and that word teaches us that "faith is not of ourselves: but is the gift of God;" and that while God tarries, we are to wait for Him. The sinner, who feels his need of faith, must go, like a beggar, empty-handed, to receive it as a free gift from God; and, though he may have to "go again seven times," or even "seventy times seven," the issue of his thus going to a throne of grace is not left doubtful; for the God of everlasting truth declares, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

Yours, in the bonds of the one faith,

J. A.

"JESUS CHRIST IS NOT DEAD; IS HE, GRANDMA?"

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—In the annexed anecdote I lay before you a demonstrative proof of the invincible truth of Psalm viii. 2; also the comfort and sharp rebuke which was felt by one who had known the Lord for many years: this aged one had lost her beloved husband, and, being deprived of many comforts, the loss to her was the more painfully felt.

The writer one day in his visits called upon this aged sufferer, intending to sympathize with and comfort her under her loss. Much to his surprise he found the dear old lady more tranquil than he had from reports been led to expect. Indeed, there was not only tranquillity, but there was a high and holy acquiescence; this constrained the visitor to inquire how this change had been wrought. The dear bereaved one, looking up with a tearful smile, in reply to the question, said, "I was weeping this morning, and wandering from room to room; I felt myself like a poor outcast, bereaved of the company of one with whom I had for many years communed in the things of God. The world to me was a blank—company a burden; all I could do was to mourn over what seemed to me to be an incurable wound. While I was weeping, my little granddaughter said to me, "Grandma, what are you weeping for day by day? Do tell me, grandma, for it makes me feel very sorrowful." At first I hesitated to answer the question; but the dear child with greater importunity and earnestness urged the question, "What are you weeping for, grandma?" Being afraid lest the dear little creature should think me unkind, I said, "My dear, I am weeping because your grandfather is dead." The dear child paused for a length of time, and, looking upon the floor as if reflecting upon a something of the past that gave her great

pain, at length she broke silence, and, drawing near, she looked up into my face, her eyes beaming with pity, she said, "Ah, grandpa is dead. Yes, he is dead, grandma," she said, with a cheerful smile; "but Jesus Christ is not dead; is He, grandma?" I said, "No, my dear, Jesus Christ is not dead." "Then why do you weep?" "Oh," said the old lady, "it was a well-timed reproof, that, like a sword, entered into my very soul. I was silenced, and ashamed before the Lord because of my restless repining. Oh, what a host of enemies to myself and the Lord dwell by nature in my heart! and these enemies are stirred up by that malicious enemy and avenger, the devil, under bereavements and afflictions, to spit poison in the Lord's face. And oh, the wonders of grace! out of the mouth of that dear child the Lord ordained strength to still and put to silence Satan's lying insinuations; the bitter reflections and gloomy anticipations of unbelief; and the God-dishonouring murmurings of carnal reason.

Oh, how I am now ashamed, grieved, yet comforted! I see a glory, and taste a sweetness, in the Lord's own words, spoken to John: "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." This is the everything to me; it has stanch'd the bleeding grief, and healed my wounded feelings. Oh, how sweet the thought! Him that is all in all to me, lives for evermore in His love, grace, pity, mercy, kindness, care, bounty, word, work, faithfulness, blood, compassion, righteousness, and truth. As the glorious Lord put His amen to "I am alive for evermore," so to the same soul-supporting, cheering, and comforting truth, I do, can, and will put my hearty "Amen and amen."

OLD PILGRIM.

DIVINELY CHOSEN—WHY?

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The subjoined extract will be read with interest by the lovers of truth. As recreation, it was copied from the writings of Thomas Adams, by an old disciple who was called by grace among the Wesleyans. Of late years he has been led into divine truth intelligently, and fully endorses all he has copied. He has long valued and supported the *Gospel Magazine*, and other publications that extol a full, finished, and unconditional salvation. As it is likely his eyes may fall upon these lines, I shall spread no net for his feet by saying more, but subscribe myself,

Yours in Gospel bonds,

L.

"I pray not for the world," saith Christ. There be two main parts of His mediatorship; His redemption and intercession. Now He excludes the world from His intercession, therefore from His redemption; for whom He does not pray He did not die. He did not open His side, if He will not open His mouth for them. Let not men bear themselves too bold upon their acquaintance with Christ, when their affections lie another way. Those merchants are blessed that sell the world to buy Christ; not they that sell Christ to buy the world. The covenant is too good for them that slight it; and it is but a poor valuation, to make it the best flower of our garland—one among others, though a principal one. Nay, we have no flower, no garland but Christ. The covenant of grace is all our tenure; and, as that is sure, and can never be taken from them that have it, so there is nothing but woe to them that have it not.

The free mercy and good pleasure of God is the cause of this covenant. God did not choose you for number or goodness; but "because He loved you," saith Moses to Israel. The same may be said of all God's chosen. Election hath no cause but delectation; delectation hath no cause at all. To seek for a reason why God loved Jacob before he was, is to search for the beginning of eternity. Why did God make the world? Because He would. Why would He? An idle question. Why did God choose some men to life everlasting in Christ? Because He loved them. Why did He love them? This is a vain query. There is no cause for the first cause. So high we can go; but higher we dare not attempt. How comes it to pass that we have wine and bread? Because the earth yields us those fruits. "The earth shall hear the corn and wine." Why doth the earth afford them? Because the heavens give it their kindly influence. "The heavens shall hear the earth." How doth the heavens impart this influence? Because the Lord has so ordained it: "I will hear the heavens." Thus far we can go. But why hath God ordained it? To ask this is a presumptuous folly. "Christ loved us, and gave Himself for us." He gave Himself for us, because He loved us. Why did He love us? There is no cause for that; we may as well seek for a place above heaven, or below the centre, as a cause beyond love. There must be no query where can be given no *quid*. Oh the bottomless depth of that love! "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us." Here is love indeed; as if other love were not worth naming or mention, in respect to this. Thus Christ loved us, and gave Himself a sacrifice for us. There is nothing better than Christ; nothing better in Christ than love; no love better than to give; no gift better than Himself; no way better to give Himself, than in sacrifice. Other graces are spoken of God in oblique; God of mercy, God of peace, God of comfort—but love absolutely, *God is love*. Thus the cause of all causes is the love of God, and that love limited by this bound, "According as He hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."

A WORD IN SEASON.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Being kept from the house of God through indisposition, I took up the Magazine which arrived in the morning, and was much struck, and I may say edified, by your remarks in the leading article for July last—they seemed so appropriate to my case, and so in unison with my own thoughts during the past few days. A few lines near the end were especially applicable. "Reader, is it not worth waiting and watching for? What a mere moment will a fourscore life of trouble and anguish appear in the day-dawn of a blissful eternity. Into what utter insignificance will all the trials, and sorrows, and afflictions, and disappointments, and privations of the world dwindle, before the rising sun of a blessed immortality. What will the baubles of time, what will the wealth of a world, be, as we step over the threshold of vast eternity?" &c., &c.

In the absence of public preaching, I got my sermon from your piece, and that of dear G. C. How the Holy Spirit puts it into the hearts of God's children to be helpers of each other!

Ever yours in Gospel bonds,

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

THE DEAD FATHER—'TIS TOO LATE NOW!

A DEAR servant of God had been called away, somewhat suddenly, to his rest. I had met him some short time previously, when he expressed to me his solicitude on behalf of one of his children in particular, in the event of his removal. Little did I then think that this removal was so near. As I afterwards gazed upon his sleeping frame, I could but rejoice in the testimony that those lips, now closed in the long sleep of death, had given for God and truth, and I rejoiced also on his behalf that his sufferings and his sorrows were now at an end, and that no care nor anxiety would ever again intermingle with his joys. He had entered into a rest which should be as eternal as it would be uninterrupted. His countenance was most placid, his slumbers peaceful indeed; and one could but rejoice in that precious declaration, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." To my mind the contemplation of the pious dead is increasingly delightful:—

"They sleep in Jesus, and are blest;
How sweet their slumbers are;
From suffering and from sin releas'd,
And every hurtful snare."

A few days after gazing upon those sleeping remains in the still chamber of death, I was one of the many who followed them to the grave. Among the mourners was one whom I had been informed had given the departed intense anxiety. As the coffin halted for a little season upon the threshold of the building where the solemn service was about to be read, he grasped the pall which covered it, and, with tearful eyes and anguished countenance, seemed as though he would arrest the proceedings and recall the departed. "But ah," thought I, "it is *too late now*. In vain he who now sleeps within that narrow case, and whose ransomed spirit is for ever with the Lord, remonstrated—in vain he appealed—in vain he besought, by all the arguments that the most endearing affection and solicitude could suggest, whilst yet on earth. In vain his words, his tears, his prayers. You turned a deaf ear then; 'tis too late now."

Oh, ye young men—oh, ye youth, take heed in time—beware, lest the unsparing and relentless hand of death should summon from your midst him or they who have your tenderest interests at heart; whose very life is bound up in your present and eternal welfare. Oh, hasten not their exit from this anxious sphere—speed not their flight to the silent tomb whence there is no return—by a disregard of their counsels, and a vain supposition that their stay among you will be permanent and abiding; and that it will be time enough to yield to their suggestions and entreaties by-and-by: that by-and-by may never come.

"I grew up selfish, full of thoughts and cares
For my own good, but unconcerned for theirs;
I gave cold service, but the smile that cheers—
The softer tone that soothes declining years—
These I withheld. They felt it;
And the dart that wounded them
Now rankles in my heart.
They had their failings. Ah, dear parents,
How those few infirmitics have vanished now!"

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii.37.

GRACE AND GLORY.

MRS. CATHERINE GILLMAN was born at Westbourne, Sussex. She was the youngest child of her parents, and almost the only one spared to them—to become the comfort of their declining years. They were strictly moral and upright, and they brought up their daughter with the greatest care and affection. She was early trained to attend most regularly all the services of the parish church; to use her own words, "The doors were never open but I was to be found in my seat." She also read the Scriptures daily, and did not neglect private prayer. But she had not at this time been brought to see herself as a lost sinner in the sight of a holy God; yet she was not satisfied, feeling that there was something lacking.

At the age of twenty-five she married, and removed to Portsea. She was blessed with a kind and loving husband, but she was not exempt from care, trouble, and anxiety, the common lot of all; and now, as in her native village, the ministry she attended was *not* evangelical. But she could not rest, and at last prevailed on her husband to leave, and attend an episcopal chapel, which was quite near to them, and where the Gospel was faithfully preached by one who had himself drunk deeply of those truths which he declared to others. Very soon Mrs. Gillman was called, by this instrumentality, out of nature's darkness, into God's marvellous light. As the day gradually dawns upon us, so was she led, step by step, to give up all for Christ. She now deeply felt her need of a better righteousness than her own, and she was led to forsake the world and its society. The doctrines of free grace, which she held so firmly through life, she embraced, feeling how unable she was to do anything that could be acceptable to God; that her only hope was in Christ, and to Him alone she looked for salvation.

Her first concern was to erect an altar to the Lord, that the word of God might be daily read, and prayer offered to Him continually. This, to the day of her death, was never omitted, at first using a form of prayer written by herself; but this she after a time relinquished, and prayed extempore, in which exercise she was much favoured.

Many of her most intimate friends now relaxed in their attachment, or altogether disowned her. So true is it "that the friendship of the world is enmity with God." Mrs. Gillman has often remarked, "I had no trouble in being freed from my worldly companions, for they forsook *me*." But this was only one of those trials which those who faithfully follow their Lord must endure; for some of these friends she loved and esteemed, and nature felt keenly.

The welfare of her children now was laid upon her heart; for their souls she laboured and prayed, instructing them in the Scriptures, and never shunning to declare unto them "the whole counsel of God." Her private papers bear witness to her travail of soul on their account.

During Mrs. Gillman's residence at Portsea, she suffered from illness. Her life was despaired of, but the sickness was not unto death. Many

other thorny trials were strewed in her path, but she came forth from all, "as gold tried in the fire, purified only from its dross." The preaching of the glorious Gospel she continued from year to year to enjoy, speaking of it as "a very Bethel to her soul." But the time drew nigh, when she was to leave Portsea, and the Church where she had had many spiritual privileges, and been so highly favoured.

She and her husband removed to Westbourne, the place of her birth, and to the same house in which she had been reared, and in which she ended her earthly pilgrimage. Here she attended the worship of God where she could hear the simple truths of the Gospel: distance was unheeded. When some complained of this, she has often said, "Did Christ do so much, and suffer so much for us; and shall we think it much labour, walking this distance to hear the Gospel preached?" But she missed the weekly services; and, to make up in some measure for the lack, she opened her house for a prayer-meeting, on a Wednesday evening. The Scriptures were read, and prayer offered on behalf of those assembled and their respective families. Mr. Gillman generally read; and the prayers used were those which Mrs. Gillman had written for these occasions. Accustomed as she had always been to attend the Established Church, a form of prayer was most congenial to her feelings; and, after many years' experience, she still adhered to this plan. She felt that she kept these meetings more in her own hands, and prevented many jealousies and unpleasant feelings.

In her papers, written at this time, we find she says, "Religion is at a very low ebb here. We are in a barren and dry land. Let us pray that God may send forth faithful pastors to take care of His Church, and that His cause may prosper here." And again, she writes, "I find by every day's experience, that in myself I am nothing, and worse than nothing, and that without the atoning blood of Christ I must have perished in my sins." Also, "Our little meeting has not increased in numbers, but the promise is, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' The Lord will not despise the day of small things."

Mrs. Gillman was now called to pass through floods of tribulation. Her oldest daughter, twenty-three years of age, was smitten with that direful complaint, consumption. Four years afterwards, another daughter, aged eighteen, fell a victim to the same disease; and ten months from that time, her youngest, the only daughter left at home, also fell a victim to consumption, aged fifteen. They all died in faith, trusting their souls to Jesus' keeping, "who shall raise them up again at the last great day." These repeated trials told much on Mrs. Gillman, though she was kept from murmuring, and felt that they were all sent in love.

There was no service in the village where Mrs. Gillman resided, on a Sabbath evening, and, after some time, she resolved to open her house for a public service. The opportunity of thus spending the close of the Lord's day in hearing the Gospel read, and occasionally preached, was embraced by many, and the attendance much exceeded expectation, and the Wednesday evening meetings increased also. The room used for this purpose held from fifty to sixty persons, and it was often filled to overflowing. There was a meeting held, too, on the first Monday in the month, to offer prayer to God, that He would be pleased to send the precious news of salvation to those who "sit in darkness, and have no light." This and other meetings were continued till Mrs. Gillman's death, and were very refreshing to herself and others, and seasons of much spiritual comfort.

But another heavy trial awaited her. Her husband was seized with paralysis. This affected both his mental and physical powers, and, for nearly four long years, the frail tenement declined so gradually as to be scarcely perceptible. But at length the summons came, and he was called to enter into the joy of his Lord.

Some time after this event, Mrs. Gillman, feeling the infirmities of age creeping on, and that her great trials and night-watchings had impaired her strength, found herself unable to go so far to hear the word of God, and she commenced a morning Sabbath service in her house. This was well attended. The Bible was read, and very frequently the *Gospel Magazine*, which was much prized by Mrs. Gillman.

"Age was now advancing," she writes, on the sixtieth anniversary of her birth. "Sixty years this day have I been in *this wilderness*, and I humbly trust the Lord has called me by His grace. But what sacrifices have I made? what self-denial have I exercised? what have I done for the glory of God my Saviour? May the few days or years I have to live be more devoted to Him who gave Himself for me."

Again she writes: "I am still a poor helpless sinner, and stand in need of the mercy of my covenant God as much as ever; and, though so many years have rolled over my head, I am still upheld by the kind hand of my Redeemer, and have experienced numberless mercies from Him—yet must I lay myself in the dust of shame and abasement at His feet, and cry, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.' I have made a profession of Christianity many years, but the older I grow, the more I see my emptiness and poverty, and my need of a Saviour. Oh, give me a glimpse of Thy countenance, that my soul may rejoice in my God!"

Mrs. Gillman was again called to pass through great affliction. She was brought nigh to the gates of death, but her heavenly Father saw fit to raise her up again. A daughter who was in a foreign land was taken home to Jesus, and a dear grandson. Her heart was torn with sorrow. She naturally possessed great vivacity and conversational powers, but her state of health, and an almost constant headache, which was attended with great weakness of body, much depressed her. She writes at this time: "Lord, give me the blessedness of faith that will lead me to look beyond the things of time and sense. I feel my bodily strength decaying, the tabernacle beginning to totter. O Lord, grant that, though my earthly house is dissolving, I may have a good hope through grace—that I may look by the eye of faith beyond the grave, and have the happy assurance that I shall have a blessed entrance ministered to me in heaven above, with the spirits of just men made perfect, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus, our blessed and almighty Saviour. Oh for a glimpse of Thy reconciled and beauteous countenance here below, as an earnest of future mercies!"

This day she writes: "I have completed my seventieth year; oh that, like the Psalmist, I might apply my heart unto wisdom! Thou, Lord hast spared me to see another anniversary of my birth; may I take a retrospect of the past. Oh, let all my sins be blotted out, and my soul be washed in the precious blood of Christ. I have nought else to plead. 'All my righteousnesses are but filthy rags.' May Thy grace enable me, if spared another year, to be more fruitful, more faithful, more diligent. Oh, what a solemn thought is eternity! Often do I look at the churchyard, which is at this moment in my view, and think there soon my poor body will be, mingling with its kindred dust. May death be the gate to

everlasting glory, through Christ. What is seventy years but as a moment to eternity?"

The following extract was written within a year of her decease:—

"Dear Lord, I am well convinced, if Thou hadst not chosen me, I should never have chosen Thee. Oh, what can I render to Thee for Thy great and unspeakable mercy! Thy goodness has followed me these seventy-eight years, and I am still surrounded by Thy favour. Oh, give me a grateful heart, and that faith which works by love, and brings forth fruit to the honour and glory of Thy holy name!"

Mrs. Gillman had for many years expressed the desire and wish that when she was called hence it might be suddenly. "Sudden death," she has often said, "is to the believer sudden glory;" nor was it the language of presumption. She had served her God and Saviour for a long course of years, and found Him a faithful Friend in every necessity. It was the desire of strong faith. Many, no doubt, have had a similar desire, but in this instance it was of many years' duration, which she had never hesitated to express, and as years advanced the desire seems to have become stronger. She suffered greatly from attacks of shortness of breath, which, on more than one occasion, was accompanied by a suffocating sensation. Her friends felt anxious, and suggested that medical aid should be called in; but she would reply, "Look at my age; it can do me no good." She was strongly impressed with the feeling that her end was near, but said little on the subject, but was very cheerful. She writes: "Oh, what should I do now when death is as it were looking me in the face, if Jesus had not sought me and called me to Himself? This is a mercy we little feel the value of, nor shall we till we put off this mortal body, and put on immortality, and our spirit be taken into the presence of our Redeemer, there to go no more out."

On the day of Mrs. Gillman's death, nothing had occurred to alarm those around her. It was Easter Monday, the first in the month, on the eve of which the usual meeting for prayer for the success of the Gospel among the heathen was held. For twenty-seven years had she continued them. There were only five present. She excused herself from offering up the first prayer; she said her breath was so short. She, however, offered the concluding one, and was, as it was remarked, much longer than usual. She prayed earnestly for the afflicted, especially for one, who, in about three months afterwards, followed her, doubtless, to the realms of glory. Her voice was weak, and sometimes nearly inaudible. For many years, on this evening, she had always had sung that sublime hymn, beginning

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

On this evening, the three last verses only were sung. Who can tell what were her feelings during this time, especially during the last verse:

"Oh, that with yonder sacred throng," &c.

And, in about three hours after, she was herself casting her crown at His feet, and crowning Him Lord of all. She usually went to bed at half-past nine o'clock; but she said on this evening, "I may not sleep; I will not go so soon." About ten she retired. Her son slept in the adjoining room; he retired about half-past ten, and had not been long in his room, when his mother rapped for him. On his entering, she said, "I am suffocating; what shall I do?" She requested that a light might be procured, and that she might be assisted out into her easy chair. She spoke with great

difficulty, in a whisper only. As she was being seated in the chair, she looked at her son, and said, "This is death." These were her last words. Her breathing became rapidly shorter, her eyes fixed, her hands cold, and, in less than a quarter of an hour after she had been removed from her bed, she was for ever with the Lord.

Thus, suddenly, without a sigh or a struggle, departed this life, according to her own desire, this servant of God. She has often said how she envied Daniel, "Oh, those words, 'Thou art greatly beloved.'" And she would say, too, referring to her trials, "I have these to keep me humble; had I less, I should be in danger of being puffed up." And now she is clothed in the white robe that was wrought out for her on Calvary, and realizing what she had so often longed for while here on earth.

[We have been favoured, by the surviving son of the aforementioned gracious woman, with numerous brief comments upon various portions of Scripture. These, we purpose, from time to time, inserting in these pages. There is a simplicity and a savour about them, which, we doubt not, will render them both acceptable and profitable to our readers. Simplicity appears to us to have been a striking characteristic in the departed.—Ed.]

Reviews and Notices of Books.

INSTANT SALVATION.

Instant Salvation by an Instant Acceptance of a Mediator and Surety. By the Rev. JAMES GALL. Edinburgh: Gall and Inglis. London: Houlston and Wright; Morgan and Chase. [Second notice.]

WE again take up this somewhat remarkable book, and, in order that our remarks should not extend to too great a length, we pass on to the second chapter, in which we find the following statement:—

"The Bible represents the Saviour as standing at the door of the sinner's heart, *waiting and wearying*, and even *entreating to get in*; all that is needed is, that the sinner should open the door."

It has been well argued, in opposition to the foregoing sentiment: "Suppose the people within were all *dead*, how then could they arise and open the door?" This is the unconverted sinner's case; and, so far from the Bible representing that Christ stands "*waiting and wearying*, and even *entreating to get in*," it is to those already quickened, and are in consequence spiritually alive, reference is made of Christ standing at the door and renewing His visits.

There are some statements in this chapter which are so vague and mystical, that we honestly avow our inability to understand what the author really means.

"The Bible represents the Saviour as a shepherd going after the lost sheep, over the mountains of unbelief, and calling him to return. This powerless Gospel represents the lost sheep as standing at the closed door of the fold, calling on the shepherd to open, and let him in. The Bible bids the sinner *believe*, and accept of salvation freely offered to him; but this Gospel retracts the offer, and tells the sinner that he must not only pray for salvation, but that he must continue to pray, without any certainty that he has received it. No, my friend, you do not even need to pray for it; you may have it simply by

believing and accepting it. If, while we were yet sinners, God gave His Son that we might be reconciled, the enmity is now all on our side, not on His. 'Now then we are ambassadors for Christ as though *God did beseech you*, by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God.'

"I wish, indeed, that every sinner would agonize in prayer for salvation; but that would not be conversion, because it would not be faith. It is only when the sinner believes in God's willingness to save him, and accepts eternal life freely given to him in Christ, that he receives the pardon of his sins. It is only then that he believes the record that God gave of His Son; for this is the record—'That God *hath given* to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life' (1 John v. 11, 12). If you are really willing to have Christ, all that you have to do is to tell Him so, and the thing is done. Cease, then, that unbelieving cry, as if *you* had discovered your danger, and not God; and as if you only were in earnest, and not He, about the salvation of your soul.

"This idea of substituting prayer for believing is not only dishonouring to God, it is also cruel to the sinner. He prays, and waits, and even agonizes in prayer, waiting till he gets some sign that God has answered him; and because he feels no change he thinks that God does not mean to save him. He looks inward for something to rest his hopes upon, but the more he looks in, the more he sees to terrify him.

"The change he looks for *cannot* take place till he *accepts* salvation; no wonder, then, that he cannot see it. The love, joy, and peace are got by *resting* on the promises: they cannot exist before."

"You do not even need to *pray* for it; you may have it simply by *believing* and *accepting* it." What, then, again becomes of God's order, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do them for them;" "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?"

"I wish, indeed, that every sinner would agonize in prayer for salvation; but that would not be *conversion*, because it would not be *faith*." What does the author mean? He seems yet to need to be taught, that the very praying *for life* is a sign of *life*; the desire to be converted is a proof of conversion; the plea for faith an evidence of its existence. "Agonize in prayer!" Who agonizes in prayer but a Spirit-quickened soul? What was God's testimony concerning Saul of Tarsus that he was a converted man? "Behold he prayeth!" Prayer without faith? What, then, is the meaning of Heb. xi. 6, "But without faith it is impossible to please God: *for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder* of them that diligently seek Him?"

"Substituting prayer for believing;" "prays, and waits, and even agonizes in prayer till he gets some sign that God has answered him." And we would ask, did those who came to Jesus, in the days of His flesh, substitute prayer for believing? What was the ground of their *assurance* (for this we presume is what the author means) but the Lord's answer in response to their praying, and waiting, and agonizing in prayer? Could the poor woman of Canaan be satisfied with *her* notions, or opinions, or belief in the power of Jesus? What satisfied her, and what alone, but His own gracious words, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt?" Or what could relieve the bleeding heart of the poor weeping Magdalene, but "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace?" Or what but the command of Jesus that the unclean spirits should come out of the poor mad Gadarene, could cause him to come and sit at His feet, "clothed, and in his right mind?" These, and numberless other instances, go to prove that a sense of need and a belief in the ability of Jesus brings

the soul to Jesus, there to wait until He says, "I will: be thou clean;" or, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." The faith of assurance springs from Christ's *word*, not man's will. The faith of assurance is grounded upon Jehovah's "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom;" and not upon the cry (however blessed and certain in its consequences that cry may be), "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

Our author deals with truth in such a random way as would seem to justify any passer-by a post-office to go and lay claim to the first or as many letters as came to hand; or to declare at Doctor's Commons, that this, that, or the other splendid legacy was his. Man may deal with God's truth in this superficial, haphazard way, but our God does not so deal with that which cost nothing less than the heart's blood of His only-begotten and dearly-beloved Son.

There is a great deal of truth in the following:—

"REPENTANCE.

"But you ask, Must I not repent before I can get Christ? I answer, If you mean by repentance that which the Scripture means, a change of mind, then I say 'Yes.' You *must* repent, for that is what God calls upon you to do *now*. But if you mean by repentance, a godly sorrow for sin, then I say 'No.' You can have no godly sorrow for sin, until you yourself are godly. It is one of the new instincts of the new nature, when the heart is changed; and that can be got only in believing. If, then, you must have this new nature before you come to Christ, there can be no need of your coming to Christ to get it. And if you wait till you have a godly sorrow for sin, you will never come to Christ at all.

"The only thing that you can feel before you come to Christ is the fear of hell, and a desire for rest: you can have no higher motive, and therefore you have no merit in coming to Him. It is not love to God, or even a real hatred of sin, that the unconverted man feels. He may be disgusted with some sins to which he is not inclined, and he may hate the sins that he indulges in; but it is not because they are sins against God, and dishonouring to Him; and without this there can be no godly sorrow. Your coming to Christ, therefore, must be an act of the purest selfishness, as God's willingness to save you is the purest benevolence. He knows that you have no love to Him, and that your only anxiety is to escape the punishment of your sin; but He invites you notwithstanding, and appeals to your very selfishness as an inducement to come. 'Turn ye, turn ye; why will you die?' He knows that you dislike Him, and therefore He cannot appeal to your love: He knows that your heart is polluted, and therefore He cannot appeal to your hatred of sin. What He wants is that you would have compassion upon yourself; and what He mourns over is your madness in neglecting your own most important interests.

"The repentance spoken of in the Bible is a change of mind, and not a change of heart. It is not a godly sorrow for sin, for that none but a child of God can feel, a sorrow which is necessary *after* conversion, but which cannot exist *before* it, for it is one of the evidences by which we are to know that we *have been* forgiven. Repentance is the turning-point of a man's history, when he discovers his misery, and turns to Christ as his only hope of salvation. He thus changes his mind: he repents and believes the Gospel, not from any love to God or hatred to sin, but simply because he can do no better. The prodigal son repented when he rose from the swine-trough to return to his father, saying, 'How many hired servants of my father have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger.' This was pure selfishness, but it was true repentance notwithstanding: as for any sorrow for his sin, or shame at the treatment he had given his father, these he never felt, until he had received the kiss of forgiveness, and was restored to the place of a son."

In the foregoing the author fails to recognize that the sense of need, and the inclination to come, and the coming, are all the blessed *fruits* and *effects* of the new and the inner life; they are the earlier operations of that life wrought upon by the Holy Ghost in connexion with the many circumstances and the diversified fears and necessities of which the spiritually-enlightened and divinely-quickened become the subject: and in due time, as the author intimates, the legal repentance gives place to true godly sorrow and compunction. The law *drives*, the Gospel *draws*. The law says, "Do!" the Gospel echoes, "Done!" The thunders of Sinai alarm, the love-notes of Zion attract. Moses says, "Pay me that thou owest," Christ, the sinner's Surety, says, "Here is the receipt in full of all demands, signed in love and blood." And, if this does not cause the poor reed debtor to love, and worship, and adore, we know not what will. He sings,

"Now freed from guilt, I walk at large;
This Breaker's blood's my soul's discharge;
At His dear feet ashamed I lay,
A sinner sav'd, and homage pay."

Reader, here we say is the ground of the assurance of faith, and here the spring and cause of true filial love and Gospel repentance.

(To be continued.)

The Hymns of Heaven; or, The Songs of the Saints in Glory. By JAMES GRANT, Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," &c. London: S. W. Partridge.

MR. GRANT again comes before the religious public with a work under the above title. No author could have chosen a better subject. It is one in which every believer in Jesus must ever feel the deepest interest during his pilgrimage here below, while it will be a theme which will fill the minds and hearts of the glorified saints with ecstatic delight through all eternity. The contents of Mr. Grant's little work will furnish some idea of its nature. The chapters are five in number. The first three are headed, "Songs which the Glorified Saints alone are said to Sing." The fourth chapter is devoted to an exposition of those "Songs which Angels will join the Glorified Saints in Singing;" while the fifth is headed, "General Observations on the Hymns of Heaven." With regard to the manner in which Mr. Grant has treated a subject which must be greatly dear to the hearts of all the people of God, without relation to the evangelical denominations to which they belong, some idea will be formed from the brief preface, which we here subjoin:—

"In the contemplation of that eternal world into which, ere long, we shall all be ushered, I know of no subject on which it is more delightful for believers in Jesus to dwell, than that of the employments of the redeemed in glory. From these employments the happiness of heaven will be chiefly derived.

"Amidst the exercises of the celestial state, that of singing the high praises of God and of Christ will hold the principal place. And if in this way 'the multitude which no man can number' of those who have been ransomed by the blood of the Lamb, will be occupied as long as eternity itself shall last, it surely is most meet that we, who hope to be for ever with the Lord, should take a special pleasure while here on earth in familiarizing our minds with those songs which the glorified saints who have gone before us are now singing, and which, ere long, all the saints now on earth will sing in the realms of bliss.

"Though, as stated in the body of my little book, the information with

which we are furnished in the Scriptures regarding the "Hymns of Heaven" is not abundant, a sufficient amount is happily given to enable us to form some definite idea of what the chief themes of the sacred songs in the celestial world will be. It is, let me add, most blessed to think that the principal subject-matter of the anthems which the saints in heaven unceasingly sing, is of such a nature as that we can, even while strangers and pilgrims here below, 'join our cheerful songs' with the glorified saints above.

"In this most delightful fact many of the most eminent believers in Christ have found inexpressible solace amid all the sorrows and sufferings of life. Nor has the joy derived from singing in this vale of tears the songs which they shall ever sing in their home in heaven, been confined to their day of life: their happiness has still more abounded as they have mentally sung, in the hour of death, these songs of the New Jerusalem, after their voice had ceased to be audible to friends around their dying-bed. But myriads of the people of God have, in the words of one of the most spiritual of our Christian poets, audibly 'sung themselves away to everlasting bliss.' And thus the echoes of their songs on earth had hardly ceased before their voices were heard among the loudest of those of seraphim and cherubim, and the kindred spirits of the just made perfect, in singing the same songs of praise to God and to Christ, amidst the glories and bliss of that brighter and better life which they had just begun. May it be hereafter alike the happiness of all the readers of this little work and of the Author, to sing together through all eternity those 'Hymns of Heaven,' with the music of which the vaults of that glorious place will unceasingly resound."

We have often thought, in regard to the subject Mr. Grant has chosen for his present volume, how little, comparatively, the Scriptures say upon it. We have accounted for it thus: 1. The utter powerlessness of the human mind to grasp a theme so great and glorious. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 2. That it is a matter to be received and rejoiced in by *faith*. 3. That a more manifest realization of the joys that await the redeemed in the upper and better world, would tend to unfit and disqualify them for the engagements of earth. In this respect what are the feelings of the called of God, in "their first-love" experiences? The poet has most truthfully touched upon this all-important subject:—

"Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
How would our spirits long to fly
And converse with the dead.
"How should we *scorn* these clothes of flesh,
These *fetters*, and this *load*;
And long for evening to undress,
That we might rest with God.
"We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And long and wish our souls away
To their eternal home."

Believing that Mr. Grant's little work is eminently suitable for a present from one Christian friend to another, he has brought it within such dimensions as enables the publisher to sell it at half the price of all Mr. Grant's previous works, namely, at half-a-crown, instead of five shillings.

The Second Coming of Christ the Hope of the Church: Good Works the concomitant of the Hope; and the Infidelity of the World, both religious and profane, when the Lord comes again. A Sermon by WILLIAM PARKS, B.A.,

Rector of Openshaw, Manchester. Manchester: Edwin Slater, 129, Market Street.—We cannot but commend the above to the careful perusal of our readers, as well as the New Year's address lately published by the same author. Both contain clear views of truth, and are calculated to set even the thoughtless thinking by the bold, fervid, and scriptural way in which those views are expressed. Truly men now-a-days are so sunk in apathy, sensuality, or utter recklessness, as to require something more than ordinary to arouse them. Assuredly we have fallen upon those times of which the apostle Peter speaks: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (2 Peter iii. 3, 4).

The Gathered Lily. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.—A sweet and encouraging record of a precious departed child, who was very speedily called to her rest. It cannot but be read with deep interest, by anxious godly parents especially, and is a little book admirably adapted for the young.

The Infant's Magazine, 1866, is another capital annual for children, published by Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, but for those who are just beginning to read, so that they too may have a pretty book all to themselves.

Our Own Fireside. Edited by Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. London: W. Macintosh.—This year has begun with a charming variety of matter for readers of all classes, young and old.

The Sunday Magazine. Edited by THOMAS GUTHRIE. Strahan and Co.—"The Huguenot Family in the English Village" is a good story, showing our native prejudice to strangers, and how mistaken we may be in prejudging others. A review of Archbishop Whately's life is also worthy of notice.

The Children's Friend, 1866. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.—Is fully appreciated by our little ones, who are eager to turn over its pages and read its pretty stories. We highly recommend it.

The Gardener's Magazine. Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane.—Capital as a book of reference. Every gardener should possess it.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE; OR, GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Walthamstowe, April 15, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read, with much interest, a paper on the Providence of God, in the *Gospel Magazine* for this month.

The doctrine of the *special* providence of God has long afforded me the greatest consolation, especially in circumstances of a sorrowful or perplexing character; and, regarding special answers to prayer as very closely allied to this doctrine, I venture to send you an extract from a letter which I received some months back, from a beloved son in Australia; which having afforded me much comfort, and led me to many happy thoughts concerning God's dealings with His children, I think may perhaps be read with profit by some of your subscribers.

Referring to my recent severe illness, of which he had just heard, he says, "Oh, what a comfort it is to me, when I get letters from home containing bad news, to think that, with God, there is no past, present, or future; that His omniscience takes in all time at a glance; and that my prayers, though more than a month after the occurrence I pray about, have already had their effect in soothing pain, and bringing down tender mercies upon *you*." There is great consolation in this, and it must be true, for we know that God is constantly answering prayer; and, if so, must He not at the same time be preparing the way, and overruling present circumstances, that He may by them work out answers to those prayers that ~~we~~ we have not yet felt the need of, and which may not be asked in words for months or years to come?

It is only in this way that our prayers can be answered at all without interfering with the course of nature. We know God *can* work by any means He chooses; yet He does not answer us now by miracles, but in what appears to us the course of events.

A circumstance which took place long ago will illustrate this, and though, I doubt not, all your readers are familiar with similar anecdotes, I give it, as I can vouch for its truth.

More than twenty years ago, I was residing in a town in one of the midland counties; and one morning while giving my orders for dinner, in the larder, after breakfast, I placed aside some cold meat and bread to give away. Putting them into a basket, I said to the servant, "Take this to poor widow B——." It was done, and I thought no more of the circumstance till, many years afterwards, having left the town, I returned on a visit. Calling one day to see Mrs. B——, then an aged saint, who had long been confined to her bed, our conversation was upon the faithfulness of God, His promises to the widow and the fatherless, &c. She then told me, that once she and her children were almost starving; they had neither food nor money, and she had no work. She knelt with her little ones to implore help of the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, and, "while I prayed," the good woman said, "I heard a rap at the door, and there was a basket of food from you. I have never forgotten to pray for you and your children from that time."

I need not draw the inference, but who will doubt that the answer to widow B——'s prayer was planned even before she prayed? Yet God will be inquired of by His people to do for them what they need.

Yours faithfully,

C. P.

To E. K——.

A CORRESPONDENT having called our attention to an article which appeared in the volume for 1849, the eye alighted upon the death of our earliest and dearest youthful companion, and likewise upon your precious departed one's account of the removal of your first-born. We felt, as it were, astounded at the fact that nearly twenty years have passed away since those occurrences; and that in the interim the beloved narrator of that touching deathbed scene has himself since followed her whom you both loved so well and so deservedly, to the same rest into which she had led the way. "CRISPIN" also, whose sympathizing letter followed the record of your loved one's passing away, has also gone to the self-same happy

home. Almost as a matter of necessity, beloved mourner, our thoughts recurred *to you*, and to that line of ceaseless love and faithfulness which has since followed you; ay, and which shall attend you even to the end. Oh, could you have foreseen, at the period to which we have referred, all that you have since been called to encounter, how would your poor heart have sunk—yea, been overwhelmed—in the prospect; but how well and how wisely are these things hidden from our view, and only opened to us little by little, just as our loving, and tender, and merciful High-priest sees we can bear the unfoldings of His will, and the bit-by-bit disclosures of His holy purposes concerning us; but, beloved, how invariably are those disclosures accompanied with the fulfilment of the promise, “As thy days thy strength shall be;” and “My grace is sufficient for thee.” Ah, yea, it is so, and, blessed be His name! it shall be so even to the end. Oh, how sweet is that word, “Thou hast known my soul in adversities!”

We have been thinking, beloved, where shall we be ere such another interval of twenty years shall have elapsed? Where? why undoubtedly “with the Lord”—shall be reunited to those who have gone before, in that upper and better world of light and love, where sin nor sorrow shall ever enter. No dark clouds, no dismal fears, no portentous providences there! All rest, all peace, all joy, and that uninterruptedly and for ever! Then, beloved, of what little moment are the trivial occurrences that shall intervene. Of these—be what they may—we may say as the woman of Shunem said, “It shall be well.” *We* may not see how, but *God* can; and, since *He* and not *we*, have the arrangement, and the ordering, and the accomplishing, He will not allow Himself to be defeated, nor us to be disappointed. Be assured the issue and all leading thereunto, will be as wise, as gracious, as loving, as merciful, as marvellous, as all that had preceded. What He did for the united family at Dover, that the self-same Lord will continue to do, down to the very latest moment of your time-state. It shall be—

“Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song,”

down to the very brink of Jordan; and then shall its waters open, and you and all the spiritual Israel walk over peacefully and placidly in full view, not merely of the bearers of the ark of the covenant, but of the Great High-priest Himself! Oh, then for a larger measure of faith and patience, that, in these solemn times—in these day of rebuke and blasphemy—we may bear personal and practical testimony to the goodness, the lovingkindness, the faithfulness, of Him who is “wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working,” and who says, “My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.”

SACRED MAXIMS.

WHEN God commands, it is not time to reason, but to obey.

A man's desires always rise in proportion to his means of gratifying them.

The souls of all men are by nature dead, as were the bones in Ezekiel's vision, simply because they are separate from Christ.

The glorious effects of redeeming love will not be fully known till the day of judgment; for this reason it is emphatically called the day of redemption.

REQUESTS FOR REMEMBRANCE IN PRAYER.

in I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—MATT. xviii. 19.

has been laid upon our heart to devote a small portion of our space, from time to time, to the above most important subject; but, in doing so, we wish our readers to keep in view—

1. That, in all approaches to the footstool of mercy, we should desire to be in accordance with God's will; hence it behoves us ever to say, "Lord, *show me how to pray, and what to pray for.*"

2. Not to seek that which shall be for the mere ease or gratification of the flesh. "Ye ask, and receive not," said the apostle James, "because ye desire, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." We have seen requests for prayer which, upon the very face of them, clearly bespeak this to be their character. We should be exceedingly sorry, therefore, to lend ourselves to this; hence, when requests are forwarded us, the insertion of them will be left to that discretion with which it may please the Lord to favour us.

3. We have been prompted to this decision of opening our pages to requests of this kind, because very recently it has come to our knowledge that the Lord has, in the most marked and gracious way, heard and answered a request for prayer which was submitted to our readers through this work. We have felt that what the Lord has done in *one* case, He may be pleased to do in *others*. Such case may well stimulate and encourage.

The first case, then, that we have to submit to our readers, praying that the Holy Ghost may lay it upon their hearts to bring before Him who hath

"For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do for them," is that of our esteemed and beloved brother in the Lord, the

William Parks, Rector of Openshaw. It was with deep concern we heard of his being so afflicted of our God as to be laid aside from his work. We have received a most affectionate note from him. His words were few, but weighty and full of love. We have remembered him at our Saturday-evening prayer-meeting before the Lord, beseeching the Lord to raise him up and restore him to his work; for (according to our little conception of the world) men so clear-sighted and outspoken in the truth can ill be spared in these most deeply-solemn and truly-eventful times.

The son of anxious parents is preparing for a very rigid examination, which (D.V.) is to come off on the 11th inst., and on certain days in the following week. May that young man be laid upon the hearts of many; that he may have grace to look up to the Lord for His guidance, smile, and precious blessing. "He whom Thou blessest, O Lord, shall be blessed."

A young person writes: "I feel quite sure I have not yet learnt my own weakness. I cannot say, I hate sin, and yet I desire to be delivered from its power. Entreat Him," she adds, "to show me my sinfulness and need of a Saviour, and then to reveal the Saviour to my soul, to show my interest in salvation."

A truly God-fearing young couple whom it was our happiness, some time since, to unite in the bonds of matrimony, are about to undergo a very severe trial. The husband, by no means strong, is ordered to a foreign station for *years*. Ask the Lord to support and sanctify under this very painful separation. What, alas! may take place in this poor changeable world, in the time, when we know not what even a day may bring forth?

A dear, aged, and much-afflicted sister in the Lord has for many, many years been "from the fear of death subject to bondage." She has long, long waited for—

"Read her title clear
To mansions in the skies."

Our readers, may the Holy Ghost be poured out upon you, so that you may sympathize with Him on her behalf. Ask Him to speak pardon and peace to her

soul, and to set her at a happy liberty; giving her blessedly to know, that "whom the Son makes free shall be free indeed."

6. A dear devoted friend to this work is just now in deep waters. One with whom she has been closely associated for five-and-thirty years is about to be taken from her. She has felt rebellious under the stroke. Ask the Lord to enable her to fall into His blessed hands with child-like meekness and docility. We doubt not that this is in reserve, but the Lord "will be inquired of;" and may He be pleased to connect with this mercy, the sweet and blessed assurance that the departing one is going to "be for ever with the Lord."

7. A beloved aunt is in the dark valley, and two nieces are much exercised about her. Be it yours, dear readers, to ask the Lord for light to be shed upon the path of the departing one, and a sweet surrender vouchsafed to the survivors.

8. If the Lord will, our dear brother, the Rev. J. W. Gowing, visits some of his old friends in Cheshire, for Sundays the 12th and 19th May, and we have promised (the Lord permitting) to occupy the pulpit where he labours, on those Sundays. Ask, dear readers, that both our beloved brother and ourselves may be specially favoured of the Lord on those days, that both he and we may go forth "in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

FEAR NOT.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear."—PSALM xlv. 1, 2.

Oh, fear not, Christian, for the roar
Of anarchy that echoes round,
And loud in Europe's every shore
Thunders—it has its heaven-fixed bound.
That God, who out of chaos brought
These beauteous worlds, thy refuge know,
And trust His love—surpassing thought!—
Who governs all—above, below.

Oh, fear not for the pestilence
That walks beneath the moon's dim ray;
Fear not, yet seek in penitence
To turn Jehovah's wrath away;
And should His arm, in terrors dressed,
Appear to smite thee, 'twill but be
Stretch'd forth to clasp thee to that breast
Which shed its own life-blood for thee.

Fear not—fear not for every ill
That crowds life's dark and tearful vale;
For famines, wars, and plagues that fill
The grave with victims, and the tale
Of mourning spreads abroad; fear not
For shaking nations, tottering thrones,
Earthquakes, and raging seas: their lot
Will still be peace, whom Jesus owns.

And thine it is to gaze through all—
Beyond the dark, involving cloud;
See the pure light, whose beams will fall
On earth ere long, and, mid the loud
Hoarse jarring of convulsions wild,
A still small voice of love to hear,
Soft whispering, "Fear thou not, my child,
These do but speak thy Lord is near."

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

WE are glad to hear that a vigorous effort is about to be made in London to stem the tide of Papal aggression. The Scottish Reformation Society has established an agency for this purpose at No. 12, Clarence Chambers, Haymarket, and has instituted a systematic course of lectures on the doctrines of Romanism, addressed to students and young men of London. The lectures are now being delivered every Monday evening by the Rev. Robert Maguire, of Clerkenwell, a well-known and able champion of Protestantism, at the Saloon of the London Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill, and prizes to the amount of twenty guineas are offered to the young men who regularly attend the course, and stand the best examination on the lectures. This is just what is wanted—information widely diffused respecting Romanism and its errors. The amount of ignorance that prevails on this subject is lamentable. Whilst the children of Roman Catholics are brought up well versed in all the arguments which support their faith, and objections to their opponents, the children of Protestants are left in this respect unttaught, and thus too often fall an easy prey to proselytizers. We talk about the strong spirit of true Protestantism that exists amongst us as a nation, but it is very much to be feared that, if such a spirit does really exist amongst us, it is largely founded upon ignorance, and therefore is worth little or nothing. Mobs may vigorously shout, "No Popery," but probably few of them could give a satisfactory reason why. Hence it is that Popery makes such rapid advances amongst us, and that it meets with so little opposition either in our Houses of Parliament or in the country. We are very thankful that it has received one slight check, in that the House of Commons has refused to comply with the demand that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland might be a Papist; but it will not be much discouraged by such a check as this, when it is accompanied by a multitude of favours. It is earnestly to be hoped that two Bills now under consideration in favour of Romanism, viz., the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and the University Tests Bill, will not be allowed to become law. Their objects are, in the one case, to legalize the titles given by the Pope to the Roman Catholic bishops imposed by him upon England and Ireland; thus in reality confirming his act of aggression, and allowing him to divide this our Protestant country into ecclesiastical provinces, over which he places his own servants to rule. And in the other case, the object is to entirely secularize our ancient seats of learning, and make them "mere centres of free thought, at which the Unitarian and the Papist, the Secularist and the Infidel, the Theist and the Atheist, may all meet together as on one common platform."

More than usual interest has been excited by the deliberations of the present parliamentary session. So varied and important are the subjects which have been brought forward, that not one class merely, but almost all classes of the community, must feel themselves personally concerned. We trust that the result may be, under the gracious guidance of our heavenly Father's hand, truly beneficial, and that "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety," may indeed be "established amongst us for all generations." If there have been dangerous measures proposed, we must still be thankful that there have also been many safe and beneficial ones: thus, *e. g.*, Lord Shaftesbury's Bill respecting clerical vestments, which, if permitted to pass, will be almost a death-blow to the Ritualists; another Bill, also brought forward by Lord Shaftesbury, for preventing the employment of young children and women in agricultural gangs, a measure which has long been greatly needed; and perhaps we have also reason to be thankful for the passing in the House of Commons of the Reform Bill, setting to rest, for at least some time to come,

a vexatious question, and affording our senators leisure and opportunity to give their whole attention to other important matters.

We have great cause for gratitude in that the dispute which arose with Spain, respecting the seizure of two British vessels, and which seemed at one time to be likely to embroil us in war and bloodshed, is amicably settled; and also, that although we have during the past year, passed through a period of extraordinary trial, in spite of a financial panic, a bad harvest, and many commercial derangements, the revenue returns show that the prosperity of our country has not been seriously affected. Many thousands of workpeople seem to be in a fearful state of destitution in the east end of our metropolis, but extensive measures have been taken for their relief, and we trust that their sufferings may be speedily assuaged. It is said, indeed, that those sufferings have been chiefly the result of their own imprudence, but still this ought not to prevent our being ready and willing to help them.

Already rumours of war reach us again from the Continent. Untaught by the fearful lesson of last year's battles, France and Prussia seem again quite ready and anxious to engage in mortal combat respecting the comparatively trifling question of the sale of the grand duchy of Luxemburg, a small state only equal to the size of the county of Kent.

The annual April meetings have been just held in Dublin, and appear to have been exceedingly interesting. Most valuable meetings they are, diffusing light and knowledge, and stirring up Christian love and energy over the length and breadth of the sister isle: they are attended sometimes by five or six hundred clergy, and the influence for good exerted by them is immense. For forty-five years the venerable Earl of Roden has been accustomed to preside upon these interesting occasions, but we regret to find that this year he has been prevented from doing so by increasing bodily infirmities, and that he has, in a touching farewell address, resigned his honoured position. May "an entrance be ministered unto him abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour," and may many worthy successors be raised up to follow in his steps, and boldly to defend the cause of truth which he has so long and so ably advocated. At one of these meetings a most admirable, faithful, and stirring address was delivered to the assembled clergy by the Bishop of Carlisle; we should have been glad to have given some extracts, but we feel that extracts would by no means do justice to it.

SPANISH CIVILIZATION.—The following has been published as the programme of the amusements that will take place at Orduna on the occasion of the festival of Our Lady of Antigua: "7th inst.—Solemn afternoon service in the sanctuary. At night, dancing and illuminations in the square. 8th inst.—Solemn mass in the sanctuary, and a sermon will be preached by Mr. Gregory Montes, Presbytery of Madrid. In the afternoon, four Navarre cows will be baited, three of them to death, by the company of M. Richina, the bull-fighter. There will be a young bull also for the amateurs to kill. In the evening fireworks, illuminations, and dancing in the square. 9th inst.—The same festivities as the preceding day. This day the farmers of Arrastaria, near Oduna, will commend to the Virgin their coming crops. The Presbytery, Felix Herran, will preach. A bull-fight will follow. After the bull-fight there will be a romp under the trees by the banks of the Nervion. At night crackers and sky-rockets. 10th inst.—Two Navarre cows will be baited, and killed, and several young bulls will be run for the amusement of the amateurs. Fireworks at night."

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD"
 "ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"
 "JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 18,
NEW SERIES. }

JUNE, 1867.

{ No. 1,218,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

DISTINGUISHING GRACE AND UNMERITED MERCY.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 May that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee."

"Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"—1 Cor. iv. 7.

THERE are times—and these not unfrequently—when the dear children of God come down into very low places. They are, as poor fallen creatures, prone to be much occupied, if not altogether engrossed, with present things. The trials and exercises of the day exclude, for most part, the grateful recollection of the Lord's sustaining power, interposing hand, and providing goodness, as far as the past is concerned. Satan takes advantage, and, playing upon the ingratitude and unbelief of the heart, suggests a thousand gloomy thoughts about the future. Molehills are magnified into mountains. Difficulties spread themselves in the pathway as seemingly insurmountable. The "How *can* this be done or that accomplished?" is continuously suggested, and Satan (that arch fiend and lying lecturer) generally winds up his arguments with the taunting inquiry, "How will it be with thee in the swellings of Jordan?"

Notwithstanding the ten thousand times ten thousand mercies which have marked every step and stage of the hitherto-trodden pathway, the soul has no power in itself to resist the tempter, or to rise above present trials or prospective difficulties. Nothing short of a fresh word from Jesus, and the renewed putting forth of the power of the Holy Ghost, can suffice to enable the soul to rise above the fears and the faintings of the way. When this is vouchsafed, then—and

not until then—is the dear child of God enabled, in the strength of his Lord and Master, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, to say, “Get thee behind me, Satan.” “Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me” (Micah vii. 7, 8).

Moreover, the kind and tender and gracious way in which the Lord is pleased afresh to manifest Himself is well worthy of our most marked attention. These renewed visits and fresh manifestations so bespeak His continuous regard and imperishable interest. They so prove He has not forgotten, much less forsaken, His people. They confirm the fact, that His eye is ceaselessly upon them, and His heart uninterruptedly going forth in sweetest sympathy towards them.

Our thoughts have run in this channel, beloved reader, in connexion with recent experiences; and, as a consequence, have suggested the words of our text, “Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?”

It was a gloomy afternoon as far as the weather and exteriors were concerned, and, where there is an ever-constant proneness to constitutional depression and physical infirmity, Satan is ever on the alert to take advantage of cold, or wet, or gloom, in regard to the atmosphere. At this juncture, an old clerical friend unexpectedly called. Some twelve or fifteen years must have elapsed since we had previously met. Instantly the former position and all the intervening circumstances and very diversified events came up in quick and vivid review; and, notwithstanding the power of unbelief, it was scarcely possible not to trace the good and gracious hand of one’s God, in regard to the way and manner in which He had graciously led. Former wishes and probable expectations it was at once seen, by comparison, had been far, far exceeded; and in a moment one saw how infinitely more desirable it was for *the Lord* to choose, and for *the Lord* to open up the way, according to His own wise and loving and most merciful will and pleasure.

Walking towards his destination with the friend alluded to, who, by the way, had been for some time laid aside by delicate health, another friend of a sudden saluted us, and, in a few agitated sentences, told us of the deep, deep trouble into which he had of a sudden been plunged. Poor fellow! one’s heart yearned over him, and one said all one could to soothe and comfort his greatly-perturbed spirit.

Calling at an aged friend’s house immediately afterwards, the subject, in the course of the hour or two spent there, turned upon passing events—the change in the laws—and the desirability or otherwise in regard to an alteration as to capital punishment. One of the aged friends present remarked, that she had never been in a court of justice but once in her life; and that it was at that time quite customary for ladies to attend at the assizes held in the North of England. The

Court-house of Lancaster was, upon the occasion to which she referred, greatly thronged, two men being put upon their trial for forgery. The charge was proved, and they were brought in guilty; and "never should she forget," exclaimed our now very elderly friend, "the sight of one of the convicted men raising his hands, and striking them upon the front of the dock, as, seeing the judge assume the blackcap, he exclaimed, 'Mercy, mercy, my lord; oh, have mercy!'" At the same time the wife of the doomed man fell down in the crowded court, and was carried out in a fainting and thoroughly-powerless condition.

It directly reminded us of a somewhat similar circumstance that once occurred in the Old Bailey. A relative of ours was present at a certain trial, when the wife of the accused exclaimed in court: "If you find him guilty, I shall *die*—I am sure I shall *die*." The woman was in consequence removed. The trial went on, and the man *was* found guilty. No sooner had the verdict reached the ears of the poor woman, than she fell back, and literally *died*! Upon the mournful fact being communicated to the judge, he was so much affected, that, the offence being a comparatively-trifling one, he immediately pardoned the prisoner, and ordered him at once to be set at liberty. The poor man, in his anxiety for his wife, appeared to lose sight of his liberation. He rushed to the hall where his poor wife was, but, alas! only to find that the vital spark had really fled!

Reader, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

Another topic of the evening was, dangers in travelling, and the preserving hand of God when, perhaps, we have no present sense of peril. Several illustrations were given. Another aged friend remarked, "Well, when I travel, or when I seek to fall asleep for the night, I say to the Almighty, 'I commit myself, body, soul, and spirit, to Thee;' and I have no concern afterwards." A third friend present quoted the remark of a dear little intelligent child, who, upon something being said to her a few days before, about either a restive horse, or an apparently-unskilful driver to the fly in which they were seated, said, "Aunty, when I get into the train or into a fly, I say, 'Lord take care of me;' and I never have any fear afterwards." We could not help mentally exclaiming, "Lord, give us more of the simple faith of that dear little child."

However, after closing the evening with reading that precious 11th chapter of John, and prayer, we set out homewards, having to pass on our way a certain tidal river, and glancing, as, when we have the opportunity, we like to do, at the passing steamers. We had scarcely left the river-side, when a young man and a boy saluted us: "Oh, sir," said the elder of the two, "I am so upset." "What's the matter?" was the reply. "Oh, sir, there was a steam-tug coming in about an hour ago, and a young man standing by me lost his footing and fell overboard, and never was seen again. We have been dragging for his body until now, but couldn't find him." "Poor fellow!"

thought we, "in the midst of life we are in death indeed!" How little did that young man, a minute before, imagine that he was so near eternity! and how little did we who had so recently been conversing upon unseen dangers, suppose that a fellow-mortal was just about to lose his life so suddenly within a few hundred yards of the spot where we were speaking!

Reader, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

Among the engagements of the following forenoon was an attendance at the Court-house, where some two hundred of the more respectable of the citizens had requested the Mayor to convene a meeting to consider the Bill now before Parliament for the better regulation of the sale of beer on the Lord's-day.

It was but some two or three weeks since, the assizes had been held within the same building, and we happened to step into the Court at the moment the judge was summing up the evidence against the prisoner then arraigned at the bar upon a charge of manslaughter. All the parties had been drinking, and, at the hour of midnight, life had been taken in a street hard by the Court-house. There were certain very grave considerations and sundry critical points in the evidence, upon which the judge laid considerable stress, as giving the case very much the character of "wilful murder." In fact, the summing-up was such as clearly left it an extremely doubtful point, whether the jury would return a verdict of "murder" or "manslaughter." The prisoner's demeanour during both the summing-up of the judge and the consultation of the jury, was such as caused him evidently to feel his life was in jeopardy. It was, therefore, with no small relief he heard the foreman declare a verdict of manslaughter. The judge, however, considered the case so grave a one, as to prompt him to pass upon the prisoner a lengthened term of transportation.

It was with this case fresh upon our recollection, and all its attendant facts, we entered the Court upon the present occasion; but the circumstances how altered! Instead of a grave and attentive assembly befitting such a place and becoming such an occasion, there had congregated together the most disorderly, riotous, uproarious mass of men it had ever been our hapless lot to witness. Although the meeting was presided over by the Mayor, attended by sundry magistrates, a bishop, clergy, ministers, and the most respectable and influential of the citizens, it was impossible to get a hearing. Greater disorder, more thorough disregard for the powers that be, or utter recklessness of all consequences, could not be imagined. It was as though a hundred taprooms had poured forth into one limited arena the most excited, reckless, and debased of their frequenters. The countenances of very many wore an appearance of the most thorough defiance of both God and man. There was a ripeness for any species of mischief. The law itself seemed powerless in such hands. The chief magistrate of one of the richest and most ancient cities of this land of freedom, sat as the merest cypher. From the *Western Daily Press* we copy the following, as

A "STRANGER'S" VIEW OF THE MEETING.

A visitor to the Guildhall meeting has supplied us with the following :—

I went to the Guildhall to-day, as a stranger, to see what was to be seen; and a more disgraceful display of brutality I never witnessed in my life. I have attended meetings in all parts of the country—social and political gatherings of all kinds—but the scene to-day surpassed in vulgarity anything that has ever come under my notice. In saying this I think it right to add that I am not a teetotaller. I am of the same opinion as that intelligent working man who said at the meeting that men are not to be made sober by Act of Parliament. I have little faith in the compulsory sobriety which is expected to follow the adoption of Mr. Abel Smith's Bill. My sole object in going to the meeting was to hear what could be said on both sides; and, when the resolutions were put to the meeting, I refrained from holding up my hands for or against either of them. I speak, therefore, free from prejudice when I say that the reception given to the Right Rev. Bishop Anderson was a disgrace to any civilized community. The Bishop was quite in his place in speaking on a question which has something to do with public morality: he has a perfect right to say at a public meeting, called to elicit public opinion, whether he is or is not in favour of the measure now before Parliament, and he would have been listened to with fair play in any town in England except Bristol. He was literally bellowed down. His calm, dignified utterance ought to have secured an attentive hearing; but, instead of this, he was received with scoffs, coarse remarks, and a continued roar, which could not have been expected from the lowest rabble that ever was got together. Had the meeting been composed of untutored savages, he could not have been treated with less respect. I asked myself what class the audience before me belonged to. They were evidently not working men. Many of them were well dressed, and displayed on their waistcoats heavy gold guards, and had massive gold rings on their fingers. It has always been my experience that the working class is fond of fair play, and the man who spoke loudest for a hearing on both sides to-day was a working man. What, then, were these men who refused to hear a bishop—who refused to listen to the speakers not on their side—who shouted like maniacs, defied your excellent and good-tempered Mayor, and displayed in all their horrible perfection the very worst features of ignorant and selfish partisans? I have always believed that one of the characteristics of Englishmen is, that they 'never fear a foe,' whether on the field or on the platform. If this is our characteristic, who are the abject cowards that refused to hear Bishop Anderson, Mr. Dunlop, and Mr. Cossham? Who are these persons who degraded themselves, and did their best to disgrace Bristol?

I ask your favour for the insertion of these few lines, to let your readers know how the meeting impressed a stranger. I left your Guildhall with my notions unchanged as to the inutility of Mr. Smith's Bill, but I confess I never was so disgusted in my life as I was to-day with the company who seemed to support my views. "The man who is afraid of argument is afraid of truth," I said to myself as I left; and I think the impartial public will agree with me.

A STRANGER.

As from the gallery we gazed upon those circumstances, and contemplated that scene of discord and riot, extending as it did for nearly two hours and a-half, not only did we wish ourselves far removed from such disgraceful proceedings, but we thought of what had so recently been enacted there. The Mayor then presiding had occupied the self-same bench, side by side with the administrator of the law. We thought, moreover, of that wonderful passage, "The wrath of man shall praise Him; *the remainder of wrath He will restrain.*" Ah, dear reader, we

thought of the debt of gratitude we owe to our God, as thus day by day, and night after night, engaged on our behalf. Oh, what would be the immediate effect and consequence, but for that restraining power which our God, in the riches of His grace and mercy, is pleased to bring to bear in us and for us? What if He did not restrain "the madness of the people?"

Do not, we pray you, think this subject is unworthy of our pages. Indulge not for a moment the idea, that we are leaving our wonted place in thus calling your attention so specially to it. Indeed, the contemplation of the restraining hand of our God is a matter deserving our gravest and most grateful consideration. Oh, contemplate the countenances of multitudes whom, Sabbath after Sabbath, you meet in the suburbs of our large towns and cities, as you walk towards the house of God. See the spleen and the debasement and the defiance which those countenances betray. What an evident readiness and ripeness there is for any species of sin or wickedness, if so be there were not that secret restraining power which holds them in check. But for this what would become of *us*, and what of *ours*, dear reader? With us the wonder is, not that men do *so much*, but that, under the circumstancee, they do *so little*.

Moreover, as we gazed upon those riotous proceedings, we thought of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and of the scenes to which on sundry occasions he was exposed. Consider him, dear reader, at Philippi, when "they caught Pylas and Silas, and drew them into the market-place [or court] unto the rulers;" when "the multitude rose up together against them: and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely: who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks." Then again think of Paul and Silas at Thessalonica, when "the Jews which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city on an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason, and sought to bring them out to the people. And when they found them not, they drew Jason and certain brethren unto the rulers of the city, crying, These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also" (Acts xvii. 5, 6). Again, at Ephesus, how greatly was Paul endangered, when the people were full of wrath, and, as with "one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Furthermore, at Jerusalem—that of all places—what but the signal hand of God rescued Paul from a death which seemed imminent? "All the city was moved, and the people ran together: and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple: and forthwith the doors were shut. And as they went about to kill him, tidings came unto the chief captain of the band, that all Jerusalem was in an uproar . . . and when [Paul] came upon the stairs, so it was, that he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people. For the multitude of the people followed after, crying, Away

with him." Again we find, still later, that "certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. And they were more than forty which had made this conspiracy. And they came to the chief priests and elders, and said, We have bound ourselves under a great curse, that we will eat nothing until we have slain Paul. Now therefore ye with the council signify to the chief captain that he bring him down unto you to-morrow, as though ye would inquire something more perfectly concerning him: and we, or ever he come near, are ready to kill him" (Acts xxiii. 12—15).

Oh, how wonderful, dear reader, under this variety of circumstances, and amid all these dangers and exposures, was the preserving hand of God! How beautifully, in regard to Paul, and how blessedly also with respect to the people of God universally, is that precious truth exemplified:—

"Plagues and death around me fly:
Till He bid, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

Yes, truly, one and all of the Lord's servants are "immortal till their work is done." "Their life is hid with Christ in God." "Whoso toucheth them, touch the apple of His eye."

It is not because men are one iota better now than in Paul's day, that we have less open persecution. The difference is wholly and solely to be ascribed to the good and gracious hand of our God. It is His restraining power—and that alone—which makes the difference.

And never, never, dear reader, may we overlook the truth laid down in our text, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" We have the seed of every sin in our hearts, and are quite as capable as the vilest and most degraded of our race of committing the foulest of sins. Perhaps, under the force of education, and different associations, our sins and transgressions might partake of a more refined and less outwardly-flagrant character, if so be we were permitted of our God to be tempted by Satan to their commission; still those sins and transgressions, although more refined, would not be the less heinous in God's sight. Variance, emulation, wrath, strife, are amidst the works of the flesh, in the selfsame list with which are enumerated adulteries, murders, and drunkenness. Let us never forget this, and well indeed may we be humbled under the consideration. Moreover, be it ours to remember that whilst idolatry is named in the catalogue above mentioned, the apostle has elsewhere declared, that covetousness is idolatry.

Returning home after the riotous meeting before named, thoroughly heart-sick, we were glad indeed with the quiet of our own study once more; scarcely had we entered which, ere a messenger stated a stranger wished for an interview. We did not recognize the name, but in the person we could just trace the features of an old workman, who had been in our employ some five-and-twenty years ago. Again

were we led back in review to all the complicated cares and anxieties of the large city business in which we were then immersed, and to the train of mercy, goodness, and love, which had delivered us from that thralldom, and followed us to the present moment. And, as we contemplated the very low estate of him with whom we were speaking, we could but feel the force of the words of our text, "Who maketh thee," &c. How was it master and man had not changed places? Who had ordered the footsteps of each? Our simple answer is, dear reader, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

Another hour or so towards the close of that day found us once again in the pulpit of our loved church; and, as we stood there, and contrasted the peace, the quiet, the extreme attention which there prevailed, in contrast to the disturbing and distracting scenes we had so recently witnessed, we thought of the boundless love and mercy that, in this one particular even, had been vouchsafed us—namely, the standing before a mixed multitude time after time, for now twenty years and upwards, without the semblance of interruption or annoyance. Oh, how again were we reminded, by the contrast, of the words of our text, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

Dear reader, the circumstances which we have thus simply laid before you may, in many particulars, differ from those with which you are familiar; but, if you belong to the Lord, and are under the teaching and guidance of the Holy Ghost, they may, by His power and holy anointing, serve as helps to remind you also, by contrast and comparison with the condition and circumstances of others, of the debt of gratitude due from you to the Lord for all the manifold mercies which He has given—and still does so continuously vouchsafe to you. Oh, for a more grateful recognition of those mercies! oh, for a keener sense of the aboundings of His love! oh, for that deeper and more abiding humility, arising from a thorough inwrought conviction of our own utter unworthiness, ingratitude, and sin; and a corresponding consciousness of the magnitude and manifold nature of that love wherewith He loved us when dead in sin, and which hath since constrained our unchanging Lord to bear with our manners in the wilderness.

One word more, and we have done. Personally, we have indeed cause to admire, acknowledge, and adore this love, inasmuch, as another motive for praise and thanksgiving, we pen this simple paper upon the twentieth anniversary of the removal from this vale of tears to his happy home above, of the early and most dearly-loved companion of our youth, the Rev. JOHN DOUDNEY LANE, the youth so frequently referred to in our little volume, "TRY AND TRY AGAIN." We cannot think of his honourable career in this vale of tears, and subsequent removal to his eternal rest (particulars of which were published in this work shortly after) without being deeply impressed with a sense of the boundless mercy, forbearing goodness, and marvellous

kindness which have followed us even to this very day; and, in a simple hope in and dependence upon Him—our most glorious Christ—as unchangeably the same—yea, the “same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever”—we venture to add, in the words of the immortal TOPLADY:—

“The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is, Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

“My name from the palm of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on the heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More *happy*, but not more *secure*,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

St. Luke's, Bedminster, April 27, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

WEARINESS AND REST.

SAVIOUR, I come to Thee—
A weary child, with pain and care opprest;
Oh, let me lean this aching, burdened heart
Upon Thy loving breast!
The way is very dark;
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my tears.
Take Thou my hand, and draw me up to Thee,
Through all the lonely years.
I have no strength, dear Lord;
Oh, let me lie where I can touch Thy feet,
And gaze up from the dust into Thine eyes,
That are so true and sweet.
And come, oh, come to me!
And raise me to Thine arms, and teach me there
The strange, deep secrets of Thy love, and bend
To listen this my prayer.
Speak to me soft and low;
My spirit yearneth for one little word
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life—
One word from Thee, my Lord.
Speak to me, O my God!
There are sweet voices falling on mine ear
Long known, long loved, but in my inmost soul
Their tones I cannot hear.
But Thou wilt speak to me;
And, as the river falls into the sea
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
Shall find its rest in Thee.

H. B.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

"We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."—ACTS xix. 2.

How truly may this language be applied to very much of the preaching and teaching of the present day: "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost;" and, if we *do* hear anything about the Third Person in the glorious Trinity, He is represented as a shadowy kind of influence that inspires holy thoughts and pious conduct. Now the watchmen of Israel must insist upon the personality and power of the Holy Ghost, without which, all the preaching and teaching in the world will never convince of sin or bring peace to the soul. They must insist on the absolute necessity of the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify the soul, and qualify the regenerated for the enjoyment of God, for fellowship with Christ, and for preparation for heaven. Oh that we may be led by that selfsame Spirit to write a clear and concise paper upon this all-important subject! To this end, oh, come, Thou divine Spirit, and Thyself touch the heart and guide the pen, that both writer and reader may feel thy sweet meltings; for

" 'Tis by Thine agency alone
That every saint receives
The word by which the heart of stone
Is melted, and believes."

And, before we go into this all-important subject, it may be well to note a few popular errors that exist concerning the Holy Ghost. For instance—

1. *It is a popular practice of the preachers of the present day to avoid discrimination, and to address all as being partakers of the Holy Ghost.*—This is contrary to God's word, which very clearly discriminates between the sheep and the goats; the wheat and the tares; the children of promise and the children of wrath; the sons of God and the servants of sin.

2. *It is asserted by some that, if the Spirit of God be continually resisted, He will at last take His departure.*—This is making man's power superior to God's; but, while God the Spirit is omnipotent (as we shall presently show), how a poor finite, frail worm can resist omnipotency, it is difficult to understand—certainly the experience of the children of God will testify that, when God the Spirit subdued their wills and brought them to the feet of Jesus, it was with an almighty hand which they had no power to resist—"where the word of a king is, there is power."

3. *The preaching "freewill" practically ignores the work of the Holy Spirit.*

How many ministers in the present day will set forth the atonement of Christ tolerably clearly—will explain the nature and character of sin, and the work of Christ's redemption for His people, and then close their addresses by saying, "Now, all this is for you, if you will only exercise faith and accept the offered salvation." What is this but freewill—making the appropriation to depend upon the caprice of the creature, to the practical ignoring of the power of the Holy Ghost? And the last error we will name is one often made by Christians themselves, namely, the calling the gift of the Holy Ghost "God's second best gift to His Church." This is making an inequality in the Deity which cannot be allowed. And now let us turn from errors to the grand and glorious subject of God the Holy Ghost, and it will be seen that, while our theme is a very precious

and important one, it is also a very copious one; that we might condense or meditation upon it as follows, think

- I. Of the Godhead of the Holy Ghost.
- II. Of some of the Scripture emblems of the Holy Ghost.
- III. Of some of the precious titles of the Holy Ghost, which show the character of His work.
- IV. Of the indwelling and unction of the Holy One.

I. OF THE GODHEAD OF THE HOLY GHOST.

As the Church of England, in her 5th Article, truthfully asserts, "The Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one substance, majesty, and glory, with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God." But let us turn to that best of all authorities, the word of God, and draw therefrom proofs of the Godhead of the Holy Ghost, and note—

1. That in the work of creation not merely was Jesus included in the declaration, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," but also the Spirit; for it is added, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." So also in the words, "Let us make man"—there is the eternal Father, Son, and Spirit. Again

2. The same union of the persons in the Godhead was manifested in the work of redemption, as well as in the work of creation, as, for instance, at the baptism of our Saviour, the Spirit descended like a Dove and lighted upon the head of Jesus, while the voice of the Father was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Further,

3. When our Saviour was about to ascend up on high and leave this world, which had been the scene of His redemption-work, He commanded His disciples to "Go, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," clearly referring to each of the three Persons coequal in work, operation, and power.

4. After the resurrection of our Lord, we find that, when Ananias and Sapphira his wife sold a possession, and kept back part of the money, Peter said, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." And, then,

5. It is the Spirit who forbade Paul to preach the word in Asia. It is the Spirit who divides to every spiritual man spiritual gifts according to His will. It is the Spirit they are commanded not to grieve, and to whom their bodies are to be consecrated as living temples. Thus have we pointed to sufficient scriptural evidence to show that the eternal Spirit is a Person, and that Person God, coequal with the Father and the Son, worthy of our deepest adoration and worship, for

"God reveals Himself in sacred writ,
The Father, Son, and Spirit—Three in One."

And now, in order to see the unfolding of the character of this Third Person in the glorious Trinity, let us point to

II. SOME OF THE SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

These emblems run through the sacred word, and remind us that we are not to understand the Spirit of God was only given to the Church after the ascension of our Saviour. Oh, no; the Church, from the beginning, has never been without the Spirit, although, on the day of Pentecost, He was poured out more abundantly, according to promise. Is it not written, "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?"

and David prays, "Uphold me by Thy free Spirit," and again pleads, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me." And, to show this still further, our emblems will be gathered from both Old and New Testaments. Hence note that the Holy Ghost is called—

Fire—burning up all the wood, hay, and stubble of creature-righteousness; Fire, purifying the precious metal; Fire, reducing the opposition and rebellion in God's people, as with Jeremiah, who declared he would no more speak in His name; but His word was as a fire in his bones.

Water—rising up though all obstacles with its refreshing influence. Oh, how sometimes we feel as if His mercy was clean gone for ever, and we get into a despairing mood! but the water that Christ has given us rises up from within, even the well of the Holy Ghost—Jesus' own gift to His chosen.

Dew—coming in the night. Oh, what is it that keeps the soul alive in the hours of soul-darkness but the dewdrops of precious grace—the fulfilment of Jehovah's own promise: "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

Wind—blowing where it listeth—upon the garden of the soul, and causing the spices thereof to flow out.

Breath—coming upon the slain, that they may live. Dry bones indeed are they without this; yea, very dry; but, when this breath of the Spirit comes, they live—stand upon their feet, "an exceeding great army."

Oil—keeping alight the flame of life and love; also anointing them with the oil of the Spirit. The meaning of the word *Christ* is "the Anointed." Christ was the Anointed of the Holy Ghost, and it is scripturally correct to add, that Christians are the anointed ones; for God hath endowed them with all the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit—the Lord hath shown mercy to His anointed.

A Dove.—The Holy Spirit, under this precious emblem, seems closely linked to Jesus. At His baptism the Holy Spirit descended like a Dove, as if personating Jesus' character; for, as the dove is the emblem of purity, gentleness, and love, so our dear Redeemer was the pure, and gentle, and lovely One; as no creature is more harmless and inoffensive, so Jesus was the harmless and undefiled One, who "suffered, the Just for the unjust." As the dove was the only fowl that was offered in sacrifice, so Christ, by the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God. And, then, passing from Jesus to the Spirit, the tidings of the assuaging of the waters were brought to Noah by the dove, with an olive leaf in her mouth; so the glad tidings of peace with God are brought by the Dove of doves—the Holy Spirit. Thus this emblem seems to personate both the Second and Third Persons in the Trinity.

A Voice—speaking with power to the soul, calling the dead in sin to put off the grave clothes of the old nature, and come forth to newness of life. A Voice commanding the waves of strife which rise in the experience of the children of God to be still; and there follows a great calm to the soul. A Voice which, when the cares and trials are all over, bids the meetened one "Come up higher," to his seat of rest above.

A Seal—sealing God's chosen ones; of whom it is written, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." And who can break that Seal? Verily, none.

A Hammer.—There is a blessed affinity between Jesus and the Holy Spirit in this emblem; also Jesus the almighty Breaker, who has broken the bars of sin and death: the Holy Spirit has a powerful hammer, breaking rocky hearts to pieces to receive the truth in the love of it. And so many

more precious emblems might be named to bring out the work of the Spirit. We now pass on to

III. SOME OF THE PRECIOUS TITLES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

“Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
Always with us to dwell.”

“Howbeit [said Jesus] when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come.”

Now we can but name a few of His precious titles:—

1. *Regenerator*.—When Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, came to Jesus by night to be taught, Jesus told him of the impossibility of any seeing the kingdom of God without being born again, and then declared how alone such regeneration can be effected: “Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” So that it is clear that the work of conversion does not depend upon human eloquence, neither can human effort produce a revival; both regeneration and revival are the effect of a divine operation on the soul; therefore, when we hear of a poor soul being urged to accept Christ, ere he leaves the room, and be converted at once, he is just being urged to do an impossibility. The poor frightened one may say, Oh, yes, I do accept Christ; but this is not regeneration. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” And, reader, we have only to put it to ourselves; no power but omnipotency could have transformed you and I from a lion to a lamb, from a slave of Satan to a child of God. “Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil,” and not before.

2. *Teacher*.—The heart of man is naturally closed; not only is the understanding darkened and the will opposed to the truth, but the heart is shut against it. “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” But, when mighty grace comes and melts the heart, to receive the truth in the love of it, then do we count the Holy Ghost as a Teacher. And why? Because the sum and substance of the Spirit’s teaching is Jesus. Hence the blessedness of His teaching—none like His—it just fits the sinner’s case, and the saint’s need; and do we not find, beloved, our cry day and night to be: “O gracious Spirit, teach me more of Christ! unfold Him to my faith’s view?”

3. *Witness*.—We know the value of a faithful witness in a court of justice, when our opponent seems to be getting the best of the case; the evidence of that faithful witness turns the scale in our favour: so is it when the false accuser of the brethren raises a black charge against us—the faithful Witness “witnesseth with our spirit, that we are the children of God.”

4. *Illuminator*.—The bright and beautiful sun has a wonderful effect upon the animal spirits, especially after a long dreary winter; so with regard to the soul when the Holy Spirit beams within. Oh, how He revives and animates all within, and makes one feel that the time of the

singing of birds has come, and that the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose!

And then again, at the throne of grace, what miserable work it is, when the heart remains untouched by the power of the Holy Ghost; how we chatter like a crane. Surely we ought to preface our prayer with an appeal to the Holy Ghost, else we fall into the temptation of uttering foolish and unmeaning words before God. But, when He graciously melts the heart, and touches the lips, oh, then what a pouring-out of felt desires follow!

5. *Sanctifier*—separating God's people from an ungodly world; crucifying the world to them and they to the world; setting them apart as "vessels of mercy" for the Master's use; making them to feel that they have no holiness in themselves, but that Christ is made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; and in this way only are they meetened for eternal glory.

6. *The Comforter*.—Another precious title: and who comforts like Him? When He applies the words of Scripture that just suit us in the hour of need and distress—when He tells of Jesus and opens out His love, and grace, and mercy, oh, how precious is the revelation! The seeker after Jesus, who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, feels without Him an aching void the world can never fill. He goes from church to chapel, saying, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" He seeks long and in vain; but at last the Spirit applies the word, Jesus is unfolded. Oh, how sweet the view! faith lays hold, the heart is melted: the Holy Spirit proves Himself indeed to be the Comforter!

" Ah, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what joy, and peace, and love,
We commune with our God."

7. *The Remembrancer*.—Another precious title borne by the Holy Spirit, and how sweetly does He fulfil it, in reminding us of Jesus!

The ambassador for Christ it may be, is laid aside from his accustomed duties and brought very low by some bodily ailment, and he begins to call in question his ministrations, and Satan tempts him to think that his preaching has been all in vain. Then comes "*the Remembrancer*," bidding him look back upon that sacred spot, his pulpit, where he has testified of Jesus, and obtained help from on high to proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God to poor perishing sinners.

The God-fearing man of business has been brought into difficulties from some monetary crisis in the commercial world, and he is greatly bowed when he thinks of his dear ones at home; then the Spirit bids him think of the marvellous help he has had in bygone times, when he has been obliged to write at the end of his book-debts: "What has God wrought."

Or *the Christian mother*, with the cares of a heavy household, is pondering how ever she shall be able to sustain the heavy burden attendant upon her domestic life; when the Remembrancer comes to tell her that Jesus is the Burden-bearer: and so is she enabled to roll her care upon Him.

Or *the tempted Christian* begins to listen to the suggestions of Satan as to the enormity of his past sins, and suggests whether it can be possible that such a Joshua can be saved; then comes the witnessing of the Remembrancer—"I have chosen Jerusalem;" "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

Or *the afflicted child of God* lies upon a bed of languishing, to whom the

hours become tedious and long, and the spirit of rebellion rises like an angry storm; when the Remembrancer comes and whispers peace, and bids the suffering one look to Him who suffered much more, and died upon the cross.

Or *the dying saint* trembles at that dreadful Jordan so soon to be crossed, and Apollyon, taking advantage of the weak moment, thrusts sorely at the timid pilgrim; then comes the Remembrancer, and bids him think of the many that have crossed that same stream, and been supported and carried safely in the arms of God to the happy heavenly shore of Canaan.

8. *Sustainer*.—We may depend upon it that the *Life-giver* will be the *Life-sustainer*. “He who hath begun the good work, will carry it on.” He who hath plucked the sheep from the pit will never suffer them to perish in the wilderness. He who hath planted the tree will never let the wild boar of the forest tear it down. Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost, not of an earthly Jerusalem, the stones of which may be cast down and heaped one upon another; but a spiritual temple, built upon Jesus the Foundation-stone, raised by the Holy Ghost, in which He dwells and delights.

9. *Gatherer*.—The Spirit is fast gathering home the Lord’s family. We cannot fail to notice that, if any of His faithful ambassadors are taken home, it is seldom that their places are supplied by champions for the truth. Where are the men in the present day that are not ashamed to declare the whole counsel of God? Few indeed, and getting fewer; for God is gathering home His faithful ones, and it is as if He were saying, “I can do nothing to this Sodom and Gomorrah of a world while thou art here.”

10. *Glorifier*.—We shall always find that the Persons in the Trinity glorify one another. The Father glorifies the Son; Jesus while on earth took every opportunity of glorifying the Father; and the Holy Ghost ever glorifieth the Father and the Son, as Jesus declared He would: “He shall glorify me; for He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.” But there is another sense in which He may be said to be the Glorifier: namely, He leads on to glory. Oh, reader, think of the end of this battle of life; the termination of this wearisome journey; the climax of the child of God’s chequered career—glory! And to this the Holy Spirit is most certainly leading. It may be through much tribulation, but still He is leading. It may be through many tears; still He is leading. It may be amidst many thorns; still He is leading. The crown—the mansion—the rest—the bliss, are as certain as if already possessed. And why? Because the Holy Ghost is the Leader; Omnipotence hath hold of thine hand.

Thus have we by the several offices which the Holy Ghost sustains shown what is His work. He is the Regenerator, Teacher, Witness, Illuminator, Sanctifier, Comforter, Remembrancer, Sustainer, Gatherer, and Glorifier. Many more, which will occur to the Bible reader, might be added. Lastly, let us refer to—

The indwelling and unction of the Holy Ghost.—The sovereign love of God the Father, and the substitutionary work of God the Son, are grand themes; but we want, too, the personal indwelling and unction of the Holy One. Now this indwelling of the Spirit is not a mere fancy of the imagination, as some would have us suppose; but a scriptural fact, productive of the greatest consolation. “Know ye not,” says the apostle Paul, “that ye are the temples of God, and that the *Spirit of God dwelleth*

in you?" while those who have not the Spirit dwelling in them, are said to be sensual, and without Christ. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." "These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit." It is quite certain, then, that in asserting the indwelling of the Spirit we are standing upon scriptural ground. The effect of this indwelling will be felt in various ways. For instance, it may be asked, "If the Spirit of God dwell in the hearts of God's children, how is it we see so much of rebellion and temper manifested by them?" Ah, we must recollect the two and opposite natures which are within; the old and the new, the flesh and the Spirit, Ishmael and Isaac, the smooth Jacob and the rough Esau. Paul felt this; though his body had been inhabited for twenty-five years by the Holy Ghost, he acknowledged: "But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But he could add, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." And this is just it; but here is the comfort, as it was promised to Rebecca, that the elder should serve the younger, so the old nature shall be brought into subjection to the new: and this indwelling shall be felt to be a quickening influence, and that not merely in producing life, but in sustaining it. Oh the deadness which one often feels with regard to divine things, causing one really to call in question whether one can be a child of grace at all! but then comes the quickening of the Spirit, and with it the shadows of unbelief flee away, and sunshine of joy pours into the soul.

And, then, again, in the midst of this busy, bustling world, where there is so much to distract and draw away from Christ, what a mercy to know that we carry about with us and within us that which nothing can destroy; and ever and anon grace rises above all earthly cares, and we rejoice to think, "Well, I have some measure of assurance that I am a child of God, never forgotten by my heavenly Father, accepted in the Beloved, and a temple of the Holy Ghost."

And, then, we must not overlook the deep necessity there is for the *unction of the Holy Spirit*. How often, in this present day of creature-dependence, does the child of God, in searching for the truth, enter into a place of worship, earnestly desiring to be fed with that hidden manna which can alone satisfy the soul. Everything, it may be, is in perfect order; all is well timed and well tuned, but, when it comes to the preaching, there is no unction—the one thing is lacking, and the soul remains untouched, cold, and starved; but, if the minister honour the Spirit of God, and the unction of the Holy One is like dew upon the branches of truth, oh, then, if it be ever so simple, how sweetly does it fall upon the ear, and enter the heart, leaving an indelible impression, as well as a present refreshing in the presence of the Lord!

Again, the children of God are subject to all kinds of temptation, and that often to such an extent that they are led to say, "Can it be possible, that I can be a child of grace? Look at my sinful and abominable thoughts and indifference to the word of God." But stay, presently the Lord applies some portion or promise of that word with unction; evidences of sonship are unveiled, and one is led to put in a claim still to belong to the Lord's living family. Oh, then, if these things be so, "Unction, Lord; unction, Lord," should oftener be the burden of our cry at the throne of grace.

And now, in conclusion, here is one of these glorious and soul-important subjects which may well occupy our thoughts more than it has ever done yet. Oh, be it ours, reader, never to forget the Third Person in the Trinity ; and a religion that realizes the Deity is worth having. And, ye ministers of God, honour the Holy Spirit ; away with the form of religion, and pray for the power. What childish rubbish does all the ritualism of the day seem to those who realize the indwelling of the Spirit ! This is what we want—Power, Lord ; power, Lord : such as the Holy Ghost can alone give.

“ To God the Spirit’s name
Eternal thanks we give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.”

Reader, may the Lord grant that the unction of the Holy One may rest upon us, in all His quickening, comforting, illuminating, and sanctifying influence, making us day by day to grow more like Jesus, and preparing us for everlasting communion with Him in the realms of the happy and blest. In prospect of this glorious end of the Spirit’s leading, believe me,

Yours affectionately for Christ’s sake,

South Park, Ilford.

G. C.

“ ALL WELL.”

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home :
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
In Christ I found a home—a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.
Yes, He is mine, and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, nor power—
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings—
Could tempt me to forego His love and hour.
“ Go, worthless world ! ” I cry, “ with all that’s thine,
Go ; I my Saviour’s am, and He is mine.”
The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my Friend—I’m rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come : I take, or I resign,
Content while I am His, and He is mine.
Whate’er may change, no change in Him is known ;
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines :
Above the clouds and storms He walks unseen,
And sweetly on His people’s darkness shines.
All may depart ; I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour’s am, and He is mine.
While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But, when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better—praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Pilgrim Papers.

ON PROPHETS AND PROPHECYING, BOTH IN THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW.

It is worthy of pre-eminent note that God Himself spake the first prophecy upon record, when He foretold the "bruising of the serpent's head" by the "seed of the woman;" and also that this prophetic promise pointed immediately and expressly to the LORD JESUS CHRIST. And so of all the after predictive covenant promises of God, and the many divinely-inspired prophecies that "holy men of old," called "*prophets of the Lord*," have spoken since the world began, "*to Him gave all the prophets witness.*" Nor doth it appear that any age or dispensation of time hath been without these illuminated seers into the future things of God. For we have "Enoch, the seventh from Adam," bearing testimony in the antediluvian world; Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the patriarchal era; and Moses, Aaron, and Joshua, under the law; also, coeval with the law, Samuel, David, Solomon, and the long list of inspired prophetic scribes by whom God the Father "at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers." These were one and all PROPHETS OF PREDICTION! some also bearing their Messiah-ward testimony by preaching; and thus, conjointly with the law, witnessing unto the righteousness thereof that at the appearing of Jesus Christ should "go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."

Following on through the glimmering ages of Israel's losing wars, and long captivity, it is very blessed indeed to observe how strikingly grand the sun of the Old Testament set, when it threw out its last predictive beams of light upon the cloudy dispensation then passing away. Thus, "Behold, the *day* cometh [saith the Lord of hosts by the mouth of Malachi] when I will send my messenger [*John the Baptist*], and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord [*Jehovah-Jesus*], whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His Temple, even the Messenger of the covenant [*Christ the Messiah*], whom ye delight in," &c. (Mal. iii. 1.)

Thus ended the inspired prophetic testimony of the first of God's "two witnesses," to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing may be taken away.

"Then came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea," and, though but "a voice," yet, as he spake in the Spirit and power of Elias, and pointed in person to the holy "Lamb of God," he was accounted a greater prophet than all who had gone before. But the *messenger of courier* must give room to the MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT; and thus John made way for CHRIST.

Jesus of Nazareth was the Prophet of prophets, whom the Father had said unto Moses, He would raise up of his brethren, that He might be mighty, both in word and in deed, before God and all the people. At the presence of Him the shadows flew away, and from the brightness that went before Him the "*true light*" shone forth. Indeed, the Gospel dispensation had now dawned upon the Church; and, in order to show in what sense the legal and prophetic age had closed in its particular and peculiar testimony, we will lay for a foundation the two following propositions:—

1. "The law and the prophets" prophesied until John.

2. "Since that time the *kingdom of God* is preached" (Luke xvi. 16).

Now, from this Scripture, it is evident that the "law and the prophets" went together; and that when the witness of the one was at an end, so also was the legal testimony of the other. Nevertheless, among the many that now press into this "kingdom of God" which was preached, are a multitude that do *prophecy*; but mark, there is not one who, in a law-dispensation sense, *predicts* anything. And the reason is obvious—the AGE OF PREDICTION had given place to the DAYS OF INTERPRETATION! and that which had been yesterday FORETOLD, was to-day FULFILLED. See in Matt. only: chap. ii. 5; iii. 3; iv. 17; viii. 18; xxi. 4.

Thus, beginning at the very birth of John, we have Zacharias, the first New Testament prophet, bearing witness *not of things to come*, but of things afore declared that *had now taken place* (Luke i. 67, 68). The same also may be said of Simeon at the circumcision of Jesus, and of "Anna, the prophetess" (Luke ii. 38); with all those who, in like manner, bore public testimony to the truth of what the prophets of old had authoritatively premised. Nor can that solitary instance of "Caiaphas" be called individually *predictive*, when he prophesied, concerning the crucifixion of Christ, that "*One should die for the people*" (John xi. 51), for in the very same Scripture we are expressly told that, "this he said *not of himself*"—that is, not by any inspired prophetic spirit of his own—"but, being high priest that year," it became him to bear the priesthood's oracular testimony, concerning the death of Him whom the legal sacrifices had so long set forth.

Then, again, by reason also of the continued temple service at Jerusalem, and the synagogue worship throughout Judea, there was the lingering and isolated instance of the Jew Agabus speaking in predictive language; yet, like the flickering of a wasted candle, or a well-spent fire dying out, they were mere *remnants of the prophetic age*; and, being only of local and temporal import, are without any specific Christward force, or essential saving significance (Acts ix. 28; xxi. 11). Moreover, these formed no part of "*the Scriptures*" to which our Lord, after His resurrection, referred when, "beginning at Moses and all *THE prophets*, He expounded unto two of His disciples in all the Scriptures the things [afore witnessed and prophesied of] concerning Himself." Indeed, the Scriptures in those days comprised only the law and the prophets, with the five books of Moses that preceded them; and of these it was that Jesus said, "*They are they which testify of me.*" Nor are we at a loss to know what was the important theme of the prophetic ministrations of all the inspired sages of antiquity when we are told that they prophesied of the "grace that should come: testifying beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." And this embraceth the whole of that "salvation" with all that accompanies and follows it, both in time and eternity, that these prophets "inquired" so "earnestly" of, and "searched" so "diligently" after. For the "grace that should come" was dependent upon the "sufferings of Christ" in our stead; whilst upon His predicted resurrection and ascension, hung the "glory that should follow." And of all that was so foretold of Jesus, He said, "Not one jot or tittle should fail," assigning as a reason, "*That the Scriptures might be fulfilled.*"

Thus all that God had decretively spoken by the mouths of the prophets, Jesus had now definitely wrought, to the accomplished fulfilment thereof; and then it was that, in the place of PROPHETS OF PREDICTION, He raised up His PROPHETS OF INTERPRETATION!

And now, instead of any foretelling that Christ, the promised Messiah, *should come*, the witnesses for God in opposition to the false prophets that went forth in contradiction thereof (1 John iv. 1, 2), were called upon to confess that Jesus Christ *was come* in the flesh; and thus Paul's Gospel consisted chiefly in a constant public testimony concerning Him whom God had so promised afore, by His prophets in the Holy Scriptures (Rom. i. 2, 3). The fact is, the fulness of that time had come, when, as the Apostle said to the Corinthians, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets" (1 Cor. xiv. 32). That is, I apprehend, the spirits of the Old Testament prophets in their predictions of Christ, &c., are subject to the test or testimony of the prophets of the New. So that what the former *foretold*, the latter *confirmed*. This is evident from what Simeon said when God did first visit the Gentiles to take out a people for His name, as follows: "And to this agree the words of the [old] prophets, as it is written," &c. (Acts xv. 15). The day of Pentecost also furnished the most ample evidence that, under the Gospel dispensation, it was the *interpretation* of a thing, and *not* its *prediction* that now constituted the *prophesying* of a prophet. Thus, when it is said that the "sons" and the "daughters" of men did prophesy, it is explained as being "*filled with the Holy Ghost*;" so that they did "*speak with other tongues*," as the "*Spirit gave them utterance*."

This was no predictive testimony that these "sons and handmaidens" did bear; but it was that kind of interpretative prophesying which, speaking with *other tongues* by *gift of the Holy Ghost*, did, *in those days*, signify. (See Acts xix. 6.) Thus when Peter stood up in their midst he said nothing about any new pentecostal divination, but "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel," &c. (Acts ii. 16). The same will apply to the case of the woman of Samaria, who called Jesus a Prophet, not because He told her of seven husbands that she *would have*, but of the seven she had already had.

Passing on to the time when Churches were planted in the land, and a distribution of heavenly endowments, or Gospel qualifications from God, were bestowed upon the people, we read, "And He gave some, apostles, and some, prophets," &c. (Eph. iv. 11); not prophetic apostles, nor apostolic prophets (though their separate duties were oftentimes intermingled), but as it is more clearly defined in 1 Cor. xii. 28: "And He hath set some in the Church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers."

Now what were these New Testament prophets but men of express interpretation (1 Cor. xiv. 27, 29)? This was their special gift; by the exercise of which they so spake that all in the Church either learned something, or were comforted (ver. 31). Indeed, that which "in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men," as it was now revealed unto the holy Apostles *and prophets* by the Spirit, was for the very express purpose that such "revelation, knowledge, *prophesying*, or doctrine," might prove a then present blessing unto the Gentile believers in Christ (Eph. iii. 5, 6). Taking this Gospel view of the subject, we can readily understand why the Apostle should say that "prophesying [as it was then employed in the Church] serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe" (1 Cor. xiv. 22). Therefore, when Paul adds, "Desire spiritual gifts, that ye may prophesy," he did not mean that these Corinthian brethren should seek to emulate the *old* prophets by *foretelling events yet to come*, but, as he further says, "Forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel *to the edifying of the Church*" (ver. 12).

Now such a bearing witness may also be called **preaching**, but it does not necessarily constitute a man a preacher. This is evident from what the Apostle saith on the subject, namely, "Having therefore gifts differing according to the grace given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy . . . or *ministry*, let us wait on our ministering" (Rom. xii. 6, 7). But though there be this "diversity of operations," it is the same Spirit that worketh in all; and whereby alone the gift of prophesying can be exercised to the present edification of the Church.

The writer has thus endeavoured to show that the predicting of future events does not properly belong to a *New Testament prophet*, but that the qualification of such a gifted one in the Gospel Church of Christ, is to *bear interpretative testimony* to the truth of what the "holy men of old," both wrote and spake "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

And the reason that the penman would assign for taking this spiritual view of the subject is drawn from the great Source and Fountain of all true heavenly wisdom and knowledge, namely, the Son of God Himself; and this is the word of revelation, "*For the testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy*" (Rev. xix. 10). This is the key that unlocks the whole matter. As all the apostles had Jesus for the "great Apostle and High Priest of *their* profession," and every gifted Gospel "teacher" had Jesus, "*The Teacher who came from God*," as *their Head*, so also the new covenant prophets had Jesus for their Witness, in the foretold things of God, unto which they likewise bore *their* spiritual testimony. These several prominent and particular acting members of the body, with their differing gifts and diversified operations, have each and all the selfsame Spirit, flowing from the Church's one Head, even Christ Jesus.

And thus these prophets of exhortation and confirmation, like unto Judas and Silas (Acts xv. 32), and of edification and comfort, as were those whom God gave unto the Churches, were the inspired interpreters of the Old Scripture prophecies, after just the same manner and order as was Jesus Christ a Minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm "the promises made unto the fathers" (Rom. xv. 8). All officers in the Church are subordinate to Christ.

Should any suggest that there is, nevertheless, a great deal in the New Testament that is highly predictive, I would reply, That, as the prophets of the Old Scriptures embraced the events of *all time*, and the prophets of the "new" could only become witnesses thereof *during their lives*, they necessarily handed onward for *continuous attestation* the truths which were aforetime most amply affirmed (Acts iii. 24, 25). But the whole of all such prophesyings may be included and comprehended in the saying of our Lord to His disciples, "But take ye heed: behold, I have foretold you all things." And this may especially be applied to the closing mysterious book of God, called REVELATION, which is not a prophecy of the banished John in Patmos, but, as in its preface is declared, "the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him, to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass," &c. The same can scarcely be said of such Scriptures as "This know, that in the last days perilous times shall come," &c.; because the "*last days*" began with the world's last dispensation (1 Pet. i 20); as saith the apostle John, "Little children, it is the last time, and as ye have heard that antichrist should come, *even now* are there many antichrists, whereby we know that *it is* the last time" (1 Tim. ii. 18). Then again "*the ends of the world*"—these were as much come upon the first Christians as upon us (1 Cor. x. 11); though now may our salvation

be nearer than when we (Gentiles) first believed in Christ: but the night (of time) was "far spent" *then*, though it may be farther gone *now*. And that the curtains of eventide are fast closing upon us, the "signs of the times" do most abundantly manifest. And the worst feature indicative of the decay of all things, is (to the writer's mind) to be seen in the distracted, divided, degenerated state of the professing people of God. What a lack of *great Gospel men* of upright life and walk there now is *in the ministry of God's holy word!* And in how low and languishing a condition (not numerically so, perhaps), in all the essentials of spiritual wisdom, heavenly knowledge, faith in its obedience, and truth in its vitality, are *most of the Churches of Christ*. This is just as the enemy would have it, who from Zion's weakness derives strength, and from her multiplied divisions finds many a door for the entrance of his destructions.

Now, among the number of those who have given up their Gospel birth-right, and gone backward to the days of a dispensation that is past, are the *prophets of modern times*. These seem nearly all to have assumed the position and signification of the prophets of old, but without possessing anything of their truthful, predictive spirit and power. Hence, see how their foretellings come to nought, and their forecastings prove a lie.

Let the dear children of the Most High listen only to the words of the "*Lord God of the prophets*," who said, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power." But, with their lamps trimmed and burning, waiting patiently for the promised coming of their Lord, may they betake themselves to their watch-towers, and, observing from *thence* the true "signs of the times," *behold the hand of their God*, and *give themselves unto prayer*.

Oh, for more of such New Testament prophets as Barnabas, Silas, and others, who, instead of perplexing and subverting men's minds with their visions and dreams of neither truth nor profit, would exhort the brethren unto *steadfastness in the faith of Christ*, and thus *confirm them in "the truth as it is in Jesus"* (Acts xv. 32). They who but *literalize*, do much to *carnalize* that which is *spiritual* in the word of God; whereas the edifying testimony of a true and faithful witness who keepeth the sayings of the prophecies of God's book in his heart, and sealeth not his lips against their interpretation, maketh manifest that it is unto such the hidden mystery of ages is revealed (Eph. iii. 5). And these are the *prophecyings* we are not to "*despise*" (1 Thess. v. 20), for by them alone are we enabled to "*proceed all things*," that we may "*hold fast*" only to "*that which is good*."

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

EXTRACT.

THE body of the old man of sin is carnality, pride, and infidelity, kept up and supported by the power of Satan. The body of the new man is humility, faith, and love, kept and supported by the almighty power of the Son of God. Very often with me is the new man, as it were, out of sight; then I turn to idolatry, and thus my fool's back calls for stripes; and I often have them. *The only way to keep from idols is a constant communion with the Son of God.* Every error that creeps into the Church of God arises by a departure from the cross of Christ, and not sitting at His feet and listening to His word and voice. But to trust to Christ at all times, when we see nothing but sin, folly, and corruption in ourselves, is no easy task; but the Christian has no other refuge.

J. T.

THE RELIGION OF THE JEWS, AND THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

IN Paul's Epistle to the Galatians (chap. i. 13, 14), it is written, "For ye have heard of my conversation in times past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the Church of God, and wasted it: and profited in the Jews' religion above many my equals in mine own nation, being more exceeding zealous of the traditions of my fathers."

From Acts vii. 58, it is clear that, notwithstanding his having so much of "the Jews' religion," he kept bad company, and sanctioned the murderous act of his wicked companions, thus showing that "the Jews' religion" cannot make those who have it hate bad company, nor prevent them approving of what is done against the true disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. Saul was zealous and sincere in "the Jews' religion," and yet, all the while, under the power of sin and the devil, hating "the truth as it is in Jesus," and being exceedingly mad against those who loved it; proving that "the Jews' religion" is unable to deliver from Satan's power, or to subdue inward sin, hostility to the pure Gospel, or to conquer a persecuting spirit. Saul never regretted being a persecutor, till he had given him the religion of Jesus. The religion he received *from* Jesus made him feel sorry for what he had done *against* Him. He grieved for sinning against Jesus, but never on account of suffering for Him. When he had "the Jews' religion" he loved to sin against Jesus; but, when He was blessed with His religion, he gloried in suffering for Him. The religion of Jesus will enable a man to prefer suffering to sinning. When he had "the Jews' religion" he spoke *against* Jesus; but, when he had His religion, He spoke *to* Him and *for* Him. He prayed to Jesus before he preached of Him. The Lord Jesus Christ teaches His servants to pray, before He sends them to preach. No person is *sent* to preach, who has not been *taught* to pray. Jesus spoke to Saul before he cried to Him. The first time he prayed acceptably to the Lord was with trembling and astonishment. Satan had made Saul a trifler; but Jesus' gracious call made him a trembler. It is better to be a gracious trembler than a sinful and daring trifler. Jesus makes the former, Satan the latter.

No notice was taken by the Lord of Saul's prayer till he was a trembler. The Saviour's powerful voice and the light from heaven brought him down; and, while there, he was first taught to pray to Him who had called him. Saul's fall did him no harm, but good. When the Lord brings a sinner down, He puts him in a good school, where He teaches him to profit. What strange places the Lord brings His dear people into, in order to teach them how to pray! Saul was on the ground, out of doors, and trembling, when he first prayed to the Lord Jesus; and that prayer, offered in that place and state, was heard and answered. The Lord heard him pray before man. Saul intended to go to Damascus to persecute: the Lord purposed he should go there to pray and preach.

The Lord's gracious purposes prevented him from carrying out his sinful designs. In some instances, this is the case even now. Before Saul had received from heaven the religion of Jesus, he undoubtedly thought a good deal of the letters he desired of the high priest; but, after his call by grace, he cared little about them. Things that are highly esteemed before the religion of Jesus is communicated to the soul are very lightly regarded afterwards.

The message he received from "the great High Priest" in the heavenly Jerusalem, very likely made him forget the message he had received from the high priest in the earthly Jerusalem. The receiving into the soul of that which is heavenly, tends to draw the mind away from that which is earthly. Saul had grace in his heart before the scales fell from his eyes. Instead of entering into Damascus boiling over with rage against Jesus and His followers, and under the influence of him who "walketh about as a roaring lion," he was led by the hand and brought there under the gracious power of the Lamb of God. And what did he do and how did he feel when he was in the house of Judas? "He was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink."

Oh the triumphs of sovereign grace! Where was his Jews' religion now—what had become of it? Depend upon it, the Jews' religion and the religion of Jesus will not do and agree together. The coming in of Jesus' religion into his heart turned out the Jews' religion. The entrance, through the Holy Spirit, of the true religion of Jesus into the heart is the only effectual remedy against the indulging of a false religion there.

If any one had visited him during the three days he ate and drank nothing, and had asked him what sort of an opinion he had of himself, do you think, my reader, that he would have expressed a high opinion of himself? Oh, no. When he was full of the Jews' religion, he was brim full of self-importance; but the religion of Jesus had emptied him of this, and made him feel the chiefest sinner. Never in all his life had Saul spent such a three days as those in the house of Judas. Here it is likely he knew "the terrors of the Lord." Something must have weighed heavily on his mind to have prevented him eating and drinking during that time. The Lord, however, knew where he was, and what he was doing, and, in a vision to Ananias, said, "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth." Ananias went to Saul, put his hands on him, and said, "Brother Saul!" What must have been Saul's feelings when he heard Ananias call him brother? "*I, a brother, call me a brother!*" What hath God wrought? Ananias called him a brother before the scales fell from his eyes. At the blessed interview they had together, Saul arose, and was baptized, received meat, and was strengthened. He was now filled with the Holy Spirit, and felt it an honour to be in the company of those he had intended to persecute and injure. The Jews' religion made him "injurious;" the religion of Jesus made him "harmless." It is possible for Gentiles to profess the religion of Jesus, and yet to possess a religion no better than that of the Jews. He who is a Gentile outwardly, may have only the Jews' religion inwardly. It is the religion of Jesus that makes a person a Jew inwardly. No unregenerate man, whether Jew or Gentile, has in his heart the religion of Jesus. It is the religion of Jesus, and not that of the Jews, which meets with so much opposition from "the world, the flesh, and the devil." How much of the Jews' religion there is! How little, very little, of the religion of Jesus! Natural men may love the former; spiritual men alone can love the latter. Natural men, by making use of their natural gifts, may produce, or "get up," a revival of the Jews' religion; but the Holy Spirit of the living God can alone produce a revival in the hearts of "God's elect" of the religion of Jesus. When this is the case, self is abhorred, the cross of Christ gloried in, sympathy felt for the Lord's poor people, deadness to the world, and, at times, the soul is anxious to "depart, and be with Christ; which is far

better." Those who are blessed with the religion of Jesus will "grow up as calves of the stall." Calves of the stall are taken aside from others; so with the Lord's people. Calves of the stall are dependent for supplies on what is brought to them—so are they; are fed at stated times—so are they; not choose their own food—so with the people of God; are fed with a certain end in view, get to know who feeds them, and are kept under restraint; so with regenerate persons. The religion of the Jews is of earthly and human origin; the religion of Jesus is of heavenly and divine origin. With the Jews' religion, Saul was pleased with himself; with the religion of Jesus, he was plagued with himself (Rom. vii.). With the Jews' religion, he was forward in causing the elect to endure various kinds of persecution and sufferings; with the religion of Jesus, he was willing to endure all things for their sakes.

A man with the religion of Jesus in his heart will not contend for the form of godliness, but the power. He will be alive to the evil that is in his own heart; although sin in the old man cannot destroy grace in the new man. Sin will exist in him, but it will not be allowed to reign. He will often feel a long way behind other professors. When the Lord is pleased to bestow upon a poor sinner the religion of Jesus, he then *gets* and *loses* something. He gets life, light, pardon, peace, hope, healing, and love. He loses death (passes from death unto life), darkness, guilt, misery, despondency, wounds, and hatred to the truth. Such a person gains by what he then loses. He will think highly of Jesus, and lowly of himself. He will love the Saviour's company, and will feel that without Him he can do nothing. He will be *desiring* a better country; yet he will feel he does not *deserve* it. He will feel himself a great sinner, needing great mercy; and will be often brought to knock at the door of mercy. The gentlest tap of little faith at mercy's door is heard by Him whose ears are not heavy.

Tetbury.

F. F.

TO M. T.

Oh, thou dear treasured one!
Still turns my heart to thee,
To pray God's choicest blessings may
Thine in full measure be.
Thine be the eye of faith,
Which sees the Saviour thine;
Thine the deep peace, the settled joy,
That spring from grace divine.
Thine be the anchor-hope
Held fast "within the vail;"
Thine the "whole armour" of our God,
The coat of heav'nly mail.
Thine be the vict'ry sure,
O'er each opposing foe;
And thine in tribulation's hour,
God's kind support to know.
Yes, fondly-loved one, now,
In sorrow's trying hour,

May God the Comforter draw near,
With rich consoling power.
Oh, do not doubt His love,
Or misconceive His aim!
Does not th' experience of the past
Thy full confiding claim?
Nay, look not on thyself,
With "I am so unmeet
For favour." Jesus Christ has made
Thy righteousness complete.
Oh, thinkest thou thy walk
Is falt'ring step and slow?
Yet yield not to despondency,
Though faint, pursuing go.
Thou shalt not, canst not, fail,
While Christ is all thy stay;
His constant arm shall hold thee up,
And guide thee all the way.

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THE VALLEY OF BERACHAH.

"And on the fourth day they assembled themselves in the valley of Berachah; for there they blessed the Lord: therefore the name of the place was called, The valley of Berachah, unto this day."—2 CHRON. xx. 26.

THE chapter from which the above verse is taken abounds in instruction to the Lord's spiritual Israel as much as when Jehoshaphat was made to see the righteous acts of God in fighting his battles, and gaining for him the victory over his enemies. The chapter opens thus: "It came to pass after this also, that the children of Moab, and the children of Ammon, and with them other beside the Ammonites, came against Jehoshaphat to battle." The enemies the children of God have to contend with, are natural corruptions, the snares of the world, and the temptations of the wicked one, which often come in like a flood, may well be compared to an army of Moabites and Ammonites threatening not only to destroy our peace, but, if it were possible, to shake the very foundations of our faith, bringing in unbelief, with all its train of distrust in the power, strength, ability, and willingness of God to fulfil His promise on our behalf: "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Let us now look how Jehoshaphat acted in this matter. When it was told him of the great multitude gathered together against him, it is said he "feared;" that was but natural, but he did not stop there, he "set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah." And the people "gathered themselves together, to ask help of the Lord: even out of all the cities of Judah they came to seek the Lord." This is the first step, viz., to take the case to the Lord, who proved Himself, as the sequel will show, then, as always, a prayer-hearing God; according to His own words, "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Then there was an acknowledgment of the power and might of God both in heaven and over all the earth, with the reiterated appeal, "Art not Thou our God, who didst drive out the inhabitants of this land before Thy people Israel, and gavest it to the seed of Abraham Thy friend for ever?" As if he would say, "Art not Thou our God as well as Abraham's God and Friend, and art Thou not still able to defend Thy servants as in former days?" Then he goes on to remind God of the covenant Solomon made with Him at the dedication of the Temple: "If when evil cometh upon us, as the sword, judgment, or pestilence, or famine, we stand before this house, and in Thy presence, (for Thy name is in this house,) and cry unto Thee in our affliction, then Thou wilt hear and help." How cheering it is in times of trouble and distress to recall God's former mercies and faithfulness, and to feel that for His name's sake—even for the sake of His dear Son, He will yet deliver us. Then king Jehoshaphat goes on to plead the past dealings of the Lord with regard to these invaders: "And now, behold, the children of Ammon and Moab and Mount Seir, whom Thou wouldest not let Israel invade, when they came out of the land of Egypt;" no, for wise reasons our enemies must remain to harass and perplex, even after grace is established in the heart, because the Lord will have all the glory of driving them out when they have performed their mission. "Behold, I say, how they reward us, to come to cast us out of Thy possession, which Thou hast given us to inherit." Yes, Satan with his host would fain do this; but, though he cannot destroy, he is permitted to torment and vex, so far as his limit extends. But now hear the plaintive cry, "O our God, wilt Thou

not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us: neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee." This is being brought into great straits, and such as no doubt many of the dear children of God will fully understand. We have no might, no strength, no power to resist, neither know we what to do: we seem to have prayed until we cannot pray, we have exhausted all our arguments, we have striven against our corruptions and temptations, but all to no purpose, therefore "now our eyes are upon Thee." Thou must do it all, or we shall be undone. We are in the valley of Achor wherein there is still a door of hope; for, when we are shut up, the Lord opens the door of His heart and answers our petitions. Then came the Spirit of the Lord upon Jahaziel His instrument, with a "Thus saith the Lord, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's." Oh, what comforting words! As it says in another place, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." "To-morrow go ye down against them: behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook [or valley—margin], before the wilderness of Jeruel." The valley of humiliation is the place where God's wonders most abound. "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem: fear not, nor be dismayed; to-morrow go out against them: for the Lord will be with you." This spirited address so encouraged Jehoshaphat, that he, together with the people, began praising God: "And as they went forth, Jehoshaphat stood and said, Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem; Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper." He ought to give all the honour due to God's ministers, seeing they are the messengers of God to us for good; as Christ says, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth Him that sent me." Then follows a very remarkable point in this most interesting history: "And when he had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the Lord; for His mercy endureth for ever." We should do well to note that here the song of praise ascended before the deliverance was accomplished. What a lesson for our poor doubting hearts! Like Jehoshaphat, we take our cases to the Lord; but how seldom do we suffer the voice of praise to be heard before the fulfilment of our desires is granted! No, rather do we give way to unbelief, lest, after all our prayers and groans, the Lord will not hear us. What a God-dishonouring sin is unbelief! But some may say, We cannot command faith, since it is the gift of God, and He is a Sovereign in the disposal of it. True, but we can ask for a larger supply, and that it may be kept in exercise; according to Christ's own words, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full;" remembering His reproof to Peter, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Yes, wherefore? Is He not the same still? And did He ever suffer His faithfulness to fail? If our present faith be small, surely past favours should remind us that He is a covenant-keeping God, and that He cannot deny Himself. "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."

Our blessed Lord exhorts us, in Mark xi. 22, to "have faith in God," and goes on to say, "For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and

shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." What more could we possibly wish for than such an assurance as this, made by Him who cannot lie? The writer must here testify to the honour of God, and for encouragement to others, how very many times has prayer been answered in the exact way in which it was desired, and, if not so, it will always be in the best way and most conducive to our good and God's glory.

But to return to Jehoshaphat: "And when they began to sing and praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and mount Seir, which were come against Judah; and they were smitten;" or, as related in the next verse, "every one helped to destroy another;" so that the king and his army had nothing to do but take away the spoil. The victory was so complete, that none of their enemies escaped. As, when the trumpets were blown, and the people shouted, the walls of Jericho fell flat, so now, when the voice of praise was heard, the battle was won. The Lord's right hand and His holy arm had gotten them the victory. Now we come to the last lesson in this practical history: "And on the fourth day they assembled themselves in the valley of Berachah; for there they blessed the Lord: therefore the name of that place was called, The valley of Berachah [or blessing], unto this day."

Thus we have the proper conclusion pointed out to such a signal interposition of the Lord's favour and love on behalf of His people, teaching us that the voice of thanksgiving should always ascend after we have received an answer to our petitions. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." May the Lord bless these few hints to some of His tried ones, and to Him be all the glory, for Christ's sake! Amen.

A LITTLE ONE.

Manchester.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PSALM CXIX. 57,

WHICH WERE WRITTEN TO CHEER A DEAR INVALID WHO HAD SPENT MANY WEARY YEARS ON A COUCH OF SUFFERING.

"*Thou art my portion, O Lord.*"—PSALM CXIX. 57.

It can scarcely be doubted, I suppose, that these words were first uttered prophetically by Christ, and were addressed to the Father. If we consider them thus, there is great beauty in the thought, "Thou art my portion, O LORD," as also in the context, "The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup;" but I feel led to take them more in the sense in which I think Jeremiah did, when he says (Lam. iii. 24), "The LORD is my portion, *saith my soul*" (see also Jer. x. 16): Scriptures connected with which are *sublime* and *precious*.

"Thou art my portion." If we may conclude that "*Thou*" refers to Jehovah-Jesus "our Redeemer," of whom it is said, "The Lord of hosts is His name," a lifetime indeed would be short to *think* even of the blessedness of having *such* a portion now and for ever. The words are too full for our finite conception, and we can only rejoice in their reflected glory, which is again dimmed and darkened to us by our manifold imperfections. Blessed, indeed, is the fact that we may look forward, *not through the vista of ages*, but in this "far-spent night," with well-grounded

a *speedy* consummation of our happiness, in entering upon our inheritance for ever. "*Thou art my portion*"—" *Thou*," who led us in a waste, howling wilderness, whose love waned not for three years of sorrow and humiliation, and whose gentle soul-meltings have echoed and re-echoed through many a grief-stricken heart, that they fell like sweet music on the ear of the little company who met Thee when upon earth. "*Thou art my portion*"—" *Thou*, who deep called to deep," and with terrific power the waves of trial and tribulation burst in fury over the soul, didst at length arise and say, "be still." "*Thou art my portion*;" my All-in-all; my never-failing treasury of wisdom and grace; the very fulness of love and mercy! shall be ascribed never-ending praises—a song of adoration sung on earth but in feeble strains; yet, gaining strength as it rises still higher and louder, until it is united to "Eternity's praise, thanksgiving psalm," before thy throne above!

When the words recur to our mind, and, as we linger, they seem like the splendour of some grand and glorious harmony, on which one loves to dwell again and again; but we pass on to remark how comforting it is, in a world of change and uncertainty, to be able to adopt the decisive "*Thou art*." Had any other tense been used, the text would have served to lose much of its sublimity; for instance, "*Thou hast been*," "*I will be*" my portion, would quite fail to give the blessed idea of a supply of need; and in the hour of trial there is nothing so well calculated to comfort the heart as the thought of "*present help* in time of trouble." The language of appropriation is also brought forth forcibly in the word "*my*," which is, indeed, too often particularly attractive to our selfish natures. We are all too fond of speaking of *our* possessions; but it is a relief to find that *here* we are not selfish in making such a declaration, as there is no exclusiveness in our claim. Blessed be God, there is fulness enough of joy, and sympathy and love enough, for all His children; there is no fear of depriving others when we look on Him as our Father, nor in repeating again and again the soul-refreshing words, "*Thou art my portion*, O Lord." Thrice blessed, then, is it to see our Father "*my portion*"—our *inheritance*! The half has not yet been told of our glory; but, when our sun on earth is set, He will shine forth in His undimmed and inconceivable splendour in the New Jerusalem, and doubtless His ever-increasing brightness before our enraptured gaze. Oh, weary of the world; a stimulus to persevere! Whilst we are fighting and fainting, His prayer is gaining victory over our temptation, and it seems as if at times, the veil that separates the things unseen from us was withdrawn.

"And even now a waft came by, and brought,
Most lovingly,
The uttered music of His yearning thought,
'Follow thou me.'"

We are indeed but as children, often taken up with a passing care or ambition rather than the glory of the inheritance that "is reserved for us;" but through grace we are enabled to say, "Whom have I in heaven? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." The strength of my heart, and *my portion* for ever."

It may as easily be transgressed in the heart as in the actions.

THE HYMNS OF COWPER.

COWPER was twelve years old when Dr. Watts died, and in one of his letters the former thus speaks of the latter: "He was, if I am a judge of verse, a man of true poetical ability, sublime in his conceptions, and masterly in his execution." This is a noble estimate from the greatest poet from that day of the beauty of Watts' hymns. The retired habits of Cowper, and his repeated mental affliction, kept him from intercourse with the many superior Christian men of his day, with the exception of Newton Scott, and Madan—the latter having been the honoured instrument of setting his soul at liberty and bringing him into the peace of the Gospel. Whitfield and Wesley were at the height of their popularity then, and it is remarkable that the revival of the last century (as far as the writer remembers) was never alluded to by Cowper in any of his letters. Madan himself had been converted through a sermon from Wesley. A spirit so sensitive as was that of the gentle Cowper would perhaps have shrunk from the excitement generally attendant on large religious assemblies; yet it is strange that men like Toplady, Romaine, Berridge, and Hervey never sought the Christian poet in his seclusion at Olney. With each he would have had a congenial spirit, but to be unnoticed and unknown was the desire of his heart.

Cowper wrote his hymns before he was established as a poet, and then at the request of Newton. The Church of God received a great boon in those hymns; for a century they have cheered, soothed, and delighted many a troubled heart. Some are of a sombre character, depicting the exercises of God's people—few buoyant; but there is an unction about them—"an unction from the Holy One"—which refreshes and calms the mind.

His first hymn is perhaps one of his best, written after his recovery from the first attack of disease, and on giving up the prospects of public life. It is an index of his mind all through his future career, and shows how little sympathy he would have had with the "running to and fro" of the day in which he lived:—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee," &c.

The second verse was his experience throughout his sorrowful career:—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who worship Thee."

The very essence of a spiritual mind is here—"commune with thine own heart upon thy bed, and be still"—the shutting of the door, and the secret prayer to the Father who seeth in secret: it is as if the divine injunction had been just dropped into the soul, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" "The calm retreat," and "the silent shade," are less sought now-a-day than the public and full prayer-meeting, however good the latter may be; but, to be alone with Jesus, as we pour out our full hearts to Him, is the pith of prayer.

Some of the most popular of these hymns are those, no doubt, with which we are most familiar, and which have delighted us in times past, but only a few can be selected from the sixty-eight.

“ Oh, for a closer walk with God !
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.”

This is what we long for, and it is because we lack the *frame* and the *light*, that our chariot-wheels go heavily. It is a hymn which ought to suit us all, for it describes our heart-departures from God, and acknowledges that the *Holy Dove* has been grieved by them—solicits His return even at the sacrifice of the “dearest idol,” that He alone may be worshipped. The best of Cowper’s hymns are all of the simplest character, and this is no exception.

There is a fine paraphrase on the 8th Proverbs, in the hymn on wisdom :—

“ Ere God had built the mountains,
 Or raised the fruitful hills,” &c.

And the apostrophe to Christ very touching :—

“ Thus wisdom’s works discover
 Thy glory and Thy grace,
 Thou everlasting Lover
 Of our unworthy race ;
 Thy gracious eye survey’d us,
 Ere stars were seen above ;
 In wisdom Thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.”

Thus Cowper delighted to review the Church’s election in Christ before she began.

“ The contrite heart ” is the humble and earnest expression of internal affliction which only a child of God could feel when under a deep sense of dwelling sin :—

“ The Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow ;
 Then tell me, gracious Lord, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ? ”

Those who object to doubts and conflicts at all, may consider this hymn wanting in Gospel liberty ; but could we part with the last verse—alter, or erase it from our Olney hymns ?—

“ Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break ;
 And heal it, if it be.”

The 15th Hymn, “ Praise for the fountain opened,” is rich in Christian experience—clear in Gospel truth, and sublime in composition. A text might be found for every line, so thoroughly scriptural is it :—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel’s veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains ”—

That “ fountain opened for sin and uncleanness,” prophesied of by Zechariah, five hundred years before the “ blood and water ” came from

the Saviour's pierced side, in which the scarlet sins of His Church have been washed white as snow. The poor "dying thief" rejoiced in that fountain *in his day*—his day of shame, agony, and death—but oh, his day of triumph, joy, and life! The two last lines of this second verse have had one little word altered by different compilers in their selections: "*there would I*," says one—"there *may I*," says another—but "*there have I*," said Cowper:—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there *have I*, though vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away."

The Spirit of adoption broke forth from poor Cowper then. The two last verses seldom appear in any selection:—

"Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.
"Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine."

How precious that belief! a full reward—blood-bought—despite all unworthiness; not only a golden harp prepared, but strung and tuned (the two requirements for the harp), all ready for the hand to sound upon its strings the name so dear to God and the Church, the name of Jesus. The expression, *blood-bought* appears first here; it has become so general now, perhaps from the popularity of this hymn, that in speaking or praying it is seldom omitted. It was observed to the writer, how much it may be regretted that these two concluding verses are generally absent in most selections, and that the last thought connected with the sweet hymn, should be *the grave*, and the "poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue" lying silent *there*; whereas, Cowper closes with the cheering prospect of singing upon a golden harp the praises of Jesus throughout eternity. But, before passing on to another hymn, we would add one word about that American chorus, so generally sung at the late revival gatherings, at the end of each verse. It would have been a good thing had it remained in America, for we have enough Arminianism in England already. And it spoiled the whole hymn, the natural mind working itself up into a pitch of enthusiasm, by the excitement of the occasion, after the Wesleyan fashion—

"I *do* believe, I *will* believe,
That Jesus died for *me*,
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

Why, to believe this, is the work of the Holy Ghost wrought in the believer's soul; and oh, the blessedness of being able to say with true and living faith, "I *do* believe that Jesus died for *me*!" Many a gracious mourner has gone almost to the grave unable to say it, and, therefore, when such language is put into the mouth of the ungodly as an incentive to belief, it is an awful perversion of the truth of God. "I do believe" is the language of grace; "I will believe," the language of nature.

The dying thief did not say so; "Lord, remember me," was his language. "But it is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

The 29th Hymn is a generally-popular one, "Exhortation to prayer," and is highly descriptive of the value of soul-communion with God in Christ; the dark cloud withdrawn at its voice—prayer climbing the ladder of Jacob—Satan trembling at the sight of a weak saint upon his knees—Moses standing with arms outstretched, to discomfit Amalek, are all expressed in the true spirit of poetry, and seem to breathe the early heart-experience of the heavenly-minded poet—

"What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?"

It is a hymn surpassed only by Montgomery's "Prayer."

"The waiting soul," No. 33, is just suited to one hungering and thirsting after Christ, pressing on in the midst of sorrow, unbelief, and a sense of desolation, at the shutting of every door *but one*, the door of mercy (and what a door to find open!)—so that hope shines forth through all the surrounding darkness, and the sorrowful soul will wait there, at that blessed door, until the "dear Deliverer" comes to call His exile home.

"Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of Thy word,
And call the spices forth. (Cant. iv. 16.)

* * * *

"I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy's door.

"There, till the dear Deliverer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer,
And, when He calls His exile home,
The Lord shall find him there."

How entirely at variance was the future experience of the afflicted poet, to that breathed forth thus sweetly here! It all remained a truism with him, but nothing more. The door of mercy was to his darkened mind closed for ever upon him, yet most surely, when the Lord did at last all him home, he *was* found there!

"Looking upwards in a storm," No. 39, is again, like most of Cowper's hymns, expressive of a spirit "cast down, but not destroyed."

"God of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall."

In this hymn there is one expression, doubtless, very familiar to us all, so often quoted in public prayer, and upon the printed page (a most precious one it is!)—"*a prayer-hearing, answering God*;" it appears first in these lines—

"But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load."

The Scripture reference, no doubt, would be to Psalm lxxv. 2.

The inward conflicts of a soul in sorrow—the yearning after implicit

trust in God—the lowly views of self, as “a poor blind creature of a day, crushed before the moth”—are powerfully set forth in No. 45, “Submission :”—

“O Lord, my best desires fulfil,” &c.

It is one which, in our sorrowful seasons, we can turn into prayer.

The most joyful, or rather cheerful, of any of Cowper's hymns, except “Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,” is the 48th :—

“Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on His wings;
When comforts are declining
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.”

The very measure of this is joyful, and there is but one beside of the same metre, 6th, already quoted.

The 38th hymn, the last but one that Cowper composed, was written at a season when reason was tottering and “a horror of thick darkness” had arisen upon his sensitive mind :—

“The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.”

Then he prays that the Lord would perform *the Pilot's part, and guard and guide him through the storm*, and say, “Peace, be still.” But it was not often afterwards that poor Cowper could sing,

“Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hold on Thee;”

or—

“Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the storm I'll seek.”

The Church of God got comfort from what the afflicted poet wrote, but there was none for him.

On the very eve of his second attack of insanity, in 1778, Cowper wrote his last hymn, and it must ever have a peculiar interest from the fact of its having been composed at an hour of deep mental agony. We must all more or less have experienced the truths contained in this hymn; every line tells : it came from a burdened heart, and therefore it reaches a burdened heart :—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

The two last lines are figures borrowed from Psalm xviii. 9—11. Each succeeding verse is very full of instruction and beauty : the “bright designs,” and “sovereign will,” of Jehovah “treasured up” in unfathomable mines (Job xi. 7); the “fearful saints” enjoined to “fresh courage,” for the dreaded cloud is only “big with mercy,” and will break upon the

head with blessings! "Feeble saints" must not judge God, for His smiling face "is hid behind a frowning providence." His purposes are then compared to a bud gradually unfolding, the taste of which may be bitter, "but sweet shall be the flower."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

This last verse, so prophetic of all that was to befall him, closes Cowper's hymns. Years of darkness were to intervene before he took up his pen again, nor could he ever be prevailed on, even by Newton, to write another. Now, in the eternal world, freed from the trammels of mortality, and emerged from the physical cloud which darkened his life, and cast a shade of misery over all his thoughts, whether of heaven or earth, God, as "His own Interpreter," has surely made plain to him the why and wherefore of such a mysterious dispensation during his earthly pilgrimage. It is said that at the moment when Cowper ceased to breathe, an expression of glad surprise came over his countenance. "*That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*" C.

A PRAYING FATHER.

It was the regular habit of Colonel B—— to retire at noon every day for special prayer for his family—his wife and children; and for thirty years this good habit was continued, not without very marked and blessed results. As he had thus been uniformly anxious respecting the spiritual welfare of his children, it was natural that he should frequently pray for them on his dying-bed. But he had a particular anxiety for one of his younger sons, just about to enter into the world, that he might be truly converted to God before encountering its temptations and snares. To his beloved child he had, just before his illness, given a Bible, accompanied with affectionate advice and serious exhortation to be constant in its perusal. On his dying-bed he sent for this son, and, pressing him by the hand, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and earnestly supplicated the grace of God to change his heart. He then said to him, "My dear boy, I have prayed for you, that you may become a child of God." His feelings did not allow him to say more, but it was enough; his prayer was answered, and the dear youth from that time began in good earnest to seek the God of his father, and to give evidence that the grace of God was working in his heart. Indeed, as this youth was passing his father's chamber-door not long before his last illness, at "the noon-day hour of prayer," he heard him agonizing in prayer, and was much impressed, on listening, to find that he himself was the subject of those fervent supplications. The youth grew up to the man, as a faithful minister of the Gospel, and of his earnest prayers it was remarked, that they were like Jacob's wrestling. Both father and son now sleep in Jesus, awaiting a joyful resurrection. K.

DEATH OF MR. PAUL FOSKETT.—We have to announce that the severe illness which Mr. Paul Fosket has endured for some time back, has had a fatal termination. Mr. Foskett took an active part in politics during the earlier portion of his life, but in later years had acquired celebrity as a religious lecturer, and as an earnest and ever-ready defender of the "Protestant institutions" of the country.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

“The preacher sought to find out acceptable words.”—EccL. xii. 10.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE UPON THE CHURCH HOME MISSION.

THE Bishop of Carlisle said: I cannot conceive a greater blessing being conferred upon our dear old England than the multiplication of these services by such men as we have heard to-day, in the long and very interesting extracts which have been read by the Secretary. I can speak from personal experience of the warmth and undiminished kindness with which the home missionary is received when he goes forth on his errand of love. Some years ago Mr. Kelly did me the honour of calling upon me, and I was one of the first of the clergy who engaged in these services. I think he sent me down to Gloucestershire, and afterwards into Sussex. I do not recollect whether he found any other work for me to do, but very likely he might have found me more, which I was unable to undertake. But, on those two occasions, I remember that wherever I went as a plain country clergyman, I found the people in many cases surprised to discover that besides their own minister, the Church of England possessed others that preached the Gospel. I do not mean to say that it was the Church people who thought so, but those excellent Nonconformist brethren, who for the night got over their prejudices and their difficulties to come and hear me, and in many cases they were surprised to find that beside the clergyman of their own parish, there were many in connexion with the Established Church who set forth the Gospel of the grace of God. In that point of view, then, I think the Church Home Mission to be exceedingly valuable; but how much more valuable is it in respect of the seed which it sows in every direction, and to which the promise is attached—“As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” I say, how much more valuable with regard to those saving effects, of which the preacher, and perhaps the minister of the parish, may never hear, and yet which shall be found after many days, in that happy time when the Lord shall make up His jewels.

My experience as a home missionary, which terminated some years ago, in connexion with our friend Mr. Kelly, has certainly not terminated in connexion with my own diocese, and I can state from a six years' experience in that diocese now, that the people seem very, very willing to come together on the week-day evenings in order to hear the word of life proclaimed from the mouth of Christ's ministers. Perhaps there may be a little curiosity attached to the lawn sleeves which one wears as a bishop; but I cannot think that that is altogether the reason why, in some of the most desolate regions of Westmoreland, when the rain has been pouring down in torrents, I have found the church quite full when I arrived on a week-day evening to hold a special service. Now, I have to thank God that Mr. Kelly has taken my diocese under his charge, and kindly supplied the lack of service of myself and others by sending missionaries amongst us. I am quite sure, my dear friends, that God is very good to our diocese.

We have many men to be thankful for in the ministry. Still it is a great thing that the words of those men should be confirmed by testimonies from without. People very often think that a thing must be true when it comes before them again from others' lips, and from persons from a distance. On that account I am thankful, even where the Gospel is already faithfully preached, for such a work as this of your Home Mission. Believe me, dear friends—I am sure you will believe me, for your presence here to-day proves that you feel it to be true, and I myself am more and more convinced of it—that, not only if we wish to save souls, but if we wish to elevate the tone of society, which is a common and well-understood phrase, there is nothing that will do it but the preaching of the Gospel of the grace of God.

I could mention facts that are strikingly illustrative of that statement. I could tell of two contiguous parishes—and I do not draw this illustration from my own diocese; but I could tell of contiguous parishes in which the ministers are equally diligent in pastoral visitation, equally reverent in the performance of all the services of the sanctuary, equally exemplary, so far as strict religion and morality are concerned, in their own personal conduct, yet of these two parishes one remains upon a moral level which it is truly painful to behold, whilst the other has been elevated in the course of years to a state of remarkable excellence. I have heard the question put—“What has produced the difference between these two parishes?” And there can be only one answer. There is but one point in which they differ. That one point is, that whereas in the one case the person in charge seems to think it necessary to maintain and set forth the duties connected with religion, the other minister feels it to be his duty to lift up the Lord Jesus Christ.

My friends, the result is exactly that which is illustrated by an anecdote that may be familiar to you respecting that very eccentric but really good man, John Berridge. I dare say you have heard the story how that strange old man some hundred years ago left his college cloisters at Cambridge, and entered on the charge of a living to which he succeeded in the ordinary course of preferment which falls to the lot of the Fellows. He was a highly-moral and strictly-conscientious man, and he resolved that his parish should become a model parish. Accordingly he set to work to preach and to teach “Do this, and thou shalt live.” He went through a course of commands, a course of character, and a course of illustrations of the duties incumbent upon the Christian. What was the result? He tells us himself, in his own biography, that the more he preached morality, the more immoral the people became. That was his quaint way of expressing it; and no souls were saved. At last, one day, whilst sitting in his study, much distressed at this state of things, and turning over the pages of his Concordance, he came upon the word “Faith.” Looking at the word “Faith” more closely, he found that it occurred more frequently than any other word in the Holy Scriptures, excepting the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the Incarnate Word. At once the thought came into his mind, Does the word “Faith” occur in my preaching as often in proportion as it does in the Bible? That led to a complete revolution; and, before he had preached three Sundays running, a poor woman came to him, and said, “Sir, what must I do to saved?” The good man was quite taken aback by the inquiry; he said, “My good friend, what has brought you here?” And the answer was this singularly-instructive one—“Why, sir, the new sermons.” Now, that anecdote illus-

trates the truth that it is only the "new sermons"—that it is only the sermons which preach salvation by grace through faith, as set forth in the Scriptures of truth—that it is only such preaching, that will really bring souls to Christ. And I may add that only such preaching will elevate the moral tone of a parish, and produce holy living as well as holy dying. There is nothing else that will do that good work. Do not imagine, however, when I am speaking of the importance of preaching faith, that I am therefore discouraging works. You know that that is an old complaint. You find it mentioned with particular prominence in the Epistle to the Romans. St. Paul is there "slanderosly reported" as having said, "Let us do evil that good may come." He is also taxed with "making void the law through faith;" but the simple answer he makes is, "God forbid; yea, we establish the law."

Depend upon it, then, that whatever may be done in the way of punctilious Ritualism or the preaching of strict morality—whatever may be done in outward forms, by discipline and the law, nothing can make a man or a woman saintly but the Gospel of the grace of God. For that Gospel just puts into the heart the one principle which is necessary for all acceptable service. And what is that principle? The principle of love; and that love can only be put into the heart through the same process by which it was put into the heart of the poor woman of whom we read in the Gospel. What was it that broke the alabaster box of ointment? What was it that filled the whole house with the odour of it? It was love, only love. "She loved much," because much had to be forgiven. The Gospel had come into her soul; we know not how; we are not told; and had filled that soul with love. It is just possible that there may be some here to-day who are proceeding upon the opposite principle, and saying—"I must do this, or that, or the other, and then perchance in the end I shall secure the salvation of my soul." If there be any such here, let me entreat them to give up the vain attempt, to come straight to the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, and receive at His hands, the hands of the great High Priest, the full measure of peace and joy. Then they will find a motive and a principle put into their bosoms which will enable them to go forth and wage a successful warfare against sin, the world, and the devil, and continue to be faithful soldiers and servants of the Lord to their lives' ends. I say these things in order to point out what I conceive to be the great excellency of this Church Home Mission; that is, that it not only sends clergymen into parishes where they are welcomed by the regularly-constituted pastors, but clergymen who carry with them the Gospel of the grace of God. I have known cases in which the very clergyman of the parish has gained such a blessing as through all eternity to have cause to thank God for it by the ministrations of the agents of this Society. But be that as it may, I repeat, that, if you wish to elevate the tone of society; if you wish to save souls; if you wish to produce holy men and holy women; if you wish to give peace in life and peace in death, and in all eternity, there is only one way, and that is by the Gospel of the grace of God; and every instrumentality which is honestly engaged in propagating the Gospel of the grace of God is worthy of our hearty support.

A Being whose existence is from eternity to eternity, cannot possibly change His views or His purposes. For, as no addition can be made to His knowledge, no variation can take place in His will.—*Burder*.

FELLOW-FEELING.

W prone are we, reader, to feel as if we alone were tried or tempted this or that particular way! but this arises from ignorance of others' condition or circumstances. Had we closer communion with the varied members of the household of faith, we should soon discover that they are similarly, or, in all probability, much more severely, tried than ourselves. Comparison would, most probably, lead to a greater measure of contentment, and to a reconciliation with the allotments of our all-wise and gracious God and Father.

After opening my morning letters, in which the experiences of two or three of the family were touchingly expressed, I saw there was abundant reason for knowing I was not "the sparrow alone" I could not have imagined. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." Each has its own special cares, and peculiar weights, and sometimes, perhaps, seemingly-crushing responsibilities. After perusing the letters in question, I happened to open a drawer, and there I saw a letter in my own handwriting, written four-and-twenty years ago, to a person then resident in the county where I am now located. How the letter again came into my possession, I know not; suffice it, it took me back to old scenes and former sorrows, so as to cause me to feel amazed in the retrospect of the good and gracious hand of my God, in connexion with all the ten thousand intervening events, and varied and minute circumstances. How wonderful has been the path, and wise the conduct, and how gracious the dealings, and how marvellous the patience, and how merciful the forbearance, and how omnipotent the power! Truly it was a timely rebuke to one's present fears and dark and gloomy apprehensions, because the whole bespoke so clearly

"He that hath helped one hitherto
Will help one all one's journey through;
And daily give one cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise."

Moreover, side by side with the letter just named was one of a beloved correspondent, of a somewhat later date, in which were detailed the deep heart-exercises through which she had been called to pass, and was then undergoing. But that beloved one had long since gone to her rest—had had, notwithstanding her manifold fears and the deep depression under which she had been called to suffer, a most glorious dismissal from the body and out of a world of sin and sorrow. One, too, whom she named very specially in the said epistle, had very recently likewise received her summons to "come up higher."

These simple facts, dear reader, came as a kind of loving rebuke to one's own fears and sinkings of heart, bidding one "thank God, and take courage;" for the deliverances and the victories of one and another and another of the members of the one family, are but earnest and pledges of the ultimate triumph and complete victory of the whole. Well may we be comforted by the recollection that "they without us should not be made perfect;" and well may it likewise stimulate us to give heed to the exhortation—the Lord the Spirit help us so to do—"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. xii. 1, 2).

D.

WAYSIDE SONG.

"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

Being lines suggested from the following fact: In a fearful storm at sea, the vessel were in the greatest alarm, expecting every minute to be their last. In the midst of the terror-stricken ones was a little girl, who manifested a wonderful calmness and freedom from care. She was asked, "Are you not afraid?" She answered, "Afraid! Oh, no." They inquired why she was not so, and she answered, calmly, "Do you not see MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM?"

WHEN foamy cares surround thy bark,
And all within is very dark,
No star appears to light thy way,
And thou art longing for the day,
Oh, think, dear child of God, that then
"A FATHER'S HAND IS AT THE HELM!"

And when thy cares like billows come,
Dashing against thee one by one,
And thou dost think thy tiny shell
Must sink beneath the mountain swell,
Oh, be at peace, for 'tis just then
"A FATHER'S HAND IS AT THE HELM!"

All gone before have found, like thee,
Life has but been a stormy sea,
They've had their nights of darkness too,
And fears and foes, as well as you,
Yet all reached home to loud proclaim,
"A FATHER'S HAND WAS AT THE HELM."

Remember, too, though wind be wild,
Thou art His loved and cared-for child,
He'll give thee grace each day to bear
All that He puts upon thee here;
So cheer up, child of God, 'tis plain,
"A FATHER'S HAND IS AT THE HELM."

Then banish fear, dear child of God,
And kiss the hand that gives the rod,
There is a needs-be for thy cross,
And thou'lt receive therefrom no loss,
For nothing can thy soul o'erwhelm,
"A FATHER'S HAND IS AT THE HELM."

Soon will the voyage of life be o'er,
And thou wilt reach a happier shore,
Where there will be no storms to harm,
But thou, amidst seraphic calm,
Wilt tell to all in that blest realm,
"A FATHER'S HAND WAS AT THE HELM."

Ilford.

"Lo, this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide unto death" (Psalm xlviii. 14).

That essence, which is beauty itself, equality itself, admits of no improvement. Dost thou think that God varies, or is sometimes this, and sometimes that? It is impossible He should wish to change Himself, seeing He is perfect and excellent. Whatever is changed, is so for the better or the worse. If for the worse, it becomes bad. If for the better, it was bad at first.—

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

REV. R. CORNAHL, INCUMBENT OF EMMANUEL CHURCH, BRISTOL.

are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—COL. iii. 3.

God's truths are wonderfully paradoxical. To the mere carnal they must appear absurd and impossible. For instance, Paul *ken* I am weak, then am I strong;" "As sorrowful, yet always as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet all things." So again in the text the description given of *ple*, namely, that they are dead and alive, looks strange, *con*, and impossible. However, these remarkable paradoxes are *nt* to the apprehension of spiritual men, and their truth is fully and attested in actual Christian experience.

ur different senses God's people are "dead."

are dead with Christ.—"For if One died for all, then these all *νντες ἀπεθавον*]" (2 Cor. v. 15). The death of Christ being *sub*, is legally the death of all those for whom He died. Limit-*lf* to His insolvent bride, Jesus took her nature and her place, *ebts*; giving her His nature, name, righteousness, and glory. *vi. 8*; 2 Tim. ii. 11.

are dead to sin.—Not dead *in* sin; yet until quickened by the *it* they are thus dead, children of wrath by nature, even as *t* is the Spirit that quickeneth them, and unites them in love *o* Jesus. Sin is consciously pardoned, and its power practically *lt* exists indeed, but shall not have the dominion. "Reckon *ves* to be dead indeed unto sin;" and "how shall we that are *live* any longer therein?" Our deliverance from it has been *eritoriously* by Christ's death, efficiently by the power of the *st*, and instrumentally by faith. Even now God enables us to *st* upon the necks of our sins, and shall also bruise Satan him-*our* feet shortly.

are also dead to the law.—"Wherefore, my brethren, ye also *are* dead to the law by the body of Christ" (Rom. vii. 4). Under *ed's* people were under the rule of a husband whose claims for *in* all things were inflexibly severe. From the nature of the *rigorous* demands could not be satisfied; hence the law, in *just*, and good, could only curse, condemn, and punish its *But* our Surety has fulfilled it; He made perfect restitution *tion*. He hath magnified the law and made it honourable. *s* people are not only saved by grace, but are also legally *nd* legally saved. Married to Christ, they live *in* Christ, *on* Christ; and neither the law, nor anything else, can ever sepa-*from* Christ.

are dead to the world.—"If ye be dead with Christ from the *of* the world," &c. (Col. ii. 20). The world has its trinity: "the *flesh*, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." The carnal *l* worship this trinity; their treasure, home, and hearts are *Lord's* people are tempted often by the glitter and glory of

the world, and are sometimes lulled to sleep in her deceitful lap; yet their calling is to separation from it, to victory over it. The flesh lives, works, and hinders; but the new man, strong in the Lord, living unto God, dead to the world, struggles upwards, and prevails, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, and having respect unto the recompense of the reward. Mount Zion in prospect is far better than Mount Seir in possession.

II. *God's people are alive.*—"Their life is hid with Christ in God." "Dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." Crucified with Christ, nevertheless they live; and yet not they, but Christ liveth in them. There are different kinds of life in the world, which are presented to our view in a graduated scale. In this scale the lowest type of life is seen in the vegetable. A step higher, and we come to animal life, accompanied with great sensational and locomotional power. Another step higher, and we reach the existence of rational or intellectual life, in which man's vast superiority is clearly seen. These three kinds of life meet in man. But there is still a much higher life than any of these; that life is the life of God, the life of grace, of holiness, and eternal salvation. Of this life every natural man is entirely destitute; he is dead in sin until quickened. Such is the state of all God's people.

Respecting this life notice:—

1. That God's people are "ordained" to it (Acts xiii. 48).
2. That Christ has meritoriously secured it for them, and also gives it to them (John x. 15, 28).
3. That Christ not only gives life, but maintains and perpetuates the same (John vi. 51).
4. That this life is *hidden* with Christ in God; but though it is hidden, its effects are seen. Moreover, being hidden, none can find it but those to whom it is revealed; nor again can any enemy take it away, as it is far out of his reach, so that those who have it can never perish, nor any one pluck them out of the hand of a Triune God.

"As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too."

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

How often we *hear* these words, and how often we *say* them; but, alas! alas! although they were placed upon our lips, as it were, by One who never spake as He did, yet how little do we *think* of them. He, and He alone, fully knew the dangers to which His disciples were exposed. He, and He only, knew the enemies by whom they were encompassed, and the temptations by which they might speedily be assailed; hence, in this Divine Omniscience, He said to Peter, "Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that He may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Ah, who of us can say how often the selfsame desire hath been manifested by Satan with regard to ourselves, and who knows how oft the same kind and gracious Intercessor hath pleaded for us, that our faith fail not? Without doubt we are in greatest danger and most liable to the assaults of the wicked one—either by insinuation or more open attack—when we least suspect the fact. We are most imperilled when we have the least consciousness of it. We are prone to be thrown off our watch-

wer when things are most pleasant and agreeable to our poor teacher's hearts. It is then that Satan is more especially vigilant, and then that he seeks to gain advantage over us; and, considering what poor, weak, wayward creatures we are, how sure would he be of success but for the gracious watchings and the ceaseless care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Ah, yes, it is to this, and to this alone, is our security to be ascribed. And how amazed shall we be, by and by, in the light of the higher and better world, to look back upon the far-stretched wilderness, and there track our former pathway amid dangers and perils and entanglements of the most subtle but destructive character. We shall stand astounded as we perceive the pitfalls here, the precipices there, the gins and snares laid so continuously for our unwary feet where we had not the faintest idea of their existence. And we shall be amazed, too, at the diversified forms of the allurer, both on the right hand and the left, as we see other pilgrims pursuing the same pathway by which we had aforetime travelled. As we see Satan transformed into an "angel of light," and plying his temptations in an infinite variety of way and manner, upon the unwary traveller, we shall stand in adoring wonder and amazement as we contemplate the wisdom and the love and the faithfulness and the power of Him who preserved and defended and delivered us in similar circumstances. Ah, then, shall we understand in a way we never understood before, why certain trials and afflictions were laid upon us. Then shall we see what before for most part we had failed to discover, that they were to serve as restraints and preventives to a self-indulgence and a heedlessness on our part that, but for divine interposition, must have resulted in our absolute destruction. Ah, then, how many a once long and deeply-afflicted one will understand why the poor body was subjected to such aches and pains, as to render the thoughts of ease and pleasure a mockery. Then will those who had an ever-constant tendency to be prodigal of God's gifts, know why they were limited as to ways and means. Then will many an anxious father and many a praying mother discover why certain of their children were to be an ever-constant source of solicitude, prompting them to wrestle—yea, to agonize—at the throne of grace; and then, too, shall they have revealed to them how those very opportunities were heard and responded to in the kindest, promptest, and most condescending way. That at the identical moment, it may be, when their loved one's interests, or possibly lives, were in jeopardy, they had been led by the Holy Ghost to very special prayer on their behalf. That the Spirit was, on the one hand, vouchsafing the grace of importunity, and, on the other hand, answering in the most marked and effectual way the very breathings He had enkindled. Oh, how will these discoveries abound to the glory of Jehovah, in the land of light and love; and how will the souls of the redeemed be lost in adoring wonder, love, and gratitude, under the rich and blessed developments which will be there made. Our thoughts have been led into this train through the eye dropping on a single paragraph, which we annex, whilst looking over a back volume of the *Illustrated News*. It is in reference to the trial of certain notable men, and runs thus:—

Baron Alderson (who laboured under deep emotion), sentenced the prisoners in the following terms: "The jury have now found you guilty of an offence which is charged against you in the indictment—the offence of posing of securities entrusted to you by others for safe keeping, but which you have appropriated, under circumstances of temptation, to your own ad-

vantage. A more serious offence can hardly be imagined in a great commercial community like this, and the punishment for such an offence must be commensurate with its magnitude. All persons in your position should be especially careful, for your example is of the highest importance. You have held a high position in the commercial world, and at one time that position was doubtless a most honourable one. I very much regret that it comes to me to pass any sentence upon you, and yet the public interest requires—justice requires it; and it is not for me to shrink from any duty that properly belongs to me in the position I occupy. I should have been glad if it had pleased God that somebody else had been called upon to sentence you; for I have seen one of you under far different circumstances—in a high office, sitting by my side, in the exercise of my judicial functions. The present lamentable case teaches us most emphatically that we should all pray not to be led into temptation—not to commit such grievous offences as that of which you are now found guilty. You have been well educated, you have held high positions, and you feel your present condition more acutely, probably, than some others might do. It will grievously afflict those who are connected with you, who will most sensitively feel your present disgrace. All that I have to do is to say, that I cannot conceive any worse of the sort under the Act of Parliament; and, as I cannot conceive a worse case, I must pass the extreme sentence which the Act imposes. The sentence of the Court is that you be transported for fourteen years.”

During the delivery of this sentence, which very painfully affected the learned Judge, one of the prisoners clasped his hands together, and trembled violently.

We felt an additional interest in the foregoing case, for sundry reasons. One of these was, that, when taking the services at the Pentonville Model Prison, some years ago, during the chaplaincy of our late highly-esteemed brother, the Rev. W. KINGSMILL, two of the persons above alluded to were among the prisoners. Nor shall we, in all probability, ever forget what we felt, whilst preaching, as we gazed upon those notable men. The thought, almost of necessity, presented itself again and again, “Who maketh thee to differ, and what hast thou that thou hast not received?” We heard an ex-Mayor of Bristol once remark in public that when recently paying a state-visit to one of the gaols of Bristol, he was reminded, as he gazed upon the prisoners, of the words of JOHN BRADFORD, as he saw a prisoner going to execution, “There goes JOHN BRADFORD, but for the grace of God.” Ah, what child of God that knows anything of his own heart but must say the same? If our souls are more alive at one time than at another, to a sense of the distinguishing nature of rich and free and sovereign grace, it is when thus we have been occasionally called to minister to our poor fellow-creatures in prison. That privilege—for, however painful and however great the effort, a privilege we have felt it to be—has been vouchsafed to us in London, Liverpool, Plymouth, and Bristol. Yes, yes, as a poor pardoned, but hell-deserving sinner, we do love to go and proclaim in the ears of these one’s fellow-sinners, the pity, the love, the grace, the power of that Almighty One who came to seek and to save them that were lost.

There was, however, another circumstance in regard to the prisoners of whom we have spoken. Our dear friend, the chaplain, in going his rounds one day, happened to step into the cell of the most conspicuous of them, as he was just taking his dinner, the very humblest fare, served as it was in the little divided tin vessel; the one half containing soup, the other peas or beans. Our dear friend, with his well-known feeling heart, sought to give a turn to a scene that harrowed his feelings greatly, as he com-

pared the past with the present. That dear servant of God has since gone to his rest, and, consequently, has for ever done with the contemplation of reverses and sufferings, the continual contact with which, for a succession of years, at length served to break down his own health, and, in all human probability, materially shorten his own most useful career.

THE NIGHT-WATCHES.

[SELDOM, if ever, read that saying of the Psalmist, "I will meditate on Thee in the night-watches," without condemnation; for rarely am I deprived of sleep during the hours of darkness, without a corresponding weight of care, or restlessness, or unbelief upon my soul. I know but little at such seasons of communion with Jesus; and I felt greatly rebuked, not long since, whilst walking through the wards of a certain hospital, when one of its inmates—a dear well-taught child of God—said to me, "When all is quiet, and the patients are asleep, then communion begins." She referred to the many fellow-sufferers around her in the large ward in which she was lying. It came home to my heart as a rebuke, for I felt how different it was with me, surrounded as I was with mercies—a comfortable home, dear family ties, and a good measure of health—but, oh, so thankless, and so timid and distrustful! So little able to depend on Him who hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

On a recent occasion, like Martha of old, I had retired to rest, "careful and troubled about many things," when at length I awoke. Sleep was gone, and care upon care, and anxiety upon anxiety, came crowding in. I felt utterly unable to rise above them, and the effort to cast them upon Jesus seemed a vain one indeed. It is to me, at times, astonishing when thinking upon the havoc that Satan at such seasons makes with the soul. It appears to me to be Abraham's "horror of great darkness" over again. No doubt the bodily prostration and the literal darkness has much to do with it, otherwise so much of it would not be dispersed with the dawn of day, and the rising again to renew the journey of life. Upon the occasion, however, to which I refer, I attempted (as I not uncommonly do in these sleepless hours) to look back, and to retrace the Lord's sustaining and delivering hand all along through the chequered pathway. His gracious deliverance from the weight and condemnation of sin, and the sealing home of pardon and peace, came up to one's remembrance with freshness and power. Although nearly one-and-forty years had passed away since that most sacred scene, yet the arguments used, the pleas presented, and the promises made in the event of being heard, were brought back in sweet review as vividly as possible. And these were followed with the precious sealing home of pardon and peace. The blessed application of the word, "Son, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," came back with all its reviving, fear-assuaging, guilt-dissolving power. One again entered upon the new and celestial pathway. Heaven, in the review, was thus begun again on earth.

And then I thought on all this as being a very blessed and incontrovertible *reality*, and that all and everything subsequently had been in precise keeping and blessed accordance with the same. There had been no withdrawal, nor the semblance of a contradiction, or denial or revoking, in any of the Lord's dispensations, either in providence or grace. Then came the thought with a degree of power and satisfaction, "He is Jesus

Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." He "rests in His love," and "hates to put away."

But, beloved, one feels this in regard to such exercises as those just glanced at, that no *past* mercies, nor any *bygone* deliverance, can suffice for *present* anguish or *prospective* trouble. Such deliverance, or kind and gracious interpositions, may act as an assurance or earnest of fresh manifestations, but nothing short of those fresh manifestations will suffice.

Now I will tell you, dear reader, what I mean. I have a certain matter in prospect resting upon my heart, and it has long rested there, with considerable weight and anxiety. I cannot in the least wise see my way through it, or, in case of its issuing contrary to my hopes and expectations, conceive what will be the consequence. I have besieged the throne night and day for months past, in regard to it. As yet there is no light nor any relief. Once with some little power the word came, "It shall be well," but it was soon gone again; and I have feared to presume to build upon it as being the Lord's home-and-heart-spoken word upon this particular matter.

Now, here is the point, some four or five years ago, I was precisely in the same position, with an anxiety as like as possible in prospect; but oh, the indulgence of the Lord, under those very circumstances, was past description! Not with a word spoken, but with a soothing sweetness and precious power infused, in connexion with a retracing of the pathway, He took the whole weight and entire burden off in one moment, insomuch that neither night nor day, for the three or four that remained prior to the test or the climax, was there the semblance of a doubt as to results and consequences. It was glorious—most glorious. Faith revelled in a holy ecstasy, and in a simple, blessed, child-like trust—reliance—holy confidence, in one's God; nor did this in the least wise give way until a few minutes before the issue was absolutely declared; and, during that few minutes, Satan was suffered to take the advantage, and to suggest what would be the effect upon certain minds in case of this so-called faith being put to confusion. But, whilst Satan and unbelief thus reasoned, the Lord Himself most wonderfully wrought, proving to a demonstration, that He had the entire matter under His own direction and control, stooping so low and condescendingly and graciously to one's mean affairs, and proving that there was nothing beneath His care or observation.

But oh, for a little of this self-same holy dependence and child-like trust and assurance, in regard to what is before one.

"Oh, for an overcoming faith
To credit what the Redeemer saith!"

The difficulty, however, in knowing the mind of the Lord, and, doubtless, the self-will and fleshly fear lest His providence should run counter to one's wish and desire; and yet all this in the face of the thorough inwrought, oft and deep-tried conviction, that all the Lord wills and does is right, and that, in the sequel, ten thousand times more satisfactory than the realization of one's own carnal wishes and desires. Ah, it is in this experience, the sad, sad disparity between the Lord's will and our own is discovered, together with the very great difficulty of being able sincerely and unfeignedly to say, "Thy will be done." D.

Immutability is a glory belonging to all the divine perfections; the centre wherein they all unite.—*Charnock*.

Correspondence.

COUNTERFEIT FAITH AND GENUINE FAITH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I was truly rejoiced in perusing the review of the work entitled, “Instant Salvation.” The review was in last month’s Magazine, and I see it is continued in this.

Were it in my power, I would add two-fold strength to the objections there urged against the work in question; for it appears to me that the day is come when such channels as your invaluable publication should be supported on all sides by the Church of Christ, in stemming the torrent of heterodoxy, which taints our public ministrations, and flows shamelessly into our spiritual literature in the present day.

I assure you my own heart is often grieved, to say nothing of the famine often endured (with but few blessed exceptions), in hearing the word preached, and, were it not to avoid the *appearance* of evil, which the apostle enjoins, I would in many instances rather remain at home on the Sabbath.

Can we wonder at the puny growth of Christians—their shallow knowledge of divine things, and their life of *experimental* religion? Can we wonder at the swarms of mere professors, when “the narrow way,” the heavenly road, is made to run in with the “broad”—the way that seemeth right to the natural and carnal heart, but whose end is death? Can we wonder when persons are told they may jump from their seats and be Christians there and then?—only *say*, they believe, they repent (which repentance is *now* described as “changing” their minds), singing out there and then,

“I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me.”

This done, all is done, at any rate by way of commencement: if the Spirit works at all, His work, according to “Instant Salvation,” commences *after* the creature has worked.

This is called conversion, my dear brother. The Spirit of God taught you and me very differently—brought us up in a very different school. Has He *two* schools? which is right? Both cannot be! Solemn thought! Am I in the right one, or that which ends in death?

I trust that, now the subject is agitated, it will induce others to follow it up—such as are jealous for the honour of the Eternal Spirit, and who shudder at the thought of multitudes going down to the grave with a lie *put* into their right hand, in addition to those by nature engendered in their own heart.

May it induce you or your valuable contributors to be more than ever particular as to the purity of doctrine infused into your valuable publication, which indeed appears now-a-days a kind of treasure-house to the way-worn family of God.

I am but an isolated individual, but, so far as God gives me grace, I desire to maintain the doctrines of grace once and for ever delivered to the saints, and, as in my own daily experience my soul rejoices in the eternal and *indissoluble* union of Christ and His Church, and, moreover, that one *only* Gospel way in which that union is experimentally made known to *each* member of His mystical Body, so would I endeavour to contend earnestly against the legal, Arminian, creature-made doctrines, that are not only

deluding the outer-court worshipper, but, alas! for the time being, causing many of God's dear elect people to backslide from the way in which they have received Christ Jesus at first, and therefore *should* "so walk in Him."

I will not, my dear brother, enlarge, as it was chiefly my desire to encourage the hands of the "Reviewer," by adding my humble quota of disapprobation of the sentiment contained in "Instant Salvation."

I am, dear brother, yours in the Lord,

A CONSTANT READER.

"I HAVE ASKED JESUS, BUT HE DID NOT."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Every fact and incident in true Christian experience is God-glorifying. I do not speak of doubts, fears, misgivings, unbelief, coldness, deadness, corruptions. These I believe to be no part of true Christian experience; though every true Christian experiences enough of them—a paradox which some of your readers will understand, and others marvel at. By true Christian experience, I mean the Holy Spirit's gracious work in the souls of God's dear children. I speak now more particularly of answers to prayer.

It is written, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And again, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." So that one way of glorifying our covenant God, is to speak of, or record, His blessed acts of grace, mercy, and truth. I desire to do so now, in the hope that some poor troubled soul may take heart, and pray on, encouraged by the following unvarnished incident.

Our little boy—the only one, not yet four years old—has just had an attack of a very distressing illness, to which children are subject. One night, when in great suffering, he said to me, "I don't know what I must do, papa." I said, "We must ask Jesus again to make my poor little boy better; you know He can do it." In a very sorrowful tone, he replied, "I have asked Jesus, papa, but He did not."

His answer was like a sword in my heart; but I endeavoured to explain to him that God does not always answer our prayers just when we ask Him, and just as we wish Him; and that the best way is to ask Him till He does.

On the following day, while reflecting upon his words, the thought suddenly flashed into my mind, "Fool that I have been! what an irresistible plea at the throne of grace has the child given me. What a mighty lever for faith to grasp!" And the prayer went up at once, in something like these words, "Blessed Jesus, Thou knowest I have told the child over and over again that Thou art God, and that Thou hearest and answerest prayer. Oh, if it be Thy blessed will, for the glory of Thy great name, don't let the child think that I have told him lies. Don't let him say, 'I have asked Jesus, but He did not.' Oh, be pleased to restore him, and let him know that Thou hast done it."

Now, mark the result. The child began to mend from that hour; and, after a week's illness, from its commencement, is now comparatively well. His complaint, I must mention, too, was one which the doctors say is always three weeks before it is at its height.

I will only add, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Yours affectionately in Him,

Falsgrave.

W. S. R.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

INSTANT SALVATION.

Instant Salvation by an Instant Acceptance of a Mediator and Surety. By the Rev. JAMES GALL. Edinburgh: Gall and Inglis. London: Houlston and Wright; Morgan and Chase. [Third notice.]

With the exception that the author holds general redemption, or that Christ died for the whole human race, his chapter on "sacrifices" is very clear and instructive. In it he beautifully opens the nature of redemption; and his next chapter, on the Brazen Serpent, contains so much that is really excellent, that we feel it is due to him we should quote it:—

"When Israel rebelled in the wilderness, God sent fiery serpents among the people, and thousands of them died by their bite, which was mortal. But when the people repented of their sins, and prayed for deliverance, the Lord said unto Moses: 'Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.' This brazen serpent was a type of Christ, who Himself said: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up' (John iii. 14); and again, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me' (John xii. 32).

"The story of the brazen serpent illustrates especially the simplicity of believing and the suddenness of the cure. Sin is represented by the fiery serpents which bit the people, and whose bite was death. The brazen serpent represents the Saviour, who was made sin for us, though He knew no sin, and was lifted up upon the cross. The bite of the serpent was deadly, and there was but one cure; those who were bitten must look to the serpent of brass, and the moment they looked to it they were cured. It was necessary that the serpent should be lifted up, but something more was needed to effect a cure. If the Israelites had not believed Moses, and if they never turned their eyes towards it when they were bitten, not one of them should have been healed.

"The looking to the serpent seems especially intended to illustrate the simplicity of faith. In the other types the act of faith was represented by something more difficult than looking. There was the *entering* the ark, the *putting on* of the garments of skin, the *laying of the hand* on the head of the victim, and there was the *sprinkling* of the blood on the lintel and side-posts of the door; but here there is nothing but a *look*.

"Even the fear of hell is not essential to salvation. The Holy Spirit often melts the heart of the sinner by merely showing him a crucified Saviour. This amazing love exhibited in the cross of Christ affects him as it never affected him before, and he is drawn towards the bleeding Jesus, and is made to loathe the sins that nailed Him to the tree before he has ever been awakened to a sense of his danger, or the fear of hell. In such cases the sinner gets the new life while he is looking.* The Spirit has changed his heart, and he has *consented* to the righteousness of God, and got reconciliation through the blood.

"It is the simplicity of the cure that prejudices men's minds against it. They cannot understand how so much depends upon so little. They are like Naaman, the Syrian, who would have been quite willing to do some great thing in order to be cured of his leprosy; but, when the prophet bade him go and wash himself in Jordan, he went away in a rage. Men like a religion that will

* Here we must take exception again: he *lives*, and therefore *looks*: the looking is the development of the life.—ED.

give them something to do, so that when they have done it they may know that all is right. The harder the task they like it the better, because they think they should then be more deserving, and the balance in their favour would be all the greater. Some severe penance, or some long pilgrimage, would be very acceptable; but, when the Gospel tells them that they can do nothing, and that the only way of salvation is simply to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust to His having already done everything, they feel as if they could not venture their soul's salvation upon anything so simple. But here, in this story of the serpent in the wilderness, faith is represented in its utmost simplicity—it is nothing but a *look*. 'Look unto me, and be ye saved,' is the whole Gospel in all its power, as well as in all its simplicity; and yet it contains all the elements of true faith. That simple looking proved that the Israelite knew his danger, and had no other hope; and it also showed that he believed what Moses had said, because he did what Moses bade him. If the Israelite had not believed, he would not have looked; and yet the mere belief would not have cured him, unless he had acted on his belief, and turned his eyes expectingly toward the brazen serpent.

"We find here also an illustration of the certainty and instantaneousness of the cure. It mattered not how many or how few were the bites which the Israelite had received; nor did it matter how far the poison had done its deadly work upon his system. If there was life enough to look, that look was sufficient, and that look saved him. His body might be swollen, and his limbs paralysed; the burning thirst of fever might be upon him, or the pallid hue of death might have already overspread his countenance: if he could but turn his glazed eye upon the brazen serpent, that moment the poison lost its power and the dying man was instantly cured."

The chapter on the "Bride and the Bridegroom" is exceedingly good, and clearly sets forth the transfer of debt and responsibility to the Husband. Under this heading the author shows, plainly and scripturally, the standing of the Church of Christ in a manifest union and identity; but wherein he fails is, in the neglecting to trace the leading, drawing, and attracting power of Christ, by which, though by little and little, as represented by the prophet Hosea, He gradually allures His betrothed into the wilderness, and then "speaks comfortably to her." So to speak, there is an abruptness in the author's testimony. He deals in these great and glorious verities, in one sense of the word, in too concise—too prompt—too rapid a manner. We do not charge him with it as doing so intentionally. But we would remind him, that it is by no easy—no merely superficial—by dint of no mere human persuasion, that men are brought to feel their need of Christ, and accept Him as "all their salvation, and all their desire." Before they can rightly value Him, before they can really appreciate His loveliness and worth, before they can believe Him to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely," they must experience, by contrast, what unsatisfying and vain pleasures, pursuits, and practices are those of the world. If the author presumes upon this in the characters he addresses, his remarks are the more apt and forcible; but such does not appertain to the indiscriminate reader.

The chapter on "The Two Debtors" contains so much truth, that, considering in how much we have been compelled to differ from the author, we think it is due to him we should quote it:—

"There is but one other parable needed to complete the picture of salvation by grace, by illustrating what must go before, and what must follow after, the forgiveness of sins.

"'There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he

frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And He said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged' (Luke vii. 41—43).

"Notice here, that it was only when they had nothing to pay, that they were both frankly forgiven. So long as there was any expectation of payment, or even part-payment; so long as there was any hope or proposal of compromise, there was no forgiveness; but the moment they declared themselves bankrupt, having nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.

"This is an exact picture of the sinner's case before he receives his pardon. At first he thinks that, as he owes only some fifty pence, he will easily succeed in paying it up; and therefore his language is, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.' By-and-by, however, he discovers that his debt is very much greater, and his ability to pay is very much less than he imagined; and then he thinks to make a compromise, so that, though he may not be quite able to pay the whole, he shall be able to pay some of it, to the extent it may be of ten shillings, or five shillings, or at least one shilling in the pound. All this, however, brings no peace and no settlement. The righteous Lord can make no compromise; and, moreover, He knows that the sinner has actually nothing whatever to pay in liquidation of his debt.

"It is partly the natural pride of the human heart, and partly an ignorance of the Gospel, that keeps many anxious souls unsaved, who might at once be pardoned, were they to give up all attempts at payment, and present themselves as utter bankrupts, having nothing to pay. A decent moral life, attention to religious duties, the reading of the Bible, frequent attendance at the communion table, fasting, alms-giving, liberal contributions to religious enterprises; all these, and many such like, are looked upon as part-payment of a debt standing in the books of God's remembrance against them. But even supposing that all these duties were perfectly performed, that they all proceeded from a right motive, and were unmixed with sin, still they could never count in payment of *past* transgressions. When all had been done, it was no more than it was their duty to do. But inasmuch as they were imperfectly performed, and much mixed with sin, instead of reducing the debt, they only added to its amount.

"All hope of a settlement, or even a compromise, must therefore be given up, and the sinner must come as a ruined and helpless bankrupt to the Saviour, and then only is he frankly forgiven. But the parable is intended to illustrate chiefly the change that takes place after forgiveness. Before he is forgiven, there is no love, but only aversion. He can have no pleasure in the company of his creditor, and will avoid every opportunity of meeting him: his very name will be disagreeable, as associated with the idea of debt and imprisonment. When the debt is forgiven, however, all this is at once done away, and gratitude and love take the place of aversion.

"It is evident, therefore, that there can be no love to God so long as a man is not pardoned, and that he must always be disinclined to come into His presence. His very name must be disagreeable, and everything connected with Him as a holy and righteous God will be a forbidden topic—it cannot be otherwise. But when his sins have been forgiven, and God has been reconciled to him, there will be no more enmity and estrangement; love and gratitude will take their place.

"The depth of this gratitude and love will necessarily correspond with the greatness of the debt that has been forgiven; and this explains what would otherwise be altogether unaccountable, viz., that the vilest of sinners, when converted, often become the most distinguished among the saints. The woman of the city who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, was a far more devoted Christian than those who had fewer sins to be forgiven.

"But even this would not account for the change that takes place at conversion; for if this were all, it would be a very short-lived change. The power of sin would soon revive, unless the Spirit of God really entered into his heart, and produced a change of nature and character as well as of opinions and feel-

ings. Many a one has deceived himself by supposing that his sins were forgiven, although he never gave himself up entirely to Christ to be saved from his sins. He felt a joy and a love, because he *thought* he was reconciled, but the Holy Ghost never came into his heart. There was, therefore, no change in his character; and in a little while he fell into sin, and all his fine feelings disappeared, his joy and his love vanished away, and he became even worse than he was before.

"It is easy to excite the feelings by a vivid representation of the love of God or the sufferings of Christ, or even by a false assurance that sin had been forgiven, and the soul saved. But this is not conversion, and can endure only for awhile; in time of temptation he will fall away. Real conversion never takes place except when there is an entire surrender to Christ, and a willingness to part with every sin. But when this does take place, the change is permanent, because the Holy Spirit enters the heart, and abides there for ever. It is a new birth and a new life which then commences, killing the power of sin, and awakening loves and hatreds that were never felt before.

"But this new life does not always show itself at once: sometimes it does but more frequently it does not. Therefore, the mere feeling is not to be accounted of as if it were the evidence of a real change.

"And yet when the Spirit does produce this love and gratitude, it does so in a rational and reasonable way, by real motives, and not by a mere excitement of the feelings. Without the Spirit, the soul is dead; and all that is naturally fitted to excite our love and gratitude is unable to produce any actual impression; but, when the Spirit enters, He gives new life; and then the heart feels the force of all the arguments addressed to it, and is melted by a view of the Saviour's generosity and love."

"But when the Spirit enters, He gives life." Now this is what we have been contending for. Here (as we have previously sought to show) the book has been defective. It was the lack of this full and free acknowledgment of the Spirit's work that led us to read critically, and so much condemnatory, the book before us. "Him that honoureth me I will honour," and sure we are that, in proportion as the Holy Ghost is honoured in His person and work, in that proportion will He bless.

We cannot close this already lengthy review without saying, that there is much—very much—in the book before us which we cannot but endorse; at the same time we are bound to say it contains much that is defective and erroneous. There is such a blending of free-grace and free-will—this of God, and that of the creature—as to make it a sad admixture. The tares and the wheat are growing together, so much so as painfully to perplex and greatly bewilder young and unstable minds. They will have to learn and unlearn—receive and reject. Much that they will find within these pages will run directly counter to a living and heartfelt experience. Hence we would commend them the more earnestly "to the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Personal Experience of Roman Catholicism, with Incidents of Convent Life

By ELIZA RICHARDSON. London: Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

This work is by the Authoress of "The Veil Lifted," a work of which we spoke so highly some time ago. This is more the writer's own experience, how she was led on step by step into the usages of Romish superstition, how craftily the net was thrown around her, until at last she left her home, friends, and native land, to enter on a convent life. Thoroughly sincere in all her motives, very painful are the efforts to pierce through the darkness around her; very plaintive her cries for mercy and help. But God had not forsaken her, though in a foreign

land; and soon light breaks in on the benighted soul. She had been brought up a Protestant, and her mind is so shocked by the worship of the Virgin, by the images she sees in every direction. All this is more apparent abroad than at home. She cannot reconcile this idol-worship with her own conscience. Gradually the mist breaks around her; a long illness follows, in which she is brought to feel and see her own nothingness and inability to do anything for her salvation. Then the light of the Sun of righteousness bursts on her; the day-spring from on high hath visited her, and the shadows flee away. Ere long she is brought back to her home and friends, a humble, but happy penitent. We would wish to recommend this excellent little work to our young friends especially, who are dazzled may be by the light of a false religion. Oh that they may be rescued, ere it is too late, from the wiles and blandishments of the arch deceiver!

Ministering Children. A Sequel. By MARIA LOUISA CHARLESWORTH: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street.—All who have read “*Ministering Children*,” will be delighted with this Sequel. The old familiar characters of Herbert, the young Squire, the Smiths at the farm; Patience and many others, we meet with again, now grown up to manhood and womanhood, and in their different spheres fulfilling the eleventh commandment: “Love one another.” There is a peculiar charm in Miss Charlesworth’s writings, both for young and old. The interest is soon awakened in her works, which makes one sorry to lay them down when they are finished. We wish this work all the success its predecessor had. And, if it makes any of its young readers more thoughtful in ministering love to others, surely it will not have been written in vain.

THE SINNER MAY SAY.

“I WILL believe, I do believe,
I fell in Adam’s fall,
But in the Second Adam saved,
If I am saved at all.”

Sinner, if you are taught thus far
It is a mercy-lift,
And ’tis a mercy next to know
Salvation is a gift.

“Brought” to the soul by power
divine,
The soul “brought” to receive;
“Brought” to desire a better home,
Thy former home to leave.

“Brought” to exchange thy rags of
sin
For robes of righteousness,
And brought to trust beneath His
wings
For peace and plenteousness.

Ah! “brought,” “compelled,” made
willing too,
When the “set time” was come,
To find that thou couldst nothing
do,
But all for thee was done.

Sinner, if thou art one of those
He purposed to redeem,
Thou wilt approve of sovereign
grace,
And love *this* Gospel scheme.

“Man’s doings will not suit this case,”
Methinks I hear thee say;
“How can I, Lord, redeem my debt,
When I have *nought* to pay?”

“’Tis this salvation suiteth me
A beggar though I am,
When there must be a sacrifice,
But Christ Himself the Lamb.”

Such is the sinner He will save,
The *Spirit’s* work he owns,
And such a suppliant brought by Him
For all *his* debts atones.

Then, smitten sinner, doubt no more,
There’s hope concerning thee,
Keep by the footsteps of the flock
Till thou the Shepherd see.

Glad interview! He’ll own the faith
By which He ope’d thine eyes,
And now thou’lt read thy title clear
To mansions in the skies.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

“Can ye not discern the signs of the times?”—MATT. xvi. 3.

ONCE again the annual meetings of the great religious societies have been held in the metropolis, and, on the whole, they appear to have been most interesting and encouraging. The attacks which have been lately made upon Gospel truth and our Protestant constitution, and the advances of Popery, Ritualism, and infidelity, seem to have had the effect of stirring up the Societies' friends and supporters to increased efforts on their behalf, and bolder advocacy of their cause. The Church Missionary Society acknowledges an income for the past year of upwards of £150,000; the Wesleyan Missionary Society, £148,000; the London Missionary Society, £100,000; and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, £91,000. The income of the Religious Tract Society for the last year was stated to be £110,000, and its circulation at home and abroad forty-six millions of distinct publications; the circulation of the Scriptures also, by means of the Bible Society, amounted to nearly two millions and a-half of copies. Surely this is most encouraging, and is a cause for deep thankfulness. Our country may in great part be enveloped in spiritual darkness, there may be amongst us much to deplore, yet still we have abundant reason to rejoice that there is some spiritual light existing amongst us, and that that light shines forth to many distant lands, making known to them the way of salvation—the glad tidings of the Gospel of Jesus. The report of the Bible Society was especially interesting; in spite of every obstacle, the Society's work has been gaining ground in almost every country and among men of every creed; most cheering accounts of the benefits resulting from it continue to arrive from the Continent, and the late war seems to have been made a means for the extension of its labours, and conferring a blessing upon many thousands of soldiers. In China 94,000 copies of the Scriptures have been circulated in one year; and upwards of £31,000 have been received during the same period from foreign countries as the produce of copies purchased.

The trials of the persons implicated in the Fenian conspiracy are still going on, and bringing to light more fully the folly of its poor deluded votaries, and the intricate nature of their plot. It has been stated in the House of Commons that the Roman Catholic priests have had nothing to do with this evil work, that they have publicly denounced it, and therefore they are to be regarded as truly loyal subjects. Never was there a more mistaken idea. Any one intimately acquainted with the sister isle must know full well, that, although the priests have not publicly countenanced this Fenian movement, they have been at the bottom of it. They themselves may not have been personally engaged in it, they do not *seem* indeed to have had anything to do with it; but the tendency of their teaching has been continually such as would lead to it; they have placed before their flocks in the strongest terms many imaginary grievances, and advised them to use every effort to rid themselves of them; is it any wonder then that those flocks, acting blindly upon their advice, have exposed themselves to the charge of high treason? Who is most to blame, the teacher or the taught? Of course, now that the effort has failed, the first promoters disavow all connexion with it; but, if the result had been different, how different would have been their conduct! As an example, we may turn to the case of an Irish Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Moriarty. He has been brought forward in the House of Commons as an example of loyalty, and as being anxious to preserve the peace of his country. This was because he publicly cursed the Fenians in his chapel. But what principles does he at the same time inculcate? In a letter addressed to his priests, he reminds them of “the long years of persecution [!] through which the Church of Ireland has passed—the terrible machinery of the penal laws by which the people

have been deprived of their civil rights [!];" and says that "there was and is sympathy with rebellion, because of its antagonism to an authority they hate;" that "for the millions emancipation has had no practical or appreciable result; for them the past still lives in the present. They think they are an oppressed race. England is for them an enemy's country. Patriotism, which elsewhere means a devoted love of the laws and institutions of the country, here means hatred of them. Political sense is all awry. Men live in the hope of what they call a deliverance from their native land." And therefore he concludes that "there can be no peace in the land; irritation of feeling, mutual distrust, hatred of law and of authority, rebellion held in leash, all the hinges of society disjointed. Such must be the condition of Ireland." What sentiments more likely to rouse an enthusiastic, excitable people to rash rebellion than these? The Fenian insurrection, however, will probably teach Ireland a lesson that she will not soon forget—a lesson all the more terrible and lasting, because of the secret, quiet way in which the effort was allowed to mature itself, and then powerfully crushed before it had time to burst forth, or win for itself a little transient glory. Thus real abiding good may, in God's good Providence, be brought out of seeming evil; but we really pity the poor deluded wretches who have for it forfeited their liberties and lives, some of them evincing courage and talent worthy of a better cause.

The Earl of Shaftesbury deserves the hearty thanks of all true members of the Church of England for the manly and persevering way in which he has brought forward his Vestments Bill, a bill which will probably inflict a everer blow and discouragement upon the Ritualists than they have ever yet received. This bill simply re-enacts what was the statute law of the land in the reign of Edward VI.; and what has been the unbroken usage of the Church ever since, except for a short interval during the reign of Queen Mary. Upwards of 800 petitions have already been presented in favour of it, and, although the debate upon it has been adjourned for two months, we may yet hope to see it become law.

We should also be truly thankful if the bill now before Parliament for the entire closing of public houses on the Sabbath day were permitted to pass. It is a measure greatly needed, and one that would be an immense boon to our country. Who is there that has not noticed the uproarious crowds that assemble together in public houses on Sunday evening, a nuisance and a disgrace to many a quiet neighbourhood? The ruinous effects of strong drink are frightful; anything that puts a check upon them must be most desirable. An interesting letter has recently been published, written 123 years ago, by Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, at eighty-two years of age, which is well worthy of attention at the present day. It is as follows:—

Bishops Court, July 27, 1744.

GOOD BROTHER,—I understand that there are, of late, great quantities of Brandy and other spirituous distill'd liquors landed & to be landed amongst us: This, in all probability, will bring those most pernicious Liquors, and the Drinks made of them to their former low price amongst us. Our duty, therefore, will oblige us to Forewarn our Younger People of the sad mischiefs which may attend their being tempted to taste them in any shape mix'd or unmix'd, lest they fall in love with them unawares, & at last bring themselves to Untimely Ends; scores of Instances of which we have had amongst us within these few years.—I have, therefore, sent you a few little pieces proper to be put into the hands of such thoughtful young people as you may hope will profit by them.—This, with a little of yo' good and serious advice, may, thro' the blessing of God, save many a soul from ruin.—And I hope every clergyman in the Diocese, will take this occasion, in his Sunday Evenings, Catechetical Lectures to exhort both young & old, of the danger of coming within the Borders of this destructive Poyson, as they value the Health of their bodys; or the salvation of their souls. As for such as are already in the snare, there is little hopes of extricating them by this way. It must be a

miracle of mercy and Providence, if they shall be reclaimed by any the severest methods, & brought to Repentance and amendm^t of life. I am yo^r affect Friend & Brother,
 THO. SODOR & MAN.

We much regret to hear that Dr. Newman is about to establish a Roman Catholic Mission at Oxford. It is said that he has already secured a site for an oratory church and buildings in an eligible part of Oxford; that a large outlay is contemplated, and that every accessory which can give grandeur and fascination to the mission will be employed. In days gone by, when a strong spirit of opposition to Popery was generally in existence, this would have been of little consequence, but in the present age, when there is so much semi-Popery amongst us, and when the young especially are so apt to be led away by its seductive charms, it implies an additional danger which parents will do well to take precautions against.

ANSWER TO THE EARL OF RODEN'S LETTER.

[See last number.]

DEAR LORD RODEN,—On behalf of the Committees of the Religious Societies we have to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter addressed to them. It has been a source of sincere regret to all the friends of these Societies to miss this year from his wonted place at their anniversaries, the nobleman who has so long been their kind and presiding patron. That regret is much deepened by the consideration that his absence was caused by bodily infirmity. It is our earnest prayer that it may please our heavenly Father to remove that debility, and, in His sovereign mercy, gratify the longing desires of many to see him again take part in the public proceedings of the April Meetings. The Church in Ireland cannot fail to cherish a sacred remembrance of the sainted men to whose piety and devotedness your Lordship so touchingly referred. Their hallowed names must ever be imperishably enshrined in the hearts and memories of all who love the Church, "whose faith" they would "follow, considering the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." We thank your Lordship for the admonitory words you have addressed to us, and trust, through Divine grace, the clergy and laity of the Church in Ireland will never forget or disparage the high privileges they have inherited from their Protestant forefathers, but seek to hand them down unimpaired to their children and children's children.

With earnest supplications to the God of all grace that your Lordship may be sustained by the Divine arm, and be spared to continue your Christian efforts to promote the peace and prosperity of our Church and country, We remain, dear Lord Roden, your Lordship's faithful servants: George Sidney Smith, D.D., William B. Kirkpatrick, D.D., Honorary Secretaries, Hibernian Bible Society; James Irvine, Honorary Secretary of the Sunday-school Society for Ireland; John W. Hackett, A.M., John Alcock, Archdeacon of Waterford, Honorary Secretaries, Irish Society; F. De Bavière, Honorary Secretary to the Continental Society; A. R. C. Dallas, A.M., Honorary Secretary, Irish Church Missions; John Hare, A.M., Maurice Nelyan, A.M., Honorary Secretaries, Jews' Society; Henry George Carroll, A.M., Honorary Secretary, Protestant Orphan Society; Eugene O'Meara, A.M., Protestant Orphan Society; William Alex. Neville, A.M., Honorary Secretary, Protestant Orphan Society.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDREAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 19,
NEW SERIES. }

JULY, 1867.

{ No. 1,219,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

MONDAY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SUNDAY'S LABOURS.

OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS FOR THE DAY, Exod. iii. and Exod. iv.

"And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey."—Exod. iii. 7, 8.

You will observe, beloved, that our text contains a two-fold promise, deliverance from captivity and a putting in possession of the land that flowed with milk and honey. And the realization of the one might well be deemed an earnest of the other. The bringing out of Egypt with such a high hand and outstretched arm, was a blessed guarantee of being put in possession of the promised land. No greater difficulties or obstacles could be presented than those which had already been overcome.

The condition of Israel under the tyrannizing hand of Pharaoh and his cruel taskmasters, may well remind us of our worse than Egyptian bondage, when slaves to sin and the willing drudges of Satan. If we would be reminded of that condition, we have only to contemplate the state of those, it may be, very near and dear to us, who are in this our former condition, reeling upon the very precipice of perdition, without one spark of spiritual life, or any taste for divine things. They are not left in this state of captivity for their own sakes merely, but for ours also, that thus we may be perpetually reminded

of what we are so prone to forget in respect to what the Lord has done for us. Thus in the review of the past, and the contemplation of the distinguishing grace, boundless love, and omnipotent power of Jehovah, as brought to bear upon ourselves, we may be lifted up above the present troubles and afflictions of the way, and be encouraged to hope and believe He will "accomplish in us the good pleasure of His will, and the work of faith with power." We may be reminded, also, of those holy wrestlings and ardent importunings presented by loved ones on *our* behalf; and, as *they* were in due time heard and answered, we may be encouraged to hope that *we* shall be in due time heard and answered also; for, "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?"

Let us, however, look a little into the details connected with our text. We read that "the angel of the Lord appeared unto [Moses] in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Now, that this angel was none less than the angel of the everlasting covenant is clear from verse 4, where we read that "when the Lord saw that [Moses] turned aside to see, *God* called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And He said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Observe, with respect to this burning bush, a type of our most glorious Christ tabernacled in our flesh. The Divine in the human, and yet that human not destroyed, notwithstanding the power and glory of the Divine. See, moreover, a beautiful setting-forth of the preservation of the tiny deposit of grace, in the hearts of the regenerate. There it is, protected and preserved by an unseen yet effectual Hand, notwithstanding all the sin and the defilement by which it is surrounded. The bush is ever burning, yet not consumed. Why? Good JOHN BUNYAN explains the reason. When Pilgrim is led through the Interpreter's house, he sees that a certain fire is not extinguished by the stream of water that is constantly being poured upon it by the great enemy of souls, because One in the rear is constantly pouring in oil to feed the flame. Ah, yes: this, beloved, is why the little spark of grace is kept alive, even though it be but like a spark on the ocean. The wave upon wave, and billow upon billow, fails to put it out, because *Jesus* has the direction and control of the whole. The bush may be burning, but cannot be consumed.

Mark, again, the curiosity of Moses: "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." God would not indulge him in this, nor will He indulge mere speculation in any of His children. If any come to this blessed book now lying open before me, in a merely nominal or speculative way, wishing for an insight into its precepts or doctrines simply that they may talk more and be better furnished with arguments, the Lord will not indulge them in this. Mere head-knowledge puffs up with pride and self-sufficiency, acting upon a man as a young recruit is oftentimes acted upon.

Because of his new attire, and because of a certain acquittal of himself on parade, he almost wishes for war in order that he may show his skill on the battle-field, whereas perhaps the very first flash of the gun or the cannon's roar fills him with dismay. All such mere speculative or nominal teaching is of no service in the warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is only that which is learnt through the heart, in a deep, experimental way, that is of any avail.

And yet one trembles in the contemplation of the liberties which are taken with God's blessed word, in this day of rebuke and blasphemy. Although so solemn an admonition is presented in the words before us, yet men do not hesitate to intrude upon what God has declared to be "holy ground." Although

"Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives,"

men there are—and "their name is legion, for they are many"—who ask for the why and the wherefore. They presumingly inquire into things unseen, and want divine realities to be brought within the compass of their little, contracted minds.

And yet we read, that, when God declared Himself to Moses as the "God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," "Moses hid his face, for *he was afraid to look upon God.*" How quickly and how effectually was he cured of his curiosity and mere speculation!

"And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt." Do mark, they were *His people*, though in Egypt, and though under the tyrannizing hand of their cruel taskmasters. And yet, upon the ground of merit, they had no claim to being His people. Considering who they were, and what had been promised concerning them, they had sinned against a light and a knowledge which the Egyptians had never possessed; consequently, by comparison, they were less worthy of being called "His people" than were the Egyptians. Though they were in Egypt, they were, notwithstanding, "His people;" and where will not the people of God be found? Where least likely, according to our poor fleshly estimate. "I have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters." Mark, how explicit our God is. How well He knew all about them, and why and whence arose their trouble. But do you think they supposed that God knew or regarded them in their calamities, during their heavy and protracted bondage? How little did they imagine that God's eye was upon them, as it was, or that He was waiting, as He commonly does wait, for the most fitting time to display His wisdom, power, and love in bringing them forth from the tyrannizing hand of Pharaoh! The same eye is upon *you*, beloved, in *your* troubles, if you belong to the Lord; the same arm underneath to sustain; and the same power will in due time be brought to bear upon your deliverance.

"I know their sorrows."—Now this knowledge was a comprehensive

knowledge. "I have surely seen," or, as it is rendered by the martyred Stephen, in his memorable address, as given in the 7th chapter of the Acts, "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt." Here is the Lord represented as speaking like an excited parent under the pressure of a solicitude and an anxiety which has been pent up in his breast, in the contemplation of the sufferings of a beloved child, and is now seeking means of relief. "I know their sorrows." The word implies the exercise of the affections. Look at Psalm i. 6, "For the Lord *knoweth* the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish;" and Psalm xxxi. 7, "I will be glad, and rejoice in Thy mercy: for Thou hast considered my trouble; Thou hast *known* my soul in adversities." Thou hast been familiar with me; Thou hast interested Thyself in me; Thou hast wrought deliverances for me.

Can *you* say so, my hearer? Has the Lord "*known* your soul in adversities?" You have had your troubles. *All* have them. "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." What have you done with your troubles? Have you got rid of them in a legitimate way? Have you braved them? thrown them off like other men? Ah, such troubles will return with tenfold force. Or have you carried them to the Lord? cast them upon Him? rolled your burden upon the Burden-bearer? Have you "committed your way unto the Lord;" are you "trusting also in Him, that He may bring it to pass?"

"I know their sorrows."—You have your sorrows, and perhaps are thinking more of them than is due. You vainly imagine, it may be, that you have more than your share; and you are entertaining some hard thoughts of God on account of your many and anxious cares. You think their appointment is not in keeping with the kindness and the tenderness of His character, as revealed in the Scriptures. This impression arises from your ignorance of others' position. Did you know how others are tried, I will venture to say, you would be better satisfied with your own position, and be less disposed to change your own cross. Hear the testimony of one known to myself, who has just passed away, and who is now, I doubt not, before the throne.

Speaking of the late Dr. CAMPBELL, his biographer says:—

In the midst of his labours Dr. CAMPBELL had also been tried by much affliction. *His first wife was suddenly carried off by apoplexy whilst sitting beside her husband in his study. In a letter written on the last day of last year he alludes to his afflictions, observing, "My eldest son died of fever, my youngest son died in a convulsive fit, my second son was drowned in the South Seas, my third son was drowned in the Atlantic, and my only remaining son, a brilliant youth, is at this moment confined with two broken legs. Truly life, under all circumstances, is but a bitter draught. I have had as much mercy, perhaps, as any man of my time, and I think I may say I have had nearly as much affliction."*

Have I a sceptic here to-night? Let him listen!

"*But,*" adds the Doctor, "*it is all well. I have confidence in God, and I am well pleased with that which He graciously appoints.*" Amongst his mercies he also alludes to the abundant comfort provided for him in his declining years by his

second marriage with a lady of congenial sentiments. "Apart from her property," he wrote, "I was sufficiently provided for; but in her society, and that of a large circle, I find a great increase of comfort."

Now the Lord is my Witness, that I do not wish to say anything, or even appear to do so, that is calculated to make light of sin. My simple aim and object is to set forth the wondrous grace, astounding love, sovereign mercy, and omnipotent power of the Lord, in order that I may encourage my poor fellow-sinners simply to look to and hope in Him, rejoicing in the fact that what is herein left on record is for *our* learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." There are two things, then, which I wish you to contemplate. First, the Revelation of Jehovah; and, secondly, the Rebellion of Moses.

As I have sought to show, the Revelation of Jehovah was twofold: it contained a promise of deliverance from Egypt, and a pledge of entrance upon the land of Canaan. And we have seen how condescending and how gracious was the Lord, in regard to that deliverance. His revealing Himself to Moses, so unlikely an instrument, whom He had raised up, and so specially preserved for such a work; and then, having testified that He had heard the cry of Israel, because of their taskmasters, declared that He (the Lord) *came down* (mark the language) for the express purpose of delivering them. What could be more gracious or condescending? And, as we have seen, the promise was twofold—the one was coupled with the other, and the one an earnest of the other.

But now let us look at the Rebellion—yes, the Rebellion of even the meek and timid and tender-hearted Moses—and herein see the astounding forbearance and long-suffering of Jehovah. Read the four last verses of the fifth chapter: "And they met Moses and Aaron, who stood in the way, as they came forth from Pharaoh: and they said unto them, The Lord look upon you, and judge; because we have made our savour to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us. And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Lord, wherefore hast Thou so evil entreated this people? why is it that Thou hast sent me? For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in Thy name, he hath done evil to this people; neither hast Thou delivered Thy people at all." One can scarcely conceive of anything more dreadful than this. Here was Moses, as it were, throwing back God's gifts, and giving Him the lie to His face.

You must connect this language with what has preceded it, especially with what is recorded in the fourth chapter. In addition to the revelation which we have been considering, and that marvellous display of divine goodness and compassion in regard to the unfolding of Jehovah's goodwill and pleasure with respect to Israel, He had condescended to foreshow Moses two things: first, what should be the reception of Moses by the people of Israel; and, secondly, what the rejection on the part of Pharaoh. The Lord, moreover,

prepared him for the hostility that the king of Egypt should exhibit; and, at the same time, mercifully and lovingly discovered to Moses how He intended to act in regard to that hostility, and what should ultimately be the issue—namely, that after Egypt had been smitten with all the wonders which He would do in the midst thereof, Pharaoh would then let the people go.

Now this foreshowing must not be overlooked.

In addition to this, God was pleased to give sundry signs and tokens to Moses, as recorded in the fourth chapter. At the Lord's command he cast his rod upon the ground, and it became a serpent; again he put forth his hand, and caught it by the tail, and it was turned once more into a rod. He put his hand into his bosom, and it became leprous as snow; again he put his hand into his bosom and it turned again as his other flesh. Moses objects on account of being "slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind?" says the Lord. But, in further pitifulness and condescension, He adds, "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart. And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth: and I will be with thy mouth, and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do. And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people: and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God."

We find that afterwards "Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord who had sent him, and all the signs which He had commanded him. And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel: and Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people. And the people believed: and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that He had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped."

Then Moses and Aaron went unto Pharaoh, and, in the Lord's name, demanded that he would let the people go; but (as the Lord had again and again testified) he would not. Hence, so far from Moses being taken by surprise, or disappointed, the position was a confirming one. And the very spirit with which he was endowed—that holy courage and blessed indifference about personal consequences of which he became the subject—should have convinced him that he was under a supernatural power, and that supernatural power the proof of divine favour and a sweet earnest of ultimate success. Instead of which, not merely was Israel discouraged by the additional tyranny of Pharaoh, but Moses addresses the Lord in terms of the greatest possible ingratitude, unbelief, and contempt. He who so recently "hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God," now daringly and presumptuously addresses Him, with a "Wherefore hast thou so evil entreated this people?" We contend that, considering to

in this language was addressed, it was awful. Moses could not as Pharaoh had said, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord." Moses did know the Lord, and that not in a merely nominal or superficial way. He adds, "Why is it that Thou hast sent *me*?" What was this but a confession of pride and rebellion? The meek Moses drinking into the cup of the self-willed Jonah, when, in after-day, disappointed at the non-destruction of Nineveh. Of what, alas! is not the human heart capable? "For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in Thy name, he hath done evil to this people; neither hast Thou delivered this people at all."

Mark the terms of this address; see the temper herein exhibited. What does it imply? Not only a declaration that deliverance had been wrought, but a belief that it would not be vouchsafed. Yet this was the spirit manifested by Moses in the face of the signs made, the signs given, and the results foreshown. Now, after such boundless love, such astounding forbearance and self-suffering, as shown by God to Moses under such provocation, can the poor sinner need despair? However great and manifold his transgressions, however base his backslidings; whatever light and knowledge he may have sinned against, why need he despond?—why retain the thought that there is no hope for him, when Moses found mercy and acceptance at the hands of Him who delights to proclaim Himself as the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, and who declared, "This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations?"

Wm. Luke's, Bedminster, April 8, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And, while I thought on these, as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—*My cross I cannot bear!*

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound,
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptur'd sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bow'd the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And "Follow me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been;

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels fair they were to see,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and look'd again
To see if any there could ease my pain,
But one by one I pass'd them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptur'd form entwin'd,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combin'd;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wonder'd more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair,
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown.

At length to Him I raised my sadden'd heart,
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me,
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepar'd appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscrib'd thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The *only* one of all the many there
That I could feel was *good* for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confess'd,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see,
No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is the better way."

Ah no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

L. P. W.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

GOD'S SOVEREIGN, ELECTING LOVE.

Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God."—1 THESS. i. 4.

not like that expression at all," say some; "'God's sovereign, love.' It does not fit into my idea of things." Very likely not; but we must recollect that your likes and dislikes are one thing, God's will and God's ways another, as He Himself declares: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." But, "it is a dangerous doctrine," say some; "it makes God an unjust God; for He is not just, to save some of the creatures He has made, and condemn others." Read Jehovah's own answer to that false accusation, in the book of Ezekiel, which he sums up with, "O house of Israel, are not my ways equal, and are not your ways unequal?"

"It is a dangerous doctrine," say others; "it leads a man into licentiousness, if a man knows that he is one of the elect, he may say, Oh, then I may live as I please, and take my fill of the world; I am sure to go to heaven at last." Objectors, whether they know it or not, are blasphemers against the Holy Ghost; because God's elect cannot nor do not desire to do as they please; they are under the guidance of the law of the Spirit of life, which makes them free from sin. The assertion, therefore, is equivalent to saying that the Spirit of God will lead them into licentiousness. Hence blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. Beside which, the children of God are just those that cannot sin with impunity; but are earnestly engaged in testifying, by their life, walk, and conduct, their love to that God who has redeemed their lives from destruction.

"It is well," say others, "it is a dangerous doctrine; it makes out man a mere machine." We are afraid we can scarcely allow him so excellent a work as a machine once set in order will work with precision and regularity; but we all know what human nature is if left to itself; and those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, are ever feeling that the calamity that can befall them would be for the Lord to leave them to themselves.

"It is not then," say others, "it is a dangerous doctrine to preach to the people." A popular dissenting minister once said to us, "I believe all you say about the doctrine of election to be true; but we have no authority for preaching it prominently before the people." This objection really amounts

to this: We are ashamed of God's will, and therefore suppress it; because we have the fear of man before our eyes. If we preach election, we shall offend So-and-so, and he will withhold his support. Now, if the Scriptures enjoin us to contend earnestly for it, as we shall presently show, how we are to do this, and yet keep it in the background, it is difficult to imagine. But, then, others will affirm,

"It is a dangerous doctrine, because it is a stumbling-block to the weak believer." Sometimes a stumbling-block in the way is a very good thing; it trips up one who is high-minded and self-sufficient, and brings him to the dust. We can give you a striking instance of this, which occurred in our own experience. Some years ago we received a letter from an unknown sister in Christ, stating that she had believed she was a truly converted person; she was enjoying great peace of mind, and, as she thought, hallowed communion with God: but, meeting with the *Gospel Magazine*, she read an article therein which completely upset her, and she had not known what it was to have a peaceful hour since. We turned to the article in question, and found the subject was "electing love;" and that it was written by a dear brother in Christ* who would be the last man to deceive a poor trembling sinner. Well, nothing we could write to her was of any avail. We received letters from her from time to time, breathing great distress of soul; but at last the set time came. It was all cleared up to her under this passage: "Until the time of the Lord came His word tried him." She saw it all has led to bow before the sovereign will of God.

And now, passing from these several futile objections to the fundamental doctrine itself, let us inquire,

I. WHAT GOD'S WORD SAYS ABOUT IT.

For we must take our stand upon the ground of God's word. This is His revealed will to His Church; and therefore it is not what *man thinks*, but what *God says*, that must be our guide. Notice, then, that,

1. The word of God tells us that "electing love" was according to the mind of Jehovah before He laid the foundation of the world. Hence

Angels were elected.—Some chosen to happiness and communion with God, and to be the associates of the redeemed throughout the countless ages of eternity; so that the apostle Paul speaks of them as "elect angels" (1 Tim. v. 21), while our Saviour tells of the fallen angels who, with Satan, have prepared the everlasting fire for the wicked (Matt. xxv. 41). Again,

Christ was the elected One of the Father.—Hence Jehovah said to His inspired prophet Isaiah, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth" (Isaiah xlii. 1). And by the apostle Peter, "Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth shall not be confounded" (1 Peter ii. 6). Furthermore,

God's ancient people were His elected.—Hence Jehovah declared, "I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains: and mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there" (Isaiah lxxv. 9). And, then,

God's ancient people but typified His spiritual elect Israel.—Hence it is written, "The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people: but because the Lord loved you" (Deut. vii. 7, 8). And

* Rev. Alfred Hewlett, of Astley, near Manchester.

that this language is applicable to His spiritual elect among both Jews and Gentiles, is evident from the language of Peter: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Peter ii. 9). But, a step further,

2. We have Jesus' own declarations concerning this precious doctrine.

He preached it in His first memorable sermon.—"But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias . . . but unto none of them was Elias sent save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed saving Naaman the Syrian" (Luke iv. 25—27). This "filled them all with wrath," just as the preaching of the same doctrine does in these days. Again,

Jesus constantly taught it.—As for instance in His reference to the great tribulation that should come upon the world, He promises that "for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." And then He tells us of false prophets that should arise, who, if it were possible, "shall deceive the very elect." And then He refers to the time when the Father's angels shall "gather together His elect from the four winds from one end of heaven to the other." Furthermore,

It was the burden of Jesus' last precious prayer: "And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was. I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest me out of the world: Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me; and they have kept Thy word." "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me; for they are Thine. And all mine are Thine, and Thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." How any one can read these words, and deny the doctrine of election, it is indeed impossible to understand.

And, then, as our Lord taught it, so *His apostles, having learnt His mind and drank into His Spirit, taught it also.* Hence Paul says, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Titus is called an apostle according to the faith of God's elect, while Peter speaks of the children of God as elect according to the foreknowledge of God. And, then, His faithful servants to the end of time are to contend for it: "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, who hath saved us and called us with a holy calling." Such was the expostulation of the apostle Paul.

Thus, then, have we brought forward a weight of evidence from God's word concerning the doctrine of God's sovereign, electing love, that it is impossible to put aside or gainsay. It was in the mind of the Father from eternity; in proof of which, angels, Jesus Himself, God's ancient people, and His spiritual Israel, were elected. Christ taught this fact while upon earth; He preached it, and prayed concerning it; and His faithful disciples proclaimed the same glorious doctrine: and we might add, to come down to later times, our good old Reformers insisted upon it too, but, alas! read the following words of the 17th Article of the Church of England, and see how many are traitors to their confession of faith. "Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) He hath constantly decreed by His counsel secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom He hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour." How few preach the

purport of this important article! Nevertheless, whether they preach it or not,

“ Deep in the everlasting mind
The great mysterious purpose lay,
Of choosing some from lost mankind,
Whose sins the Lamb should bear away.”

And this fact leads us to observe that the carrying out of the eternal mind and purpose of Jehovah, is—

(1) *Worthy of the Trinity*.—All that pertains to the Trinity must be infallibly sure. The Three Persons in the Godhead are co-equal and co-eternal—they are one in purpose and design; therefore whom the Father hath chosen, the Son hath redeemed and the Holy Ghost hath sanctified. Universal redemption is a theory unworthy of a God, because it is impossible to separate it from demanding a power of the creature he is totally unable to exercise; but God's sovereign, electing love is a conception fraught with purpose and design, and worthy of its great Originator.

(2) *It is an exhibition of the matchless love of the Father*.—Oh, how the poor soul will feel this, and be melted under its consideration!

“ Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”

“ To think that the Lord should ever have loved one so unworthy!” Such will be the language of his grateful heart.

Are you saved, dear reader? the matchless love of the Father is the basis of your salvation.

(3) *It proves the perfection of the work of Jesus*.—He came into this world not to work out a random project, but for a distinct purpose; hence, when He had worked it out, He could say, “ I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.” He could not have said, “ I have finished the work ” if that work had been universal redemption; but, whether man will believe it or not, “ He did see ” (as Isaiah prophesied) “ of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied.” Again,

(4) *It shows the certainty of the work of the Spirit*.—The divine plan of salvation is not merely *infallible* as a whole, but it is *efficacious* in its operation.

With the theory of universal redemption it must depend upon the creature; and consequently there could be no efficacy, but constant uncertainty. The Spirit might strive and man resist, the result being endless confusion; but that the Spirit worketh out the love of the Father, revealing Christ to His chosen, is distinct and certain.

Thus, then, our election is of God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Some say, “ If we believe, then are we elected.” This is an absurdity. In every-day affairs, in connexion with the valued institutions of our land, it is plain enough that the election does not rest with the benefited, but with the benefactor; yet, when it comes to spiritual things, cavillers say, “ No, it is the benefited that have the power, and not the Benefactor.” This is a most incomprehensible theory, and one that cannot stand good for a moment. Be it ours, reader, to believe, that

“ If God the Spirit has renewed my soul,
Then God the Son redeemed me with His blood,
And I am God the Father's sovereign choice.”

And now, beloved, let us further draw your attention to some of

II. THE BLESSINGS THAT THE REALIZATION OF THIS PRECIOUS DOCTRINE BRINGS TO THE SOUL.

There is an impressive desire often thoughtlessly uttered—"Make Thy chosen people joyful;" and this is quite in the spirit of the Article of the Church of England before referred to, which states, "The godly consideration of predestination, and our election in Christ, is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons." We most heartily add our Amen to that statement, for to our mind it brings one to—

1. *Firmness of standing.*—Freewill is a shifting sand: free grace a solid rock. Universal redemption is nothing to lay hold of; but the election of God is a safe anchorage. The choice of the creature would inevitably be fluctuating: the choice of Jehovah is the believer's security.

Let my faith lay hold of such a declaration as the following, and I feel "He hath set my feet upon a rock:" "I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." God's "I will" and "they shall," will do to rest upon for time and eternity. No other scheme could bring me into such firmness and standing. Again, the doctrine of election brings

2. *Fruitfulness of soul.*—"For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. ii. 10). This passage may well silence the blasphemy before alluded to, that the elect of God may live indifferently, it matters not. God's word declares that they are "created in Christ Jesus unto good works." And, furthermore, the doctrine of God's electing love gives,

3. *Foretastes of glory.*—If God has an elect people, which I think we have clearly shown, then must they be elected to something; persons are elected to some tangible benefit, and so are God's chosen ones. They *are* elected to eternal glory. Do you want a Scripture for this assertion? Read Rom. ix. 23: "That He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory, even us, whom He hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles." And this blessed fact is realized by them in hallowed foretastes. True, such seasons are few and far between, still they do know what it is at the foot of the cross sometimes to sing,

"Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze;
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise."

But now there will doubtless spring out of this subject the inquiry,

III. "HOW MAY I KNOW THAT I AM ONE OF GOD'S ELECT?"

This question was once asked of a good old Baptist minister, and his reply was most excellent. "How," said a cavalier, "can we know who are God's elect?" "By their fruits," answered that servant of God. And so it is; and, blessed be our God, He has not left us without evidences in His word for our comfort and peace. For, notice

1. *The elect are effectually called.*—"Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called." I may not be able to tell the hour when thus called, or point to the date when I passed from death unto life; but I felt

the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost, and can say, "One thing I know: whereas I was blind, now I see." It is enough, go thy way, thou art the called of God. Effectual calling may be known by two results: first, it breaks the sinner's heart; second, it effects a change in the life. Put, reader, thine experience to these two tests.

2. *The elect hate sin.*—"According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we *should be holy* and without blame before Him in love." The change in the life effected by the spiritual and internal call of God, will evidence itself in a loathing of sin and an earnest desire to be kept from falling into it. The chosen one will look back upon his days of unregeneracy with perfect horror and hatred of self, and he will desire henceforth to be kept "unspotted from the world." Is it not so, dear Christian reader?

3. *The elect "walk after the Spirit."*—This it is their anxious desire to do day by day, and, if they lean to the movings of the flesh, how poignant is their grief, and how they reproach themselves with ingratitude! "For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit."

4. *The elect pant after Christ.*—They are miserable without the manifestation of His Person. They prove their relationship by their longings for His presence. No language can better describe their feelings than that of David's: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"

5. *The elect "love the brethren."*—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," a simple yet sweet evidence of belonging to the family of God. And is there not a superiority about this love for the members of the family of God (unknown, yet well known), which far surpasses earthly relationship and affection? God forbid that we should undervalue the latter. We have too many dear ones to do this; yet can we say of Jesus, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" and for His sake we love *His loved ones*.

6. *The elect have a hope beyond the grave.*—If a subject of divine grace, the Scriptures assure me I then am an heir of glory. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, *to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away*, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Now, beloved, can your faith lay hold of these evidences? Have you a broken heart? Is your life changed? Do you hate sin; "walk after the Spirit;" pant after Christ; love the brethren; and possess "a hope beyond the grave?" If so, with Paul, we can say, "I am bound to give thanks always to God for you, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." To His dear name to be all the praise! But, if you are saying, "Oh, I fear to put in my claim to be one of God's elect; I am so unworthy," let me remind you that among that royal rank is a frail David, a polluted Joshua, a rebellious Jonah, a guilty Manasseh, a backsliding Peter, a persecuting Saul, a devil-tried Mary Magdalene. *Then why not you?* One thought more, beloved,

Doctrine will issue in practice.—Hence, we are enjoined "to make our calling and election sure." Not that there is any uncertainty in the act

r purpose of God, who hath made with David "an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." It is sure with God; but we are to make it sure to our comfort and peace, by living out our profession, and by walking humbly and meekly in this ungodly world. This drives us to the throne of grace, for grace upon grace so to do. And now we must leave the consideration of this precious doctrine, with the earnest desire that God the Spirit would bless it to the comfort of His elect. Planned in wisdom by the eternal Three before the world was, the produce of the love of the Father, the redemption of the Son, and the gracious power of the Holy Ghost, imparting consolation to the believer in the midst of all his struggles by the way to the eternity of glory in reserve for him.

"Let proud freewill dispute Jehovah's right
To choose a people for His holy name,
And carnal minds revolt at fixed decrees;
I'll glory in the thought that all my peace,
My pardon, life, and joy, yea, all my hope,
My faith and love, flow down in sacred streams
From this grand source, *God's free electing love.*"

South Park, Ilford.

G. C.

LINES ON 1 CHRONICLES IV. 10.

GOOD Jabez, what a prayer is thine!
But oh, methinks that prayer is mine,
For oft I'm glad thy words to use,
When faith is prone her hold to lose.

My soul, what meaning in that word,
And Jabez *called* upon the Lord"—
In Israel's God; and who was He,
Save th' Incarnate Mystery?

And oh, how precious is the thought
That he was "called," as well as bought,
And, being called, behold, he prayed,
And thus were his petitions made:

Oh that Thou wouldst me bless indeed,"

How me I'm Thine in *very deed*,
That blessings, grasping all in one,
Received by faith, then all is done.

For ye are Christ's, and Christ is
yours,

His life, your endless life secures,
Things present and to come made
o'er—

Brethren, what can we wish for more,
Save that which Jabez longed for too?

"Enlargement;" for in Christ he
knew

There was a length, and depth, and
height,

Unfathomed, e'en by faith's pure light.

Leamington.

"Enlarge my coast," within he cried;
Spread there Thy kingdom, there abide!
"And that Thy hand may be with me,"
To guide and keep me constantly.

Thyself revealed, by day and night,
In seasons dark as well as light,
Hid in the hollow of that hand,
How safe from harm Thy people stand.

Well might good Jabez fear indeed
One step, but where that hand would
lead;

And now he lifts his voice again,
Nor shall a Jabez pray in vain.

He prayed from evil to be kept,
For he might fail, if he were left.
In pardoned sin he might believe,
Yet the least sin must make him grieve.

His holy God he gloried in,
And what he hated most was sin.
So Jabez chose the safest way—
For all he needed, fell to pray.

So let us do, ourselves distrust,
Knowing we are but sinful dust;
This is our courage, Lord, to plead,
For 'twas for such that Thou didst bleed.

What was the end of Jabez' prayer?
God granted what he asked for there;
And every kindred Jabez, too,
Shall find an answer come as true.

A. E.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—EccL. xii. 10.

THE SWEET EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S ISRAEL DURING THEIR WARFARE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Having, by the kindness of the Lord, more than once realized the blessing that maketh poor, and that maketh rich, on and after perusal of the following extract from dear Ralph Erskine, I am induced to send it you for insertion in the Magazine. May the dear Lord get to Himself glory and honour, in again blessing the reading of it to the souls of poor Israelites, who often find, to their sad cost, the nations of corruptions to be alive and powerful, as this gradual conquest, "by little and little," declares.

Yours, in hope of final deliverance and everlasting rest, through Jesus Christ,
A POOR SINNER.

"The Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee, by little and little."

By how many littles in the believer's lifetime, this warfare is carried on, who can tell? How many little recoveries, little revivings, little supplies, little supports, little strengthening meals, little sin-killing antidotes, little soul-strengthening cordials—how many of these little sweet things or sweet little things, the Lord their God allows them from time to time, that little by little they may gain the day, it is not possible to tell, they are so many. The poor fighting believer may get a thousand of them in a year, and ten thousand of them in his lifetime; and perhaps more than half-a-score of them at one communion. Sometimes he gets a little new discovery of the glorious Captain, after He hath been long out of sight, and hiding Himself; and a new sight of the glory of the Lord fills the Israelite's heart with new life and courage, and hope of prevailing, for then he sees Christ to be a full magazine of all military provision, and an open magazine to give out armour for the war; and so he becomes "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." Indeed, so many little glances of the glory of Christ that the believer gets, so many little victories does he get over the enemy. Again, sometimes he gets a little outpouring of the spirit of prayer, and of the Spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father: "O Father," may he say, "pity a poor child harassed with the devil, and captivated by the power of indwelling lusts and corruptions." Oh, but this gives the believer a little ease and relief, when he can get his heart poured out into the bosom of his best and most glorious Friend, complaining of the tyranny of the tempter, and the prevailing of the nations. Here is a little victory, when he gets a little grace to put the enemies of his soul into the hands of his Captain, saying, "Vengeance, Lord, vengeance be executed upon these enemies, that dishonour Thy name, and disturb the peace of my soul." Again, sometimes he gets a little discovery of the enemy's power and policy and strongest holds; so, as knowing the depths of Satan, and not being ignorant of his devices, the believer is thereby put in case to be upon his guard: and especially he is made to see and observe the old man of sin, that deadly cut-throat that lies within his own bosom. And, while he is bemoaning himself with Ephraim, and crying out with Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" the enemy is losing ground. Again,

sometimes he gets a little communication of life, after a deadness of spirit that seized him; and a little recovery after a fit of the falling-sickness and backsliding: and the new communication of life and health to the soul, makes him start up to his feet again, renew the assault, and pursue the enemy with more vigour and resolution than ever, like a man that grows stronger than before.

Indeed, that spiritual sickness of the believer is not unto death, but unto the glory of God; which, his being recovered from, makes him fight more courageously, and watch more carefully against the enemy, than ever he did. Again, sometimes he gets a little grip of a promise, such as that, "I will subdue thine iniquity; sin shall not have dominion over thee: fear not, for I am with Thee; the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." And, having these promises, he is encouraged to the holy war, namely, to cleanse himself "from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord." Why, the promise takes hold of his heart, and his heart takes hold of the promises; and herein he sees that the Strength of Israel is engaged to carry him through the host of his enemies. And thus every little grip of a promise by faith is a little victory; there needs no more to give chase to the enemy, than a little upstirring of faith on a promising God in Christ, and dependence on Him, under the conduct of His Spirit. Again, sometimes he gets a little race to wait upon the Lord, while the promise is not yet accomplished, until he bring forth judgment unto victory; and "the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him; he that believeth shall not make haste," knowing, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Hence the believer will find that his strength is to sit still, and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. Again, sometimes he gets a little godly sorrow, that works repentance unto life. Gospel repentance, issuing from a sight of a crucified Christ, brings along with it a rain of artillery for subduing the enemy. "What carefulness does it work," says the apostle; "yea, what clearing of ourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge!" (2 Cor. vii. 11.)

When the heart is melting before the Lord in godly sorrow, oh, what revenge is it meditating against the nations of lusts and corruptions! Oh, how glad would the believer be then to wash his hands in the blood of his spiritual enemies! For, at the same time, he gets a little resentment of his own ingratitude, saying, "Oh, do I thus requite the Lord, O foolish and unwise?"—a little holy shame and blushing before the Lord, at the thoughts of his own brutishness, saying, "Behold, I am vile!"—and a little soul-debasement, casting indignity upon himself, and giving glory to the Lord, saying, "Truth, Lord, I am a dog, I am a beast, I am a devil; but yet I come to Thee, to cast out the devil, and get glory to Thy name." Further, sometimes he gets a little intimation of peace and pardon—a little sprinkling of the blood of Christ upon the conscience, to purge it from dead works; and a little application of that blood by the hand of the Spirit, showing him that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. And, his bloody banner of the Lamb being displayed, makes the nations to flee before Him. They overcome by the blood of the Lamb. Sometimes they get a little opening of the heart, like Lydia, at the hearing of the word; insomuch, that their hearts, that were dead within them like a stone, or ever they are aware, take life and need fire, with a word of grace, a word of power; and, the more the heart opens to let in the King of glory,

the more is the enemy shut out. Sometimes they get a little freedom and boldness at the throne of grace, when they come thither to "obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need:" and, when there, they get a little strength to wrestle with the Lord for a blessing, saying, "Lord, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." They get even power with God Himself, as it is said of Jacob (Hos. xii. 4): "He had power over the angel, and prevailed." And, when a man is an overcomer in this sense, to have power with God, much more will he have power over the nations of enemies: "To him that overcometh will I give power over the nations" (Rev. ii. 26). Sometimes they get a little anointing of the oil of gladness wherewith Christ is anointed above His fellows; and then the joy of the Lord is their strength; and a little shower of the sanctifying and comforting influences of the Spirit of Christ, for watering their graces, and drowning their corruptions. Sometimes they get a little look and glance of the kind and compassionate eye of Christ, even after a denial, as He gave to Peter; and, when they find Him thus graciously looking to them, and kindly rebuking them, they go out, and weep bitterly: and, while they are shedding the tears of faith, they are shedding the blood of their enemies. Sometimes they get a little back-look upon an old experience of the Lord's putting the enemy to flight before them, saying, "I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar;" or a little back-look upon an old promise that the Lord gave them with power: and, when they are helped to plead it, saying, "Lord, remember the word on which Thou hast caused me to hope," the enemy gets a new dash. Sometimes they get a little opening of the door of hope in the valley of Achor, the lively hope of the heavenly Canaan through the resurrection of Christ; and this hope is the sinew of holy war; for, as hope makes not ashamed, so he that hath this hope purifieth himself; and according to the measure of this hope, is the measure of victory. Sometimes they get a little pull of the cord of love, so as to get the love of God shed abroad upon their heart, and then the love of Christ constrains them; the love of the Captain draws them to the field where love is the signal for war, Christ's love, I mean: "His banner over me was love," says the Church. His love both leads the van and fences the rear; and, when the flame of His love to them kindles a flame of love in their hearts to Him, then a flaming sword is drawn in the face of the enemy, the banner of love beats down the nations. Again, they sometimes get a little spiritual sense to carry on the spiritual war; for instance, sometimes a little hearing of the voice of Christ, so as to know the powerful sound of it above a thousand voices; and then their heart leaps within them, saying, "It is the voice of my Beloved; behold, He cometh skipping upon the mountains, and leaping upon the hills." Sometimes they get a little sight of God in Christ, and then they can endure hardship, as good soldiers of Christ; thus they endure as seeing Him that is invisible; "counting the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." Sometimes they get a little touch of the hem of Christ's garment by faith, a little touch of His name, His offices, His blood, His righteousness, or whatever hem it be; virtue comes from Him to stop the bloody issue, and stop the enemies' motion. Sometimes they get a little taste that the Lord is gracious; and it is like the taste of Jonathan's honeycomb: the more they taste of the honey of free grace, the greater is the slaughter among the Philistines. Sometimes they get a little smell of the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, and it restores their fainting soul: all Christ's garments are said to smell of aloes,

myrrh, and cassia. And the believer may be said to get a smell of the raiment, a smell of the rose, when Christ is precious to him above all things. And, when all these spiritual senses are exercised, then they may be said to be exercising their arms, making havoc among their enemies, and successfully gaining ground upon them. In a word, He gives them sometimes a little breathing in the air of spiritual meditation: "My meditation of Him shall be sweet." And, when Christ is sweet, sin is bitter, and the battle against it a bitter battle. He gives them here a little and there a little, and, "by little and little, puts out the nations before them."

I have mentioned many particulars, but yet there is no mentioning all the *littles* that believers will experience during the time of their warfare; only as you see how, "by little and little," their Captain brings them to the field of battle, and how, "by little and little," He carries on the conquest in their hand, it is the Lord their God alone that does it; it is He that conquered their enemies; it is He that helps them to chase the conquered, for it is He that bought their armour; He bought their shield, and sword, and breastplate, and helmet; and it is He that, as He bought them with His blood, so He puts on their weapons, and girds them with strength for war. It is He that rubs off the rust off their arms, when at any time they are out of use, by blowing up their graces, and giving them strength to exercise grace; and it is He that carries on the victory to perfection, by giving "power to the faint; and to him that hath no might He increaseth strength," from time to time, till in death He end the warfare, by driving out all the nations, so as never to be seen again. "The Lord thy God will put out these nations, before thee, by little and little."

A KING'S ESTIMATE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

A STRIKING anecdote is related of George III., showing his love for and value of the word of God: A little page boy was taken into the palace, and, when one of the attendants brought him before his royal master, the king was found on his knees with the Bible, in prayer to the King of kings and Lord of lords. "My boy," said the monarch, "have you a mother?" "No, your Majesty." "Have you a father?" "No, your Majesty." "Then, my boy, I will be a father to you, but you must study this word; there you will find a Father in heaven." Thus did our earthly sovereign teach a poor boy to know that book which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." And, whilst in the service of a monarch below, he learnt the way to that kingdom above where there are crowns of *glory* which fade not away.

My dear reader, whoever or whatever you may be, this story has a lesson for you. If, through divine grace, you are amongst the number of the saved ones, being washed from all your sins in the precious blood of Christ, there is a work for you—whether high or low, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, it matters little: there is a work for *you*. Do you feel this? Have you cried, "Lord, what wouldest Thou have *me* to do?" How solemn the responsibility which rests upon every new-born soul! How ready is the heart prompting the desire to do some *great* thing, or to think, that, if placed in a different, and what appears *to you*, a more favourable, position, you could do such and such a work. Not so, my reader; it is not the place God regards, but the way in which the place is filled. Be

you *where* you may, or *what* you may, as to this world, you have an influence and a talent to use for Him who loved you and gave Himself for you. "The love of Christ *constraineth* us." If you know that you have been delivered from the wrath to come, and bought with a price, even the precious blood of God's own Son, your cry must be, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" Can you, Christian, live day after day and not be solemnly anxious for the souls of others? You, who are saved *yourself*, will you not seek to lead others to Jesus, the only Refuge? Oh, be up and doing! Time is short; eternity is at hand. Souls—immortal souls—are perishing all around you, and soon will the door of mercy be shut for *ever, ever, ever*; and your working day over and gone for *ever, ever, ever*! Let us, then, beloved in the Lord, bestir ourselves, seeking, in the strength which He alone can give, to be, "in season and out of season,"

"Telling to others all around
What a dear Saviour we have found;"

knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. Various are the ways in which we can serve Him. May be, in *suffering His will*, laid low in sickness or sorrow; but He will give to each one of His children the right place in the vineyard and in the furnace, and, when the work and trial is ended here, He will say to each, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Servant of God, well done!
Cease from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

Amen.

E. M. S.

Brighton.

THE RICHES OF GRACE.

[FROM our inmost soul we believe that the Lord will sometimes go down, as it were, into the very depths of hell to fetch up His redeemed ones; in other words, that He will, here and there, according to the richness and fulness of His free and sovereign grace, arrest a soul apparently doomed to destruction. As with Saul of Tarsus, on his mad and murderous errand to Damascus, He will "pluck" such as "brands from the burning," and, in spite of all their previous course and fixed purposes and intentions to the contrary, make them trophies of His superabounding love and mercy. Reader, did you ever hear of the three wonders? If we get to heaven at last, we shall wonder not to see those there whom we expected to see; we shall wonder at seeing those whom we did not expect to see; and the greatest wonder of all will be, that we are there ourselves.]

In the course of reading, we met with the subjoined. We doubt not that it is only a sample of many such cases; and that, when at the last the Lord comes to make up His jewels, there will be among them multitudes of the most marvellous examples of saved sinners who were once among the most degraded, abandoned, and apparently-hopelessly-lost ones. "Shall not the prey be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered?"—EDITOR.]

THE ACTRESS AND THE COTTAGER'S FAMILY.

AN actress in one of the English provincial or country theatres, was one day passing through the streets of the town in which she then resided,

when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices, which she heard in a poor cottage before her. Curiosity prompted her to look in at an open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom, at the moment of her observation, was giving out the following hymn, which the others joined in singing :—

“Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?”

The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not. The words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter by the woman of the house, who had observed her standing at the door. She complied, and remained during a prayer which was offered up by one of the little company; and, uncouth as the expressions might seem in her ears, they carried with them a conviction of sincerity on the part of the person then employed. She quitted the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her; she could not banish them from her mind, and at last she resolved to procure the book which contained the hymn. The more she read it, the more decided her serious impressions became. She attended the ministry of the Gospel, read her hitherto neglected and despised Bible, and bowed herself in humility and contrition of heart before Him whose mercy she felt she needed, whose sacrifices are those of a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and who has declared that therewith He is well pleased.

Her profession she determined at once, and for ever, to renounce; and for some little time excused herself from appearing on the stage, without, however, disclosing her change of sentiments, or making known her resolution finally to leave it.

The manager of the theatre called upon her one morning, and requested her to sustain the principal character in a new play which was to be performed the next week for his benefit. She had frequently performed this character to general admiration; but she now, however, told him her resolution never to appear as an actress again, at the same time giving her reasons. At first he attempted to overcome her scruples by ridicule, but this was unavailing; he then represented the loss he should incur by her refusal, and concluded his arguments by promising, that, if to oblige him she would act on this occasion, it should be the last request of the kind he would ever make. Unable to resist his solicitations, she promised to appear, and on the appointed evening went to the theatre. The character she assumed required her, on her first entrance, to sing a song; and, when the curtain was drawn up, the orchestra immediately began the accompaniment; but she stood as if lost in thought, and as one forgetting all around her, and her own situation. The music ceased, but she did not sing; and, supposing her to be overcome by embarrassment, the band again commenced. A second time they paused for her to begin, and still she did not open her lips. A third time the air was played, and then, with clasped hands, and eyes suffused with tears, she sang, not the words of the song, but—

“Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?”

It is almost needless to add, that the performance was suddenly ended; many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to “consider their ways,” and to reflect on the wonderful power of that re-

ligion which could so influence the heart and change the life of one hitherto so vain, and so evidently pursuing the road which leadeth to destruction.

It would be satisfactory to the reader to know that the change in Miss —— was as permanent as it was singular; she walked consistently with her profession of religion for many years, and at length became the wife of a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER.”

A SEA captain of a profligate character, who commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America, during the last war, once took on board a man as a common sailor, to serve during the voyage, just as he was leaving port. The new-comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome, untractable disposition, a furious blasphemer and drunkard. Besides these disqualifications, he was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or counterfeited ignorance to escape duty: in short, he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and refused obstinately to give any account of himself, or his family, or past life.

At length a violent storm arose; all hands were piped upon deck, and all, as the captain thought, seemed too few to save the ship. When the men were mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and my friend went below to seek for him; great was his surprise at finding him on his knees, repeating the Lord's prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless reiterations. Vexed at what he deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, exclaiming, “*Say your prayers in fair weather.*” The man rose up, observing in a low voice, “God grant I may ever see fair weather to say them.”

In a few hours the storm happily abated, a week more brought them to harbour, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain; the more easily, as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and appeared not again.

Four years more had elapsed, during which, though the captain had twice been shipwrecked, and was grievously hurt by the falling of a spar, he pursued without amendment a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period, he arrived in the port of New York, after a very tedious and dangerous voyage from England.

It was on a Sabbath morning, and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to the several houses of worship with which that city abounds; but the captain was bent on far other occupation, designing to drown the recollection of perils and deliverances, in a celebrated tavern which he had too long and too often frequented.

As he walked leisurely towards this goal, he encountered a very dear friend, a quondam associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain seized him by the arm, declaring that he should accompany him to the hotel. “I will do so,” replied the other, with great calmness, “on condition that you come with me first for a single hour into this house (a church), and thank God for His mercies to you on the deep.” The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the temple together. Already all the seats were occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisle; but, by dint of personal exertion, they succeeded in

reaching a position right in front of the pulpit, at about five yards' distance. The preacher, one of the most popular of the day, riveted the attention of the entire congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice, though he could not assign any time or place of previous meeting, seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eye fell upon the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused—still gazing upon the captain, as if to make himself sure that he laboured under no optical delusion—and, after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that shook the building, "*Say your prayers in fair weather.*"

The hearers were lost in amazement, nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed that the preacher recovered sufficient self-possession to recount the incident with which the reader is already acquainted, adding, with deep emotion, that the words which his captain uttered in the storm, had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears—that he felt the holy call as coming direct from above, to do the work of his crucified Master—that he had studied at college for the ministry, and was now, through grace, such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of this affecting address, he called on the audience to join in prayer with himself, that the same words might be blessed in turn to him who first had used them. But God had outrun their petitions; before the captain's former shipmate had ceased to tell his story, the power of the Spirit had wrought effectually upon him, and subdued every lofty imagination; and, when the people dispersed, he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he tarried six weeks, and parted from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to the service of his Saviour, and with holy and happy assurances which advancing years hallowed, strengthened, and sanctified.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GLOOMY DEATH; OR, THE WARNING TO HIS THREE PROFLIGATE SONS.

A pious parent had three sons, who, notwithstanding all his admonitions and instructions, mingled with many prayers and tears, grew up to manhood in scepticism and profligacy. The father lay dying; and, conceiving that it might perhaps produce a good impression on the minds of his abandoned children, to let them see how a Christian died, the friends of the family introduced them to the bedside of their expiring parent. But, to their unspeakable grief, the good man died without any expression of Christian confidence, and appeared destitute of those strong consolations which believers in Jesus usually experience in the closing scene. It was now apprehended that the effect of this melancholy circumstance on the young men would be, to confirm them in their prejudice against religion, and afford them, in their opinion, a sufficient evidence that it was a cunningly-devised fable. However, it was not so: the ways of God are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts. A few days after the funeral, the younger brother entered the room in which the two others were; and, observing that he had been weeping, they inquired the cause of his grief. "I have been thinking," said he, "of the death of our father." "Ah," said they, "a dismal death it was; what truth or reality can there be in religion, when such a man as he died in such a state of

mind?" "It has not affected me in this way," replied the younger brother; "we all know what a holy life our father led, and what a gloomy death he died; now I have been thinking how dreadful our death must be, who lead such a wicked life!" The observation was like an arrow to their consciences; they began to be alarmed, and repaired to the ordinances of religion, which, in their father's lifetime they had neglected, and ultimately became as eminent for godliness as their exemplary parent had been.

"BREAD SHALL BE GIVEN THEE."

In a large and populous village, in one of the hundreds, or wapentakes of Yorkshire, lived a poor, but honest and pious man, whose name was Jonathan. He was an afflicted man, and much paralyzed by disease. He had a wife and two or three children, whose chief dependence in life was upon his small earnings. Jonathan was patient, industrious, and persevering in his efforts to provide for himself and for his household, all of whom were content with homely fare. At the time the writer of this account knew him, he might be from forty to fifty years of age. Amongst other occurrences of his life (he says) I distinctly recollect the following, which he related to me:—

During the time of harvest, while employed in gathering the fruits of the earth, he accidentally slipped from the top of a barley-mow, and sprained one or both his ankles; in consequence of which he was confined to his room and bed for some weeks. It is unnecessary to state that in the meantime his family must have felt the loss of his weekly labour and income. His wife, on one occasion, went upstairs into his room weeping. "What is the matter?" said Jonathan; "what is distressing thee?" "Why, the children are crying for something to eat, and I have nothing to give them," was the affecting reply. "Hast thou faith in God?" asked Jonathan; "dost thou believe in His providence and His word? Has He not said, 'Bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure?' (Isa. xxxiii. 16.) Kneel down," he continued, "at the bedside, and pray to God. Tell Him how thy children are circumstanced; that they have no bread; that thou hast nothing wherewith to buy them any; and I will also pray. Who can tell what God may do? He heareth prayer."

Jonathan and his wife prayed earnestly together; they pleaded the promises of God, and waited the result. Soon afterwards a person came to the door with a loaf of bread. She came from a house in the immediate neighbourhood of Jonathan, the occupier of which was one of several branches of a family who were proprietors of very extensive ironworks, carried on in the village where Jonathan lived. No sooner did the good woman receive the loaf of bread, than she ran to Jonathan to tell him how God had answered their prayer. "Now," said Jonathan, "before anything else be done, kneel down at the bedside, and return thanks to God for having heard our prayer." She did so; they praised His name together, and then ate their food with gladness and with singleness of heart. Not many hours elapsed before another kind interposition of Providence presented itself. A second visitor brought them a joint of meat. When this was told Jonathan, he replied to his wife, "Ay; see, God is even better than His word! He promised bread, and He sends flesh in addition. Kneel down, and thank Him again."

THE REV. RICHARD LUCKIN.

AT the close of a day of deep exercise and anxiety I recently remembered it was the preaching night of one whom I used to hear with great satisfaction and profit thirty years ago. I, therefore, made for his chapel. It was the same face that occupied the desk, but oh, how aged! His testimony, however, was that of one *ripe for glory*. Among many precious remarks was the following; "The enemy of souls will sometimes thus argue: 'Well, now, the work of such an one is nearly done; in four or five years at most he will be no more. I will meanwhile worry him all I can.'" Thought I, "How true!" It brings to mind the remark of dear HENRY FOWLER, somewhere about the same period to which I just now referred. "Sometimes I say, 'What, Lord, am I not perfect in this lesson yet? Must I be taught it over and over again?' Well, if it is for the comfort and well-being of any of Thy family, Thy will be done!"

As I walk the streets of London, and think of those of His dear servants who have either gone the way of all the earth, or whose years are evidently rapidly declining, I say within myself, "And is there hope for *me* also, that, when I have done and suffered what He willeth for me, *I* shall be called home also?" The hope seems almost too good—too great—too glorious to be true; and yet again, when I think who they are and whence they came who are now before the throne, I say, "Why should I despair, sinner as *am*—so vile and so unprofitable? for it is 'not by works of righteousness which *we* have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.'"

Upon the recent occasion of hearing Mr. LUCKIN to which I have alluded, I could not help thinking how much the Lord's people lose by neglecting the ordinances of His house. Not only is the testimony of His servants oftentimes most suitable and precious, but also the hymns and songs of praise. I remember how suitable they were on this occasion; for example, that well-known verse occurred, commencing

"True, 'tis a straight and thorny road."

 CALLED HOME!

ON Wednesday, May 15th, in the present year, a dear child of God earnestly requested her husband to accompany her to the evening service at St. James', Holloway. At first he declined, on account of the cold which, it will be remembered, at that time prevailed. He afterwards consented, however, and went. Returning, he said to his wife, "My dear, how loudly you sang at church to-night; I wish you could sing at home as you did there." The hymn had been, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "I love to find myself singing among the people of God," was the wife's reply; "but I don't care to hear simply my own voice at home." In a minute or so afterwards, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I have lost my foot," and almost immediately dropped at her husband's side. It was a seizure from which she never recovered, but, in about two hours, passed away peacefully to her eternal rest. Little did she think when saying how she loved to find herself singing among the people of God, that she was so soon to join the Church of the Firstborn in the hallelujahs of heaven. Well did her minister (the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie) say, "*She* lost her foot, but it was found on the Rock of Ages." Reader, how and where stands our immortal soul? Would sudden death be to you, as doubtless it was to this blessed woman, sudden glory?

Pilgrim Papers.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

“That from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.”—2 TIM. iii. 15.

EVERY faithful minister of the New Testament has two subjects given him in this book, which he must declare to the people—sin and salvation. For this he has the command of God, and the example of the Lord Jesus Christ. And this command he must obey; this example he must follow. Does he fail to declare unto the sinner his sin; that by birth he is a sinner, that by practice he is a sinner, and that faithfully, justly, and lovingly? Then is he not faithful to the trust committed to him by God. Does he fail to set forth the Lord Jesus Christ as the only and almighty Saviour? Does he preach a Gospel which is pleasing to man, teaching that man can do something towards his salvation; that Christ died only as an example; that salvation is not of free and sovereign grace? Does he speak of the Holy Spirit as an Influence, not as a Person, One in the blessed Trinity? Then, brethren, does he not follow the example of the Lord Jesus Christ. If God is to be obeyed and glorified, if Christ is to be magnified, if the Gospel of God's free and sovereign grace must be preached, Christ's one sacrifice for the sins of His people of Adam's fallen race must be declared; that the Holy Spirit is God must be proclaimed; that salvation is of Christ alone without any mixture of human merit must be urged; and that man is completely and totally corrupt and sinful must be taught.

Now, dear brethren, what subject more fitting to the present occasion* could we have than the one now brought before us—that the Scriptures are the only safe guide as regards the matter of the sinner's salvation?

In our text we have two things introduced to our notice:—

I. What Timothy *knew*—“the Holy Scriptures.”

II. What Timothy *found*—“they are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.”

I. Mark what Timothy knew—“the Holy Scriptures.”

The Bible is called “the Holy Scriptures,” because it has been written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; because it is full of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Holy One of God; and because it commands holiness of life.

1. The Scriptures are called the Holy Scriptures, *because* they have been written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He taught the prophets to write the histories and prophecies which we have in the Old Testament. See what the apostle says in the verse following our text, “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” Mark, also, what St. Peter says in 2 Pet. i. 21, “The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” Now that this was the case will be evident to you all, if you examine the language of Scripture further on this point. David says, in 2 Sam. xxiii. 2, “The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue.” The prophets say, “The Lord spake by me;” “The

* This sermon was preached on the occasion of the commencement of a Sunday Afternoon Service in St. James' Church, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

word of the Lord came unto me." And, if each book of the Old Testament was thus written, surely the books of the New Testament were so also, for the apostles who wrote them had the Holy Spirit to guide them, and to bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever the Lord Jesus Christ had spoken unto them; for observe what is said in John xiv. 26, "That the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." In chap. xvi. 13 also, "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come."

2. The Scriptures are called *holy*, because *they are full of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the "Holy One of God,"* and who is spoken of as "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." To use the language of an old writer, "He is the sum of the whole Bible, prophesied, prefigured, exhibited, demonstrated, to be found in every leaf, almost in every line: the Scriptures being but as it were the swaddling bands of the Child Jesus. Christ is the main, the centre whither all these lines are referred. He was wrapt up in those obscure shadows, the tree of life, Noah's ark, Jacob's ladder: He was called the expectation of the nations, longed and looked for, more than health to the sick, or life to the dying."

3. Not only are the Scriptures called "the *Holy Scriptures*," because they are full of Christ, but also, *because they command holiness of life.* They tell us that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord:" that "There shall in nowise enter into it" (*i. e.*, the new Jerusalem) "anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie" (Rev. xxi. 27). But the Scriptures do not leave us here. They tell us how holiness is to be obtained—by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is of God made unto His people "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." They tell us of the Spirit of holiness, that Spirit whose office it is to make the hearts of God's children holy. Now how does the Spirit do this? I reply, By the Scriptures. For remember our Lord's prayer, "Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth." And this the apostle found: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass" (*i. e.*, the word) "the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

Such, then, are the Holy Scriptures which Timothy knew. Now when did he know them? Our text says, "from a child." From a child, mark ye, he had known the Holy Scriptures. What a word is this for parents! Timothy's mother, Eunice, was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. She had taught her young son to read this holy book. She had taken him, while a Jewess, to the synagogue where God's word was read. But more, she instructed him at home. Yea, she would not fail to pray for and with her child, that God's word and her own instruction might be blessed to her young Timothy. Dear friends, do you follow her example? do you follow up the teaching in God's house, and the teaching in the Sunday-school, by your own teaching; and by praying for, and with your children?

But I would speak to the children. Be like Timothy, *know the Holy Scriptures.* Be not content with knowing merely the letter of the word. Seek to know Him of whom the Scriptures speak, even Jesus, and, let me say, ask the Holy Spirit to teach you, for He only can enable a little child

to understand the Scriptures. Be diligent, be prayerful, for, remember this, "The diligent soul shall be made fat." Now, observe

II. What Timothy *found*—"They are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The Scriptures are able to make a sinner wise unto salvation, since they reveal the salvation which the Lord God has provided for His people, sinners of mankind, no matter what their age, or what their condition. Now this salvation is called in several places in the Scriptures, *the salvation of God*, because it is the work of God the Father, of God the Son, and of God the Holy Ghost.

1. In the *first* place, *salvation is of God the Father*. He is the Contriver of it. For see how the case stands. His justice and His holiness demanded the eternal death of every sinner. Must, then, every one die? "God is love;" and therefore His love, grace, wisdom, and power contrived a way in which sinners might be saved, and yet no violence be done to His justice and holiness. But how? By His Son satisfying that justice, and vindicating the honour of that holiness, by dying upon the cross. Now, behold the greatness of that love for His chosen people. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son" (John iii. 16). "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 9, 10). This was the errand on which He sent His Son. But it was not an uncertain errand on which He sent Him. He gave Him, not that all might have a *chance* of salvation, but *to save*—to save His people, sinners of Adam's ruined race—those whom He hath loved with an everlasting love; those whom He hath chosen out of the world, and given to His Son; whose names He hath written in the Lamb's book of life, from the foundation of the world, and whom He hath made heirs of salvation. For remember what is said in 2 Thess. ii. 13, "But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." And in 2 Tim. i. 9, "Who hath saved us, and called us . . . not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

Remember, then, that salvation is of God the Father, and this will enable you to understand the expressions, "Thy salvation," "His salvation," "The salvation of God."

2. But, in the *second* place, no less is *salvation of God the Son, the Lord Jesus Christ*. Did the Father love His people in contriving salvation for them, and in giving His dear Son to die for them? Not less is the love of God the Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. As a proof of His great love, behold Him leaving the mansions of bliss, becoming Man; yea, a Child; that, as a child, He might obey the law for little children. Behold Him becoming a Servant to His own law, that He might obey the law in all its parts, and so establish a perfect, complete, and everlasting righteousness for His people, that "He might be unto them the Lord their Righteousness," "the end of the law for righteousness," and that they might be accepted by His Father. But, more, behold greater love than even this. Were His people, as sinners, under the curse, liable to the wrath to come, in danger of eternal death? That curse He has endured; that wrath has been inflicted upon Him; that death He has died. For, mark the language of Scripture, "Christ hath

redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13); "Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come" (1 Thess. i. 10); "Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death [in its penal character], and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel" (2 Tim. i. 10). Here, brethren, here is the love of the God-man, Christ Jesus. Behold its greatness, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us as an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour." Do, I beseech you, lay hold upon this blessed truth, that the sufferings by which the Church's salvation has been secured were strictly and entirely penal. My brethren, you know the meaning of that word penal. It means, by way of punishment. Just as it is said in Isaiah liii. 5, 8, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "For the transgression of my people was He stricken." And how complete a salvation has Christ Jesus obtained for His people—one containing each and every spiritual and temporal blessing which they can possibly need—faith, pardon, repentance, peace, righteousness, adoption, strength, food, raiment, shelter, health, guidance, and, finally, glory.

And, dear hearers, remember He is the Saviour still. True, the work of salvation was finished when He died upon the cross, but He is the Saviour still. He now lives for the preservation of His saved people, and for the application to them of His free, complete, and eternal salvation. He now lives to ensure the salvation of all the chosen seed, to see to His sheep being brought into a saving knowledge of Himself, that they may be partakers of the salvation which is in Him, with eternal glory. And only will He cease to be the Saviour when all the ransomed family of God has been gathered together in one—when He sees for whom He shed His blood, and presents them to His Father, with "Behold I and the children which Thou hast given me."

3. Further, mark, in the *third place*, salvation is of God, *because it is of God the Holy Spirit*; because He only can convey it to the hearts of His people. It is not education, it is not reason, it is not argument, it is not the tears of parents, it is not their influence, it is not their holy conduct; no, it is the Holy Spirit of God. I do not say but that He makes use of all these as means. I do not say but that He doth adopt any of these, and all of these, from time to time, as mediums by which He works. But He is the Source, the Spring of all the movements; and, till He touches, all is dead—till He removes the stony heart, all is lifeless.

Who can effectually convince of sin but the Holy Spirit? Who can believe in the Lord Jesus Christ until he is born again of the Holy Spirit? Who can receive Christ until the Spirit shows him his want of Christ? Who can pray until he has been taught by the Spirit? Who can understand anything savingly until he has been enlightened by the Spirit? Not one. And, as He commences the work of salvation within, so will He carry it on and perfect it. He will conform the child of God to the image of Christ. He will strengthen for duty, guide in perplexity, comfort in sorrow, and encourage when discouraged. He will abide in the Lord's saved people as the Spirit of adoption, of wisdom, and of might; and as the Comforter, until they come safe to glory.

Dear brethren, do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity? Then believe in the Trinity as concerned in salvation; the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit, set upon the same individuals, and manifested in *securing* their salvation. Deny this, and you deny the Trinity. Affirm that the

Father loves more than either the Son or the Spirit love; or affirm that Christ loves more than the Father and the Spirit love, and you deny the Trinity; that they are one and the same in wisdom, power, and love.

But now how is this salvation to be enjoyed? I reply, Only by faith. Not by feelings, nor by works, nor even by prayers; but only by faith. For observe well the language of Scripture on this point: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Mark well the jailor's inquiry and the apostle's reply: "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." By faith, I say, is salvation enjoyed; and yet that is not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. God's free and unmerited gift, the purchase of His dear Son's blood, and the effect of the Holy Spirit's work in the heart (Phil. i. 29; Gal. v. 22). But this is communicated by means of the preached word. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Sometimes also by means of the word searched in private.

Now, brethren, is there one here who knows nothing spiritually of this salvation? Then let me say to that one, Behold thy true state! thou art unsaved; thou art exposed to the wrath of Almighty God. Oh, consider how much thou dost lose, so long as thou art unsaved! No peace, no comfort, no joy. Consider thy prospects. To what canst thou look forward? To heaven? No. To hell? Yes; and to being with the devil and his angels. Consider these things, and then ask thyself, Why not come to Christ? Thy sins keep thee back from Him; thy hard and rebellious heart. May God in His grace set thee free, bring thee to Jesus to be saved from thy sins, so shalt thou know the sweetness there is in that name. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." But is there one here who mourns over his sins, and longeth—earnestly longeth—to be saved? Let that one think of the declaration given in 1 Tim. i. 15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Let him couple these words with those in Matt. xi., "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Let him take Christ at His word, believing the record which God hath given us concerning His Son. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." Verily he shall have a present, complete, and eternal salvation. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

Lastly, dear brethren, be diligent; be regular in your attendance upon the ministry of the word. By it Timothy obtained spiritual life, for he is called by the apostle, "mine own son in the faith," and so may you. By it spiritual life is maintained and nourished. By it spiritual life is obtained and increased. By it spiritual joy and peace are communicated and flourish. Be diligent and regular in your attendance upon the preaching of the word, I entreat you; looking, above all, for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, without which we cannot understand anything.

SOME persons are more forward in correcting others than in directing them. Where one could be found who would kindly direct us, probably two could be discovered that would unkindly correct us. Kind direction is better than unkind correction.

A FAREWELL CHARGE.

How precious are the last words of a dearly-loved friend! We have been in his company for awhile, and his visit has been sweetly refreshing to us; we have loved to look on his dear features, and to hold happy converse with him; but he has now been called to leave us again, and, ere he departed, he gave us a few last words. We do not forget them, and we love to recall and muse upon the farewell charge of our dear absent friend.

Or it may be a fond parent whose presence among us we lost in our early days, and we well remember how she used to talk to us about holy things till our young hearts burned within us. And with peculiar vividness do we recollect how our beloved mother, when about to leave us for the better land, called us to her side, and how tenderly she spoke to us; how affectionately she entreated us to be followers together of that blessed One whom she had loved, and whose glory was e'en now throwing a lustre of celestial brightness around her. And, oh, her *last* words! Never will they be erased from our memory; we treasure them there, and, until the ark itself be broken, those precious jewels shall still be sealed therein.

Thus fondly, my brethren and sisters in our one Lord, do we dwell on the hallowed memories of those who were dear to our hearts, and thus do we find what a peculiar hold their last words have upon our minds. Many, it may be, of those spoken in former days, have long since passed from our recollection, but these still retain their freshness, and recur to our minds as the words of yesterday.

And now may our hearts' affections be very tender, and our recollections very loving, as we ponder awhile the last words of our beloved Lord and Saviour Jesus, remembering that He said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." What bliss on earth can we desire beyond this, to have our precious Saviour dwelling with us as our constant Guest? Then let our hearts listen with devout and eager attention to His words, and may we have grace to *keep* those words, thereby proving to Himself and to all who observe us, that indeed we do love Him who first loved us. "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight" (Acts i. 9). What "things" were these? Oh, what were the last words of the blessed Master, as He looked up, and saw the cloudy chariot about to bear Him hence, and as the effulgent glory just awaiting Him threw a halo of radiance around His sacred, erst-marred visage? Listen, my soul, for in these words thou art still addressed: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be *witnesses unto me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth.*" Expressive words, my fellow-disciples! *Witnesses unto Jesus!* And how could it be otherwise? Our Lord Jesus had come into the world "to bear witness unto the truth;" yea, to testify of the Father, in a world that had not known Him, and that disregarded His claims in respect of what they did know of Him. And now He is passing from the scene, and He would still leave in this dark world a shining light—a witness unto Him who is light, and in whom is "no darkness at all;" and He accordingly promises "power from on high" to His beloved disciples—power not to be used for the exaltation of *self* in any wise, but to enable them to show forth the praises of Him who had called them "out of darkness into His marvellous light."

And now let us inquire how we ourselves can take *our* part in fulfilling this last injunction of our Lord; assuming only that we have through grace been brought into the place of disciples, having by the Spirit's working discovered our own ruin, and our need of Jesus as a Saviour, and having by the same blessed Spirit's teaching, learnt to own Him as our "Lord and Master;" counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Him; desiring, sincerely and earnestly, that, at whatever cost to ourselves, we may be found in *His* path, seeking to honour Him by our walk and conversation, and remembering that we are not our own, but "bought with a price," that we should "glorify Him in our body and in our spirit, which are His."

"*Witnesses unto me.*" We are witnesses to a Person who is *absent*, and in a sphere in which either He is not known, or His rights are wilfully disowned. Now the character of the world with regard to our absent Master, is that it has rejected Him—has cast Him out, and sent after Him a message, "We will not have this *Man* to reign over us." This Man is our dear Redeemer, and, if we are faithful to Him, we must find this scene uncongenial. He who is our Beloved and our Friend, is "despised, and rejected of men," and the reigning "prince of this world" is a usurping prince—a prince of darkness. He is "the god of this world," and the one true God is, in every possible way, denied and set at nought. And what is our path, beloved in the Lord, in these circumstances? To favour the pretensions of the usurper, or, like true royalists, to observe allegiance to our King, and proclaim His rights to the utmost of our power? Surely the latter, and our testimony, in order to be of any value, must be that of persons who are seen and recognized to have *no* sympathy with the things they condemn. Suppose a man in a herd of drunkards, and calling for more drink, folds his arms, and says, "I am strongly opposed to men treating their families in the way we are doing. My wife and my children are starving in their miserable home, and I know that my spending my time and money here is the sole cause of it all;" what should we think of his idle protest? But if, instead of this inconsistent behaviour, he suited the action to the words, buttoned his coat, and turned his back upon the scene of vice and iniquity, some one or more might be induced to profit by his example; but in any case he would have acted agreeably with his profession: and surely the world should, in like manner, see in us the practical exemplification of that word, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

Nor is this witnessing for Jesus by any means limited to such as "labour in the word and doctrine." Of those who have themselves "tasted that the Lord is gracious," none are too young or too obscure to bear witness of this to others; as did the little captive maid of old, saying to her mistress, the wife of an illustrious Syrian who was a leper, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leprosy." With what simplicity, and yet confidence did she speak of the prophet of Jehovah, of whom she had heard in the land whence she had as a slave been carried away, and with what happy results, too! And may not we, dear Christian friends, take a lesson from this? The Lord may not have endowed us with any shining gift, or placed us in a position of extensive influence, but He has saved our souls, and that indeed is worth telling to others. We may not understand all mysteries, but we know one thing, that "whereas we were blind, now we see," and we can tell of that. We can go home to our friends, and tell them how great things the

Lord has done for us, and has had compassion on us ; and, knowing some of the lovely features of our ever-blessed Jesus, we can tell *something* of him to others, and say, with the spouse in the Canticle, "This is my beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem !" And, let us observe, it is "unto me" that we are to be witnesses. Unto *Jesus*—not a Church, or a creed, or a doctrine, or a man, still less to ourselves, but unto Jesus. And, if we have obeyed that precept, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," we *must* bear witness to Him ; for the world will see Him displayed in us, which surely is the best witness to Himself that we are capable of giving—even to be the "epistles of Christ," "known and read of all men." The varied traits of His character, so matchless and surpassing in excellency, will be reflected in us ; the world will behold, in the purity of our lives, our likeness to Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners"—"who suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps ;" while in our lowly walk and conversation, our patience under suffering and wrong, and our love to our enemies, we shall bear witness to "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," "who *endured* much contradiction of sinners against Himself"—"who when He was reviled, reviled not again ; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously"—and who, at the moment of His enduring the greatest reproach and cruelty at the hand of His relentless enemies, when earth and hell conspired to persecute God's smitten Lamb, looked up and away from the bloodthirsty crowd that thronged the scene of His murder, and said, "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do." Oh, beloved, is not such a glorious Person worth testifying of ? May we have grace to witness to Him, by our words, our ways, our precept, our example, our pursuits, our associations, everywhere, and at all times, declaring that, having been redeemed by Jesus from so great a death as threatened us, we now "are not of the world," even as He is not of the world ; but are sent into it, as He was sent into it, to bear witness to the truth and grace of God. By our being "clothed with humility," and our willingness to take the lowest place of service, may we bear bright and blessed testimony to Jesus, who "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant"—who was "meek and lowly of heart," and who came into the world, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," even to girding Himself with a towel, and washing His disciples' feet. Let us be witnesses unto him as the *Saviour* and *Friend* of sinners, who has been here "full of grace and truth ;" going about doing good, and at the end of His ministry offering up His precious life a sacrifice for sin ; as the One who is now at the right hand of God exalted, to be a Prince and Saviour ; the Object of faith to every poor lost one who desires salvation, and of loving obedience to all His own ; and as the Son of God for whom we are looking to come in the clouds, that we may be "caught up" to meet Him in the air, and so be "ever with the Lord."

It will thus be seen that we, with the dear Thessalonians of old, have been "turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven ;" and that while we are seeking in lowliness and holiness to follow Jesus, and be "witnesses" unto Him in this world of His rejection, our hearts are set upon Himself, and our minds on things above, where He is at the right hand of God.

One more reflection on this "farewell charge" of our blessed Jesus, and we must part. It is the *limit* He sets to the sphere of our witnessing unto Himself—"unto the uttermost part of the earth." Nothing short of this,

and nothing beyond it. This fixes the scene of our labours, since, in the land of light and glory, where a place for us is being prepared, and we shall ever dwell, there is no need for witnesses unto Jesus. He Himself is there, and all know Him, and all adore Him. *Praise* there will be, and *joy* of heart, untold and unconceived, but no more testifying to the graces and glories of an absent Jesus; no more the privilege of standing up in an uncongenial scene, and speaking a word for the blessed Master. Our last opportunity for serving Him in this land of His strangership and our sojourn, will be past and gone for ever. Beloved in the Lord, let us ponder these things, and seek grace and power to do any little work for Jesus while still it is called to-day; pursuing our varied paths with increased and more holy diligence, and delighting our hearts in the happy prospect of soon seeing the face of "this same Jesus," when He shall "so come in like manner" as He went into heaven.

Wolverhampton.

W. F.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

EVERY one in this world has something to put up with; and, although trials and crosses seem hard at the time, yet in later life we often look back and thank God for sending those very things which seemed to us so bitter and difficult to bear: and what we then thought impossible to be for our good, but which afterwards proved to be the very best thing for our happiness. But I think I hear some one say, "It is all very well, but people don't always practise what they preach." True, we are all weak at times; and I will not shrink from owning that, when I have sometimes been suffering from some unexpected disappointment myself, I have been unjust enough to question whether it could be for my benefit to be afflicted in such a way; but afterwards, when time had brought forth the different changes that are ever attendant on this life, I have looked back, appreciated, and been thankful for the great lovingkindness of our heavenly Father for preventing what to me seemed the very acme of earthly good, but which would certainly have been otherwise had it happened, verily proving the truth of the text, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Yes, trials are hard to bear; but do you not think they would be less so if we could only firmly believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God, according to His purpose?" As whatever God sends and does must be for some wise purpose (although we may not be able to understand it), whether it be for affliction or consolation, so let us always endeavour to bear that in mind, and our sorrows and disappointments will then appear and really be less bitter and easier to endure, not forgetting to pray earnestly for submission to our Father's will. Besides, there are several reasons which prove affliction to be good for us.

Firstly, if we had our path strewn with nothing but roses here, we should become selfish, and very likely never think of God, and a better world to come. As often when we have everything so smooth and luxurious, we cease to be grateful to the Being from whence it comes, until God sends us some trouble to remind us that nothing is lasting in this world; and, if we would be happy, we must learn to depend solely upon

Him, and to live, though in this world, for another one. So affliction, then, draws us closer to God than ever, which must be for our peace.

Secondly, after we have experienced some trial, and time has rolled along, bringing with it healing balm, how much more we appreciate those things which we should never have valued half so much before had it not been for previous trouble.

Thirdly, anything that brings us nearer to God must be for our eternal happiness; so whenever we have any trial let us take it as coming from Him for our benefit, and think that it is His love which has sent it; and, although "heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." As God is love, and, if He so loved the world as to give us His only-begotten Son to die for our iniquities, shall He not freely give us all temporal blessings; although not at the exact time when we wish for them perhaps, yet let us never doubt, but comfort ourselves with the thought that a time will come when we shall have all sorrows taken away, and all tears wiped from our eyes—not for our righteousness, but for the tender compassion and merits of Jesus Christ, who suffered death that we might have eternal life and everlasting happiness with Him. Yes, let us be thankful, and, when we begin to complain of our miseries, rejoice that we have so many mercies bestowed, the least of which we are unworthy to receive.

M. H. L.

A WORD TO THE WEARY.

"*Lo, I am with you alway.*"—MATT. xxviii. 20.

COME, then, troubled and perplexed one, write no more such bitter things against yourself, and so dishonouring to Jehovah-Jesus, as to say, "The Lord hath forsaken me, *my* God has forgotten me." "I will never leave thee," is here again declared by Him who bore thy forsakings, carried thy burden, was afflicted in thy affliction, endured thy temptation, and faced thy foe; for,

"In every pain that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in thy grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief."

The weight and measure of thy heaviest trial, and the longest exercise of thy faith, are apportioned by thy compassionate Lord; and, as the eye is looking to Jesus, and you become as a little child to learn of Him, you will realize this precious promise; for the Spirit's testifying of the word to thy soul must be as Jesus instructed His apostles, "He shall receive of mine, and shew it unto you" (John xvi. 14). "He shall guide you into all truth." The intricate path, as it may have been to flesh and blood, has been, and still is, the leading by the right way—not a day longer than was necessary were the children of Israel journeying in the wilderness—it was at the set time their desert wanderings ceased, and so for thine encouragement, thy dear Lord gave thee this word of hope and help, always present. Does it not admonish thee? How ungrateful thy denials and forgetfulnesses! Knowest thou anything of David's word for the foe, when, turning to the Lord, he said, again and again, "We are Thine," "We are called by Thy name," "For Thy name's sake?" Ay, here is the child's refuge when storms prevail—turning to the Lord with, "Hast Thou not said it?" "Remember *Thy word* unto Thy servant upon which

Thou hast caused me to hope," "O Lord, defer not for Thy name's sake," reminding the Lord of His own promise, and wrestling with Him "to appear for our help," every foe within and without shall be vanquished, and we become "more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." So, poor trembling one, may strength be perfected in weakness, that Christ *in thee* the hope of glory—the living hope—the triumphing faith—the unquenchable love—the chastened patience—the matured experience, may witness to the grace of God in thee, as this blessed truth leads thee to gain the precious hold on thy most precious Christ, so that thy life witnesses,

"Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
For life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part."

A PHILIPPIAN.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

To apprehend, admire, love, and prize the grace of God, as it dwells in the Christ of God, the dispensatory Fountain and fulness of all grace; also, to view grace as it hath been made to dwell, and is now seen to dwell, and shine in and through the dear servants and ministers of Jesus Christ, forms one part of the life, walk, and work of faith, while the redeemed are journeying onward to join the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven.

Faith is a spiritual discerning faculty, or principle, put into the soul by grace, for the declarative ends—honour, praise, and glory of grace. Love, gratitude, thankfulness, owning, confessing, and witnessing for grace, are the precious fruits of faith. Therefore, in whomsoever faith discovers the grace of God, whether it be in a twofold or fivefold measure, their discovery makes the heart of the beholder glad; as it is said of Barnabas, that when he came to Antioch, and had seen the grace of God in the Grecians, he was glad.

The late John Sibree, of Frome, was a man in whom the grace of God was seen to shine in its own pure and soul-gladdening glory. He was a scribe, well instructed into the things of the kingdom of heaven, and brought out of his treasure things new and old, but not old and new.

With your permission, dear Mr. Editor, the writer wishes to rescue from oblivion the following anecdote, which ought, in this our day of superficial formality, ease, and empty show of godliness, to be published through the length and breadth of the land. The temptations and tribulations of dear John Sibree were manifold. It was in this school he was trained and taught how to preach those precious home-truths, by which the flock of slaughter has been fed in all ages; and, if the Lord's flock is again to be seen fat and flourishing, it must be fed with the same clean provender.

For several years J. S. was confined to his room by a mental malady, bordering upon insanity. After the Lord restored him, he came to London, to supply for the Rev. R. Hill, at Surrey Chapel. When I think upon the truthfulness and honesty of the dear man in his first sermon to Mr. Hill's congregation, I am constrained to say, he was no trimmer or timeserver, but a workman, rightly dividing the word of truth; studying to show himself approved unto God, and faithful to the souls of men.

Methinks I hear and see him now while I am writing. At the close of

his sermon, he made a long pause, shut his book, looked over the pulpit, and said :—

“It is now five years since I was last with you, and occupied this pulpit. During the month that I was here, I was sent for to visit a gentleman in dying circumstances. When I was introduced into his bedroom, I found several relations and friends present with him, consoling and trying to cheer him. One of the company seemed to be the chief speaker, the rest endorsing what was spoken ; and the dying man listened with eager attention.

“‘Oh, sir,’ said the speaker, ‘you have no need to be afraid to die. Remember you have been for many years a member of, and an ornament to, Mr. Hill’s church. You have been an indulgent husband, a kind father, a good master, a faithful neighbour, and dutiful in all the relations of life. There is no cause for you to fear death, but to die in peace, resting assured that you will be received into the kingdom of heaven.’

“‘I heard all this,’ said Mr. S., ‘and much more in the same strain, and I said within myself, ‘You are all in the darkness of death ; therefore your blood be upon your own heads. I will not try to undeceive, but will go, and leave you as I found you.’ Well, I went towards the door, to walk out of the room ; but, oh, my conscience smote me, and I was constrained to return to the bedside, and say to the gentleman, ‘Sir, I have heard all that your carnal comforters have been telling you, but, so be sure as the God of heaven is the God of truth, dying in the state you are now in, you will be damned. The moment I had uttered the word ‘damned,’ a murmur of disapprobation was vented by all present ; and they said, ‘Oh, Mr. S., you bad man, how cruel you are to come here, and disturb the repose of our dear dying friend. Do, sir, leave the room ; and do not, if you cannot speak words of comfort, try to distress the mind of a good man in his dying moments.’ Indeed, so urgent was the company for me to leave the room, that I was rudely pushed to the door, and thrust out.

“As I walked to my lodging, I thought, ‘Well, this is harsh treatment, for speaking the truth ;’ however, I carried in my own bosom the sweet reflection that I had through grace been enabled to act faithfully, as in the presence of the Lord ; and that I had done that which was pleasing to Him, though it was displeasing to them.

“On the following day a messenger came, with a request that I would again visit the same gentleman ; accordingly I went, and had not waited but a few minutes in the parlour before an aged lady came into me, and, with a frowning countenance and in haughty tones, thanked me for calling, but that her husband must not be spoken unto by any one, seeing the physicians had given orders that he should be kept as quiet as possible ; so that with much cold formality I was bowed out of the house, and the door was shut upon me.

“The day following, from the same gentleman, a footman in livery called upon me, complaining that his master had sent for me, and had been greatly disappointed in my not going to see him. I told the man how I had been treated at his master’s the day before, and that I could not think of going to visit, seeing there was a bar in the way that prevented me having an interview. ‘Sir,’ said the footman, ‘I came direct to you from my master’s bedside, and my instructions are that I must not return without you, but lead you into his presence.’ When I understood how the matter had been arranged, I accompanied the man, and was ushered into the room to his master. After I had inquired why he should have sent for me, he began to bewail his lost condition. He felt himself a

guilty criminal before God; that God would be just in cutting him off, and appointing him his portion with hypocrites. The words which were spoken at my first interview had, by the Holy Ghost, with heavenly life and light, dropped into his heart, and brought him deeply, painfully, and increasingly to feel himself a ruined sinner.

"Now," said the dear man of God, "my soul was filled with gladness, my heart enlarged, my tongue unloosed, and mouth opened. I found the ground was prepared to receive the good seed of the kingdom for rootage, and I began there and then to preach Jesus unto him, to his great astonishment, but confounding of his former would-be carnal comforters. And oh, how greedily he drank in the cooling, cheering streams of salvation, by the doing and dying of Jesus!

"I continued daily to visit him," said the preacher; "until the set time arrived for the light of grace to shine into his understanding, and the love of God to be shed abroad in his heart. He then died in the triumphant assurance of faith, confessing to the glory and praise of grace, that Christ had loved him and given Himself for him, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour, and that in that sweet-smelling savour he should by Jehovah be accepted."

Here Mr. Sibree made another pause, and, looking round upon the congregation, said, "From inward impressions I have been constrained this night to mention the case of that gentleman, and that because I am afraid there might be some present, who are under the same delusion. Oh, it is a fearful thing to pride yourselves that all is right between God and your souls, because of your membership with Mr. Hill, and that you have been, and are, conscientious in performing the moral duties in the several relations of husband, father, master, and neighbour. But let me say to you, as I said to that gentleman, that, if you have no better foundation] to build your hopes upon for eternity, you will as surely] be damned as God is the God of truth.

"Sand, sand, sand," said the preacher, "all is shifting, slippery, deceitful sand, only that foundation which God the Father hath laid in Zion. Build upon anything else, when the rain descends—and descend it will; the floods come, and winds blow—and come and blow they will; although your house, in your own and the eyes of others, might appear beautiful, and much labour and cost might have been expended, yet it must fall, and a great fall you will find it to be."

"Oh," thought I, "what faithfulness! here is no mincing; if any are wounded, here is no healing the wound slightly. Indeed this is laying the axe to the root, in harmony with the work of the Holy Ghost, as has been described by the immortal poet:—

"That grace might reign in sov'reign sway,
And Jesus wear the crown,
God to the root the axe shall lay,
And cut the sinner down.

"Stripp'd of the rags of self-conceit,
He feels himself undone,
And stoops to kiss the Saviour's feet,
Without a fig-leaf on.

"His legal works, and deeds the best,
Are now in disesteem;
For he must naked come to Christ,
Or farewell heav'n to him."

Bedminster.

OLD PILGRIM.

TOPLADY'S HYMNS AND THE HYMNS OF WESLEY.

BETWEEN the hymns of Augustus Toplady and Charles Wesley, when viewed together, there is a remarkable similarity—a vein of thought, and sometimes of expression, running through each of a kindred character, as if they had tuned their harps together, while the Spirit of God prepared their minds for the same divine theme; both struck their chords, and one sang “Rock of Ages,” the other, “Jesu, Lover of my soul:” which was the better of the two? Each are so incomparable, it would be difficult to answer; indeed, we feel we could not do without either, for both breathe out so freely and truly the yearnings, longings, and aspirations of a believer’s spirit, that they possess a value unequalled perhaps by any hymns extant. In looking into what are called “Wesley’s Hymns,” or a collection *for the use of the people called Methodists*, by John Wesley, 1779, a Calvinist would naturally shrink from many of the broad Arminian statements they contain, and to which the name of *Charles Wesley* is affixed, not knowing that they had passed through the hands of the elder brother, and were by him altered to suit his own unscriptural views, from which the younger brother widely differed to the last. But Wesleyan biographers take little or no notice of these facts, and, as Mr. Gadsby informs us, the last thirty years of the life of the younger Wesley have been inserted by them in about half-a-dozen lines, and he adds, “all these things go to prove that Charles was hardly considered one of them.” It may be interesting to compare a few of the hymns of these remarkable men with each other, and the two already referred to will appear first. Toplady’s name can never die as long as “Rock of Ages” is sung, neither that of Wesley, while “Jesu, Lover of my soul,” resounds from the voice of the congregation.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.”

“*Rock of Ages*” is a scriptural expression (Isa. xxvi. 4, margin): “*cleft for me*,” the type in Horeb, the Antitype at Calvary; “*Let me hide myself in Thee*,” in the rock where Moses hid himself as Jehovah passed by (Exod. xxxiii. 21, 22); a “*double cure*,” to come by “*the water and the blood*” (John xix. 34)—water to cleanse—blood to justify (1 John v. 6) from the guilt and power of sin.

“Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.”

“*Lover of my soul*,” “who loved me” (Gal. ii. 20): “*Let me to Thy bosom fly*,” with wings like a dove, after which the soul of David yearned (Psa. lv. 6): “*While the nearer waters roll*,” the rising waters drawing nearer and nearer—at first reaching only to the ancles, and at last becoming a

great river (Ezek. xlvii). "*Hide me,*" said Wesley; "*Let me hide myself in Thee,*" said Toplady.

TOPLADY.

"Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow;
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone."

WESLEY.

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Work, zeal, tears, ever-flowing tears—nothing could atone for sin, and none save but Jesus—such was Toplady's song; and the song of Wesley the same, that he had no refuge but in that one salvation—that his soul was helpless and *hanging* (a beautiful expression of dependence) upon Jesus—that his head was defenceless, and he would hide it under the shadow of the Redeemer's wings (Psa. xvii. 8).

The two next that may stand side by side are hymns of conflict, rich in poetical merit—remarkably synonymous—each full of humility and godly fear; if there is more liberty in one than the other, it is in Wesley's—only a verse of each is given:—

TOPLADY.

"Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of Thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at Thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto
God."

WESLEY.

"Tho' sorrowful, blest is the man
Whose trouble is sent from above;
Awak'd by a visit of pain,
Chastised by omnipotent love;
The Author of all his distress
He comes in affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless
For all that he suffered below."

There is a hymn of Wesley's exceedingly sweet, and highly spiritual, upon the love of Christ, after which he is panting and coveting the positions of Mary and John, the Saviour's feet and breast. Toplady has one on the same subject, which does not fall so sweetly on the ear.

WESLEY.

"O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
"God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!"

TOPLADY.

"Father, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good Thou art,
To plunge me in Thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend Thy love to me,
The length, and depth, and breadth,
and height
Of love divinely infinite.
"O sovereign Love, to Thee I cry!
Give me Thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death, from hell set
free:
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee;
My life, my crown, my heaven Thou
art;
Oh may I find Thee in my heart!"

"The dying believer to his soul," is one of the most sublime of Toplady's compositions, resembling in a great degree Pope's "*Vital spark of*

heavenly flame;" he designates his soul by various titles—a *deathless principle*—a *native of the skies*—a *pearl of price*—the *body's guest and celestial tenant*. Angels were hovering round the dying pillow, waiting to catch the signal, and escort it safe to heaven—it was "*to breathe itself away*," and go singing to its crown above! It need not "*shudder to pass the stream*," for the "*dying love of Jesus*" had stilled its tossing—made it gentle as a summer's eve; and never did an object of that love find shipwreck there. With this sublime hymn, Wesley's very popular one may be placed, "Rejoice for a brother deceased;" thus they stand:—

TOPLADY.

"Deathless principle, arise,
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn,
Made for God, to God return!

"Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar;
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there."

WESLEY.

"Rejoice for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And free from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last."

There are some brilliant thoughts in this hymn of Charles Wesley; the soul bound by a bodily chain, and escaping to the Eden of love—flying beyond the tempest, and leaving companions behind who are still toiling and tossed on the sea. But in heaven "*all the ship's company meet*" (an expansive and sublime idea), all who sailed beneath with Jesus, for their earthly voyage is at an end. Two masterly hymns from the pen of each, and both highly popular, are now (partly) transcribed:—

WESLEY.

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their love abroad.
* * * * *

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high."

TOPLADY.

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

"Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home.
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

"His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to
come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
* * * * *

"Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see."

There are many more of Toplady's hymns, as also Wesley's, much in reputation and of great merit: among those of the former, "Ye virgins souls, arise," "Thou Shepherd of Israel divine," "When languor and disease invade," "Immovable our hope remains," &c.; and of the latter, "Lamb of God, whose dying love," "Love divine, all love excelling," "Thou hidden Source of calm repose," "Come, O thou traveller unknown," &c.

But what may be styled Toplady's "great hymn," and which all lovers of free grace especially delight in, is, "A debtor to mercy alone." "Oh," said a Calvinistic minister, "wherever I go to preach, I look the first thing to see whether this hymn is in the selection put into my hand, and, if there, I know the compiler is *sound*;" it is indeed a rich display of Gospel grace and poetic beauty. But there is one of Charles Wesley's that may stand by its side, "Head of the Church triumphant." "This noble hymn," says Mr. Miller (in his book entitled, "Our Hymns, their Authors and Origin"), "appeared in 1745, in '*Hymns for times of trouble*,'" and adds, "It is worthy of Luther." In conclusion these two gems appear together:—

TOPLADY.

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from
view.

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is, Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are
now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

"Myname from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

WESLEY.

"Head of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory!
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

"While in affliction's furnace,
And passing thro' the water,
His love we praise who knows our
ways,
Who bought His Church, and
sought her.
We lift our hands, exulting
In Thine Almighty favour;
The love divine that made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

"The world, with sin, and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
We shall, by Thee, break thro' them
all,
And sing the song of Moses.
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right
hand,
And take us up to heaven."

But these "sweet psalmists of Israel" have long passed out of our world, and are singing better songs above; not one discordant note there, and only one theme, one united chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," whom Toplady beholds as the "*Rock of Ages*," and Charles Wesley as "*Head of the Church triumphant*."

O.

“COME TO JESUS.”

“STRANGE that the offer of this gift—rest in Christ—should be rejected by sinners, though the terms are so easy: ‘Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’” So spake the preacher; nor was he alone in his statements: he only echoed the voices of multitudes in our day, who counsel the dead sinner to do the work of the Holy Ghost.

Now let us look a little into this popular doctrine of an offered salvation. Where, we ask, is the warrant for such an expression? And, taking the whole scope of Scripture, where do we find any such doctrine? The salvation of a sinner is a gift, not an offer; nor is the word once applied to Christ with respect to His person or work. “God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son.” Christ is called God’s unspeakable Gift; and Christ’s discourses concerning His work never hint at an offer, but invariably declare all He effects in the heart of a sinner is by gift: “All that the Father giveth me shall come to me.” “If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.” “My sheep hear my voice, and I give unto them eternal life.” There is nothing proposed or offered to man by God connected with soul matters. We have in the word but one instance of God making an offer to man, which was in the case of David; he was given his choice of one of three calamities—the sword, the pestilence, or famine. There are not many who would willingly accept of these kind of offers; but from cover to cover of the Scriptures we search in vain for any authority to ground what is popularly termed “offers of salvation.” Our limits forbid us to do more than refer our readers to their concordance in proof of this assertion. An offer implies power to choose or reject; and to establish this power as the prerogative of man, is the root of Arminianism; whereas the truth is, man has lost all power to choose what is good, being dead in trespasses and sin, and has only a natural will derived from Adam, that is free only to choose evil. Hence the only plan that meets the sinner’s case is *gift*; and, to have a heart made sensible of the need of God’s Gift, Christ Jesus, is to have spiritual life: and to such Christ says, “I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.”

The offer of salvation alters, if we may so say, the relative position of God and the sinner; making God the Suppliant and man the superior, as capable of resisting the will of Jehovah. These plentiful offers being scornfully rejected or carelessly slighted, bespeak power on the wrong side. But we hold fast by Scripture, which declares, “My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.”

Further, we would examine the words of the preacher: “It is strange that sinners should reject salvation.” Do such divines—and their name is legion—in very deed believe the doctrine of total depravity? Do they know what it is to have the fountains of the great deep broken up in their own breast, and to see there nothing but wreck and ruin? Preachers who make these liberal offers of salvation are forgetful of what they once were, and what man is. Destitute of grace, he is blind, he is deaf, he is dead in trespasses and sins. Hence there is nothing strange to the Spirit-taught soul in the enmity of the unrenowned sinner. They remember their natural hatred to God and godliness, before the new life of grace was communicated to them; and, as they increase in spiritual knowledge of

their own deep depravity, the danger is of being sceptical as to the reality of a work of grace on others. True, under the first awakenings of divine life there is something so new, so attractive, so precious, in the Gospel, that through the influence of this young love the lambs of the flock are ready to say with the poet—

“All over glorious is my Lord;
He is beloved, and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love Him too.”

This sentiment finds an echo in the memory of living souls. A child of God under the glowing influence of first love, thinks it quite enough to spread out his new-found treasure before others, to ensure the desire to become possessed of similar wealth. But before long he learns his mistake, and, as he is led deeper into the truth of God experimentally, he finds the old doctrine of total depravity bars the way. There is no beauty in Christ for the natural mind to desire Him. Fallen man has neither ears, nor eyes, nor heart to receive spiritual impressions; hence, says our Lord, “Ye must be born again.” “Where the word of a king is, there is power.” He speaks, and it is done. “My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me.” Nor is it effected by offers and invitations, but by command; and, when He says to a poor weary and heavy-laden sinner, “Come unto me,” there is no resisting His word. “They shall come that were ready to perish.” Man may bid his fellow-mortal come to Jesus to the day of doom, but that will not bring him. It is Christ’s command, Christ’s authority, Christ’s voice, that meets the sinner’s case, and shows who are the objects of covenant love. “The election hath obtained it, the rest were blinded.”

Popular preachers are wont to tell their people in words similar to this: “That the terms are so easy—‘Come unto me, and I will give you rest’—that sinners have nothing to do but just to come as they are.” Well, we are quite willing to admit it is easy when the Lord works in us the grace to come to Jesus, and gives us the donation of rest. The burden then falls off the back; the prisoner’s chains are loosed; the captive is set free. But God, in effecting this, makes no terms with the sinner; there is no bargain struck between man and his Maker. When Jesus is revealed, it is by the sovereign efficacious power of God the Spirit, according to the purpose of the Father and the work of the Son; but in this act of grace the sinner has no share; he takes no active part: he is only the empty and passive recipient of God’s free bounty. The law says, “Do, and live;” but the Gospel has no terms—no conditions.

“Grace finds the sinner dead in sins,
And grace completes what grace begins.”

Divines, who in our day turn Gospel into law, by telling sinners to come to Jesus, to believe, and be saved, and such like, are worse than Egyptian taskmasters. The poor Hebrew might, perchance, find a wisp of straw; but where are we to find faith? And where is the common-sense of those who tell dead people to go and find it?

“But,” say some, “what is to become of the great mass of evangelicals if this sort of preaching is wrong?” In reply, we say, Many of this sort have gone, and others are going, the road to Rome. Free-willism lies at the base of Popery, and the practice is an easy transition when the doc-

trine is wrong. But with persons we have nought to do: "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Again, some will say, "God blesses their testimony, and is not this a proof that it cannot be so erroneous after all?" Now, first, we deny that God blesses error. God is not the Author of confusion; and, if we could bring up to the bar of truth every converted sinner that ever lived to tell his own story, we firmly believe not one saved soul would declare he came to Christ because he was told to come; or he believed because he was told he ought to believe; or received liberty because he was told he ought to rejoice. Moreover, sick and dying beds tell the truth; and, however cumbered with Arminianism in life, it is all dropped when sinners are about to enter the presence of the Lord. Their testimony then is all on the side of truth. Christ first and Christ last is their dying cry. When the terrors of the law are honestly preached, God makes use of this method oftentimes to alarm sinners, if the set time is come for their conversion. The Lord makes use of His law to show them their need of the Gospel; but this is quite a different thing to the guileful orations of the day, which dazzle poor fallen sinners with the vain hope they have power to accept an offered salvation, and to come to Jesus when it is quite convenient. That God owns the bits of truth preached amid the awful proportion of error, we do admit. The flock of slaughter is supported oftentimes by morsels sparingly administered Sunday mornings, and more plentifully dealt out week evenings; but, though, from such poor fare, what can we expect but starved sheep? Thus by the prophet of old, God denounced the shepherds in Ezekiel's day: "As for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet; and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet."

"But," say these popular divines, in their coaxing way, "what so sweet as rest for the weary? And what can be more simple and easy than the way Christ has Himself set forth—'*Come unto me?*'" We fearlessly declare God-taught souls never say such things when under the Spirit's teaching; and, if they do, woe betide them, for they lie against their right. What! do they forget the sorrow, and fear, and hard bondage, wherein they were made to serve while, under the fear of damnation, they toiled for life? Do they forget the wormwood and gall of unpardoned sin, the lashings of conscience, and the terrors of the law, while they groped for the wall as the blind? If at this juncture they had been told that to come to Jesus was easy, and they had only to believe and find peace, we can well imagine their feelings as described by a poor seeking soul who said it was like rubbing salt and vinegar into a fresh wound. The ignorant we feel compassion for; but those who know better and deal deceitfully with souls, will find it solemn work when God "lays judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet." There are multitudes of intelligent, clear-sighted men who eschew what is yea and nay in secular affairs. This honesty we plead for in spiritual matters, so that the Gospel may be recognized by its proper meaning—*Good news, or glad tidings* of a full, finished, unconditional, and sovereign salvation, revealed by the Spirit to sinners chosen in Christ before the world began.

L.

A MAN may be a great natural thinker, and yet not be a spiritual drinker. It is not said that the Lord will make His people *think* of the river of His pleasure; but drink thereof. Thinking of water would not satisfy a thirsty man, no, he must drink of it in order to be satisfied. So with the child of God.

The Protestant Beacon.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON RITUALISM.

OUR readers will have learnt from the papers of the appointment of a Royal Commission upon the subject of Ritualism. Inasmuch as the Government itself is in favour of the High Church party, and the majority of the Commissioners of like sympathies, we expect nothing but the very worst results from their deliberations. So far from putting down Ritualism, or purging the Protestant Church of this Protestant land from Popish innovations, we fear encouragement will be given to those who are prepared to attach both our Church and our country to that accursed Romanism, against which they have pledged themselves to protest. It is an awful consideration that such men as the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury should connive at and countenance Popery in the way they do. Could their own predecessors speak, what would they say? How can the former contemplate the monument of the martyred Bishops in his own town of Oxford; or has the latter read the inscriptions upon the walls of his own cathedral? What a fearful day of reckoning awaits men professing one thing and practising another. Was it, we ask, with or without cause that the fires of Smithfield and Oxford and Gloucester were lighted? Was it fanaticism or faithfulness that prompted a Latimer and a Hooper and a Ridley, and men of kindred stamp and kindred principles, to "count not their lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God?" If they have them at hand, we would advise our readers to turn to some of the letters of these martyred men. We would have them contemplate their courage and their zeal and their utter indifference to all personal considerations, as they stand before their accusers, and espouse and vindicate that truth in whose cause and for whose sake they are about to suffer. As one reads such testimonies, in all their boldness and unflinching power, one asks, "Where are the men now-a-days to speak and to act thus? Where is the zeal for God and truth? Where is the solid principle of good old George the Third, 'I can lay my head upon a block, but I cannot break my coronation oath?'" Puny mindedness—a love of ease—a miserable expediency, are now the predominating so-called principles of men in place and power; and, to gratify these, they are sacrificing both Church and country.

We had occasion, a short time since, to join a large deputation in waiting upon the Premier, to remonstrate upon the proposed taxing of the various charities and schools of our land. Among the order of procedure, at a previous meeting, was the appointment of the pervert Manning, as one of the three or four speakers on the occasion. We trembled for the Protestantism of our land, when a speaker was put down for venturing to call in question the propriety of the advocate and abettor of another system—one foreign to our own constitutional principles—being chosen to take so prominent a part in the proceedings. And, when at length the Cardinal did address himself to the Prime Minister, it was with the smooth, oily tongue and the flattery of speech that his Church knows how to assume when it answers her purpose.

If men of the present day want to know what the true spirit of Popery is, they need not even take the trouble to turn back to the page of history.

Our own times will speak. Look at the recent doings in Ireland, in spite of the leniency shown to the condemned Fenians. Mark the riots at Birmingham, where a poor miserably-deluded populace are prepared to kill, and even to die, rather than that a spirit of inquiry should be allowed, and all this, not in Spain, or Portugal, or even in Ireland, but in the very centre of Protestant England. A force of upwards of 1,000 strong is required to protect one solitary lecturer.

Of a very different order has been the spirit recently manifested at Plymouth. There the Rev. Mr. Acworth was called upon to show cause, at a meeting consisting of about a thousand persons, why he was inhibited from preaching in the Bishop of Oxford's diocese, and why a similar prohibition was adopted by the Bishop of Exeter. In a clear, full, and manly statement, the rev. gentleman proved to the satisfaction of the entire meeting, that the course taken against him was in consequence of his having called attention to the Ritualistic or Romish doings in Oxford. The Protestant spirit exhibited by that meeting was admirable, proving that neither Bishops nor clergy shall be allowed, without protestation and effort to the contrary, to carry back our Church and nation to the dark days and dark deeds of Romanism. If such Bishops and such clergy must have the Papacy, let them have the common honesty to withdraw from the Protestant Church of England, and avow themselves to be what in heart they are.

We spent an hour or two at Portsmouth, the other day, and of a sudden saw approaching, as we thought, a young Romish priest. Just, however, as we came up with him, his significant glance at us led to the recognition of a once-promising young man. But some four or five years ago, he was professedly a zealous inquirer after truth. His desire for the ministry had been encouraged by friends. He went to Oxford, drank deeply into the spirit that pervades, alas! but too many there, and is now come out a Ritualist of deepest dye. Poor hapless young man! how fatal will be the consequences, unless God sovereignly interpose. Far, far better follow one's whole family to the grave, than see them drink into the awful soul-and-body-destroying spirit of this Popish age.

We strongly recommend to our readers a publication just started, and edited with great Protestant zeal and talent, entitled **THE WILTSHIRE PROTESTANT BEACON**.

We rejoice also in the noble Protestant stand made by that well-conducted journal, the *City Press*. It frequently contains leading articles of considerable Protestant perception and power.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

"VICTORY, VICTORY THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Notwithstanding my conscious want of ability for such a task, I will, at your request, endeavour to write a few particulars respecting the happy deathbed of our late dear friend, Mrs. Gale.

My first visit to her was on the 6th of last November, as I had not heard of her serious illness until a few days before that date. She was then so

weak, and her cough so harassing, that I thought she could not live many days, especially when she informed me her physician had told her, that in one of her violent fits of coughing, hæmorrhage might take place, and death follow in a few minutes. I visited her frequently from that period up to the time of her death, which took place on the evening of the 1st May. Her faith and trust in her Saviour was firm and unwavering, her resignation and patience wonderful. Death had no terrors for her; on the contrary, she was cheerful, and wished those who visited her to be so too, as she said she knew the change which was so soon to take place would be a glorious one for her. Her whole trust was in her Saviour's blood, and in Him and His righteousness alone she trusted for salvation.

On visiting her one evening, after she had passed a night and a day of much suffering, I said to her, "I am very sorry to hear that you suffered so much since I saw you last." To which she replied, "Oh, I cannot tell you what a glorious night it has been to me. Christ has been constantly present with me, bringing to my mind all the precious and cheering promises I have read in His word."

On another similar occasion, when she was very weak and much exhausted with previous suffering, she said to me, on my appearing grieved about her: "Oh, I am so glad you did not come last night, for I know my sufferings would have pained you, had you witnessed them; but God forbid that I should wish or pray for one pain or one pang less. I know that God is doing it for my good, and that He is preparing me for Himself."

Notwithstanding her extreme and long-protracted bodily suffering and weakness, I have never heard her utter a single word of complaint or impatience. She was naturally of a most amiable temper and disposition. It was by her own wish that the first verse of the beautiful hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,"

and the sweet promise, "The blood of Jesus, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," were inscribed on her memorial cards. She told me all her prayers were answered, and she was constantly blessing and praising God for His goodness to her. On such occasions, her whole countenance would brighten up with joy and thankfulness. She told me she could not even take her medicine without every time thanking God for it. One night she said to me, "Oh, I am so sorry, and I so much regret that since my conversion I did not more openly-proclaim my dear Saviour's love and condescension to us poor unworthy sinners."

On the night of the 2nd of April, she was so ill, that we took a most affecting leave of each other, as we then thought for the last time on earth, when she said to me, "I am going home, God Almighty bless you." I replied, "God grant, if I am not again to have the privilege of meeting you on earth, that I may be worthy to meet you in heaven, on which she immediately corrected me by saying, "You never can be worthy, except through your Redeemer's merits; trust in them alone, and then we are sure to have a joyful meeting in heaven." All our partings, from that occasion up to the time of her death, were equally affecting, as we thought each would be the last. She told me that she had related her wonderful dream to you, and she attributed her first serious thoughts on religious matters to your ministry, under God, in the wooden church.

In losing her, I feel that I have lost one of my best and truest earthly friends. God grant, that amidst the cares and trials of life, I may never

forget the pious example she has set me: and, when it is His will to call me from time to eternity, I too may be ready and prepared to obey the summons.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

S. B.

[We regret much that we saw but once during her last illness the subject of the foregoing sketch. At the time her only child—a darling boy—was suffering from a bilious attack; and, as we sat by their bedside, we were greatly struck with the perfect calmness and supernatural composure in which she spoke of her removal from earth and her leaving, in a dark and drear and desolate world, that dear little fatherless one—soon to be an orphan indeed! We have used the word supernatural, for we felt it was so. We were convinced that it was God—and God alone—who could enable her to feel and to testify as she did. The Lord, moreover, was pleased so graciously to commune with her, bringing up, as she said, in sweet and blessed review, texts and sermons long since heard. The particulars of the dream to which our correspondent has referred, have passed away from our mind, except in so far that we remember her to have stated that it had directed her mind, and subsequently her steps, to our temporary church, where the Lord was pleased afterwards graciously to feed her precious and immortal soul.—Ed.]

TRICMPH OVER DEATH.

2, Maitland Park Villas, Haverstock Hill.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As a few weeks have passed away since my beloved husband was taken from me, I will now try and give you some account of his last illness and death, as I believe many of his friends at Millingford will rejoice to hear “that at evening-time it shall be light.” During his long and suffering illness, he was in much felt darkness and gloom of mind, and often asked me to read to him, sometimes a few hymns, though the Bible was the only book he really cared to hear read, which his anxious remarks fully testified, as, “Oh, that I were Lazarus, carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom.” “I have no fear of death.” And then would he call on the Lord in solemn prayer, to remove the darkness that surrounded him, and manifest pardon and peace to his soul, through the precious blood of Christ. He bore all his sufferings without a murmur or complaint, lying passive in the hands of his covenant God, in perfect resignation to His holy will. I will now endeavour to describe (though I feel how faintly it must be) his blessed entrance into glory, which was on my birthday. His speech was apparently gone; we could no longer understand even what he wanted. This was indeed a trial to me. I could never expect to hear that dear voice again, but, about two hours before he was taken to glory, he turned to me, and said, “I am not rejoicing in Christ, but in hope of the glory of God.” Then, waiting a few moments, and, looking upward with a countenance full of joy and peace, in a clear, distinct voice, exclaimed, “Joy unspeakable, and full of glory.” Raising both arms, “I am filled with wonder. Wonderful, let me go, let me go! My sins, my sins are all forgiven me; blotted out, to be remembered no more for ever, for ever, for ever;” repeating this three times. He then sank back, saying, “Rock of Ages, Rock of Ages!” I endeavoured to finish the verse, but he felt on that blessed Rock Christ Jesus, and needed no cry for shelter. His son, who had been kneeling on the bed, then got off, and went out of the room; when he turned to me, and said, “Nothing earthly; nothing earthly.” The meaning of these words were, he could now even

give us up, the thought of which had, in his long illness, caused him so much distress. After this gracious appearing, on our behalf, as well as his, he never spoke or moved till he entered into glory.

Ah, my dear friend, I feel, while I am writing, it is his eternal gain; but our greatest and most bitter loss—such a husband and a father. I daily feel the lamentation of the Church, “How is she become as a widow!” The Lord alone, whose gracious presence so supported my mind, and strengthened me to nurse him to the last, and follow his dear remains to the tomb, at Kensal Green Cemetery, can give me resignation to His perfect will.

Yours, my dear friend, in the path of tribulation,

MARIA CLOWES.

Thomas Clowes, of Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, who was taken from this world, and entered into glory, February 17th, 1867. Aged 78 years.

[Until the preceding letter came to hand, we had concluded that the beloved one of whom it treats had long since gone to his rest. Well do we remember him, as one of the most devoted and attentive hearers at Gower Street Chapel, in dear HENRY FOWLER’S time. They have now met before the throne, together with very many who were at that time fellow-worshippers in this vale of tears. May the Lord continue to sustain the bereaved widow, and give her, together with our readers at large, the cheering conviction, “that *they* without *us* should not be made perfect.” Yea, may we all rejoice in the mercy.

“Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor do we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.”

Oh, what unspeakable blessedness—what light, what glory, what eternal and uninterrupted triumph and rejoicing, awaits multitudes now on pilgrimage through the waste howling wilderness! And how will the bliss be enhanced, by contrast with the sorrows and the sufferings here, when “God [even our own God] shall wipe away all tears from off all faces.” Yea, then, shall indeed be most blessedly realized what the dear departed ones often used to sing of in the aforementioned sanctuary—

“Eternal joys shall soon repay
The sorrows of the good old way.”

EDITOR.]

THE SWEETS OF MERCY ; OR, THE DYING NOTES OF A GLORIFIED SOUL.

[THE annexed letter is from the pen of an old and much-valued friend. Wonderful were the dealings of the Lord with him. After great success in the mercantile world, it pleased God that he should encounter the most signal reverses. Our acquaintance with him commenced just about the time when he was thus called to suffer; and we recollect his making this observation, “I am got beyond prayer,” intending to convey the idea that he believed trial in the flesh, in the form of business failure, was so inevitable, that he could no longer ask the Lord to avert it. However, it pleased God to be better to him than his fears even in this respect; for, although the crisis came, and he was brought down, yet it was but the harbinger of

rest—uninterrupted and eternal. Whilst matters were pending, and principally in the hands of a son, who had for some time taken the more active part in business, the dear servant of God was mingling with some of his brethren. Taking cold (if we remember rightly) after leaving a heated room, he was laid upon a sick-bed. It was at this time we realized a wondrous spirit of prayer on his behalf. The words, “Bring forth your strong arguments, plead with me,” came with such remarkable power, and, by the precious dew and unction of the Holy Ghost, we felt enabled to ply the throne of grace with the word the Lord Himself had thus put into our hands and within our heart. The Lord’s way of answering prayer in this case was by taking His servant promptly and effectually out of the turmoil and the travail of the wilderness. His was a blessed and a timely translation. Never do we remember so to have rejoiced in the conquest and full and final deliverance of a fellow-pilgrim and brother in the Lord. We are writing this after an interval of more than twenty years; the letter subjoined having unexpectedly presented itself, and thus serving to recall the facts to which we have adverted. We cannot close without adding, that the son to whom we have alluded, in his anxiety to relieve his father’s mind in regard to business engagements and responsibilities, was privileged to apprise him, just prior to his beloved parent’s passing away, that those mercantile matters were satisfactorily arranged.

Reader, how does the recollection of one and another and another of our beloved correspondents being thus taken home, remind us of our own mortality! How soon must the hand that now traces these lines be laid cold and stiff, and the eye that now follows what the pen notes down, be closed, in the long, long sleep of death. It must be so. It is an undoubted, incontrovertible reality. Of what matter, then, the little trials, the tiny troubles, the trifling vexations of the way, if so be that the Lord is but pleased to keep us clinging to Himself, and vouchsafing to us strength, patience, submission, and causing the little residue of one’s days to be spent more entirely in His service, and to His glory, so that at length, however vile and however worthless and unworthy, through rich and free and sovereign mercy, the “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,” may be heard?—EDITOR.]

Blackheath, January 16, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—After writing many letters to you in my mind, and certain things dwelling on it for the matter of them, which, I fear, are now in some measure lost, their power and savour vanished, at length I take up my pen thus early in my partial retirement from the cares, toils, and losses of a mercantile life, not certainly without shame; for my conscience has often smitten me, especially when our beloved sister F—— has repeatedly spoken to me on this head, and when thinking on these warm and to me gratifying terms of brotherly love, used by you in your letter to her, and for which I tender you my most hearty and cordial thanks. Excuses I might urge for my delay in not discharging a debt of love, but everything of that kind is vain, though broken bones would not only excuse but disqualify; and *at times*, though saved, healed, and even in a faint measure healthy, I have been ready to say with Jeremiah, “My flesh and my skin hath He made old: He hath broken my bones” (Lam. iii. 4). This state leaves little power to write, or even to speak; but the Lord hath most graciously manifested Himself to me more frequently than of late: He hath healed all my diseases; forgiven all my sins; crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies; and satisfied my soul with good; so that my youth has been renewed like the eagle’s (Psalm ciii.)

In this way the Lord hath made my flesh fresher than in childhood, and I have returned to the days of my youth. See those beautiful and splendid passages in Job xxxiii. 13—35; and xxxvi. 5—16. The Lord effectually and mightily bring us out of all *our own strait places* into His own *large rooms* and *broad places*, even into His own eternal love, in its clearest discoveries, its sweetest and fullest enjoyments: Himself the place of broad rivers and streams. Acceptance in the Beloved One, full, free, and everlasting pardon of all sins, past, present, and future; perfect and glorious righteousness, with all the aboundings and superaboundings of Divine grace—and then to have these, and a thousand more of the great and good things of our merciful and propitious Father, our covenant Jehovah, set upon the fleshly table of a believing heart, which would thus be full and filled with fatness; yea, perfectly satisfied as with marrow and fatness, wines on the lees well refined, and made to drink abundantly of the rivers of God's pleasures.

Often, when entering Greenwich Park, through what is vulgarly called "The Ass's Gate"—a name suited to fallen and would-be-wise men, to those foolish things chosen to confound the wisdom of the world—have I been led to behold Jesus, the only Way, the only Door for poor sinners to enter by, and I have said from my heart, If there were a thousand others, I would reject them all, renounce them entirely, crying, "None but Jesus; Christ only, and alone." In Him justice is satisfied, the law magnified, sin put away, every pebble removed that would obstruct the entrance and the salvation of the greatest sinners; there is no occasion for wretched bankrupts and miserable insolvents to bring anything, or to try and propitiate the offended majesty of the God of love and mercy, for He hath declared Himself *well pleased in His Son* many times, and He has manifested this in millions of instances. When Jesus, who keeps the key, opens the door, the Blessed Spirit, the Holy Dove, the heavenly Comforter, the Testifier and Glorifier of Christ, gives entrance, by working faith, causing us to abound in hope, or enriching us with the comforts of love. The bleak and barren heath, the dreary desert of one's own corrupt heart and depraved nature (the most fruitless spot, the most vile and wretched place my eyes ever beheld, or my thoughts pictured), is sensibly exchanged for the garden of the Lord, the very Eden and Paradise of God; joy and gladness are found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Thus has the Lord at times privileged me through rich grace to enter and range in the park of His pleasures, freely granting me admittance into the palace of His presence, by, in, and through Jesus; enabling me to worship Him in the temple of His holiness, and vouchsafing unto the blindest and most unworthy of mortals, some faint and short views of Him on the throne of His glory. Surely, my dear brother will say, It is good to be here. Indeed it is; and still more so, not only to have such blessings and such views, but to enjoy tastes and foretastes of this coming and future glory; to have Jesus sup with us and we with Him, as a sure and certain pledge that by and by we shall be found welcome guests at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And, as He overcame all our enemies, so will He conquer them all in us, and for us, and make perfect weakness more than a conqueror too; so that the faintest and feeblest of the flock of Jesus must be for ever seated with Him on His throne of glory everlasting. Amen. So be it. Let it be established for ever!

When thus enabled to pass the heath and enter the park, I walk and talk with Jesus, see Him through His windows, or through His own latticework; and, may I not say, as I have often said, Greenwich Park is a thousand times more mine than its rightful owner, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria's? Literally, she has no enjoyment of it compared with me, and, spiritually contemplated, the disparity is still more in my favour. How much better is it to have it in faith, than that she should confer the actual possession of it on me, and all the crown lands dependent upon it, legally or by Act of Parliament; as in that case, a thousand to one if it did not involve me in sin, guilt, and misery, so as to make me a most wretched mortal in this world, and inflict eternal dam-

nation on my soul in the next ! What thanks should we render unto the Lord for not putting us off with a portion in this life ! or letting us settle on, and find our home in, the vain and empty baubles, honours, and pleasures of this death-stricken world ! The meek alone rightly and truly inherit this earth even now : the poor only now have the kingdom of heaven (Matt. v. 3—5) ; and now and then, the Lord deigns to bestow drops of this heaven on worms below. We want more faith, more of divine power, more of the unction of the Holy One ; then we should, whenever we survey the beauties of creation, be constrained to say, Every acre, yea, every inch, of this is mine. And we should also call the joys and glories of heaven our own, by God's gracious grant and free love to us. He gave us Christ, the unspeakable Gift, the Gift of gifts, and *with Him*, and *in Him*, all other things needful for His own glory and our real good. Whenever the Lord leads and enables us to own with contrition the deeds we have done, and take the remission God gives in His Son, then we truly realize these matters, and rightly possess all things, having nothing

In all the mind or imaginary letters sent you, I always began with Durham, often telling our sister F——, when she reminded me that you had written many letters, and had received none, that in lending you that book on the Divine Song of Songs, I had given that which was much better than a hundred letters from such a pen as mine. I hope you have been reading and finding it to be so. The dedication by Margaret Durham to Rutherford's favourite correspondent, Lady Kenmure, surpasses, in my view, all the dedications I ever read ; the Lord putting that honour on the weaker vessel, to magnify His grace, and show His wisdom as He hath done in His word with the songs of Deborah, Hannah, and Mary. When first read, it was to me the most enlightened, unctuous, able, and condensed view of the Canticles that ever met my eye or ear. To you it may be quite different. Things are only what they are made to us. One is led differently to another. The most savoury meat will not yield its relish if there be no keen appetite, or savour on the heart. Certain things cannot be known without some experience and enjoyment of them. The 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of John cannot be rightly or fully entered into without receiving in *some measure* the Holy Ghost as *the Comforter* (a thing much beyond having some of His comforts), for they treat almost entirely of that subject. So also 1 John iv. 16—19, which with Isa. lxvi. 13, 14, and Zeph. iii. 14, 15, form our mottoes for the year 1843 ; a rich inheritance, you will say, truly. The Lord give us faith to enter in, and possess this fat and good land ! These all belong to a class of truths that cannot be learnt by comparing texts, or hearing of, and talking about, them ; but only by the enjoyment and feeling of them : the reverse of justification, and the putting away of sin, which is purely a matter for faith ; there sense and feeling must have their eyes altogether put out ; for reason, or sight, will ever say, " I see sin ; " and sense, " I feel it ; " whereas the divine testimony is, that it is cast into the depths of the sea—made an end of ; removed as far from the believer as the east is from the west. When sought for, it is not to be found ; for there is none, Christ having made an end of sin for ever.

Everything being the Christian's, because he is Christ's, it is right to use, in a lawful way, in reference to the labours of his servants living and dead ; and more especially so such as were filled with the Spirit, and led into His mind in His word, for in preaching or writing is truly valuable to God's children only as it tends to unfold the mind of the Spirit in His word and endear the Bible. All God's gifts to His Church are for the benefit of the Church and the enriching of all and each of her members. When Isa. xxx. 26, is fulfilled, the light, grace, and truth made known to the Church, in all her former states, troubles, furnaces, deliverances, &c., will shed their light upon her, so that the light of seven days will be found in one, or the greatest perfection of light that hath ever shone into and upon her. Great was the light, and much the truth, that Durham was led into, as his works on Rev., Isa. liii., and the Song demonstrate. He honoured the Lord, and He greatly honoured His faithful

servant. In some parts he fails; man must fail, God alone fails not. He never makes the least mistake. Almighty power, infinite wisdom, and boundless love, mark all His acts towards His chosen, which will be fully developed and proved shortly. The precious things which feasted my soul in reading Durham are almost forgotten, but one impression is left, and that is the wonderful and varied changes the spouse of Jesus had to pass through. The divinity of it is proved by this, that no saint can come into any state not described by it. Surely those who have never any changes will find some difficulty in tracing the footsteps of the flock, as the children of Abraham and the heirs of his grace, faith, and inheritance.

One reason which prevented my writing you was the record which I wished to make of our brother H——'s blessed, precious, and memorable visit of six weeks. What blessings! Words in season, exactly suited to one's state and circumstances. Often I lost sight of him, and only recognized the messenger of the Lord of hosts, and His message to my soul. The savour, power, and unction derived from communion with the Lord, were so great as to make his very face shine as Moses'. in measure; and the proverb, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine" flashed on my mind. Doubtless you have had particulars. The last was on Rom. iv. 18—25; v. 1—5, a crown for the whole! I never knew what it was to glory in tribulation before lately. In the loss of all things, treasures of immense and unsearchable riches have been opened up, applied, and given to me in that way as to make me rejoice abundantly. What a portion is Job xxii. 21—30, and James i.!

Yours in the Lord,

M. HUTCHINSON.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

A ROYAL Commission has been appointed for the consideration of Ritualism, but we do not expect that much good will result from it, as, with two or three exceptions, all its members appear to be such as have evinced a partiality for ritualistic practices; their decisions, therefore, cannot have much weight. But meanwhile much precious time may be lost—a most important opportunity of striking at the root of the evil will be thrown away—and the disease is spreading and taking stronger hold. Most heartily do we agree with the sentiments lately expressed by the new Bishop of Victoria, in his farewell sermon: "Alas! that we should live to see the day when, not only in the Roman Catholic chapels, but in the churches of our Protestant land, some of the worst heresies of Rome—such as the elevation and worship of the Host—should be practised, as I myself have witnessed it; and that the arm of authority should seem weak to correct the offender, and effectually remove so great an offence in the sight both of God and man. The liberalism of the day is appealed to to tolerate such practices in the Reformed Church of England and Ireland. What! tolerate in our Protestant Church the very practices which, at such cost of agony and blood, necessitated the Reformation? Besides, what, either in or out of the Church of England, has Popery to do with toleration? Let the fires of Smithfield testify (and let their testimony never be forgotten) what Rome means by toleration. It is but the wolf in sheep's clothing simulating the bleating of the lamb; and, if we be deceived by so wretched a counterfeit, and that with the history of the past before our eyes, indeed a Satanic delusion must have bewitched us, which may God in His mercy soon dispel! Shall we give up our Bibles for the breviary? Shall we go back to 'the Romish doctrines concerning purgatory, pardons, wor-

shipping, and adoration as well of images as of relics, and also invocation of saints?' Shall public prayer in the Church and the Sacraments be ministered in a tongue not understood by the people? Instead of the two sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord, shall we speak of some two or three more, or of Rome's seven? Instead of duly 'using' the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, shall it be carried about to be gazed upon? Shall the substance of the bread and wine be said to be 'changed,' and then revered, lifted up, and worshipped? My dear brethren—and I speak now to the faithful laity of our Church—there is need that we utter no uncertain sound upon these points; it is 'needful that we exhort you to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.' Oh, think of your sons and daughters now worshipping by your sides—will you not hand down to them the open Bible and the Protestant worship your forefathers entrusted to your safe keeping? Will you suffer a captious scepticism on the one hand, and barefaced Popery on the other, so to undermine the very foundation of our Zion, that when destroyed the enemy shall taunt you, and your own conscience shall too late reproach you, 'What hath the righteous done?' Done to save her? for their supineness hath been her ruin. Oh that the Lord Himself would interfere in our behalf, and rouse us from the fatal lethargy that has entranced us! Christ's truth shall never perish. Christ's Church is built upon the rock, and never can be moved. But 'stars' can be quenched, and 'candlesticks' can be removed—'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches.'"

By the time that this number of the *Gospel Magazine* is in the hands of our readers, an immense gathering of the dignitaries and friends of the Romish Church will have taken place at Rome. This year is the 1800th anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom, and the Pope is determined to celebrate the occasion with unusual ceremony and pomp. All the Roman Catholic bishops throughout the whole world have it seems been invited to be present, and they are requested to bring as many of their people as they can with them. "Already," we are told, "the streets of Rome are filled with ecclesiastics, and the strange costumes of the various religious orders attract attention. One archbishop is reported to have asked for accommodation for a retinue of eighty priests who will accompany him; and other prelates are expected to arrive with numerous attendants. St. Peter's has been in the hands of the decorators for some weeks, and the lateral arches are hung with splendid draperies of crimson velvet, while the lower part of the church is decked out with trappings of gold, and blue, and red. The external preparations are to be on a commensurate scale. The Municipal Council has voted supplies, and munificent contributions are anticipated from the different dioceses which will be represented in the pageant. On the night of the centenary the basilica of the Vatican will be illuminated, while on the following evening that of St. Paul will be a blaze of light. Lustres have been ordered from Naples and Florence, so great will be the number required for the exhibition. But it is not so much on the splendour of the fêtes, or the elaborate character of the religious ceremonies to be celebrated, that the Sacred College relies for creating a profound impression. Its members look rather to the moral effects which will follow from so vast a demonstration. They wish to prove that the spiritual ascendancy of the Pope has been unshaken by the deprivations from which he has suffered, and that he possesses in as high a degree as any of his predecessors the confidence and loyal support of the Romish hierarchy. It is to be a grand ovation in honour of Popery, and it is believed that a procession of prelates summoned from all quarters of the world, followed by a dense phalanx of priests, all of whom will vouch for the divine authority of their Church, will strengthen its position and secure it new homage." We understand also that there is to be a grand canonization of Romish saints, as well as a grand Œcumenical or General Council; and that the Pope proposes to pronounce, as a solemn decree of the Church of Rome, that he is *infallible*; that is, that he cannot err, or make any mistake in his doctrines or govern-

ment. What is this but making himself equal with God?—a creature that cannot err must be divine. Last year he asserted (as it is reported), “I am the way, the truth, and the life. They who are with me are with the Church—they who are not with me are out of the Church. They are out of the way, the truth, and the life;” and this year he aspires to equality with the Most High! Surely if this be so, it is, as it were, putting the topstone to his blasphemy, filling up to overflowing the cup of his Church’s wickedness. Shall this be allowed still to go on, or will an awful and sudden stop be put to it? What, if this grand festival should prove to be another Belshazzar’s feast? What, if this should be the time when it is to be said, “Babylon the great is fallen,” the time when her plagues are to come in “one day,” and her judgment in “one hour?” God only knows; the times and seasons are in His hand, and His people must patiently watch, and wait, and pray.

We are thankful, therefore, to notice the bold and faithful charge lately delivered by the Archdeacon of Middlesex, at his visitation of the clergy of his archdeaconry. In it he treats of the corrupt teaching of the Romish Church, proving his statements by numerous quotations from Roman Catholic writers, and showing that there is no commandment of the Decalogue which a member of the Church of Rome may not, according to his Church’s teaching, set aside, so that he may consider, under certain circumstances, even theft, murder, adultery, and false witness to be no sin! We need, as a nation, to be now and then reminded of these things. As the Venerable Archdeacon observes, “There never was a time when it was more necessary, not only for the clergy, but for the people, to keep in mind what Popery is in respect of doctrine, worship, and morals.”

An important case, involving the religion of wards in Chancery, has been recently brought before the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Purcell, a Protestant, married a Catholic lady, and had by her two children, who were baptized as Protestants. Mr. Purcell then died intestate, and Mrs. Purcell was appointed guardian of the children, £500 a-year being awarded to her by the court for their support. But shortly after Mr. Purcell’s death the children were taken abroad by their mother, in order that they might be brought up in her own faith, and, on hearing this, the Chancellor stopped the allowance which he had assigned for their support. One of them, a girl, has since died, and the survivor—now a boy of fifteen—remains abroad with the mother, who is endeavouring to obtain some allowance for her support, having no means of her own. But the Chancellor has not only refused to sanction any payment to her, but has deprived her of her guardianship of the infant, whose property amounts to between £2,000 and £3,000 a-year.

We are glad to hear cheering accounts of the Mission work at the Paris Exhibition. The Bible Stand, especially, seems to be a great success. During the first seven weeks of the Exhibition 389,700 copies of portions of the word of God were distributed; on the very first day about 1,000 soldiers and officers applied for and received copies; and, as the number of visitors increases, the demand continues to be very great. At one window of the Stand, we are informed, stands a young German, at the next an Englishman, highly honoured as the chief promoter of this great enterprise. At the third, a Frenchman, whose work is more constant than that of his coadjutors, and needs all his energy—bodily, mental, and spiritual. At the next, a Russian gentleman, counting it all honour to devote his time to such a cause. At the next, an Italian Christian, ready for a word of welcome to his compatriots; and, at the neighbouring window, a Spaniard, fellow-prisoner of Matamoros, rejoicing in liberty to give to his countrymen those Scriptures which have been the joy of his own soul; and then a Christian man at the next window skilled in Oriental languages, and still another whose mission is to his own people, to whom once were entrusted the oracles of God. We can but rejoice that the incorruptible seed is thus scattered abroad, with the full assurance that it must germinate, and that it will bring fruit for the great harvest-tide.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 20,
NEW SERIES. }

AUGUST, 1867.

{ No. 1,220,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

AN HOUR OR TWO AT BATH.

"*As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.*"—
PROV. xxvii. 19.

"*Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another : and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name.*"—MALACHI iii. 16.

THERE are those at Bath whom I have known and loved in the Lord for more than five-and-twenty years ; and yet, singular to say, I see them less frequently now—when within some ten or twelve miles—than I did whilst living in Ireland.

A letter just received having served to stir up bygone seasons and refreshing recollections, I resolved to take the train, and spend an hour or two with my old friends. I felt, as it were, at the Lord's bidding—"My times are in His hand"—for I had been most singularly frustrated in a proposed arrangement, which, if carried out, would have taken me wellnigh a hundred miles in another direction.

Scarcely was I seated in my dear friend's house, before in walked an old Indian officer. "A man is known by the company he keeps ;" and the very salutation in the house of my well-known dear Christian friend, led at once to the belief that he was one of the seed-royal. A remark or two of a somewhat general character soon led to closer conversation, in which came forth, on the part of the veteran in question, all the outspokenness and honesty of a soul deeply, deeply im-

bued with a solemn realization of eternal things. The length of the conversation, which extended over some two hours or more, prevents my giving it in detail; but the substance of it was extremely grateful to my heart, as standing in striking contrast to the fearful and delusive spirit and influence of the present day—*that of taking things for granted*, adopting this belief, or coming to that conclusion, simply as a matter of course, or merely because it was laid down in the letter of the word. Without waiting for a “Thus saith the Lord,” one well knows—and mourns over the fact—that there are a multitude of religionists of the present day, who presumingly help themselves to the promises and the assurances of God’s blessed word, in direct opposition to the course adopted by the Psalmist, “*SAY unto my soul, I am thy salvation.*”

It was only the previous evening I had been visiting a poor dying woman, whom I had seen on several occasions before. Upon asking after the present state of her mind, and whether she was more at rest, she said she was. “On what grounds?” I asked. “I have faith in God,” was her answer. “What has given it you?” again I asked. “Hath the Lord spoken? Have you had any Scripture sealed home upon your heart?” The reply was in the negative. “Now,” said I, “when once visiting a dying man, who lay upon nothing but a poor pallet of straw, with his bones piercing through his skin, I was astonished to find the change that had come over him. He was so peaceful and so happy. ‘This bed,’ sir,” said he, “is like a bed of down.” How came all this, I wanted to know. “Oh, sir,” said the dying man, “I have got *the answer* you used to talk about.”

Now this was what one wanted from the woman in question—a readiness to “give the reason of the hope that was within her with meekness and fear.” And upon these principles it was that one sought to draw her off from herself, and from looking to any power or influence within her as a ground of hope, to a simple looking to and waiting upon the Lord Himself, for *Him* to say, “Thy sins are forgiven thee.”

In speaking thus, I am quite aware I am going directly contrary to the opinions and the recommendations of thousands upon thousands of professors; but, if I know anything savingly of the Lord, this is the way He has taught me for upwards of forty years. Rich and full and appropriate and blessed as are the promises of God, as scattered up and down in His precious word, I dare no more attempt to help myself to one of them, than to draw a check in another man’s name from happening to know that he had an account at a certain banker’s, and always kept a good balance there. I say this act of forgery upon the part of an individual thus seeking to take advantage of his fellow-man, would not be more culpable, in a human point of view, than for a person to help himself to the promises and the privileges of God’s word, because they are the property of the household of faith. It is their property, it is true; but it is only to be administered or dealt out to them at such times and in such propor-

tions as shall please Jehovah, their great and bountiful Benefactor and Friend; and God the Holy Ghost, in His own Divine Person, is to be the Administrator. He, and He alone, it is who gives out of this heavenly storehouse whensoever, wheresoever, to whomsoever, and under whatsoever circumstances it shall seem good in His sight.*

Moreover, I go further, and fearlessly declare that, however frequently and blessedly the Lord may, in past seasons, have applied His word in some rich and home-and-heart-spoken promises, when the soul falls into a cold or barren or backsliding state, it cannot rest contented or satisfied with that word, however precious or powerful it was at the time and under the circumstances in which it was applied. There is a remembrance of it, and a hope springing up in the mind in connexion with the remembrance; but there is such a holy, jealous, and godly fear of presuming or taking that which is not one's own, that nothing less than the renewed assurance and the fresh bringing it home with power by the Holy Ghost will suffice; and it is far, far better that a poor convinced and self-condemned soul should wait in this hesitating, restless, uneasy, uncertain condition *for even years and years*, than that there should be an easy gliding into a vain, superficial, matter-of-course, but, after all, mere fleshly confidence.

Now it was in this anxious, dissatisfied condition I found the old soldier to whom I before alluded. And the closer conversation—that bearing more immediately upon *heart-work*—began in consequence of some remark, that led him to say, “And how long may a man remain in doubt about his state before God?” “How long,” said I, “why it may be for years and years. I may mention the case of my own dear father, who was convinced of sin, or called by grace, at fourteen, and he lived to within a few days of seventy years of age, and yet never was long together at a point about his state. On one occasion he met an old friend, a minister, who asked him how it was with him, when he replied, that he was in the same state of doubt and

* Just previous to the interview above spoken of, a dear friend had placed in my hand the “Bible Society's Monthly Reporter” for June, in which is given the report of the Society's Annual Meeting in Exeter Hall. In the course of his speech, the Bishop of Carlisle, speaking of the criticism and unbelief of the present age, says, that the enemy calls upon us to “abandon the position of Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus; to abandon the position of Samuel, who said, ‘Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.’” Both the one and the other were thus looking to the Lord, and expecting from the Lord, and were by no means satisfied with any present inherent working or desire.

In the same report, the Rev. Dr. Miller says, “Sometimes, in the word of God, it is not ‘Thus saith the Scriptures,’ but ‘Thus saith the Holy Ghost.’ Many of us, I believe” (he continues), “have got into a bad habit in our sermons of never reminding our people, by the very formula of our quotations, that it is the Holy Ghost who is speaking, and not the man. For the last few months I have been trying to bring my people to recollect that this is not St. Paul's explanation of Moses, but the Holy Ghost interpreting the Holy Ghost. This is a very important point, and I mention it in connexion with this flippant reverence, because I believe we must get into a habit more and more ourselves of associating the book with its Divine Author, and we should so speak and preach that men shall feel when they write that they are not throwing out the flippant arrow of sarcasm against Paul or Moses, so that the awful text of Scripture may meet them, and a man may well tremble lest, in thus speaking of the word of the Spirit, he should be indeed committing that one sin to which mercy is denied.”

fear. 'What,' said the minister, 'still at the pool of Bethesda?*' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'you should have heard of it had it been otherwise.' "

"Ah," said the old colonel, "but he had *hope*." "And did you ever meet a man in despair?" "Well, the man in despair is, I suppose, the man who shoots himself." "Are you willing, colonel, to give up *your* hope?" "*My hope!* Well, now, I'll tell you. When

* The reader will remember the case of the poor man who was *eight-and-thirty* years at the pool of Bethesda. I might have added, in the conversation above referred to, that in my dear father's experience, there was a realization of the promise, "At eventide it shall be light." He never experienced that full, free, and blessed discharge from all guilt and fear that he had looked and prayed for, in the conspicuous way and manner he had anticipated: yet, a day or two before he died, he said, "*I am on the Rock;*" and to his second son, who had just returned from a business journey, he said, "I will talk to you to-morrow about business, my son, if I am well enough. If not, *I shall be better off*." On the morning of that morrow he was about to leave his bed and rise as usual, when the malady from which he had been suffering reached its climax, and he that had been through fear of death all his lifetime subject to bondage, lay back his head, and passed away without sigh or groan.

Ah, dear reader, if Christ be thy only hope, and thine only stay, thou hast nothing to fear. Oh, how often has one known that precious father to wrestle and groan before the Lord! What cries for mercy has the writer heard him present at the throne of grace. One week evening, our dear earliest companion (after the Rev. JOHN DOUDNEY LANE) came home from the house of God which he had attended with my loved father. When we retired to bed he wept much. I asked why he cried so. He said his grandpapa wept so much under the singing of the hymn, especially at the verse—

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath,
His lovingkindness sing in death!"

"If my *dear grandpapa* wept so," he added, "how well may *I* weep!" That verse is never sung now without that circumstance being brought to mind. At another time, subsequently, my dear father was in deep anguish of soul. He wept and wrestled with God *the whole night long*. It was a night by me ever to be remembered. Little did that dear father know why he was brought, in spite of himself, a distance of some twenty miles, in deep distress of mind. Little did he know why God, in His inscrutable providence, had arranged that that night should be passed in the company of his younger son, who, little by little, had become so entangled in a deeply-laid snare, that at length *he thought rescue was impossible*. He was got beyond praying for it, so hopeless did it appear—so inevitable seemed to be his ruin. Hence he was striving to prepare for the worst by making the best of it. Little did that dear father know how God was working at that moment, and how his agonizing cries for pardon were telling home upon the heart of his son, then, then so fearfully enthralled—yea, upon the very precipice of a most awful fall into outward sin and iniquity, under the pressure of temptation, and from which that very anguish of his father on *his own* account, served to show if *he*—such a man—so agonized and so sorrowed, what ought one to feel who was so tempted to yield to such a sin? Reader, this very anguish of that loved father, was the means, in the hand of a kind and gracious God, of breaking that awful snare, and rescuing from that most fearful enthrallment. Yet that dear father never knew it. Oh, how wondrous were the whole circumstances, coming up vividly in review at this moment, although thirty-four or thirty-five years have since passed away! How marvellous and how gracious does the hand of the Lord thus appear in the retrospect, and how does the review cheer one's heart and raise one's hopes in regard to one's dear children! Who knows but the self-same God, who was then working without a parent's knowledge, may be at this very time working in like manner? "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?" Lord, Lord, may a poor sinner without presumption, venture to add—

"And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust!"

Oh, grant it, grant it, for Christ's sake!

I was getting up this morning, I almost fainted—I do quite faint sometimes. I thought I was going to die. Suppose I had died, I don't know now whether I should have been in heaven or hell.” “How is it you have any concern about the matter?” “Concern! why isn't it a dreadful consideration—heaven or hell?” “Do all feel it to be so? I was taken by surprise,” said I, “some time ago, by a godly doctor asking me if I ever met with any worldly man afraid to die? ‘Afraid to die,’ thought I, ‘why, yes, undoubtedly I have, many.’ He went on to say that his venerable father never remembered to have met with but one man who was afraid to die, during an experience of fifty years, and that was a butcher, who was supposed to have murdered his servant-boy. I afterwards thought much upon the subject, and the conclusion to which I came was, that the children of God (who have really no cause to fear death) are far more the subjects of it, than those who have no hope beyond the grave, and of whom the Psalmist speaks as having “no bands in their death, but their strength is firm.” “Ah,” said the colonel, “but I have seen plenty of men afraid of death on the battle-field, and I have often thought that that fear has operated as a preventive of much greater slaughter.”

“Fear of death?” said I, “it is because they know the tremendous consequences of death, that the children of God are so much the subjects of it. I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself was afraid of death.” “Christ Himself?” “Yes. ‘I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!’ ‘Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.’ Whence His bloody sweat? The Psalms were nearly all the language of Christ; and mark the interminglings of fear there. He came to ‘deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.’”

It was clear from the whole tenor and bearing of his remarks, that the old colonel was apprehensive that his religion (if, as he would say, worthy the name) consisted not in love to Christ, but in a fear of the consequences of living and dying without Christ; and all one's arguments failed to satisfy. He rejected all. Every argument of the creature fell short; and, much as I should have rejoiced in being, in however humble a degree, instrumental in bringing comfort and consolation to his poor troubled mind, yet I rejoiced in the fact, that none but the Lord could speak peace. It was the Lord Himself he wanted, and His own home-spoken and heart-spoken word.

“Consider the state of man by nature, colonel; dead, spiritually dead: just like the bones in Ezekiel's vision. Can the dead feel? If a poor drowning creature had been rescued from the canal hard by, and you, whilst standing by the doctor, saw, in his efforts to restore animation, that the chest heaved, or the eyelids quivered, would you not say, ‘Persevere, doctor; he is not *dead*?’ What are those feelings that you have? Are they not proofs of life? Can you substitute a

better word for what passes within you than that word '*desire?*' and you remember that it says, 'The *desire* of the righteous shall be granted.' But you doubt your being a 'righteous' one. You doubt your love to Christ. But, supposing immediately you left this house, you heard that holy name blasphemed, or that you heard Christ's power or authority called in question, I venture to declare that there would instantly spring up in your heart a holy indignation, that would render you, for the time being, utterly regardless of yourself or condition. You would consider your own salvation a matter of *secondary or no importance*, in the intensity of your desire to vindicate the name and fame of Jesus. Moreover, have you not long been brought to this conclusion, that there is salvation in no other? Can you not say with Esther, 'I will go in before the king, which is not according to the law; and, if I perish, I perish?' Are you not quite at a point that it is perfectly useless to look elsewhere for salvation?" "I could not have been ten years under Mr. WALLINGER's ministry," was the colonel's reply, "without being clear upon these points." "Well, is not this the substance of what you would say,

" 'Though words can never tell my case,
Nor all my sorrows paint;
This I can say before Thy face,
That *Christ* is all I want?'"

The dear old warrior was mute. As I sat contemplating his open countenance, silvered hair, and manly bearing, I thought, "Here's a man that evidently feared not an earthly foe; that was prepared to spend and be spent in the service of his country; but now falls before the Lord and His truth in all the meekness of the babe and mildness of the lamb. No words of man can suffice, no reasonings of the creature can avail. It is *God*, and *God alone*, must speak. Here is a familiarity with the word—a love of the word—but ah, it is the Holy Ghost who, through the word and by the word, must speak, or all, all, is to no purpose. And how blessed an evidence is this, that "where the word of a king is, there is power."

Reader, how beautifully does this case seem to correspond with that of the centurion, in regard to his sick servant: "Lord, trouble not Thyself: for I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof: wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." As much as to say, "Only give the word of command; speak, Lord, speak, and that shall suffice. My [or Thy] servant shall be healed."

May the Lord Himself cheer and comfort that dear old soldier's heart! Nay, assuredly He will do it; but He will adopt His own means and take His own time in so doing.

However strange it may appear, one does love to see a caution and hesitation and dread about taking *man's* words, even though

those words may be drawn from God's blessed book. It generally augurs well when the whole tenor and bearing of an anxious mind bespeaks that nothing less than the gracious assurance of the eternal I AM will suffice. Hart knew the secret when he wrote,

"Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I can hear from God's own mouth,
That He has chosen me."

This is far above and beyond the reach of the duty-faith or creature-confidence of the day.

At the close of the conversation just briefly quoted, the colonel having withdrawn, a third dear friend joined us; and it was most refreshing to hear him tell out, in simple, God-glorifying language, the gracious acts of the Lord, both as a God of providence and a God of grace. It is long since the heart has been so refreshed by the simple details of the Lord's tender interest and kindly care over His people. How forcibly came the words of the poet,

"Make you *His* service *your* delight,
Your wants shall be His care."

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Unquestionably it shall be the case. "He that watches a providence shall never want a providence to watch." "The angel of the everlasting covenant works wondrously" now as of old. There is no need of creature meddling or fleshly interference. Faith's God-glorifying position and rightful prerogative is now, as in bygone days, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

In company with the dear friends above referred to, I now called upon another loved one in the Lord. Since last I had visited at that house, the head of that loved family had been called home. For upwards of twenty years had one been greeted with her sweet benevolent smile. In one's occasional visits during that protracted period, it had been uniformly her habit to testify, in sweetest terms, of the goodness and the lovingkindness of her God. With a mind of no ordinary kind, there was blended the sweetest natural disposition, and both mind and heart bedewed so richly and tenderly with grace. With her there was what is not very commonly to be found—namely, a clear grasp of pure Gospel truth—a large and comprehensive insight into the fulness and freeness of rich, unmerited grace—a blessed defence of Divine sovereignty, and the immutable "I wills" and "they shalls" of the adorable Trinity; but, combined and united with all, was meekness, tenderness, and the utmost possible docility. Nay, if asked the grand characteristic of that blessed mother in Israel, it should be given in one word—*mellowness*. There are many sound Christians, but there is a *moroseness* about them that is by no means commendatory of either them or their Master; but, in the now-glorified one here spoken of, there was exhibited, even in her very countenance, as well as

in her words and actions, meekness, gentleness, *mellowness*—that's the word. She had emphatically what the apostle Peter speaks of—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Although she was missed—and greatly, too—from the little group that now again met beneath that roof, it was sweet to think of her as now before the throne, with all her sufferings and all her sorrows for ever and for ever passed away; and, whilst again we unitedly bowed the knee at the throne of grace, where we had on so many occasions sought together to roll our burdens and to cast our cares, it was sweet to remember that the victory vouchsafed to one and another and another of the household of faith is but the earnest and foretaste of the final glorification of the whole family, in and by the complete victory of their once-travailing but now triumphant Lord.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, July 6, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

Born, 1586; died, 1588.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given—
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me, as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss;
With outstretched arms its careworn father greet—
Ah! in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart—
A few short months, else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night);
And He who gave me all my heart's pulse, trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradually faded from our love away,
As if still secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withered, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to our board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade its mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid—
 So very sweet at times, our converse seemed
 Of that sure truth of grief and gladness made—
 Our little lamb, by God's own Lamb redeemed.

There were two milk-white doves my wife had cherished;
 And I, too, loved a while at times to stand,
 Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
 And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that, to his cradle flying,
 Full oft they coo'd him to his noontide rest;
 And, to the murmur of his sleep replying,
 Crept gently in, and nestled to his breast.

'Twas a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleeping,
 So fondly guarded by those creatures mild;
 Watch o'er closed eyes, their bright eyes keeping:
 Wondrous the love between the birds and child!

Still as he sickened, the doves, too, divining,
 Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
 And, on the day he died, with sad note pining,
 One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted,
 At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
 And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
 The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet me, sad home riding,
 As with a human sorrow in its coo,
 To my dead child, and its dead mate then finding;
 Most pitifully plained and parting too.

'Twas my transit* and propine† to heaven;
 And, as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
 Precious his comforts, once an infant given,
 And offered, with two turtle-doves, to God.

SACRED MAXIMS.

is difficult to speak of other people's wrong-doing in a right spirit.
 possible for a person to do wrong, even in trying to put another
 on right.

the thief on the cross had lived a wicked life, but died a blessed death.
 was this? Election explains it.

ough we be weak, and all external things frail and transitory; by
 nding on Him, we are, as it were, above ourselves, above time and
 world, and thus partake in some measure of His unchangeableness.
 rtin.

the blessed Saviour has a blessed people; the righteous Saviour a
 eous people; the holy Saviour a holy people; the loving Saviour a
 g people; the faithful Saviour a faithful people; the chosen Saviour
 sen people; the living Saviour a living people; the glorious Saviour
 rious people; the reigning Saviour a reigning people. Reader, are
 one of them? Am I one of them?

* Earnest.

† Pledge.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

STEPPING-STONES.

"I being in the way, the Lord led me. . . . Blessed be the Lord, which hath led me in the right way."—GEN. xxiv. 27, 48.

SUCH was the acknowledgment of Abraham's servant when he arrived at the house of Laban, the Lord having prospered him in his journey, and given him Rebekah to take back to Isaac; and such must be the exclamation of every servant of God as he halts and thinks of the Lord's goodness—"I being in the way, the Lord led me." It has been a circuitous and mysterious path, but I would not have a thing altered. "Blessed be the Lord, which hath led me in a right way."

It is delightful, beloved, to trace the footsteps of the flock; and we have taken pen in hand at this season with this feeling. What a book of God's providences it would make, if many of the Lord's chosen ones were to record the leadings of the Lord in bringing them out of Satan's power to the foot of the cross, and from the cross onwards to the crown. All would have to declare that "the stepping-stones" have been set in the cement of covenant love. What tales of God's love could many tell equal possibly to a Ruth or Esther—a Manasseh or a Magdalene! What records of multiplied mercies could we *all* tell; for the Lord is as much displaying the riches of His grace now to His people as He did in days of old to a Lydia or a Cornelius. He is ever the same wonder-working God.

Let us then, beloved, at this season pen a little about "the Lord's leadings," as the Spirit shall direct.

"Lord, help a worthless worm so weak,
I can do nothing good;
May all I act, or write, or speak,
Be sprinkled with Thy blood."

A few thoughts upon

I. THE WAY.

"I being in the way."

One thing is certain: the Lord leads His people in a very peculiar course, quite contrary to their calculations. Sometimes it seems to them—

1. *A very dark way.*—Ah, beloved, how often have we to grope on in the dark, and to mourn over great deadness of soul! Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the life within had come to a complete "*standstill*." This may arise from the overwhelming cares of business or domestic life, or it may be from the spirit of the world creeping over one, and inducing an indifference to the things of God. Be the cause what it may, we seem at a standstill. And yet, beloved, may there not be such a thing as taking root downwards, while there may be no manifest fruit upwards? Does not our very darkness and deadness make us feel our complete poverty and inability to do a good action, or even think a good thought? And does not this empty one of self, and make one feel, "Well, if I am to be saved, and supported, and carried through, *the Lord must do all*. I am entirely dependent upon Him for being, breath, and blessings?" Is not,

then, His goodness veiled in the very darkness? Is not Jesus behind the thickest cloud in our experience? and must we not experimentally sing—

“Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
’Tis mine to obey,
’Tis His to provide,
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken
Will surely prevail?”

But again,

2. *It is a very distinct way*—so contrary to the course of the wicked. What a silent observer does the Christian become! The world goes on in its full swing of earthly pleasures—swimming with the stream seems its pursuit; but the Christian stands aloof; he is thoughtful; he cannot do as the multitude do; he has tasted pleasures the world can neither give nor take away: and he has no relish for what the world considers good and great; he sees the crowds rushing on in an evil course, and he thinks, Oh, how soon shall we all be in eternity! These boasters of their position in this world, how soon will they be laid low. These many who are increasing in this world’s goods, and saying, “Soul, thou hast much store laid up for many years, eat, drink, and be merry,” oh, how soon may they hear the voice of God, saying, “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?”

“No,” says the Christian, “I cannot go on as they do; I must stand aloof. ’Tis true, I am a marked man, a speckled bird, and they avoid me as they would do the wild beast of the forest; however, let them avoid me; let them point the finger of scorn at me; let them say of me as they did of my Master, ‘He hath a devil.’ Time will prove who is right: eternity will bring out the triumphant one. God giving me grace, I must stand by the Scripture injunction, ‘Be not conformed to this world.’”

Yet from the persecution of the world and the peculiar exercises of soul which the child of God realises, it is often to him,

3. *A very dreaded way*.—Such is the power of unbelief, that we are constantly dreading what the future may unfold relative to ourselves and our families, as if our God changed, and was not as much a God of the future as of the past! ’Tis just like His children of old. How soon did they forget the Red Sea deliverance, and think that they had but been delivered to die in the wilderness. They lost sight of the character of God in the consideration of the comfort of the creature: and this will always bring one into an atmosphere of unbelief. May God strengthen our faith, for often have we to prayerfully sing—

“Oh that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

“He that hath made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide,
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?”

4. *It is a desert way*.—And our God means, too, that we should feel the

world to be but a wilderness ; for, when Pharaoh let the people of Israel go, the Lord led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near, but He led the people about through the way of the wilderness (Exod. xiii. 17, 18), as if to show them and His spiritual Israel to the end of time that in everything shall they find it to be a desert land. Sometimes fond nature leads them to cling too strongly to some earthly beloved, and they drink deeply of desert joy, too soon to prove that they have been drawing from a failing spring—they have been lapping from a broken cistern.

5. *It is a decidedly opposed way.*—We may depend upon it the pilgrim homeward bound will be opposed by the world, the flesh, the devil, and by ungodly relatives, yea, by the closest ties sometimes, as in Job's case. But I pity the one who attempts to oppose the onward course of a child of God. The child of God doubtless thinks, "Nay, but I am the one you ought to pity ;" but not so, the opposition drives you to the throne, and prayer

" Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

But it is far different with thine opponents. God will bring such an one to judgment. The opposition will recoil on his own head ; for he that toucheth one of God's little ones toucheth the apple of His eye ; and this may bring us to another assertion :—

6. *It is a way which is "before the Lord."*—Hence said the priest unto Jonathan, "Go in peace : before the Lord is your way wherein ye go." Oh, what sweet consolation is here ! Does the reader think that the private concerns of our lives are beneath the notice of God ? This passage assures us it is far otherwise. Oh, let us take to Him life's littles, and believe that in those littles He magnifies Himself, as the God of all grace, and that, though He is the high and lifted-up One, yet hath He respect unto the lowly and his littles. Come, little one, take your every-day concerns to Him. He who careth for the falling sparrow, and for the lowly lily of the field, careth for you ; for "before the Lord is your way wherein ye go." And then—

7. *It is way "through much tribulation."*—Yet every trial is needful. We all have our trials, and must have ; and, if we had not the peculiar one which weighs us down, we should have some other, which might be more painful to endure. We are apt to think we could bear anything else, but, if "*the anything else*" came, we should talk differently ; so it is best to ask the Lord to direct us into the patience of Christ, who was patient under every form of suffering, seeing it was His Father's will. These, then, are some of the things we shall meet with in the journey home.

Let us now think of

II. THE LEADER.

" I being in the way, the Lord led me "—

led me from the paths of sin and carnality into the paths of righteousness—led me, it may be, from the theatre to the throne of grace*—led me from misery to mercy—led me from the brink of destruction into the

* A dear brother in Christ, referring to his days of unregeneracy, once told us that as he was on his way to a London theatre, he felt as it were a hand placed upon his shoulder, and heard a voice saying, "What doest thou there ?" It had such an effect upon him that he retraced his steps, went into his chamber, and poured out his soul in penitential weepings at the throne of grace.

boundaries of Zion—led me from folly's course to the foot of the cross. Oh, what a blessed Leader! And yet we fear often relative to His leadings from the *cross to the crown*. This appears to be the common defect among the people of God: their souls are resting upon a sure foundation for eternity, and yet they are restless with regard to the things of time! It is few we meet with who are manifesting a placid faith in a covenant God, and those few chiefly among those who have least of this world's goods—namely, God's afflicted poor. A visit to the bedside of the sufferers may often put us to shame, and silence our distrust and restless misgivings. And then notice particularly it is THE LORD who leads His people. He hath hold of them; and what (as dear Dr. Hawker asks) shall unclasp the hands of Jehovah? Ah, what indeed? Nothing! Oh, if it depended upon our hold of the hand of God (as many would have us believe), how soon should we leave go, and be drawn away by the countless temptations and tendencies of the age in which we live! How soon should we have to say, instead of "He led me," "I left Him!" But, blessed be His dear name, our security is in the fact that Omnipotence hath grasped us, and will not let us go. Here may the weakest and the humblest and the poorest of Christ's little ones rest. Oh, how one can enter experimentally into those lines of dear Hart:—

"If ever it could come to pass,
A sheep of Christ might fall away;
My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a-day.
Were not Thy love as *firm* as *free*,
Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me."

This is a truth we can understand and feel the comfort of; but there is no comfort in that teaching that makes it all depend upon the will of the creature. Let our trust be implicitly in the Lord; He leads in His own best and right way. And is it not, beloved, marvellous how He does work so signally for His people and their families, to bring them to nothingness of spirit, and to glorify His great name?

Where is there a Christian father or a praying mother who cannot tell of wonderful leadings in connexion with the welfare of their dear ones? It may be that they have planned and prayed and fretted long concerning the position in life of some dear son or daughter, and yet all has seemed in vain, when the Lord has pushed all their plans aside, shown them their futility, and then worked Himself in His own signal way, proving to them that it is His prerogative to lead, and theirs to keep silence, and trust. And this consideration may bring us, lastly,

III. TO ADORATION OF SPIRIT.

"Blessed be the Lord, which hath led me in the right way."

Such was the exclamation of Abraham's servant on the consideration of God's goodness to him in prospering his journey. Still, he was but mortal, and had his misgivings about its being the right way; for, on facing that journey, we know he said, "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land." Still Abraham's servant, and all God's servants, will by-and-by acknowledge, "'He hath led me in a right way.' I did not think so at the time: He seemed to upset my plans and prospects; but oh, I can now see, if He had let me have my will, instead of carrying out His own, incalculable misery must have been the

result!" Thus do our tremblings end in His triumphs, and we are ever brought to see that the Lord's leadings are right, and that everything He doeth fulfils the Scripture assertion: "All things work together for good to them who are the called, according to His purpose."

And now, beloved, I want you to lay hold by faith of these assertions, drawn from the promises of a covenant God: they are full of comfort for the weakest and most-tried Christian; and, if I have been addressing a brother or sister in the Lord who is passing through some "deep trial," oh, think, afflicted one, it is the Lord that leads! And He never led you into that vale of tears otherwise than with a purpose of love, which He will presently show you, when He brings you up on to the mount of joy; for we may recollect that wherever there is a valley, mountains or hills are round about; so sorrow and sighing but preface joy and rejoicing of spirit. And then, only think, tried one, of where the Lord is leading you to! You have no continuing city here, but are a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. Oh, how sweet to think that our covenant God is leading to an eternal home of rest! We would not wish to be unloosened from earthly ties (which constitute life's enjoyment) one moment before the appointed time, yet, when one feels wilderness-weariness, and gets faint under the burdens of the way, it is sweet to think, "Well, I have no continuing city here, and do not want to have, I seek one above; and my God is most certainly and surely leading me home. 'Blessed be the Lord, which hath led me in a right way.'" And one thing is certain, *we shall never have to retrace our steps.* Think of that, reader! Well, beloved, so it is our life's history is made up of "the stepping-stones" of God's goodness and providence; and, as William Huntington once said, "To deny the overruling providence of God is to deny the whole journal of the children of Israel, and all the wondrous works of God which daily appeared on their behalf for forty years together." You and I, dear reader, cannot deny them, for they are the sum and substance of our daily walk.

We will now close our monthly "notes," to make room (if our dear editor will allow) for a letter from a struggling sister in Christ, which came to hand while we were penning the foregoing remarks, and which will completely illustrate our subject.

Beloved, the Lord is leading you: Jehovah hath hold of thine hand. Trust Him, and be not afraid to trust; press onwards, singing the song of the pilgrim homeward-bound:—

"A scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemies' land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooch it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song."

South Park, Ilford.

G. C.

TO G. C., ILFORD.

May 12, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,—May I, while thanking you very much for your kindness in sending those dear little books, &c., ask you to read, at some convenience, my following little shallow experience of the Lord's tender mercy to me, one of the meanest of His hoping ones? And this I have been desiring to do ever since April 1, when, lying down with a bad throat, through pressure of toil and anxiety, I read your sweet "Wayside Notes," and, after, feeling much cheered and encouraged. You kindly say, "Come, tell us of His goodness," &c.

But where can I begin? "The Lord's goodness." "Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life." and although He has been pleased justly to chastise His disobedient child many times, yet "in the midst of wrath He remembers mercy." Some day, perhaps, I may be permitted to pen more—to go farther back—to recount some of the Lord's most mysterious ways—to tell of His mercy: then, like a poor shattered beacon set upon a hill, warn the young in particular, entreat my dear fellow-travellers not to worship the golden calf, nor to say, with our poor brother Aaron, "There came out this calf:" for most assuredly as they do, they will be made in the end to grind it to powder, and be made to drink of it in every drop of water they drink. Oh, how grating to the teeth! "And with bitter herbs shall they eat it."

Perhaps you remember, dear sir, our sojourn in that place—oh, the worm-wood and the gall!—but, when the time came, He remembered us in our low estate, and sent us home. It was that very day when one G. M.† came, and, in the railway carriage on the Great Northern, homeward, I read to my astonishment your article, penned, as it were, from my heart. "I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty." Empty indeed! It would make a long list if I were to enumerate all that the Lord had to empty me of. My zeal and earnestness in His work—my preconceived ideas that the ministers in the north were more faithful, more consistent, than in the south—how I thought I could trust in the Lord as Jehovah-jireh—and yet, oh, it makes my heart literally ache when I think of all the deceitfulness of my own heart, and what I suffered from the deceitfulness of those with whom we had to do!; and yet the Lord sustained us while there, we and our little ones, though often brought to our last resources for bread.

But now to come home—this land of plenty—here, where it was told me friends and a good renewed profession were awaiting me. Ah, ah! alas! "the Canaanite was still in the land." The most bitter and unaccountable trials met me, causing me to cry in anguish of spirit, "Would to God I had died in the wilderness." And to that wilderness I should have returned if I could. "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble." He showed us a house, gave us favour in the sight of the landlord, and sent me a goodly number of pupils, all my old friends flocking round me again. But we had not a penny to begin housekeeping with, and, where we naturally looked for help, their hearts were steeled. Well, the Lord knew what we wanted or needed, so He inclined a furniture-dealer to let us have a little furniture, which he said we might pay at some future convenience. Then He sent, without my asking, three daughters of a tradesman to school, then two more, and then others, and so on, that we really did not want money until it was sent. Then I was called to be organist of my dear old parish church while the lady who performed there was ill. She died; and no one doubted my appointment, with a good salary; but soon I had to find I must be contented with the pay of honour only, and there was nothing to go for, no food. Then I cried unto the Lord to show me the way. The very next day, before the following Sabbath, the minister of the congregational chapel came and asked me if I would oblige him by performing the next day at his chapel, as the organist was taken suddenly ill. I went: after this I was requested to take the office. The minister came and prayed with me for direction. It seemed very strange for me to go to a Dissenting place, but I laid it before the Lord, and, believing the minister to be ordained of Him, there I have continued with comfort ever since.

But, dear sir, you know

"Trials must and will befall."

Soon after we got our little needful furniture in, the dealer, who had professed such generosity, suddenly pounced upon us for the money. Again and again I pleaded "Have patience," &c., but he was inexorable, and threatened proceedings. Then again I cried unto Him. He did not seem to hear me at all; all refuges failed, and at last I went to the man, and told him to send for

* The writer alludes to Liverpool.

† *Gospel Magazine*.

all the furniture back. What a venture! Children coming to school, and ladies for their music and singing lessons, and not a chair to sit on! Again I went upstairs, and once more began pleading with my only Friend. I was called down, only to meet on the stairs one whom I least expected, who placed in my hand a cheque, and said, "Now go and pay the man, while I wait till you return." Oh, didn't I walk quickly, and with a lightened heart? The man, who was a Jew, skulked away as I produced the money, and left me with his wife, who, as a Gentile, had publicly renounced her belief in our Saviour, to be married to the man. "Now," I said, "I am thankful to bring you this money; but, understand, I never should have had it if it had not been for a gracious and sympathizing Saviour. Jesus heard my prayers in this distress, and it is He, Jesus, my Friend and faithful Banker, that *you* have to thank for it." The woman was greatly agitated, and said she had not been able to rest or sleep because of her husband's persistency. "Who can tell?"

Soon after this, my pupils "finished off," and, through one cause and another, I found our means very insufficient. I was brought to my wits' end. I applied for a situation, quite apart from teaching; but, though I have tried several times, my Master would never let me get away from this. But what was to be done? One evening, when I was sadly down as to the future, a lady, with a friend and man-servant, were announced. They came to the door, and inquired for a Miss —, who formerly had occupied the house. Upon their being told that that lady had gone, and that I now lived there, they exclaimed, "Why, she is the very one we want! but, being told she was gone away, we came to this other teacher as our last resource." This young lady had come some hundreds of miles to live here with a friend, with a view of studying, having in her earlier days neglected her education. As it was so novel to me, and a mystery still, they promised to call the next day for my answer and terms. I really did not expect them, but thought it a naughty hoax; but they did come, true to appointment, and settled, with a quarter's payment (good) down in advance. Then I thought of another similar young lady who might join her; the proposal was gladly accepted. Then another. Then, with my own dear girl, who needed it, we had a very nice little class. The Lord was with us. The first dear girl rejoiced my heart by telling me that the Lord blessed my humble means to the conversion of her soul. After this I never needed, and never asked for pupils.

But now, we had been from Liverpool seven years. Our house was suitable for business, but the best part was all sacrificed to that. We had not a bit of domestic comfort. This grew very wearisome to me, especially during illness. Yet we could see nowhere else. There was one new house building, but we could not pay the rent with present means. Soon I had a letter from a lady whom I had never seen, to ask me, as a very apologizing favour, if I would take charge of her little girl to board and educate. I consented, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the house. The little girl was coming, but a subsequent letter told me she would require no more earthly teaching; she was dying. Still she was raised up, but too weak for any place but home. Soon after, I received a similar application from Ireland from a lady I had never seen, but who was aunt to the young lady to whom the Lord graciously blessed me. Now, mark the Lord's wonderful providential links! This aunt asks me, as a great favour, if I would take a little girl, and educate and bring up. She had been with this lady since the recent death of her mother—her father in India, an officer. "But now," the lady writes, "my husband, who is a captain and paymaster, is ordered to India; but we cannot take our dear little ward. Will you be a mother to her?" I replied, "Yes, if the pay would be sufficient to authorise us to move into a better house." This was generously acceded to. And now for the house. We applied for the one which was then finished building. All was right. Then all was wrong; for, while we were thinking, another stepped in. Now we were in a fix! Tried another quarter. All right, till all was wrong. This house was sold. But you know, dear sir, "Faith laughs at impossibilities." The gentleman

who stepped in before us altered his mind; and now all seemed open for us. But, no! some one prejudiced the landlord's mind against letting his nice new house for a school, and we had a positive refusal. Meanwhile I had agreed to take these two applicants, and had nowhere to put them. Still I leaned upon the Lord, and He filled the landlord's mind with contrition; he came to me, saying he remembered what trouble he himself had about his present premises—that, if we would now have the house, he would get it all ready to our fancy; so he set many tradesmen to work, fitted it up beautifully. The first dear little girl is come; the second is to be brought next month.

Let me refer to another link in the chain. When we left here for Liverpool, there was a little debt I could not pay, but believed I should soon after we reached that rich place; but I never could, nor could I until two or three years after we came home, when, having a little money, I saw my creditor standing, leaning over a gate, opposite our house. I called him in; and never can I forget the astonished and grateful look of this man; he lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "What a God is our God! I have been asking Him to send me help. I didn't know where to go to for a little ready money. I wanted a little help; this is just exactly what I needed." Then that opened a nice field to "speak good of His name." The man went away, overwhelmed with gratitude for that which really belonged to him. He went across into his garden; and I fancied he went into a shed to thank his God, and perhaps invoke a blessing on His unworthy instrument. Soon after, he returned with the choicest bouquet—such lovely flowers—and the next day with a basket of his finest vegetables, the produce of his fertile ground. Upon that very spot stands our present garden, and the nice new house I am now writing from.

My dear and highly-beloved friend, E. B. M., fears I shall forget the Lord now I have been delivered from my seven years' thralldom. Dear saint! she feels a need, as I do, to pray—

"Nor let the gifts Thy grace impart
Estrange my heart from Thee."

But, oh, dear sir, it is the daily cross still, and ever must be. Even if my house were made of gold, and I had all the treasures of Solomon, I have enough to make me cry out, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Dangers and overwhelming afflictions, both bodily and relatively, are continually pending. I feel the most dependent creature possible upon God to restrain these crushing evils; beside which, I have such a hard, stony heart. Oh, the Lord knows I need daily crushing—need daily to look to Him for everything! My trials are sore, and most peculiar. I often think they do not come within the category of God's children's trials, and that I have no part or lot in the matter; but your "Wayside Notes" often set me on hoping again.

"Poor James" is indeed a striking record of Jehovah's sovereignty! Those nice little books will be scattered.

Dear sir, receive best thanks, as well as apologies, for all. May the Lord bless you with His choicest blessing, and cause your pen still to cheer the hearts of the faint and fearing ones. Such is

Yours, with much Christian respect,

R. C.

A WONDER-WORKING GOD.

WHEN recently in London, I said to a dear brother in Christ, for whom and by whom I knew the Lord had very wonderfully wrought, "Well, dear friend, does the Lord continue to show His hand on your behalf as formerly?" "Oh, yes," was his reply, with a grateful smile, "I have new schools to build that will cost £6,000; and a gentleman said to me, the other day, 'Get what you can, and I will be answerable for the rest.'" "Wonderful indeed!" thought I, "and truly a blessed proof that all hearts are in the hands of the Lord."

H H

“IT MIGHT BE WORSE.”

How precious, and, when applied by the Holy Ghost, how powerful, is God's blessed word! I have been struck lately, in an experimental way, and become, as it were, a wonder to myself, with two Scriptures, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be,” and “There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it” (1 Cor. x. 13).

In a time of deep anxiety and in prospect of still keener suffering, the eye dropped upon Lam. iii. 55, 56: “I called upon Thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice: hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.” It was a most timely word, leading to a stayedness of mind upon the Lord. One could really testify to the truth, experimentally, of the two next verses: “Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not. O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul; Thou hast redeemed my life.” Reader, do mark the word “causes,” as standing in the plural number, setting forth the *repetition* of mercy. Ah, what would become of us, dear reader, were it otherwise? If *the Lord* were to *tire* as *we* do, what then? How hapless would be our condition! But no, He ratifies that sweet word (spoken with precious power thirty years ago, to my heart), “I will multiply to pardon.” Oh, what a scene—a ceaseless, unbroken train—of mercy, grace, and goodness does the recollection of the application of that word bring! But I dare not dwell.

In connexion with present anxiety—yea, I may say, deep anguish of heart, and real soul-travail—Jer. xxxi. 34—37, had, a little before, been given: “And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more. Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; The Lord of hosts is His name: If those ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever. Thus saith the Lord; If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord.” This was followed with, “Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not” (Jer. xxxiii. 3); and “Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth. And I will cause the captivity of Judah and the captivity of Israel to return, and will build them, as at the first. And I will cleanse them from all their iniquity, whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me. And it shall be to me a name of joy, a praise and an honour before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them: and they shall fear and tremble for all the goodness and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it” (ver. 6—9). Yea, the whole of the 31st chapter was *clothed with power*; but, as though the Lord intended to *test* His promises,

or rather faith in them, "Is there any thing too hard for me?" as twice similarly expressed, given as question and answer in the 32nd chapter, seemed to bespeak the severe trying of one's faith, or, in other words, that the Lord intended to take His own time, and adopt His own course, in respect to the fulfilment of His word. I believe that the more direct and appropriate and clustered (or numerous) the promises, the longer the delay in their fulfilment, and the more critical and complicated the course the Lord pursues with regard to their accomplishment.

The promises of the word, as spoken home to the heart by God the Holy Ghost, are like seed cast into the earth, which takes time first to die, and then to rise into life. Mark, reader, the death before the life; so it is with respect to the Lord's gracious dealings—the developments of His mercy, grace, and power.

But to pass on. The long-dreaded time of trial drew near. There was no avoiding or evading it. It was evidently *God's* way, and *must* be—it must come about, in spite of all creature-shrinking or remonstrance. What God purposeth that He doeth, nor dare any attempt to "stay His hand, or say, What doest Thou?"

A loved, though a wayward child, now grown up to manhood's estate—just of age—was about to embark for a far-off land. One's own horror of the sea excites one's sympathy on behalf of any or all who have to do with it. How it can be chosen as a mode of life is to the writer perfectly marvellous. He deems it a ceaseless privation—yea, a virtual living death.

Being engaged as surgeon of the ship, my son and I went down to the locks and inspected her. She is a fine vessel, and famed as a fast sailer, making her voyage out to Australia in eighty to eight-five days. I could not, however, but pity the position in which the steerage passengers would be placed—their dark, dismal, cell-like sleeping-places were dreadful. Oh, if English artizans were but satisfied to make the best of home-opportunities and home-comforts (instead of indulging in a dissatisfied restlessness, and encouraging hopes of bettering their condition in a far-off land), how very different would be their course of action! Taking all things into consideration, I question much whether any country affords the facilities for progress and advancement which England does. But, when those about to emigrate, have broken up their English homes, thrown up their situations, and paid their passage-money, it is too late to retrace their steps, however unsatisfactory the arrangements or gloomy the prospect of their voyage.

On our second visit, the passengers were rapidly assembling, and the ship was preparing to clear out of the docks, and drop down the river to Gravesend. There was a circumstance that occurred hard-by the ship, which, when the facts came to my knowledge, caused me deep regret that I had not spoken sooner. I observed a crowd at the other end of the lock, but (as it was Whit-Monday) I supposed it consisted merely of holiday folks. However, I found afterwards that a young man from a neighbouring ship had fallen overboard; that he was recovered within a few minutes, life not being extinct; that messengers had gone in quest of a doctor for half-an-hour to no purpose, whereas one was on board our ship. Whilst I thought of the solemnity of the fact of an immortal soul thus so suddenly being called into eternity, I felt it would have been to my own mind (had God so chosen) a grateful recollection, that the last act of my departing child, ere he quitted his native land, would have

been, instrumentally, the restoring to life and animation a poor fellow-creature. But this was not to be; and I chid myself for not making earlier inquiry as to what the crowd of persons meant. I was reminded, however, by this solemn circumstance, that, pained as my own heart might be in prospect of the separation that awaited me, my position might have been still more distressing; for who can imagine the anguish of that parent's heart whose child's life has been cut off by drowning? I once dreamt that I saw the lifeless body of him with whom I was about now to part being borne away from the water, and my agony was intense. Oh, may my God spare me that anguish! And yet (if the drowned young man to whom I have just referred had parents living) the tidings involving such distress awaited them! Oh, how often when in anxiety and trouble, does my ever-gracious and indulgent God thus, as it were, speak to me by some passing circumstance, or contrast of position; and thus show me, tried or tempted as I may be, "it might be worse!"

Among those on board the ship, with whom I conversed, was an elderly gentleman of eighty-two years of age. He had come to bid farewell to his last-born, a promising youth of seventeen. As I compared my lot with that of this venerable man, I thought mine was the most hopeful with respect to the prospect of seeing one's child again. As this youth was embarking with a view of settling in the far-off Australia, his aged father could scarcely encourage the hope of seeing him again on earth. It was to my mind a deeply-solemn thought—parting till eternity! and, oh, what then? I reproached myself afterwards—as I indeed but too frequently have cause to do—for not seeking to ascertain from this aged one what were *his* prospects beyond the grave, to which, of necessity, he must be fast hastening; but, alas! I seemed so engrossed with my own sorrows, as to have little time or inclination to think of others' cares. This I know is as wrong as it is unwise.

One of the passengers was a young, delicate-looking clergyman, with his still more frail-looking wife, and three or four little children. Unless the voyage recruited their health, it was to me most questionable whether that whole family would reach their destination without losing some one or more of its members. What a prospect this! What renewed ground for the recognition of personal mercies! How well might one exclaim, in a providential point of view, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

A third passenger had just been ordained by a colonial bishop, and was about to embark, in order to enter upon his ministry in a far-off clime. What a field of reflection did this open to one's mind, and suggested fresh cause for gratitude that one's sphere of labour was in dear old England; and that, poor and imperfect as one's labours had been, their close was drawing near, and Saturday night was at hand, when, not in the least-wise of *merit*, but purely of free and sovereign *mercy*, one might hope to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet one could but admire the zeal and the self-denial that thus prompted a promising young man to forego all home claims, and to go forth upon such a mission for such a Master.

A fourth passenger was a somewhat elderly lady, who was taking her daughter to Australia, in order that the latter should settle there—a widowed daughter she was at the same time leaving in England. Hence her family circle, whether she herself remained in Australia or not, was broken up. "What is life?" thought I. "How made up of separation

and sorrow ! Here indeed we have 'no continuing city ;' 'this is not our rest : it is polluted!' " Oh, how much is there in every-day life to remind us of this ! How fraught with change is everything of earth ! How is "vanity of vanities" inscribed upon all !

But, interested as I was in the passengers I have named, there was another in whom much additional interest was awakened. This was a warm-hearted, zealous Belfast man, who, after labouring for some years in England, was going out as missionary. In the few words which we exchanged, I found he was actuated by a single eye to the glory of his Master and the good of his fellow-creatures. With what had been to his own mind a clear indication of the goodwill and pleasure of his God, in regard to his labouring for Him in a far-off land, it was evidently with him as with Abraham of old—"he went out, not knowing whither he went." No worldly prudence—no carnal policy—no creature speculation, were permitted to weigh with him. He believed he heard the voice of his God, "Arise, and go ;" and, at His bidding, he went. What wise, far-seeing, calculating men would call *folly*, we regarded, under the circumstances, as a simple act of childlike, God-honouring *faith*. One looked at that man and his wife and five or six little children, and one thought, "What a wonderful principle is that which enables its possessor simply and fearlessly to take God at His word, 'Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.' " At the same time how it led one to mourn over one's want of faith in Him who was never known to lie, and whose providence never failed.

When we left the ship in the evening it was at the mouth of the docks, and in such a state of confusion, from passengers coming on board, and the shipping of merchandise, that it seemed most unlikely she would be ready for sea, as announced, the next day. However, she dropped down to Gravesend by that tide, and, when we went on board again on the following morning, the change was most marked. All was now in the utmost order, and, at an early hour in the afternoon, she dropped her moorings, and was towed down to the Nore, prior to setting her canvas, under the then fair and fresh breeze, and proceeding on her long and anxious voyage.

A little before my friend and I left the ship, one of the youthful officers came up to me, and said, "I see you are a clergyman, sir ; so is my father." He spoke with much emotion. He had evidently been shedding tears for some time, and, when the friends of the passengers were leaving the ship, he seemed almost overwhelmed. I regretted that I had not taken the name of that clergyman, in order that I might have communicated the grateful fact of his son's love of home.

My own parting moments came. The Lord alone knows how I had dreaded them. They, as it were, rent the heart in twain. Yet I feel, if I did not know somewhat of the feelings of a father, I should not have the key to that glorious truth which I now possess—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities them who fear Him. He knoweth our frame ; He remembereth that we are dust."

Then, as I descended the ladder, because my God would have it so, in His tenderness, and in the wonted timeliness of His mercies, I thought, "However painful my position, it might be worse ;" for, at the moment, there came flashing across my mind, in the most vivid manner, a train of circumstances connected with a disobedient son and a broken-hearted

father, of which in my youth I had heard my own dear father speak. The facts, in brief, were these : Two youths had left their home abruptly, because donied the use of the family carriage on the Lord's-day. It was supposed that they had fled to Portsmouth, with a view of going to sea. The late Rev. JOHN GRIFFIN was therefore communicated with, in the hope that he might discover them, and divert them from their purpose. He did discover them, and upon the younger of the two prevailed to forego his intention and to return home. The elder son, however, remained obdurate. To sea he said he would go, and that, too, as a common sailor. "Then," said Mr. GRIFFIN, "go, young man ; and be sure your sin will find you out." Some years afterwards Mr. G. received a pressing request to visit a man, then under sentence of death, on board one of the ships in Portsmouth Harbour. This proved to be the identical youth, who, in the utmost distress, acknowledged that "his sin had found him out ;" and his only consolation was that, as he had entered the navy under a feigned name, he should die without his parents' knowledge of his ignominious death. Such was Mr. GRIFFIN's interest in the case, that he immediately communicated with the First Lord of the Admiralty, and he in turn laid the case before the Sovereign, who (to his praise be it spoken) signed the prisoner's pardon. The warrant having previously been despatched for the culprit's execution, the counter-orders became the more urgent. All things were in readiness for the carrying out of the sentence. Crowds had assembled on either side of the harbour, expecting every moment to see the young man hauled up to the yard-arm, when of a sudden the yellow flag (the signal of death) was drawn down. Mr. GRIFFIN had reached the ship just as an elderly gentleman (the prisoner's father) was descending the ship's side, having found out his long-lost son under his assumed name, and was now returning from the ship broken-hearted. In a word or two Mr. GRIFFIN stated the tidings of which he was the bearer. The father returned to the deck, and presently left the ship with his long-lost but now liberated son. These facts flashed across the mind in a moment, as I descended the ship's side, and at once suggested the thought, "However painful one's position, it might be worse !"

I have already remarked, that my feelings as a father furnish me with thoughts about my God, as a Father, that but for the personal knowledge of this near and endearing relation, one would be in comparative ignorance of the tenderness, compassion, and forbearance of God. Oh, how wildly and how callously do some talk in regard to the treatment of children, and how ready are they to impute to parents either a criminal indifference or indulgence ; such being, at the same time, it may be, ignorant of the personal relation, or lacking a true sense of their own desperate waywardness, ingratitude, unbelief, and depravity. It is only for the Holy Ghost to give a man an insight into his own heart, as to its baseness and defilement, and that man's mouth is closed. If he be a father, however thoughtless and thankless his own child, he sees in that child but a very imperfect type of himself as to his standing before God. However wayward or wanton his own son may have been, he feels he himself has acted a ten-thousand times' baser part before his Father-God ; and, therefore, he is struck dumb before the Lord. He feels, "How can I *sue* for mercy if I don't *show* forgiveness? Moreover, my child may have erred in ignorance, and for want of that discretion which years and experience only can give ; but what have *I* done? in what spirit have *I* acted? against what light and love and repeated acts of forgiving tenderness and forbearance have *I* sinned?"

But look again at the character of God as a Father, not only in the 103rd Psalm, already quoted, but in sundry other places also. See Jer. iii. 4, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?" See, reader, the whole bearing of the chapter, and mark the baseness of Israel's conduct, and yet observe the Lord's matchless mercy. After detailing the evil acts in which Israel had indulged, He, as it were, deliberates upon His course, and patiently and forbearingly asks Himself, what He shall do. "How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the host of nations?" Then, as though a new thought had presented itself, by which the difficulty could be overcome, "And I said, Thou shalt call me, My Father; and shalt not turn away from me." As much as to say, That appeal, "My Father," is the way to my heart. The plea is irresistible; the claim undeniable; I cannot forego that tender, ardent, importunate entreaty. That cry, "My Father," is beyond my power to turn a deaf ear to. Then see the 31st chapter of the same prophecy: "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus; Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn Thou me, and I shall be turned; for Thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth. Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord" (ver. 18—20).

Ah, reader, if the Lord the Spirit has given thee to see and feel thy own vileness and thy manifold backslidings of heart, sure I am thou wilt from thine inmost soul bless God for such discoveries of His loving, tender, gracious heart as His word affords.

Then, to add no more, look at the precious testimony which the Lord Christ Himself gave in regard to the prodigal son. Wherein could more love, more sympathy, more forbearance, more long-suffering, a greater determination to save in spite of all vileness and demerit, be given than in that wonderful story of that poor wayward one—that thoughtless, selfish, ungrateful wanderer? "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father [he was his father still, though a badly-treated one], and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father [his father still]. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him." And what then? Did he turn away—did he flee to his house and shut to the door, and say to his servants, "Yonder is that reprobate; close the gates—tell him to be gone—set the dogs at him—declare I'll have no more to do with the wretch?" Was this his conduct? these the terms in which he dealt with him? Ah, no, that would only have stirred up the venom of the human heart. But far, far different was his course. "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him;" and why? Because his *heart* had outstripped his *eyes*. His *heart* had been after him whilst yet—aye, even ever since, he had been far, far away—so that when at length the wanderer hove in sight, the eyes and the feet, too, only responded to the promptings of the heart. "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran [mark it, reader], and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

And depend on it, reader, the poor prodigal never felt the baseness of his conduct as he did at that moment; nor did his father ever before appear so lovely in his eyes.

“ Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
This dissolves the heart of stone.

“ ’Tis LOVE that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils *know*, and *tremble*, too;
But Satan cannot LOVE.”

Reader, from very boyhood, the *kiss* always did more than the *kick* for the writer; what say you? Let those who will, have the thunderings of Sinai—the “Do this” and the “Do that” of the law; give me the small still voice of Sion—the sweet whispers of the Gospel echoing to the Calvary cry, “It is finished!”

COWPER'S VIEW OF POPERY.

As it appeared in his “Expostulation,” 1782.

HAST thou admitted with a blind fond trust,
THE LIE that burned thy fathers' bones to dust;
That first adjudged them heretics, then sent
Their souls to heaven, and cursed them as they went:—
THE LIE that Scripture strips of its disguise,
And execrates above all other lies;
THE LIE that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
And gives the key to yon infirm old man,
Who, once ensconced in Apostolic chair,
Is deified, and sits omniscient there;
THE LIE that knows no kindred, owns no friend,
But him that makes its progress his chief end;
That having spilt much blood, makes that a boast,
And canonizes him that sheds the most?
Away with CHARITY THAT SOOTHES A LIE,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by!
Shame on the candour, and the gracious smile,
Bestowed on them that light the martyr's pile;
While insolent disdain, in frowns expressed,
Attends the tenets that endured that test!
Grant them the rights of men, and, while they cease
To vex the peace of others, grant them peace;
But trusting bigots, whose false zeal has made
TREACHERY THEIR DUTY, thou art self-betrayed.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE OF 1766 AND 1867.

OUR readers will regard with special interest the annexed page, which is an exact copy of the first page of the wrapper of the *Gospel Magazine* for 1766. Not only so, but (as fashions change so remarkably, and as one feature of the present time is to return to the fashions of a bygone age) it is almost a matter of certainty, that the type used in this *fac simile* is cast from the identical moulds used in the founts which were cast a century ago. The fact is naturally suggestive, and leads us to ask, Where are those who then took the initiative in the editing, printing, and publishing of the *Gospel Magazine*? and as naturally it reminds us of our own mortality, and of the reflections upon ourselves by those who may come after us. How soon may *our* poor and imperfect services be canvassed by *our* successors, even as we now contemplate the labours of those who have preceded us!

NUMBER I.

For *January*, 1766,

Price Six-pence. To be continued the first Day of every Month.

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FROM
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L O N D O N:

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CONVERSION OF THE HALDANES.

THE Rev. James Haldane, pastor of one of the Baptist churches in Edinburgh, Scotland (says the Rev. Mr. Turnbull), was a junior member of a highly-respectable and wealthy family. In his youth he became connected with the British navy, and rose to the post of captain in one of his majesty's war-ships. On one occasion, being engaged in a warmly-contested battle, he saw the whole of his men on deck swept off by a tremendous broadside from the enemy. He ordered another company to be "piped up" from below, to take the place of their lost companions. On coming up, they saw the mangled remains strewn upon the deck, and were seized with a sudden irresistible panic. On seeing this, the captain jumped up, and swore a horrid oath, imprecating the vengeance of Almighty God upon the whole of them, and wishing that they might sink to hell. An old marine, who was a pious man, stepped up to him, and, respectfully touching his hat, said, "Captain, I believe God hears prayer; and, if God had heard your prayer just now, what would become of us?" Having spoken this, he made a respectful bow, and retired to his place. After the engagement, the captain calmly reflected upon the words of the old marine, and was so deeply affected by them, that he devoted his attention to the claims of religion, and was subsequently converted to God.

Of course he informed his brother Robert of what had taken place; but, instead of being gratified by it, his brother was greatly offended, and requested him never to enter his house till he had changed his views. "Very well, Robert," said James, "but I have one comfort in the case, and that is, you cannot prevent my praying for you;" and, holding out his hand, he bade him good-bye. His brother Robert was much affected by this; he could not get rid of the idea that his brother was constantly praying for him. He saw the error of his ways, and, after much investigation and reflection, became a decided Christian.

Some years afterwards, Robert Haldane made a journey to the Continent, and settled for some time in Geneva. He was much affected with the low spiritual condition of the Protestant Church there, which had become infected with the rationalistic and neological views prevalent in Germany. Indeed, the clergy themselves had so far departed from the faith of the Reformation, as to reject almost all the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, particularly the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the atonement. Mr. Haldane made himself acquainted with the students attending the divinity school in Geneva, and invited a number of them to his house, and, by free conversation, endeavoured to teach them the Gospel, and the nature of spiritual religion. This he frequently repeated, and God blessed his efforts to the conversion of ten or twelve of them. Among them were Felix Neff, subsequently pastor in the high Alps, and one of the purest and most devoted men that ever lived; Henry Pyt, another well-known and truly godly man; and Henry Merle D'Aubigné, well known throughout the literary and religious world, as the author of the "History of the Reformation," and President of the New Evangelical School of Theology in Geneva.

THE Holy Spirit can teach a sinner a lesson in a moment that he would not forget throughout eternity.

The living "righteously, soberly, and godly," are the blessed effects of divine and gracious teaching.

BYGONE HYMNS.

WITH the last century our best hymn-writers passed away. "*There were giants in the earth in those days,*" but in these only *dwarfs*, as respects comparison. It is true, there have been a few gifted and godly men in our present century, who have left behind them a valuable portion of psalmody; among them Kirke White, M'Cheyne, Montgomery, &c. Of these, another time; but let us now take a parting look into the hymns of those men of God who have long ago "rested from their labours, while their works do follow them."

In the British burying-ground of Lisbon the dust of Phillip Doddridge has reposed since the year 1750. Only a short time before disease had laid him low, and caused him to leave his native land for a milder climate, from which he was never to return, he wrote this touching verse,

"Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God."

Had Doddridge only left behind him that single hymn, "Salvation by grace," his memory would have lived on, for its praise is in all the Churches, at least such as exalt the sovereign grace of God, for it gives to grace the glory. So familiar is it to us all, that it scarcely needs transcribing. Thus it commences, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound!" Such it ever has been to Christ and His Church, and such it ever will be—harmonious indeed! and, while its echo resounds through heaven, the earth hears and rejoices. It was grace that first contrived and drew the wondrous plan of salvation; and grace that guides *my* feet as *I* tread the heavenly road, and grants new and daily supplies (like the fresh manna found every morning by Israel in the wilderness) while pressing on to God (Phil. iii. 13). Thus grace shall crown all this work for ever; for it laid the topmost stone in heaven, "and well deserves the praise" (Zech. iv. 7).

Many of Doddridge's hymns are prized for their soundness and pleasing rhythm; among them the following: "*Our banner is th' eternal God,*" "*Lord of the Sabbath, hear our voice,*" "*'Tis mine; the covenant of His grace,*" "*Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,*" &c.

To Cennick (1743) we owe many favourite songs of Zion. Three of them have peculiar merit and value—"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," "Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone," "Children of the heavenly King." Those of Ann Steele, who died in 1778, are rich in spiritual beauty: "Come, heavenly love, inspire my song," "Come, ye that love the Saviour's name," "Father of mercies, in Thy word;" but perhaps her best is the next quoted:—

"How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load:
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness or God."

A perverse will, blind passions, debased reason, all leading the soul astray into paths of ruin; and only a Divine power forming the heart anew, removing the scales of error from the eyes, chasing away the shadow of death, while the beam of heaven, the vital ray, is Thine alone to give. This is the theology of the Bible: do we find it now?

There is a hymn of Beddome, whose death took place in 1795, which is a sermon in itself (and a sound one) on *faith*—not deified faith, as we have it now, but a faith which lies in the possession and at the disposal of the Sovereign Giver; not in the power of man to receive or reject of himself alone—getting it to-day and losing it to-morrow, but the faith of God's elect—His gift, and His alone.

“Faith—’tis a precious gift,
Where’er it is bestow’d;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.”

Then it owns Christ as King and Priest; claims no merit for itself (which natural, independent faith must do), but looks to Jesus for all; in deep distress leads the soul to Him, to His blood and righteousness. The last verse is a gracious petition:—

“Since ’tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of Thy Son
To work this faith in me.”

There are several hymns of Beddome's possessing much merit: “*Let party names no more,*” “*My times of sorrow and of joy,*” &c.

Hart has a high place in the worshipping assembly where a free-grace Gospel is proclaimed. In point of experience, and a full exhibition of the doctrines of grace, he stands unequalled; but his hymns have little claim to poetic merit, though some few of them are touching and graceful, perhaps “*Gethsemane*” the most so of any; and the chief beauty of this little poem lies in the two concluding lines of each stanza:—

“Who can Thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane?
“None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!
“We may well bless that decree,
Which ordained Gethsemane.
“Lord, resort with worthless me
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.
“Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee?
Call to mind Gethsemane.
“We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless Thee for Gethsemane.”

“*Come, Holy Spirit, come,*” “*When truly a sinner believes,*” “*Lamb of God, whose bleeding love,*” “*Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,*” are among the justly favourites of Hart's productions.

In the hymns of John Newton we have set before us man “lost and ruined by the fall”—the transforming power of the Holy Ghost in regeneration: the internal conflicts of believers—their safety in Christ and final bliss through the merits of His blood. His poetry is simple, flowing in soft and easy measure, and falling with much sweetness upon the ear, and its whole tendency is of a soothing character. “*How sweet the name of Jesus sounds*” may perhaps stand foremost among Newton's hymns for unctuous power, showing the value which lies hid in that precious name, soothing sorrow, healing wounds, calming the troubled

breast, manna to the hungry, and rest to the weary : that dear name was his rock for building, his shield for defence, his treasury of grace for all supplies ; and, after appealing to Jesus by the most endearing titles of Shepherd, Husband, Friend, Prophet, Priest, King, Life, Way, and End, he acknowledges the weakness of his heart's effort, and the coldness of his warmest thoughts, and cheers himself with the sweet hope that, when he sees Him as He is, he will praise Him as he ought. "*Joy is a fruit that will not grow,*" "*Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,*" "*Behold the throne of grace,*" "*In evil long I took delight,*" "*'Tis a point I long to know,*" "*Could the creature help or ease us,*" "*The Lord will provide*"—these hymns are all most valuable and beautiful in themselves, and have comforted many a weary heart.

Berridge (who lived to 1793) has left us many doctrinal hymns, full of merit in composition, and such as we may search in vain for now. "*Where must the sinner fly ?*" "*Now I see, whate'er betide,*" "*There is a Friend that sticketh fast,*" are well known and valued. The two following verses from one of Berridge's hymns are given at length :—

" My sorrow Thou canst see,
For Thou dost read my heart ;
It pineth after Thee,
And yet from Thee will start.
Reclaim Thy roving child at last,
And fix my heart and bind it fast.

" I would be near Thy feet,
Or at Thy bleeding side ;
Feel how Thy heart doth beat,
And see its purple tide :
Trace all the wonders of Thy death,
And sing Thy love in every breath."

All these hymn-writers (with the exception of Newton, who died in 1806) departed with the last century. We have not "looked upon their like" since, and never may again. Ryland, Adams, and Kent, were men of like mind ; each lived through a long period of our present century, the first to 1825, the next until 1835, the last died in 1843.

" Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise ;
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command."

This well-known hymn Ryland wrote also (among others) :—

" O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend," &c.

There is one of Adams', too beautiful to pass over without transcribing :—

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

" The saint, amid this stormy world,
Is like the mourning dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To fly to Christ above.

" The cords that bind our hearts to earth,
Are loos'd by Jesus' hand ;
Before His cross we now are left
As strangers in the land.

“That visage marr’d, those sorrows deep,
The thorns, the scourge, the gall,
These were the golden chains of Love,
His captives to enthrall.

“Our hearts, drawn upwards to His throne,
Can ill endure delay;
Each moment longing for the word,
‘Rise up, and come away.’”

Adams also wrote, “*Sweet is Thy work, my God and King,*” “*Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.*”

Kent perhaps may be ranked next to Hart in experience, and delineation of the various conflicts through which many of God’s people pass on their way from Sinai to Calvary. One of his best hymns is generally known—

“Before the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round,
The Church, in bonds of sovereign grace,
Was one with Jesus found.”

But the songs of these sweet singers have long ceased: they lived and died at the right time, for it was the time of Sovereign appointment. We may think the Church needed them longer, and needs them still, but He who loved, and loves, and ever will love the Church, knows best what to give her, and what to deny. Those “holy men of God” are now engaged in a better service above, where (as Doddridge sang),

“All the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.”

C.

THE AGED PILGRIMS’ ASYLUM.

At the close of the service held at the above Asylum, on the evening of the 23rd May last, Mr. JACKSON (the Hon. Secretary), read the following statement:—

The Committee to whom is entrusted the design for the erection of a new asylum in connexion with the Aged Pilgrims’ Friend Society, as a jubilee memorial, after a long and diligent search, have now the pleasure of announcing that they have obtained a very eligible plot of ground at Hornsey Rise, very advantageously situated, being easily accessible, close to shops, &c.

The estimated cost of the land will be about £3,300. There is rather more than is actually required for the purposes of the asylum, but the surplus land can be easily disposed of. Two good frontages will be given to the building.

The funded property which has been collected for this special object, amounting to about £2,590 stock, is not adequate to meet the sum required for the purchase of the land. The extra amount necessary must be immediately advanced, as it is a condition that the settlement be at once concluded.

The Committee hope, in the new building, to accommodate about one hundred inmates; the present asylum contains only forty-two, whilst there are on the books of the Society over six hundred pensioners.

They beg to remind their friends that the munificent gift presented

the late Mr. John Box, cannot, according to the trust, be made available for the purchase of ground, or even for the commencement of building, but is alone applicable, and solely for, the completion of the structure.

It will therefore be necessary for the Committee to appeal to the needs of aged pilgrims, many of whom have to deny themselves common necessities in order to meet the imperative claims of the landlord, and, moreover, living amidst very uncongenial society.

The Committee earnestly ask the hearty co-operation of all who love poor saints, in order that the obligations about to press upon them may be fulfilled. Will family circles take a collecting book, and the young people set to work in so Christlike a cause as this?

Hearty, united effort, with God's blessing, will soon accomplish the so long desired.

Mr. W. Jackson, 10, Coburn Terrace, Rye Lane, S.E., Hon. Secretary, will be glad to receive intimations from all desirous to help. Office, Poultry, E.C.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE SAINT'S PORTION AND PROSPECT.

In the 140th Psalm, 12th verse, we find David complaining of his foes, which were many and mighty; but bitter trials made him cry to the only one who could help him—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the Father of Israel—He whose hands sustain the world—He who rules in the heavens and among the inhabitants of the earth. This was David's cry: "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor." But what made David cry? Foes, trials, sins—these drove David to his God. This is the use of trouble—to make us run to God. This is sanctified trouble. All troubles are not sanctified, but sanctified troubles are among the choice mercies of the Church. You will observe that the first part of this psalm is mostly supplication, but, after the manner and fashion of David, he closes the psalm with a higher confidence. But did I say after the manner and fashion of David? No, but after the manner of grace; for, blessed be God, this is common to the Church today. It is not all sorrow and trial; there are times when the saints are made happy in the Lord, when they can rejoice in the God of their salvation; so it was with David. He began with supplication, and ends with confidence: "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, the right of the poor." What sweet language! How his poor soul cheered! What a change was wrought in his soul! My friends, do you know you of the cheering power of the Gospel? I believe it is only tried souls really learn what the blessings of confidence and trust are. When troubles and enemies come upon us thick and heavy, oh the blessedness of knowing where to run to with our burdens! Thus, when a trial rises up, the soul sees, though the trouble presses hard and heavy, that all will yet be well at last. The Church is not to have her happiness in the present. No; her joys are in prospect. Do not expect a smooth path. It is a mixed cup. Are you so foolish as to think, launched as you are on

the sea of life, that you are not to meet with storms by the way? But to our text. First, then, I would speak a little on the cause of the afflicted. "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted." Why, then, it is blessed to be afflicted, if their cause is to be thus maintained! In Zeph. iii. 12, the Lord says the afflicted and poor "shall trust in the name of the Lord." David says, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." Many afflictions! Yes; they succeed each other. So David found it: so it is now—one trouble takes the place of another. In Micah vii. 9, we hear the prophet saying, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause." As if He would say, I know that He will plead my cause at last; but in the meantime I will bear His indignation. Oh, what cause do we give the Lord for His indignation! What sins we constantly commit against light and knowledge! As we walk through the wilderness, we have to learn "wherefore doth a living man complain for the punishment of his sins?" When the soul is rightly humbled, it will say with Micah, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him:" I deserve all, and much more. Passing away from ourselves, put these words into the mouth of our Lord. O wonderful thought! God hid His face from Him, because of sins laid upon Him; and the sun in the firmament was darkened, as it were, at the sight. Oh the hatefulness of sin in the sight of God! "Wonder, ye heavens, and be astonished, O earth." I would ask, Where are *your* sins? If laid on Him, you are free. "I will bear, because I have sinned, until He plead my cause." Was His cause pleaded? Yes. He overcame all: He rose triumphantly. His cause was pleaded and maintained. His cause was His people's cause, and, therefore, shall be maintained. It is written, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." To destroy thee? No; but that thou mightest prove the power of His grace and love. I would ask, What is the nature of thy affliction? Is it the common afflictions of life—losses, crosses, bereavements? Some have often suffered much from these. Have they been sanctified? But perhaps thy afflictions are of a different character. Sin is thy plague and torment and trial. Sin it is that afflicts thy soul, and causes thee to mourn; but even this thou shalt be delivered from, for "sin shall not have dominion over you." Again, Are you grieving because you have not, and cannot seem to attain to, the blessings of the Gospel? Thou art brought under a sense of guilt and sin, and can find no comfort in anything. Oh, what gloomy prospects present themselves before thy mind's eye! What a dismal future seems to be before thee! Thou art indeed an afflicted soul; but fear not, this is among the causes that He will plead: but you must wait His time. He distressed you that He might comfort you. You must be taught His way, and wait His time. The lower seat must be taken before the higher one is reached. Many of God's people can testify to all this. You have been brought so low, that you think nothing could reach your case; but the Lord will comfort Zion, and there is a set time to favour her. You who are brought into this state see what is in reserve for you—comfort, happiness, peace, and joy in believing; and, if you are enabled to receive this testimony, I know the effect it will have upon you. It will bring you to your knees, and your cry will be, "Lord, do this work for me. Testify to my soul that Thou art mine, and I am Thine." But, again, there is another affliction common to the children of God. Perhaps you have had sweet views of Christ; you have lived in the sunshine of His love; you have been sus-

tained by His presence ; but, alas ! there has been an interruption of your comforts ; your joys are fled, and you know not why. Troubles thicken ; you have no access in prayer. Your great enemy suggests that all your happy experience is a cheat and delusion ; your lusts are strong and lively ; you are indeed in affliction, but “ the Lord will appear.” You are learning a useful lesson. You thought your enemies were all subdued, and you had nothing to do but to lean upon, and learn of a God of grace ; but, that you may thus learn, you must be tried and afflicted, for it is only such need Christ ; and, therefore, only such will come unto Him. It is trials make the children of God fly to Him ; and I would say to such who are thus tried, “ I know that the Lord will maintain your cause.” You shall yet prove Him to be the God of all grace. Notwithstanding all your sins and doubts, and the enemy’s suggestions, you shall again enjoy His presence, and shout, “ Victory through the blood of the Lamb !” Think you that Peter could not praise the Lord after his sifting trial ? Surely he could sing aloud of restoring grace. How much had Peter to be thankful for in his trial ! He learnt many severe but useful lessons by it. Thus we see, “ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

But we pass on from this to look a little at the next point—“ the right of the poor.” The poor have their rights as well as the rich, though justice is sometimes denied them. “ I am poor and needy,” said David ; but he had his right. Yes, but it was from the Lord only.

Again, the poor have their right. A poor man may have a right to great estates, great property ; but, because of his poverty, he may not be able to possess it. He requires the means to pay for help in obtaining it, and because he has not the means he is kept out of his right. But, to transfer this to God’s people, the poor hath his right ; yes, and the Lord will maintain it, too. Are you one of God’s poor ? or are you like the Laodicean Church—rich, wanting nothing, righteous in their own eyes ? If this is your state, I tell you it is a bad one ; for, though you say and think you want nothing, yet you are in need of everything : and this one thing I am sure you need—*humbling*. You are wise in your own eyes, prudent in your own sight ; but you must be brought down and humbled in the dust, and made to cry out, “ Unclean, unclean !” Have you been thus humbled ? It may be you are settled on your lees ; the wine when it is settled is clear ; but shake it a little, and see then how thick and muddy it will appear. Thus the soul, when it gets into this self-righteous state, needs to be well shaken by temptation ; and, when this is done, and you see the ugly sins in your wicked heart, you will not think yourself so clear. And, if there was more of this humbling work going on—this religion of the heart—there would not be so much lukewarmness and deadness among the churches ; there would not be so many careless Christians. No, there would be instead, divine fervency, zeal, real earnest Christians. Yet, my friends, this is a humbling thought ; for what must you and I be made of to need such discipline ? But the Lord will maintain the right of the poor. “ Thou maintainest my lot.” Oh, what a wonder that our lot is maintained ! How many Ebenezers can we erect where the Lord has appeared for our help. But I would ask, Do you belong to God’s poor ? Have you had evidence that you are His ? or, like the pilgrim, have you lost the roll ? He had his evidence, and could prove his rights, but he grew lukewarm and careless, and lost them. This was the way God took to humble him ; it brought him down in self-abasement, and made him cry and search : and God at length graciously appeared, and proved

Himself as a God maintaining "the right of the poor." Oh, my friends, what a mercy to be found standing after all with a good hope through grace! The children of God must stand, though all hell, the world, flesh, and the devil, are against them. No thanks to them, for, if they had been left to themselves, they would have sunk long ago; but they are upheld by sovereign grace. "This is the true grace of God wherein ye stand." But in conclusion I would say to the children of God, You have your rights; yes, and God will maintain them. Oh, who can count up what the children of God are entitled to! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him," and they are all comprised in this, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." Are you spiritually poor? May the Lord keep you so hanging upon Him, waiting at the posts of His doors; for, though poor now, because in thy minority, yet thou shalt have thy rights. Go thy way, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days. Bliss, happiness, heaven, Christ, all are yours; ye are Christ's, and Christ's is God's. The Lord bless His word. J. A. W.

L I N E S

ON THE ERECTION OF A STATUE TO THE LATE DR. WATTS, AT SOUTHAMPTON.

GOD's messengers on earth are many numbered;
 Angels and men His high behests fulfil:
 Some live to free the soul by sin encumbered,
 Some simply learn to suffer, and be still.
 Some are like stars, a holy radiance flinging
 On all within the circle of their sphere;
 Some are like little blossoms meekly springing,
 The weary pilgrim's thorny path to cheer.
 Both stars and blossoms do His work for ever;
 And, if our ears be tuned aright, we
 Hear His voice plainly in the little river,
 As in the rushing of the mighty sea.
 There has been one among us, who, combining
 Rich gifts with graces that can never die;
 Lived, star-like, with a pure and steady shining,
 And left our world for one beyond the sky.
 Poet, philosopher, and preacher, blessing
 His brother-men by all he sang and taught;
 Bounteous of all God gave to his possessing,
 Lavish of kindly word and deed and thought.
 His hymns were channels for our holiest feeling,
 When first our infant lips learnt pray'r or praise;
 When by our mother's side with clasp'd hands kneeling,
 Our little voices we essayed to raise.
 In after-years, when pride and grief had crush'd us,
 Until our souls were tempted to repine,
 Hath not the language of those sweet hymns hush'd us,
 And whisper'd of a love that is divine?
 Have not his words been with us when we wander'd,
 In weariness, through blackest shades of night?
 Have not our souls been cheered when we have pondered
 On that far-distant "land of pure delight?"

Long years ago he reached his Father's dwelling,
 And sings His praise 'mid "never-withering flowers;"
 His voice is now that heavenly chorus swelling:
 Such is his home—oh, would that it were ours!
 Yet shall we show succeeding generations
 How much revered that dear name was by us;
 How worthy of their highest commendations
 Was he, whom we essay to honour thus.
 The sculptor's magic chisel thus creating
 A life-like image from the lifeless stone,
 And, with a skilful hand, delineating
 His features, till their very look is shown,
 Shall by that means more tenderly enshrine him
 In the warm hearts who love his name so well;
 Who feel that few of mortal birth outshine him,
 E'en in that land where he is gone to dwell.
 Though not, like Memnon's famous statue, breaking
 Into sweet strains when first touch'd by the sun,
 It yet will have the magic of awaking
 The music of the heart in many a one.
 Heart-praise, heart-music, for the blessing given
 To earth, that such a man has lived and died;
 In life his footsteps showed the way to heaven,
 And now his place is by his Saviour's side.
 Sweet rest! the place desired above all others,
 The home where most his soul aspired to be.
 Shall not his journey's end be yours, my brothers,
 When toil and sorrow shall for ever flee?

Lovedean.

S. D.

Pilgrim Papers.

CALLING.

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—MATT ix. 13.

FROM these words it is evident that there must be a call from the Saviour, before a sinner repents unto salvation. Judas repented, but his repentance was not unto salvation. There is a repentance commanded, "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30); and a repentance granted and given to the Israel of God (Acts v. 31; Acts xi. 18). When the Son of God calls a sinner by His grace, He does it loud enough for him to hear. Calling does not consist in a dead sinner sending up a message to the living Saviour, but in the almighty, living, and reigning Saviour sending down an errand to the dead sinner, quickening him, alarming his conscience, unstopping his ears, opening his eyes, and bringing the cry from the heart, "Lord, save me." A man knows nothing savingly of God until called by grace. Samuel had heard much of the Lord, attended to His house and outward worship, but he knew not the Lord until He called him. The call by the God of grace precedes an experimental knowledge of gracious things in the heart. It is clear from 1 Sam. iii. 8, that Eli perceived the Lord had called Samuel, before Samuel himself perceived it. Perhaps the reader has been called by grace, yet he

does not see sufficient evidence of it to satisfy him it is of God. However, it may be that some good old Eli who has a deeper acquaintance with the things of God is quite satisfied you are a called soul. A child of God can sometimes see and read others' evidences better than his own—can see very encouraging signs of grace in others, but hardly anything to encourage him to believe, or conclude, that grace is in him. No ungracious man truly wishes for grace. It is grace that causes a poor sinner to desire it. It is mercy—sovereign mercy—which leads a called sinner to cry for it. Sinners receive mercy before they ask the Lord to bestow it upon them. What, man first in this! No, no! Hear what Jesus says, “I am the First and the Last.” Bless His precious name, the writer knows this to be true; for, when it pleased the Lord to call him by His grace, he was fast going on the road to ruin, but the call stopped him. This is one thing which the call by grace does—it arrests the sinner, saying in effect, “Thus far shalt thou go, but no further.”

In Mark x. 46—52 is recorded an account of blind Bartimæus, who, when he heard that Jesus of Nazareth passed by, began to cry out, and say, “Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” He could not see, but he could hear. He cried to Jesus before he saw Him, although not before he heard of Him. Those who seek the Saviour with sorrow will see Him with joy. He saw Jesus after He had called him, and opened his eyes. No calling, no seeing. His cries for mercy were opposed by some who were following Christ, but they were approved and encouraged by Him. It is a sad sign when the cries of a broken-hearted sinner displease those who are professedly the followers of Christ. True prayer will be sure to meet with opposition. We do not read that those persons were opposed who prayed at the corners of the streets to be seen of men. Men noticed their prayers, but the Lord did not approve of them. Prayers that please men may offend God; and prayers which displease men, may be well pleasing to Him.

Many charged the blind man to hold his peace, but it is not so easy to stop the cries of this poor beggar. Perhaps this was permitted to show the impossibility of stifling the living cry in the heart to Jesus for mercy. The charge did not make him cry less, but more, “so much the more.” Help is not far off when there is crying “so much the more.” There was a good deal of crying before he obtained what he felt he needed. This is often the case now with some of the Lord's children. They cry, and cry, and cry again before they can say, “But verily God hath heard me.”

Now, see what followed his crying “so much the more.” “Jesus stood still.” He would not pass by this poor blind, praying man; His attention was arrested. No cries enter more acceptably into His ears than those of a sinner for mercy. Look at His eyes of love fixed upon this poor blind man! Oh, what a look! What power attends His looks! What grace shines out in them! Jesus commanded him to be called—him—not any one, but this poor crying beggar. Was he willing to come? Did he want whipping in order to make him go? Oh, no. He was made willing and anxious to go to Jesus.

It is a true sign of grace being in the heart when a sinner is truly willing to come to Jesus for mercy; because with that willingness there will be a cry for something from the Saviour. Jesus commanded the blind man to come in love, and in love he obeyed the command. There can be no Gospel obedience without love. “This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.” “And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee.” Were they the

same people who charged him just before to hold his peace? if so, what a proof it is of the changeableness of man! Great good is in store for them whom the Lord calls. The people appear to have felt favourably disposed towards the blind man when Jesus stood and called him. And is it not so with the Lord's people now? If they see any signs of the Lord's having called a father, mother, child, husband, or wife, an earthly friend, or an open enemy, do they not feel inwardly drawn to them? This shows that the Lord inclines them to notice and love those who are loved and observed by Him. Oh, what a privilege it is to love a Christian! Bartimæus did not rise till Jesus called him, then he changed his place. And oh, what changes in or of places a gracious call effects! Perhaps you, my Christian reader, before your call, frequented the playhouse, the gambling-table, or the like places of resort; but, when Jesus called you, were you not compelled to give up resorting to such places? The call found you in darkness, but it did not leave you there; but brought you out into marvellous light. It is a bad sign when professors of religion prefer going to places of worldly amusement than to the house of prayer. If money could be made or got at prayer meetings, more people would be likely to attend them.

Before Jesus called Bartimæus he held his garment, and would, if asked by man, have been unwilling to have parted with it; perhaps he would have fought in the best way he could to have kept it. But, *when* Jesus called, "he cast away his garment." When the Lord calls a sinner by His grace he has always something to part with, something of his own, which but for the call he would cling to most closely. After calling, those things are lightly esteemed which were highly prized previous thereto. If the Lord were to be pleased to call a Hindoo, he would cast aside his Hindooism, or a Mohammedan he would cast aside his Mohammedanism, or a Mormonite, he would cast aside his Mormonism, or Roman Catholic, he would cast aside his Romanism, or Puseyite, he would cast aside his Puseyism, or Ritualist, he would cast aside his Ritualism. You and I, my Christian reader, know that we had much to cast aside when the Lord called us. That which pleases a person before calling, plagues him after calling. Every step Bartimæus took after Jesus called him was Christward; this shows calling does not drive from Christ, but draws to Him. But did Bartimæus find his way to Jesus before his eyes were opened? Yes. Those who are called will be sure not to miss their way in coming to Jesus. No calling, no finding. Now look at Bartimæus. He has got to Jesus, he is standing still, doubtless expecting to hear Him speak, and to receive something from Him. And oh, what a gracious question did Jesus put to him! "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Note this great *I*—"that I should do," &c. It was He in respect to whom nothing is impossible. If some king or great man were to ask a poor man what he should do for him, he would certainly expect more to be done for him by such person, than by one who was as poor as himself. What a question! "What wilt thou?"—thou fearing one, fainting one, fighting one, tossed one, tempted one, toiling one, dark one, desponding one, driven one, weak one, wandering one, wavering one, wounded one, waiting one, grieving one, groaning one, grovelling one, guilty one, bruised one, bound one, banished one, lingering one, longing one, lamenting one, languishing one, sleepy one, slipping one, sinking one, persecuted one, backsliding one, bereaved one, cast-down one, lost one—"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

The good Lord help you to answer this important question. How personal the question! How quick and simple the answer! "Lord, that I might receive my sight." Bartimæus asked and received. He was very near the dear Saviour when his request was granted, and when it was made. Sometimes when the child of God presents his prayer to the Lord he feels far off from Him; but the dear Lord's presence is usually felt to be near when answers are given to his prayers.

Jesus said to Bartimæus, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." Now observe the blessed effects. "He followed Jesus in the way." He who heard of Christ cried to Him for mercy, was called by Him, rose and came to Him, was spoken to by Him, had his eyes opened by Him; "he followed Jesus in the way." No person can possibly be a true follower of Christ who has never cried for mercy, and been called by grace. Depend upon it, there was no one in the company who followed Jesus more lovingly and sincerely than Bartimæus. Oh, how the eyes which Jesus had opened would be fixed on the almighty Opener! If any one had asked him how and by whom his eyes had been opened, he would have been able to have given an experimental answer about the Lord's gracious dealings towards him. Reader, do you know what it is to be blind, to cry for mercy to the Son of David, to have that cry opposed, to hear Jesus call you, to have sight given you by Him, whereby you can by faith see Him? If so, you are a follower of Christ, walking with Him, and at times talking to Him. Those who walk with the Saviour, will not wilfully talk against Him. F. F.

THE CHAMBER OF AFFLICTION; OR, A VOICE FROM GOD'S MINISTERS, IN THEIR SICKNESS AND SOLITUDE.

DURING the short and profitable visit at Bath, mentioned in an earlier page, the eye dropped upon three portraits, as suspended upon the walls of the room where we were seated. One was that of the beloved departed sister to whom reference is made towards the end of that paper; the others were the likenesses of two men of God, the Rev. J. A. WALLINGER and the Rev. W. PARKS. The conversation turned upon each, the latter in particular, in respect to his recent illness. Upon our return home that evening, we found the address from which we shall presently quote. We immediately sat down to its perusal, and read with avidity particulars of which in our previous conversation we had been so anxious to be in possession, namely, how the Lord had been dealing with His servant during the time he had been laid aside. If we may venture to speak personally, we can with truth say, of nothing have we a greater dread than an affliction which should lay us aside from the ministry of the word. Poor and imperfect as our labours are, and utterly unworthy as we are to be engaged in so great and glorious a work, the being compelled to cease from that work and labour of love—for a "labour of love" it is—we fear beyond expression. And yet it is grateful to contemplate the Divine all-sufficiency of our God, as so richly manifested in the present experience of the two dear servants He has seen fit, in His unerring wisdom and inscrutable Providence, to cause, at least for a season, to cease from their labours.

As we proceed to quote largely from the affectionate addresses of these two eminent servants of the Most High, the reader will doubtless remark with us "the diversity of gift, but the same Spirit," as manifested by

these men of God. Oh, if this were but more stedfastly kept in view by the people of God, how much less bickering and strife would there be—how much less of “I am of Paul, and I of Apollos.” Why, if Paul or Apollos were now alive, should we not be happy and prepared to hear them, and to give heed to them, without lending ourselves to invidious comparisons? Should we overlook the deep insight into mystical truth of Paul in the outbursts of eloquent fervour of Apollos; or should we treat with indifference the affectionate appeals of the latter in a consideration of the deeper, stronger testimony of the former? Should we not give to each his due, and be prepared to assign to each his distinctive place in the vineyard of the Lord of hosts? The subject, reader, often presents itself to our mind in this simple way. We enter a garden; we survey it in all its greatly-varied and richly-developed aspect; we see sundry men engaged in the different beds among the varied shrubs, trees, and flower-roots: one transplanting here, another engrafting there, a third clipping, or pruning, or binding up elsewhere. All are fully occupied, but each in a different and distinctive manner. Should, we, however, notwithstanding the complete and attractive aspect of the whole, have the presumption to suggest to the head gardener or principal director of the combined proceedings other arrangements, or the transposition of men whom he knew to be best qualified for their several distinctive operations and duties? Precisely in this manner, only in a much higher and infinitely more important sense, is it both absurd and presumptuous to cavil at the wisdom and the love of Him who has placed His servants, with all their varied gifts, wheresoever and with whomsoever it hath seemed Him good. Often and often have we, personally, envied the gifts of the two brethren from whom we are about to quote. We have wished for the close thought, the clear-headedness and courage of the one, and the mellowness and unction of the other; but our God has seem fit to apportion them—to adapt them for their distinctive spheres. *We* cannot do *their* work, and it is just possible (though we may not know why) *they* cannot do *ours*. Without doubt, *our* place in the vineyard is under the same wise and loving appointment. “What we know not now we shall know hereafter;” meanwhile, it is both our prerogative and our privilege to “walk by faith, and not by sight.” Well does the blessed HART sing—

“Could we see how all were right,
Where were room for credence?
'Tis by *faith*, and not by *sight*,
Christians learn obedience.”

But we proceed to quote from the addresses to which we have referred.

In the 23rd of his New Series of Tracts or Addresses, Mr. PARKS says, under date June 26th, 1867:—

It is now more than three long months since I spoke to you from my pulpit. Sickness has separated us for a time. I have been laid aside from my work. My health has been completely shattered, and the Lord only knows when I shall be permitted to address you again in the sanctuary! Sometimes I am inclined to think *never*!

However, be this as it may, I am under a mysterious Providence, and you all, to a greater or less degree, are involved in it.

This great fact suggests several questions—*e. g.*, 1. What is the cause of all this? 2. What can be the design? 3. What have been my feelings under the Lord's chastening? or have I been at all shaken in my religious views under it? 4. What have I learnt from it? 5. What have you learnt from it?

In reply to the first question, my enemies have gone so far as to shake their heads and insinuate it is a just judgment upon me for having so persistently advocated the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and so fearlessly denounced free-will in man to do good! "Ah," they say, "you may well have your mouth stopped for your uncharitableness and your exclusiveness! It is a judgment from heaven upon you!"

The ignorance, untenableness, and superficiality of this objection will be transparent when I refresh your memories with a few Scriptural and secular facts.

John the Baptist had his mouth stopped, when, according to human reason, every available man was urgently needed to advance Christ's kingdom! Paul had his mouth stopped over and over again, as he was hunted like a felon from city to city! Peter had his mouth stopped when he was imprisoned, and ultimately martyred! James had his mouth stopped by Herod's sword! All the Apostles had their mouths stopped, sooner or later, by the mysterious hand of Providence, and for proclaiming the self-same truths that are the joy and rejoicing of my heart!

But, again, let me ask, Why have not the countless heretics of the day their mouths stopped? What of Joe Smith, that wondrous imposter of New America? What of the Pope of Rome, who blasphemously arrogates to himself the prerogatives of God? What of the Unitarian, who denies the atonement and the divinity of Jesus Christ? What of the Free-willer, who dishonours the Holy Ghost in His power, and His sovereignty? What of the unblushing Infidel, who beards God to His face, and maintains there is neither heaven or hell, God nor devil? What of the popish bishops of our own Church? If these parties have full swing in propagating their blasphemies, and are never laid aside by sickness or affliction, surely it not too much to say that a man who has done all, by the grace given him, to exalt and honour God and Revelation, may possibly be laid aside without "a just judgment" being called down upon him.

I leave my enemies to their reflections. They are certainly not logicians. Are they Christians? And now to come back to our question. What is the *cause* of this affliction?

I answer—Not the promulgation of the blessed doctrines of the Bible, but *sin*.

You ask, What sin? Ah, why should you ask such a question? Is there a day or hour of our lives in which we do not sin? And is not all sin hateful to God, and, though He freely forgives us our iniquities, He will take vengeance upon our inventions (Psalm xcix. 8).

But you say, You have always taught us that "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1.) Yes, I reply, thank God I have always taught you this precious, soul-comforting lesson, but mark you, it is not said, "There is now no *chastisement* to those that are in Christ Jesus." On the other hand, it is manifest by the Scriptures that chastisement is part of God's disciplining, and a mark of God's love (Heb. xii. 5—8).

There is no need to ransack our brains to discover what sin we are chastened for. I could readily point to a score in myself, each of which deserves chastisement. We all have sinned and are continually sinning, and if God were straight to mark our heart-sins, our tongue-sins, our secret sins, not one of us should be able to stand before Him. Sin cleaves to our best desires—to our very love for God—to our humility—to our temperance, soberness, and chastity—to our patience—to our duties in general, and is frequently mixed up with our conversation! "Oh, who can tell how oft he offendeth? Cleanse Thou me from my secret faults," exclaimed the Psalmist long ago, and so reiterates every renewed soul.

But you will remember that, when speaking to you on the subject of cross-providences, or chastenings, a few Sundays before I fell ill, I observed that, generally speaking, we can trace out some connexion between the chastening

and the particular sin for which it is sent: and I instanced the case of Jacob. We all know Jacob was a liar to begin with, and strange to say, God chastened him by a liar Laban. Now when I bring this theory home to myself, I can perceive that, pride being a constantly-recurring sin in me, God has sent me the very chastisement best suited to mar it. He has marred my intellect, and marred my gifts, so that I feel that I now have nothing to be proud of! He has sent me a sickness that has so beclouded my brain that I have not been able to think, or read, or reason as I used to do, and so disfigured my appearance that I am forced to acknowledge the truth of the Psalmist's observation—"When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity" (Psalm xxxix. 11).

How we love this Gospel frankness and candour! Ah, yes, we believe every Spirit-taught soul is prepared, sooner or later, to admit that there is a *cause* for chastisement. However severely he may be tried, or however keen the strokes of a Father's hand, or galling the effect of the cross laid on the shoulder, we believe the Holy Ghost brings His people to exclaim, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Such fall under the charge, "Hast thou not procured these things unto thyself?" Hence their mouths are stopped under the dispensation, however heart-humbling or flesh-crucifying that dispensation may be. Reader, we have been thinking much lately of *heart-sins*, and we believe, and have testified of that belief, that there is a sense in which *heart-sins* are greater and grosser than *actual transgression*. We know such a sentiment is capable of abuse, and we pray God to keep our readers from that abuse, by yielding to the tempter on such grounds. Our conviction is this, that, whilst the Psalmist prayed, "Cleanse Thou me from *secret* faults; keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let not any iniquity have dominion over me," he knew full well that He who "searches the hearts and tries the reins of the children of men," could not but be cognizant of that *pride*, or *hypocrisy*, or *covering of sin* in which *the heart* takes shelter, whilst indulging, it may be, in a *deliberate, connected, meditative course of sin and transgression*. Surely such a course partakes of an *hypocrisy* to which the more flagrant and open transgressor pretends not. Whilst the latter boldly casts off all fear of God, the heart-sinner, the mental transgressor, professes to be the subject of that fear; and yet both the one and the other—the one in life, the other in heart—stand naked and open to the God with whom we have to do.

Dear Mr. Parks goes on to say, in page 11 of his address:—

My feelings have been varied during my illness. When first I perceived the rod, I thought it the greatest honour that could be conferred upon me, for I knew it was a token of love (Heb. xii. 5—8); but I soon got weary of it. I soon began to think that God might be satisfied with less [mark you here, the incorrigible wickedness of the human heart.] As day after day and night after night came and went without any cheering or encouraging prospects—the symptoms of my disease the same, the languor the same, and my strength gradually but surely wasting away, I began to be angry! I was under the best medical treatment, but my complaint was so obstinate as to refuse to yield to the most powerful medicines. Alas! I often exclaimed to God—Is this Thy love to Thy poor sick servant? Wilt Thou never remove Thy chastening hand from me? What pleasure can it give Thee to weary me with sickness, to dry up my strength like a potsherd, and to make my bones cleave to my skin?

Prayer has gone up from myself and from hundreds of God's people, but no answer! Oh, how trying to wretched nature! But the teaching of God

is not lost upon a converted soul. I could now sympathise with Moses, with Jonah and Jeremiah. I used to think that those men were very impatient, very ungrateful, and very wicked. Moses, you know, exclaimed to God in a passion, "Why, Thou hast not delivered Thy people at all!" (Exod. v. 23.) Jonah cried out in the bitterness of his disappointment—"I do well to be angry" (Jonah iv. 9). And Jeremiah is still more irreverent, saying to God—"Wilt Thou be as a liar unto me?" (Jer. xv. 18.) Oh, what specimens of human nature! That same nature is in me and in you. But there is a bright side to the picture. Grace, when in operation, has spoken often in the meekness of its spirit thus—"O my God, I thank Thee for having taught me long ago that, being justified by faith, I have peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. v. 1)—that the work of my salvation is done—that nothing depends upon my poor efforts to secure my soul. Thy Spirit has shown me these blessed truths! Thy precious Son is all my hope, all my desire, all my salvation!"

"How mercifully dost Thou deal with me, O my Father! how much more have others suffered, who are far more worthy than I! What a good home hast Thou provided for me, whilst others of Thy children have hardly a place to lay their heads! What attention and care are shown to me on every hand, whilst others with racking pain have had that pain increased by domestic neglect and pecuniary difficulty!"

"O my God, surely it is for me to praise and magnify Thee! Less than the least of all Thy servants, I am continually loaded with benefits! My dear Father, I believe that if Thou wert to part me limb from limb, I should not get as much as I deserve! Hush, Nature! My renewed spirit suggests—"I will not open my mouth, for Thou hast done it!"

Then for a short season I have known what it is "to lie passive in His hands." I have had one glance of Him who triumphantly resisted temptation for me. I have looked upon Him who was dumb for me before His cruel persecutors. I could see that all the work of salvation was finished for me, by my precious Saviour, and I bowed down in resignation before Him!

Such, my friends, is a faithful record of my thoughts and feelings during my protracted illness. They have not always run in the same groove. They have not always been spiritual, or always carnal. I have been peevish, irritable, and complaining, but I have been compelled sometimes to think of the Lord's mercies to me, and my heart has been enlarged by a sense of His unspeakable goodness. It will be thus with you when you come to be tried, so don't be alarmed if, under God's chastening, you should feel no better but worse at times, or if your poor nature should break out in open rebellion against God's providences. If you are manifested children of God, you will be convinced of your sin and ruin by nature. You will be assured of your helplessness and hopelessness without the great Substitute, you will long after holiness, though you can exhibit none, and you will groan under a sense of exceeding sinfulness. These are the true signs of a converted soul, though you may writhe in agony and impatience at God's dealings with you. But you will have your little gleams of light now and then; you will know occasionally what it is to say, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," though my eyes weep tears of self-pity and impatience!

Believe me, the religious "talk" of the professor about his experience during chastening concerning the burning up of the dross of human nature, is all maudlin sentimentality. There is no such thing as burning up of nature's dross. If there were we should all be better as we endured chastening. Two or three chastisements would burn up all the dross, and then we should be as angels in human form, but the devil will stick to us to the last, and nature will remain incorrigible and unchangeable until we are clothed upon with our new and glorified bodies!

Cheer up, then, dear children of God. You must expect no perfection: but keep looking unto your Saviour and Substitute, and behold in Him the end of

God's holy law for righteousness, and the Surety who is answerable for all your debts!

Our fourth question is—What have I learnt under my affliction? I reply, With regard to my own heart, I have learnt nothing. Since my conversion I have always known it to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii. 9.) With regard to the universal depravity of human nature, I have learnt nothing. I have known and been convinced of this for years. With regard to the hopelessness of salvation without a complete Christ, I have learnt nothing. I have been as certain of that as I am of a mathematical demonstration. With regard to the best of good works having anything to do in helping a sinner towards heaven, I have learnt nothing. With regard to the Sovereignty of God, in prayer, providences, and salvation all depending upon it, I have learnt nothing. I have never had the slightest doubt upon my mind about it. Everything around us, and about us, proclaims this most unmistakably. All these things have been as clear to my intellectual and spiritual faculties as the sun at noon is to my natural sight for many a long year. But this much I have been taught, namely, the practical working out in my own body and spirit of these momentous truths. I have been, as it were, a perfect master of a science sent down into the gloomy depths of a filthy mine to work with pick and shovel, in order to feel and to know, by hard and wearying labour, the reality of the terrible doom that awaits the wicked, and the glorious blessedness of the Lord's redeemed in their release from the blackness of darkness by the doing and dying of the Son of Man!

But I'll tell you what I have learnt, and with joy and thankfulness, too; I have learnt that the work of God has been more general amongst you than I had the slightest idea of. Many of you have appeared to me as dead listeners, and others of you as mere head-doctrinists, but this illness of mine has induced some of you to speak and acknowledge your hope and belief in the glorious plan of salvation as developed from time to time by your minister. You can do with nothing short of this, for you know your miserable and undone condition. You evidently are "made wise unto salvation, through faith in the Lord Jesus," and often *think* upon Him, though I knew it not. Oh, how this gladdens my heart! I can see your pictures in that sweet verse in the prophet Malachi, and see your destiny too: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that *thought* upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth His own son that serveth him" (Mal. iii. 16).

You have not spoken out till now: but the calamity that has overtaken us has loosed your tongues, and unveiled your affections! May the Lord bless you, and deepen His work within you for the honour and glory of His name!

I have learnt, moreover, that I am very dear to the hearts of many whom I once suspected of coldness! What anxiety, what fear, what devotion, what sympathy you have exhibited in my behalf! You have sent up prayer after prayer for my restoration. You have literally struggled with God for my healing. How dear must I be to you! Yet how unworthy am I of the least particle of your love. I cannot but know that I have taught you carefully and faithfully; but what was all this but my duty? And, when I call to mind the selfishness and shortcoming of my most efficient efforts in your behalf, I am ready to break my heart with weeping!

May the God of all grace continue to bless you, my brethren, and, if the tie be made faster by a prolongation of my life, may the remembrance of these things sweeten our future intercourse: if the link be about to be broken, and your lot be to stand at my grave-side, remember kindly the poor frail, imperfect man, but only in God!

One other most gratifying fact has come to light through my affliction, and that is, the love that many Dissenters throughout England have manifested

towards me. I have been credibly informed that I have been borne upon the heart before God by many of those from whom I conscientiously differ upon minor subjects. Those children of God have forgotten the subjects of difference, and sunk all in the love for the brethren, and have pleaded earnestly for the restoration of my health. Here is the true spirit of Christianity. Non-essentials cast aside, when a brother who is an uncompromising advocate for the doctrines of grace is in danger! May the Lord bless those men, and may they and I, when on our knees, uplifting our voices in behalf of the elect family of God, forget all our crochets!

There is now but one more question to be discussed, and that is, What have *you* learnt in the fires? You little thought a few short months ago that a painful and practical lesson was so close at hand. For years (now nearly twenty-four) you had been accustomed to the certain sound of the trumpet. You revelled in the precious doctrines of the Gospel of the grace of God, and you enjoyed "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding;" but lo! as soon as I fell ill, strangers are set to watch and ward over the sheep. You at once detect the difference: you know not the voice of strangers, and refuse to follow! You then begin to realize the loss you have sustained! Some of the very children of the congregation are startled at the confused sound—there is contradiction, there is playing fast and loose with God's word—there is self-stultification—the most learned of them all makes such a sorry figure, that you can hardly suppress a smile

Our afflicted author adds, page 17:—

Once more. I'll tell you what you have learnt during my affliction (you have rather been confirmed in it than learnt it), viz., the Sovereignty of God in noticing prayer. You know I have always taught you that, notwithstanding many passages of Scripture apparently asserting the contrary, such as Matt. vii. 7, xviii. 19, xxi. 22; James v. 16, 17, &c., God does not always answer the prayers of His people immediately. You have discovered this by experience. You have prayed with all your heart and soul for my restoration, and I am not restored. Hundreds of the living family of God throughout the country have cried unto God in my behalf, and yet I remain beneath the rod. This is calculated to create unbelief. But, brethren, for the honour of our God, call to mind what you have ever been taught upon this point. The little text in 1 John v. 14, must be your key to unlock this difficulty. God's time has not yet come for His answer to your petitions. It may never be His will to answer them in your way. Still our God is not unfaithful to His engagements. When we think otherwise we forget His Sovereignty, and we lose sight of His design in protracting His answer—namely, the exercise of our faith. For the honour of my God I will put this upon record—He has often answered my prayer at once, and in a most striking manner; but, as often, He has apparently been deaf to my entreaties. Yet let us never forget Christ's recommendation, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint" (Luke xviii. 1). Pray on, then! Means are ours, the result is God's!

I must now bid you all farewell for a time. I fear I have far exceeded my limits, but I was anxious to compress as much information as possible into this tract, which has been so long due. If it should please God to restore me to my health, my next effort in the way of tract-writing will probably be my last; for my doctors assure me that intensity of thinking will further endanger my life. And, though I am willing to die in my Master's service, yet it is but prudent to do what I can to prolong my ministrations in the ordinary way, for your sake.

I recommend you, my brethren, to the keeping of God; and, if we never again meet in public, I shall be consoled to know that I live in your hearts, and am a continual object of your solicitude.

Believe me to remain, your faithful pastor,

WILLIAM PARKS.

We can only add, May God, of His great mercy, if it be His wise and

gracious will, raise up our beloved and afflicted friend and brother in the Lord! May it once again be his happy privilege to minister in his blessed Master's name and cause! May he come forth from the solitude and the sadness of the chamber of affliction, to proclaim anew the unsearchable riches of Christ, in all the freeness, fulness, and perfection of covenant love to a covenant Church and people. In these God-and-truth-despising days, according to our poor finite conception, we can ill spare such men as those upon whom the Lord has thus seen fit to lay His afflictive hand. Yet we pray for grace to say, "Thy will be done!" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The sweet chastened spirit, which so betokens the Lord's tender, gracious, and at the same time effectual, teachings and dealings, will be found by the true spiritual reader to manifest itself in the subjoined letter of our dear brother Wallinger to his church and congregation. We add our humble petition on his behalf also, that the Lord may (if it be His sovereign will) raise Him up, and once again restore him to the dear people among whom he has so lovingly and acceptably laboured. May his valuable life be spared yet for years to come, and may he still find peculiar sweetness, and blessed unction and power, in testifying of Him and His grace, who is the "chiefest among ten thousand," "the altogether lovely."

MY DEAR PEOPLE, MY FLOCK, MY BRETHREN,—This address would have been begun much sooner had it not been for a serious illness,—a severe attack of bronchitis, with which it has pleased God I should be visited, about three weeks since, and under the exhausting effects of which I am still suffering. I trust the worst is over: but "my times are in His hands," be they what they may. There has been but a step between me and death. For two days my life hung in suspense, but that one step more, it appears, in the orderings of Him who says we must wait all our appointed days until our end come, was not to be taken, at least for the present. I may tell you this, that in my extremity I found the truths I have been favoured to preach to you, all-supporting. I found them as good to die by, as to live by—Jesus Christ the sum and substance; and I was kept in peace, stayed upon Him, let the event be as He pleased.

I need not say, you are much in my thoughts and in my heart, with a sweet remembrance of many gracious pulpit-seasons I had been favoured with in preaching to you the glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel, with secret longing desires, if agreeable to the divine will, that they might be renewed; for I must say that some pulpit-seasons, at Brighton and elsewhere, have been among my happiest moments on earth.

Amidst all it is no small satisfaction to me that I have left you under so sound and profitable a ministry as Mr. Brown's. I consider him as especially raised up of God, both for me and for you: and truly glad am I to find that the Lord owns his ministry among you, and that the word and ordinances are profitable and edifying and comforting, at least to the most part. And may the Lord's work, indeed, go on and prosper amongst you, and the presence and power of His Spirit be realized and enjoyed.

I know full well that the most of you cannot be satisfied with the word only, however truthful, and with nothing less than the power of the Spirit, "giving testimony to the word of His grace." Such of you may bless God for this teaching, for "the letter killeth, it is the Spirit giveth life." "Flesh and blood have not revealed this unto you, but your Father which is in heaven." Once you and I were totally ignorant thereof, and knew nothing more than the Gospel, which is in word only; for we knew not the voice of the Shepherd, nor the words of Him whose words are "spirit and life."

The voice of the Shepherd is in the power. There it is we have seen "the

goings of our God and King in the sanctuary;" attended with powerful convictions, humblings, corrections in righteousness, or instructions, illuminations, enlightenings, warnings, counsels, chastenings, comfortings, peace-revealings, Christ-revealings, love-diffusings, bondage-breakings, Pisgah views of glory, and heart-meltings at the feet of a dear Redeemer.

Yes, I am persuaded there are those of you, and not a few, who are not ignorant of these things, more or less, whose hearts have been won over to Christ—no thanks to you—who hath "wrought you for this selfsame thing," and you are "His workmanship," and may truly say, with Israel of old, "What hath God wrought!"

How blessed to think that though you daily mourn over your moral infirmities, and often delinquencies, and thence often long for glory, when you shall be rid of it all, yet you are in the Lord's hands, who hath done great things for you, hath undertaken for you, and engaged to present you before the presence of His glory with eternal joy, and has promised in the meanwhile, that, though trials and tribulations, many and great, may await you, His grace is sufficient for you.

It delights me to write these things to the children of God, which are so true, and are most surely realized, sooner or later, by all the elect vessels of mercy.

I am well aware that in a mixed congregation there are always those who, though they may approve the preaching of, and in their judgments prefer, a free-grace Gospel, and take no offence at the doctrine of the sovereignty of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in the salvation of a Church elect in Christ Jesus, yet were never quickened souls, called by sovereign grace out of the ranks of the world, but are still both in and of the world, and are living for the world, its honours, profits, or pleasures. Now such are in a very awful state, and, living and dying so, can have no part in the salvation of the Church of God.

Let us reason again with such as you, as I have often done. Is there any evidence that you are converted characters, that you are new creatures in Christ Jesus, that you are born again? You know there is not, and you have none yourself. You may have got a few Gospel notions in your head, but that is all. You are not living under the sweet influence of the Gospel, and are strangers to real fellowship and communion with Christ; and, living and dying so, what will you have really to support you in a dying hour? I beseech you, lay these things home upon your hearts. It is the last time I, as a dying man, may address you, even by pen and ink. I may never live to stand in the pulpit before you again, and, if I do stand there, some of you may be gone to your eternal home.

Some of you have gone further than others. You have made some sort of profession, and so have a "name to live," and yet may be dead in your sins. You carry the "lamp" of profession, but where is the "oil?"—destitute of the Spirit after all: no sanctifying influence upon your life, walk, and conversation. Some of you behind the counter, and some before the counter; but where is the distinction between you and the world? Perhaps some, thorough worldlings, outdo you in honesty, integrity, and uprightness. Religion is made for the shop, as well as the drawing-room, and the kitchen as well as the parlour.

Then, again, there are some who acknowledge the truth of all this; who see there is a wide distinction between possessor, professor, and profane, and hardly know where to place themselves—who know and are persuaded there are most precious privileges for God's people; and whose cry is, "Shew me the favour Thou bearest to Thy people; oh, visit me with Thy salvation!" and therefore, really and truly, "the desires of their hearts are toward His name," and yet are far from comfort, far from satisfaction; and, knowing and feeling their own moral infirmities, and daily delinquencies, are writing bitter things against themselves, and often concluding the very worst as to their state and as to their end.

Now such as these do usually form a very considerable part of every congregation where the truth is preached, and it is to these that the preacher finds it his especial privilege to deal out the comforts and consolations and encouragements of the blessed Gospel. To you, therefore, I would say, It is your mercy to know the plague of your hearts, your fallen condition, and your utter helplessness. And how, I would ask, did you become acquainted with all this? Surely a gracious God has been dealing with you, and made you thus to take "the lowest room," until He shall come and say to you, "Friend, come up higher." Surely He has begun a good work of grace in you; and you know what the dear apostle says about that: he says, "I am persuaded that He who has begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Yes, will perform and carry it out to the end, though it may be through many temptations, trials, and troubles; much perplexity, darkness, and soul-trouble; but "by these things men live," and the Lord is all-sufficient. Yes, we may say the Lord has blessed things in store for you, for "all His children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of His children."

I could write much on this, but my limits prevent me. The Lord keep you at His feet, and make you know increasingly the worth of prayer; give you a tender conscience against all sin, and increasing desires after the choicest privileges He has to bestow, until you shall be "satisfied with favour, and full of the blessing of the Lord."

I would not conclude without a word to those who have long ago found grace in this wilderness, and have been taking shelter under the wings of a gracious Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and found Him indeed to be a God of all grace; a sparing, loving, gracious Deliverer, Strength, and Help. He has brought you thus far; some of you, may be, almost to the brink of Jordan, to the end of your pilgrimage. What mercy and forbearance has He shown you! What cause has He given you to trust Him and to commit your all to Him! He hath not dealt with you according to your sins, nor rewarded you according to your iniquities. You have been treacherous to Him, and He knew you would deal very treacherously, but this did not alter His gracious purposes toward you. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it," or surely you would long ago have extinguished the fire of His love for you. "Israel hath not been forgotten, nor Judah of his God, though their land has been full of sin against the Holy One of Israel."

Yet He hath not left you "altogether unpunished," but, may be, hath shown you great and sore troubles, though "He hath brought you out into a wealthy place." And, after so much mercy past, can He let you sink at last? This be far from Him. Oh, what a song to the praise of the love and blood of the Lamb shall all God's chosen people, in yet a little while, be filled with, when they shall see Him in His glory! How I long sometimes to be enabled once more to preach these blessed things to you: but, whether I shall be permitted or no, remains with Him "whose counsel shall stand, and who will do all His pleasure." To Him I commend you all, and to the word of His grace, which is "able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified."

Your affectionate pastor,

Nice, 15th February, 1867.

J. A. WALLINGER.

THOSE who are blessed with spiritual breath cannot be cursed with the second death.

That person must be in darkness who cannot see sin in what is sinful.

Those who are favoured with the Lord's gracious gifts, feel they cannot do without His powerful lifts.

A journey may be ended in a very different spirit from what it was begun in—Saul's going to Damascus for instance.

Correspondence.

POPERY *versus* CALVINISM.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—That the “oldest Magazine” should still maintain its Protestant tone, whilst so many others have veered round to all points of the religious—so-called—compass, is matter for thankfulness and gratitude to Him who “changeth not,” to “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,” and to the sanctifying, testifying, and teaching Holy Spirit, the “Pneuma Agion.” Is this faithfulness to first principles any way explained by words reported to have been uttered by the pervert Dr. Manning, in Rome’s grades termed Cardinal, when saying, “From all sects there may be some hope of obtaining converts to Romanism, *except Calvinists*, but from among them Popery will gain no addition” (*Vide Remembrancer for January*)? Does the following add any additional evidence, and from a should-be-totally-diverse quarter (but is it?), “If you belong to that part of the Evangelical school *which is not Calvinistic*, I believe all that you do” (Dr. Pusey, as quoted in a letter signed “W. Leay,” *vide Record*, January 4, 1867)? and, as Mr. Leay says, “The doctrines of original sin, of the condition of man, and of justification by faith, are quite admissible; but those involving the sovereignty of Jehovah in the gathering of His elect (Art. XVII.), not so.” Dr. Pusey’s language was used when declining a conference on Romans i. 10. In my opinion these two quotations prove that what is termed “Calvinism,” is not chameleon-hued, and that the “ism” is yet a distinguishable thing, having its sharp and well-defined lines, its unrounded angles, and not, like some pretentious “isms,” round and rolling. It is, then, Mr. Editor, of moment that the Protestant tone of the *Gospel Magazine* be maintained; and unspiritual Protestantism in a Gospel magazine is clearly a misnomer. That there should be a magazine true to Gospel principles, acknowledging a blood-bought flock, a Christ-redeemed number, and a Spirit-taught family, the existence of yours is the proof.

The gravity of the times may be discussed, but to solemnly realize and feel them is quite another thing. If we look at the future from a present position, what is the prospect for us or our children, even taking into consideration the permissive will of our God? Is it not a gloomy one? But, looking at it and knowing that God has for it His decretive will, we suck honey where others suck poison. Doubtless for sound members in a congregation to have a “yea” Sunday succeeded by a “nay” Sunday, to be dubbed “troublers in Israel,” to be treated suspiciously, to be termed hypercritical if not hypocritical, is painful—acutely so; but, whether is it better to be so, or calmly and placidly sit down and swallow all that is retailed from some pulpits in the fifteen or twenty minutes’ sermon, even to the taking it in that persons shall be spiritually regenerated at half-past eleven or four o’clock, upon this or any other day of the week; or that, *ex opera operato*, bread and wine instantly are changed from the creature into the Creator, or to hear all ecclesiastical times and utensils termed “holy?” No, no! Better be queer and particular a little longer, at least so long as such and the following passages exist: “Holiness, without which no man [nothing else] shall see the Lord” (Heb. xii. 14). “As

the living Father hath sent me, and *I live by the Father* : so *he that eateth me*, even he shall live by me" (John vi. 57). As Christ here says, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me," couples living with eating, and "I live by the Father," we dare not infer that Christ did eat the Father, whatever may be said about, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you" (John vi. 53). Strange if our Christianity is to lead us to cannibalism in terms! "For the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances" (Prayer Book), and that even after consecration. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8.) Can this be the case, if the current popular opinions of Puseyism and Popery are to be credited? As in the baptismal-regeneration theory the when, the where, and the how is stated, it cannot be the regeneration of this chapter, even though the preference be so invariably given to the fifth rather than the third verse.

One other thing I must beg to trouble you with. Ought we to be surprised at there being the Rationalistic school? When we reflect that it is the reaction from the Romanizing section, we ought not to be taken by storm by the news of the writer of *Ecce Homo*, when he says, "The Christian communion is a club dinner." Putting the views of the leaders of the "going, going, and gone" to Rome in juxta-position with a statement like this, we are forcibly reminded of a bad cook's cookery—either overdone or underdone.

That you and your congregation and all other congregations where the glorious and unfettered truths of the Gospel are believed and loved may be spared, and kept from any admixing or neutralizing process, one cannot but wish. I do not believe in deifying instituted laws, nor, on the other hand, do I believe in discarding those laws; and perhaps chemistry may confirm what experience has proved—the addition of a sufficient quantity of acid to alkali, or of alkali to acid, brings about a complete neutralization. The formed neutral salt of some chemicals is used, and acts as a purgative. Spiritualize this, and apply it to congregations where the truth is known, and where it is not known—a purging will be the result in either case.

I am, yours, &c.,

J. H.

THE RITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—There is abundant evidence that the extreme Ritualists, owing to the extreme toleration unwisely allowed them, have become extremely audacious in the expression of their decided hostility towards the Protestantism of the Church of England. If the *Church Times* and the *Church Advocate* represent the sentiments and objects of the Ritualistic party, the only honest conclusion to which we can arrive is that they are decidedly Papists at heart, and dangerous *traitors* to the Church whose teaching is in direct antagonism to the apostate Church of Rome.

The following quotations speak for themselves. The *Church Advocate* says: "The Church party [*i. e.*, the Popish party] has accepted the Eirenicon with all its inevitable consequences, and these are no less *than the eventual abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion*. . . . It is a grand

K K

success, and the success consists in this, that the claim for *an interpretation of the Articles, such as never was intended by their framers, is all but universally allowed, and cannot possibly now be interfered with.*" What an obstructive nuisance the Thirty-nine Articles are to the Papal party! How would they rejoice to see them consigned to oblivion!

Now for the *Church Times*, on the Reformers and the Reformation. In a leading article on Innovations, in the number for January 5, the Reformers are described as "the profane and immoral levellers of the sixteenth century!" They are further described as "men whose characters and motives cannot stand the test of historical criticism, *cowardly traitors* like Cranmer, coarse, illiterate, persecuting bullies like Latimer, hardened and shameless liars like Bale," &c. It is added that these are "hard words, no doubt, but not one-tenth so hard as the deeds which make them deserved." To those who say that innovation is necessarily wrong, it is answered: "On your own showing the Reformation was a *hideous blunder*, and we are doing what you ought to approve in restoring what was lost then." Of the Reformers again it is said that their "experiment has been tried now for three centuries, and has utterly broken down!" Speaking sarcastically of what the *Church Times* calls "innovations brought in by the blessed Reformation," it adds, "if any one chooses to defend them, he is welcome. *But we mean to abolish them all the same!*"

This is plain speaking truly. Had these mendacious assertions and wrathful maledictions emanated from the Roman head of the apostacy, there would be no reason for surprise. But, when it is remembered that they proceed from the Ritualistic press, expressing the thoughts and aims of men ostensibly members of our own reformed Church, but really one with the Church of Rome, it is a matter of astonishment that they do not go to their own place, or that they are tolerated as traitors, undermining the very foundations of the Church. One is forced to the conclusion, with regard to many of these misguided men, that their real object in remaining where they are, is to fill the office of ferrymen to the Pope, employed in conveying as many as possible into the city and house of bondage, on the other side of the Tiber.

Under these circumstances, it behoves all true friends of the Church of England—all who really value an unchained and open Bible—all who sincerely venerate the worthy names and glorious deeds of the noble army of English martyrs, now vilified by open, unscrupulous traitors—all who rightly estimate the priceless blessings of civil and religious freedom—in God's name and strength to resist to the uttermost the present formidable and treacherous encroachments of the Ritualistic friends or emissaries of Pio Nono, and, by means of individual and united Christian action, to take care that our highly-favoured England shall never again be dragged back into the mire and darkness of Papal superstition, and shall never again be trodden down under the crushing iron hoof of Papal despotism. In the present struggle against existing treachery and unscrupulous aggression, our confidence and comfort is that "the Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our Refuge."

Affectionately yours,

R. CORNALL.

THOSE who please the Lord will be teased by Satan.

There may be "little faith" where there are great doubts; and there may be weak faith where there is strong fear.

HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It is almost impossible to speak too highly of the hymns of the Rev. Charles Wesley, as among them are some of the finest compositions of the kind ever written. Several of these are given in the *Gospel Magazine* for July, in the article on his hymns, and those of the immortal Toplady; but one there ascribed to him was written, I believe, by the excellent Dr. Watts. I refer to the precious hymn beginning, "Come, ye that love the Lord," &c. Other of your faithful readers will probably have written to you on the same subject.

About two years ago I heard the celebrated Dr. Neale give a lecture on "Hymns and Hymn-writers—Ancient and Modern." Of our own, he mentioned Watts, Wesley, Toplady, Newton, and several others, and pronounced his estimate of their compositions. As a tribute to the memory of that dear and highly-honoured man of God, Toplady, the first editor of this Magazine, I wish to tell you which he thought was the finest hymn in the English language—yea, which never was surpassed by any writer in any language—it was "Rock of Ages."

I thought so impartial and valuable a testimony ought not to be lost sight of.

Your humble servant,

Birmingham.

SAMUEL MORLEY.

A PRAYER.

O FATHER, when sore trials come,
As trials will and must,
Help me to see Thine hand in them,
And own Thy ways are *just*.

When heavy clouds across my sky
Make all things look less bright,
Still give me faith to trust in Thee,
And own Thy ways are *right*.

When earthly friends prove false to me,
Those whom I loved and knew,
May I the closer cling to Thee,
Who faithful art, and *true*.

And, when stern Death, with one fell stroke,
Doth those I love remove,
E'en then, Lord, teach my heart to own,
Thou send'st the stroke in *love*.

Oft my weak heart the promise doubts,
That "all *shall* work for good;"
For oftentimes Thy dealings seem
Hard to be understood.

Forgive my "little faith," O Lord,
Bend Thou my stubborn will,
And, when my mind is tossed with doubts,
Oh, teach me to "be still,"

And wait in patience for the time,
When, in Thy mansions bright,
My hope be lost in ecstasy—
My faith in joyous sight.

JEANIE.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE INTRIGUES OF RITUALISM, *ALIAS* POPERY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—The following circumstance has lately come to my knowledge, and, feeling deeply impressed with the importance of making it public, as a caution to others who may be seeking a home for their fatherless children, I send it you to make what use of it you think proper.

During the late awful visitation of cholera, an engineer died after five hours' illness, leaving a wife and six young children, as was supposed, comfortably provided for; but, by subsequent circumstances, they were reduced to absolute poverty, and the poor widow was compelled to seek assistance. She wrote to Mrs. Gladstone, asking admission for one of her children in one of Mrs. G.'s homes. The request was readily granted, and she received a presentation to the home near Portsmouth, with instructions that she need not send any one with the child, as she would be met at the train; but the poor mother, not liking her to travel alone, and being in too critical a state of health to admit of her undertaking the journey herself, an aunt accompanied the child. They were met at the station by two ladies, habited as sisters of mercy, with large black crosses suspended in front. With great politeness and affability, they conducted them to the home; but the sight which there presented itself, so shocked the aunt that she fainted away. In one apartment was a so-called altar, covered with white satin, with a ruby lamp on the top with incense, which was kept burning night and day. All around the walls, inscribed in large characters, was the word "Silence," and crosses were to be seen in every direction. The poor aunt, supposing they would not allow her to bring the child away with her, as she was not its mother, very unwillingly left it behind. As they parted, she said, "Give my love to mamma," when she was told, "There's no mamma now; we have no mammas here." The shock was so great to the aunt, that she knew not how she got home. She was quite blind for three days after, and very ill. She did not like to tell the poor mother the true state of the case, until the latter one day overheard her say, "I feel as if I had buried the child, or consigned her to destruction," or words to that effect. This, of course, alarmed her, and, when she heard the facts, her distress was very great. Nothing but her own state of health prevented her going at once to fetch her away. At length she sought advice and assistance from the Rector of the parish, who at once took steps for the recovery of the child, which was accomplished after she had been in the home a fortnight; during all which time not a line had reached the mother, until the day before she sent for her, when they wrote saying, "As the doctor was passing through the house to-day, I asked him to look at your daughter. He says her head is a little affected, but she will make a strong woman." I mention this to show their duplicity, as, when she came home, they found she had been ill all the time. She was naturally a very quiet, timid child, and, no doubt, the thought that she had parted from her mamma for ever, and the constant excitement in which she was kept, was too much for her. Indeed, it was feared at first that the brain was seriously injured. She said they were told they were to be brought up as Roman Catholic children. They had prayers eight times a-day,

when she was taken out of bed, dressed, and taken in to prayers, and then brought back to bed again. After her return home, although she had been there so short a time, she was continually repeating prayers as fast as she could, and crossing herself. Thus is Popery making itself master of the rising generation.

That the true character of Mrs. Gladstone's schools are unknown to the public, may be gathered from the fact that the Rector of the parish in which this family resides, who is a staunch Protestant, and thoroughly detests everything Popish, had previously sought and obtained the admission of two children from another family in his parish into one of Mrs. G.'s schools.

That the Lord may yet avert the awful doom which seems impending over our infatuated country, is the prayer of

Yours in Gospel bonds,

A CONSTANT READER.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC POLICY.

THE *Tablet* contains an article, evidently written by no common hand, in which a scheme of policy is put forth as a declaration to "our fellow-subjects and the State." A distinct offer is made to the Established Church, of Roman Catholic support against Protestant Dissenters if the Established Church will comply with the conditions proposed in this new scheme. Among other conditions are these:—

1. The repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and the recognition of the existence and legality of the Roman Catholic Church, and of its administration within these realms.
2. A grant of recognized rank and precedence to the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church within the realm, by making peers of Parliament of the Roman Catholic Archbishops of England and Ireland.
3. The restoration of regular diplomatic intercourse between the Crown and the Holy See.
4. A regular convention between the supreme spiritual authority in the Roman Catholic Church and the supreme temporal authority in the British Empire.
5. The question of a State endowment for the Roman Catholic Church, its hierarchy, clergy, universities, seminaries, colleges, and schools, to be left to the wisdom of the Holy See.

It is possible some may be disposed to smile at the seemingly-outrageous absurdity of such propositions; but the parties who put them forth are in earnest. They are men of deep convictions, of settled purpose—members of a corporation which never dies. Many statesmen would gladly agree to a convention or a concordat with Rome, to make the task of governing Ireland more easy than it now is.

THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER AND THE RITUALISTS.

THE annual meeting of the Gloucester Auxiliary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society was held recently. The Very Rev. Dean Law presided, and pleaded earnestly for the society. In the course of his remarks he said: You may without fear or doubt pour your funds into the society's coffers. It will send forth labourers who will take for their motto those blessed words of St. Paul, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord;" men who will regard themselves only as your servants for Jesus'

sake. Fear not to give aid to this society. It will not send forth men who will endeavour to establish services where much is done to please and to gratify external sense—whether it be the eye, or the ear, or our sense of smelling—but where God is Himself ignored, who is “chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.” This society will never send forth men who will strive to revive and restore in England vestments and garbs which for three hundred years and more the Church of England has steadily ignored, and, by so ignoring, has virtually, if not legally, denounced. This society will not send forth men who will strive to delude by the trickeries of priestcraft, and who, if only they could have their will, would reduce fair England to the degradation and misery of priest-ridden Spain. This society will send forth no men who will entice our wives, and our sisters, and our daughters, to the abominations of the confessional; and then—I almost tremble when I say it—and then will give them pious absolution for those impurities which they were the first to suggest. This society will never send forth men who will travestie, and distort and change that pure, that lovely, that simple ordinance which our blessed Lord, in the plenitude of His heavenly grace, was pleased to ordain in memory of His dying love, and in which we break the bread in remembrance of His body broken; and pour out the wine in remembrance of His blood shed: they will never distort that ordinance to superstition against which every scintilla of human reason protests—nay, I do think which our Church has so emphatically termed that “danger and deceit,” *and something worse*. Well you may rally round this society; and I am persuaded that our friends in Gloucester will heartily support it. Gloucester—why you know that Gloucester soil has been bedewed, and has been hallowed too, with the blood of glorious martyrs. Gloucester—in whose midst, as her noblest trophy, stands our great Hooper memorial. From the fire of his agonized death I am persuaded that a light is gone forth—a light of liberty which I think never will be extinguished whilst Gloucester remains Gloucester, and whilst England remains England.

THE PROGRESS OF POPERY.

ALTHOUGH we are—and long have been—of opinion, that our rulers are given over to strong delusion, and that England will ere long for a season be again under the dominion of accursed Romanism, yet it gives us satisfaction to find men determined, in the strength of God, to abide by their true Christian and Protestant principles. It will be to such a cause of grateful reflection, when they come to lay their heads upon their dying pillows, or (should their lives be spared to witness such a dread state of things) when they see our long-favoured country once again, through being under the Popish yoke, deprived of her present liberties and privileges—it will, we say, be to them a cause of grateful reflection that they did what they could to prevent such a hapless state of things. To have done what they could by way of remonstrance and protestation will be a solace; whilst those who have, either directly or indirectly, aided or abetted the incoming foe, and thus countenanced and connived at a system in connexion with which the blood of tens of thousands of martyrs cry for vengeance, will writhe under the accusations of a guilty conscience, from the weight and burden of which God alone can release them.

The times in which we live are solemn and eventful indeed. Satan and his emissaries seem to be having it their own way. In the eyes of some it would appear as though the Most High were an indifferent Spectator; but verily, notwithstanding, "there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and to the child of God it is unspeakably comforting and satisfactory to remember that "the foundations of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." However appearances may seem to run in a contrary direction, Jehovah's eye is on all and over all; and, in the most fitting time, according to a wisdom so infinite as never once to err, and a power so omnipotent as never in a solitary instance to fail, He will avenge His people—defend His truth—and honour His own great name, as the immutable and eternal I AM THAT I AM.

The progress of Popery, and her ultimate attainment of a position in England, for which she has so long been making the most strenuous efforts, at the very time she has been losing her weight and influence in other lands, will only make her downfall the more striking. God's blessed word stands diametrically opposed to Romanism; that word must, in its every jot and tittle, be fulfilled, however men or devils may oppose. Let, then, the people of God be on their watch-tower, and give Jehovah no rest day or night until He arise and vindicate His own truth, and glorify His own great name. EDITOR.

OUR TIMES.

ASSUREDLY the signs of the times are multiplying around us, and those who see in the history of the Eastern Church the visible judgments of God in the overthrow by the Turks of the Eastern empire and its apostate Church, must also see in the visible decay of Islamism the prospect of the fulfilment of some of the most remarkable predictions of the Apocalypse. We cannot, however, but grieve to witness some things connected with the reception of the representative of Mohammed, which are not befitting the loyalty of a Christian nation professing undivided allegiance to the King of kings. We rejoice in the fitting welcome which was given to the Sultan by Her Majesty's commands. Everything is allowed to have been well arranged, from the imposing naval fleet which conducted the Grand Turk across the Channel to our shores, down to the more gaudy yet imposing pageantry which was exhibited in the royal carriages and the royal escort of mailed and plumed horsemen which attended him from the railway terminus to the Queen's palace. But remembering, as we are bound to remember, that the religion of Mohammed is directly antagonistic to the religion of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, we could have desired that our princes and nobles had been in the presence of the Sultan on the Lord's-day more intent on evincing the sincerity than the laxity of their allegiance to Christ. It is stated that the Viceroy of Egypt was struck by the imposing stillness of an English Sabbath as he was rowed down the Thames. We could have wished that a little more of this stillness had characterized the precincts of the Court. The repeated visits of the Prince of Wales, the afternoon drive in open carriages-and-four to Teddington, the row in the Queen's barges thence to Richmond, to an entertainment given at their villa by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, followed by the journey to Buckingham Palace, did not exhibit much of the stillness and repose of an English Sabbath. We do not think that the Sultan would have been

as complaisant with reference to the Mohammedan holy days, or would so lightly have thrown aside attention to the religious commands of the Koran. The entertainment at the Crystal Palace, in some of its details, may be literally said to "out-herod Herod;" and the people who shouted, "It is the voice of a God and not of a man," could hardly have exceeded the words of the ode composed for the occasion, and sung in a kind of adoration of the Sultan. He is described as "Borne to earth on wings of genii," and, in words evidently suggested by the rising of the Sun of righteousness, we are told of the East "with dazzled sight" beholding "the new light" which now streams over the benighted West! This precious rhodomontade thus concludes:—

"Mighty ruler over nations, none may with his power compare,
Day and night his constant study that his people well may fare;
As the sun he spreads his radiance, all men may his kindness share,
Sons of Islam call him father, Christians own his kindly care.
Truly great and wisely powerful, giant actions he shall dare,
Noble thoughts and aspirations prosper under Osman's heir.
All the West with light is glowing, all the East with light ablaze,
Eastern night is Western darkness, Eastern suns bring Western days.
East and West should join as sisters, side by side their voices raise,
Singing on the day of gladness songs of welcome, songs of praise.
Then together, all ye nations, cry 'Amen,' as England prays,
'Long may heav'n, O son of Osman, give thee bright and happy days!'"

Is this the way to make "the people of the book" respected in the Turkish empire? Is this the way to put down the sound of persecution which has again been heard in the Turkish dominions? Rather, may we not ask, Is not this an occasion on which disloyalty to Christ and the violation of His Sabbaths is calculated to draw down the rebuke of Him who is unchangeably the same, and tells us in the records of history, as well as in the pages of His "book," that "the Lord our God is a jealous God?"—*Record*.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Watchman's Voice. A pastoral letter for 1867. "*Behold He Cometh.*" By JOHN LINDSEY, Minister of the Gospel, Linsdale, Leighton Buzzard. London: Alfred Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street.—Two very solemn productions. The former, as the larger and more explicit in regard to the times and the circumstances under which we live, is especially worthy of the attentive reading and most careful consideration of God's people. It flows from the pen of one evidently deeply imbued with a sight and sense of personal sin, weakness, and infirmity, at the same time cognizant of, and becomingly impressed with, the awful solemnities of the times in which our lot is cast. We earnestly recommend the obtaining and prayerful perusal of this threepenny pamphlet.

Charity Helstone. A Tale. By MRS. CAREY BROCK: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street, London.—This is another of the "Ministering Children Series," a pretty story, decidedly evangelical in its tone, one that any mother could with confidence place in her child's hands.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 21,
NEW SERIES. }

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

{ No. 1,221,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 4.

"MY FATHER KNOWS IT ALL."

"*Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee.*"—PSALM xxxviii. 9.

BELOVED, there is scarcely a verse in this Psalm that does not apply to Christ. Indeed, comparatively speaking, there are but few portions of any one of the Psalms that may not be regarded as the language of our once-suffering, but now triumphant Lord. However intense the anguish, however great the depression, however gloomy the apprehensions, of David—all were but typical of the travail and the still greater intensity of feeling of David's Lord.

Certain we are, dear reader, that we have but the very faintest conception of what were the suretyship-engagements of our most glorious Christ. By those engagements He entailed upon Himself a responsibility that defies the scrutiny of angels; and how much more the comprehension of such poor finite worms of the earth as ourselves! The mediatorial work of Christ is a subject which, we are told, "angels desire to look into," as though it were a matter which filled them, as well it may, with holy wonder and amazement.

Has it ever occurred to the reader that the sufferings of Christ, in their nature and intensity, are the more forcibly presented by the early times in which they were foreshown? David lived ages upon ages before the incarnation of Christ, and yet prophetically he dwelt upon what Christ would be, and what Christ would suffer, as though both the one and the other were a present matter-of-fact. To confine the language of the Psalmist to the Psalmist himself, or to imagine

that his words were limited to himself and his own little daily experiences, were to rob Christ of His glory, and the Scriptures of an immensity of their prophetic meaning.

Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon any of the expressions of David; but that emphasizing must be adopted only as bearing upon David's Lord. As applicable to Him, passage after passage, petition upon petition, groan after groan, and tear upon tear, may be regarded.

Oh, it is blessed, dear reader, when, by the Spirit's unctuous power and divine anointing, we are enabled to see Christ, to hear Christ, to follow Christ, in and through the precious Psalms of the sweet singer of Israel. It is this that, by the power of the Holy Ghost, leads to "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." It is this that helps us to forget our little daily conflicts and personal trials. It is this holy contemplation—this sitting at the feet of one's Lord and Master—that causes our trials and afflictions, our losses and crosses, to dwindle into that puny insignificance—that tiny trivial character—that absolute non-importance, which, by contrast with the soul-travail and sufferings of Jesus, bespeaks their character.

Had the most tried, the most tempted, the most troubled of any members of the one common household of faith, personally witnessed the agony of soul of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, would they have bestowed so much as a thought upon themselves, however painful their lot? Had such heard His entreaties, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"—had they beheld His disquiet, when, in the anguish of His Spirit, He could not rest, but now falling flat on the ground—with blood oozing forth from the very pores of His sacred body—then rising imploringly upon His knees, anon fleeing to His disciples, again retreating to His place of still deeper gloom and solitude, and a third time uttering the plaintive cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"—would their attention have been diverted from Him by the intrusion of their own little personal cares and perplexities? Again, when such child of the kingdom saw the guilty multitude come forth "with swords and staves for to take Him"—when He was seen jostled here and hurried there, and at length, brow-beaten, sneered, and scoffed at, smitten and even spat upon, in token of the most thorough contempt, before Pilate's bar—would such observer be found for a moment forgetting all the painful acuteness and vividness of that scene in so reflecting upon home-scenes and personal anxieties? Moreover, when such sorrowful spectator had heard the shouts of the blaspheming multitude, crying, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" "His blood be on us and on our children!"—when His sacred brow was crowned with such thorns as we have scarcely the veriest idea of, could anything have drawn off the eye or the heart from such an Object of sympathy as the Lord Christ, in His own blessed Person, then presented? Again, when stretched upon the cross, His precious hands and feet pierced with the cruel nails, and that cross thrust with ruthless hands into its socket, shaking that tender frame through its every nerve and sinew, worn down as it already was with intensity

of grief, acuteness of anguish, infinity of woe; what must have been the sensation enkindled in the hearts of the weeping beholders, as they heard the doleful cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" If the sun veiled his face, if the earth quaked, all nature as it were writhing in agony at its Creator's sufferings, oh, how callous must be that soul, and how deeply dyed and verily dead in sin the being, that could remain unmoved in the midst of such distressing, heart-harrowing scenes! And yet, reader, such is the deadly hold that sin has taken upon our fallen nature, that the most trivial of circumstances will serve to awaken our sympathies, as far as our fellow-creatures are concerned, whilst the sufferings of Jesus, however vividly brought before us, fail to affect or humble us. Well does the immortal Hart say:—

"The rocks may rend, the mountains quake,
The hills may to their centre shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

Reader, do you feel this to be true? and is it among your daily regrets and lamentations, that your heart is so callous—so hard—so altogether unmoved by all that you hear and read of Jesus' sufferings? What a mercy it is, then, that Jesus knows this—that He is thoroughly cognizant of all that passes in our minds; that He apprehends what we would feel and what we would be, and what we would do, were it within our power. Ah, what a mercy that "He knows what is the mind of the Spirit," that He accepts the *will* for the *deed*. What a mercy that He can define between the flesh and the Spirit, that there is no confusion with *Him*; that He distinguishes the old nature from the new; that He knows what appertains to the first Adam and what to the Second. And what a mercy, beloved, is it to be able experimentally to unite again with Hart, and say,

"But something yet can do the deed;
And that dear something much I need.
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and mould this heart of mine."

Oh, reader, to know and feel these things in living and blessed experience, is of more real value than ten thousand worlds; and better far to sigh and groan under the renewed discovery of this hardness, stoicism, and insensibility, than to be carried away, and—if divine grace prevent not—be fatally deceived, under the treacherous influence of merely natural feeling and fleshly emotions. No, no, we would sooner—ten thousand times sooner—see a poor soul kept low, humble, and broken in spirit, under these, for the time, bitter experiences of a felt hardness and impenitency, than to be carried away under creature excitement and mere fleshly influences. This very hardness and insensibility will only serve, by contrast, the more strikingly to show forth the Spirit's power and benign and tender operations, when it shall please Him to put forth the same in a way of love, meekness, tenderness, and contrition. Oh, how will such

experience enhance His work, and endear His Divine Person, in common with the Father and the Son!

Nor do we, beloved, know of any line of teaching or experience that is, under the precious power of the Holy Ghost, so calculated to produce the expressive utterance of our text, "Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee." It bespeaks, upon the part of the Psalmist, a felt inability to find language to express what is passing within. It implies that effort after effort, and trial upon trial, had been made to tell out in words the pent-up emotions of the heart. There had been a depth of feeling and a keenness and sensibility of soul, that longed for relief. It had been supposed that utterance would afford that relief. Job was in this condition when, in the depths of his anguish, he said, "Oh that my words were written in a book!" He not merely longed for power to express what was passing within, but he wished a record to be made, perhaps thus unconsciously desiring others' good, by a comparison of experience, or the record might in after-day afford, by contrast, proof of the then sustaining power and the after delivering mercy; for in this way are some souls, whilst in the depths, led to feel.

Be this as it may, clear it is, that the failing of words and the want of utterance lead, under God, to a certain satisfaction—just that satisfaction which is expressed in the words before us: "Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee." As much as to say, "Well, I fail to say what I would; I cannot express myself as I desire; I am unable to tell out one tithe of what is passing within; but I do, at the same time, derive a certain satisfaction from the conviction that *God* knows all about me. He is familiar with my case. He knows it in all its phases, and in its every bearing. This is to me comforting, and especially when such conviction is coupled with the consideration, that 'vain is the help of man.'" For, suppose it were possible to express in words such as our fellow-creatures could understand, the all and the everything we would say touching our experiences and exercises, of what avail would such disclosures and revelations be? Our fellow-creatures, in all probability, would be as helpless and as powerless as ourselves. Presuming that our necessities were such that they might *aid* us, if they had the inclination so to do, when God intends it to be a trial, He would, under such circumstances, withhold the heart to help. Why? In order that He may keep the case in His own hand, and administer relief in His own way, in His own time, and by His own instruments. He will not in this respect, any more than in other ways, "give His glory to another, or His praise to graven images."

But, supposing that the exercise or trial is not confined to mere circumstances, or the dispensations of Providence, but that they appertain more particularly to soul-matters, or mental or bodily affliction—oh, how powerless is man here! Who but a God can help? Who but the Lord deliver? Are there not trials and afflictions of so peculiar a character as to defy human help or creature inter-

ference? Trials so tender, afflictions so keen, sufferings so acute, sorrows so special, temptations so singular, exercises so strange, anguish so real; ah, what indeed can the creature do? Of what avail is human wisdom, human counsel, human help? It is the Lord, and the Lord alone, whose wisdom, love, and power, can meet the case. Then, reader, upon this principle, and upon these very grounds, arises the satisfaction involved in the language of our text, "Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee." Precious truth! heart-cheering consideration! Oh, what a blessed contentment, under the power and ministry of the Holy Comforter, will sometimes flow into the soul upon the recollection of this distinguishing mercy!

Reader, the Lord help us to look at the subject, first in a way of *experience* and then of *example*.

First, of *experience*. Now sure we are that, if the Holy Ghost is pleased to come in in a way of remembrance, according to His gracious official character as the Remembrancer of His people, we shall find, in His sweet and blessed retracings, how beautifully and how blessedly He has again and again confirmed the truth now before us. Consider, beloved, your times of temptation and trouble in regard to the past. Oh, how completely has the way repeatedly been hedged up; how has refuge failed; how utterly at a loss have you been, times without number, to discover the veriest hope or prospect of succour or deliverance! Defeat has appeared absolute, destruction inevitable. Nought has been before you, seemingly, but despair; and oh, what havoc has Satan made with your poor tempest-tossed soul at such times and under such circumstances! What have been his insinuations? What his suggestions? "Thy case is a hopeless one; better know the worst of it. The result is sure; there's no escape; it will come to the same thing even after a long series of trial, and a diversity of sorrows. Here, seize the knife, lay hold of the rope, take the plunge." Ah! who but a God mighty to save, infinite in wisdom, boundless in love, ceaseless in His watchings, divine in His faithfulness, could sustain and uphold and deliver the soul, when in these most dismal of depths, and beneath the weight of which thousands and tens of thousands who knew Him not, nor cared to know Him, have sunk to rise no more? But, in the every individual case of His own dear children, how has He ratified and confirmed His own blessed word, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." "Shall not the prey be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered?"

Oh, reader, how wonderful has been His sustaining power, and equally wonderful His deliverance, as to time, method, and completeness! Yea, how blessedly true has it again and again been—

"'Tis just in the last distressing hour,
Our God displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace."



Reader, again we say, Look back. The Lord the Spirit enable you so to do. Consider the position in which you have again and again been placed. Remember the total failure of heart and of flesh. Be it yours to recollect how absolutely hopeless your case appeared, how lost to all intents and purposes you were. How the last prayer seemed offered, the last groan uttered, the last sigh heaved, the last tear shed. Down, down, down, apparently in the very depths of despair. No hope! no hope! And yet even then, though you were too far gone in your own apprehension to realize the comfort of it, our text stood good in all its blessed reality, "Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee." Oh, there was seen then, "a depth which lieth under." Thus, then, although you knew it not, "underneath were the everlasting arms." You fell from your own confidence; your little grain of faith seemed exhausted; you were apparently "twice dead, and plucked up by the roots," but, notwithstanding, you were still encircled by the Arms of everlasting love; and neither earth nor hell, no power, either internal or infernal, could wrest you from His grasp, who had declared in regard to the everlastingly-covenanted ones, "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

The more we consider the matter, the more are we astounded whilst contemplating the sustaining power of our God, as exercised in respect to His poor tried and tempted children, at the very time, it may be, they are wholly destitute of comfort. They are upheld—they are led on—they are brought through marvellously; and yet the lovely face of their loving Lord is, at the same time, veiled, and they "walk in darkness, and have no light," or clear shining. Oh, how blessedly does this prove His Divine all-sufficiency, and confirm that glorious truth, "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?"

Yea, and there is one more thought with respect to the experience of sustaining power and delivering mercy. Were not our hearts so treacherous, and, if we were not, alas! so prone to forget our kind and gracious Deliverer's hand and handiwork, we should be more becomingly impressed with the fact, that His goodness and lovingkindness and mercy had been most richly manifested, when either our faith seemed to be at its lowest ebb, or we were least conscious that our Friend and Brother was at hand, and tenderly and lovingly engaged on our behalf. So that in very deed He was acting upon the gracious principle, unconscious as we were at the time of it, that "all our desire was before Him; and our groaning was not hid from Him."

Dear reader, has it not been so? We appeal to your experience. With regard to some matters, even had you the power, you had not the presumption (as you conceived it to be) to lay them before the Lord. You could not venture. It was too much to expect. It would be making too free. And yet the Lord has, in His own time and way, more than answered—yea, far, far exceeded—your utmost hopes and largest desires, but faintest expectations.

And upon these selfsame grounds, beloved, who knows but the Lord may be working at this very moment in a similar way with respect to matters which possibly you or ourselves have been bringing before Him month after month and year after year? As yet there appears to be no giving heed. There is no answer. All is a blank, or worse than a blank. The trial continues—the burden increases—the aspect becomes apparently more critical. You can do nothing. Human wisdom and creature strength fail. You are brought to a stand-point. Well, under these very circumstances how cheering is the consideration, “Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee.” It is the Lord’s will, and the Lord’s way. We cannot “make one hair white or black.” The Lord may have a special, loving purpose in all this discipline, and amid all these disappointments and frustrations. By and by, as in past seasons, He will clear our cloudy skies, and, in one moment, make all bright and blessed, giving us afresh to rejoice in the Lord, and to declare He hath “led us by the right way,” and “done for us great things, whereof we are glad.”

The Lord, meanwhile, help us to wait upon Him to “fight neither with small nor great, save only with the King of Israel.”

Oh, reader, how often we think, what a mercy it is to be able to groan and sigh out our petitions before Him. How sweet it is to think, “He knoweth the way that I take; and, when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” How blessed to know experimentally the truth of the poet’s words—

“Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling, more than strong;
Vents in His——”

[ah, not the creature’s, but His]

“Vents in *His* bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along.”

Why, such find it easier far to go to the Lord, than to their fellow-men, for help. How blessed are the occasional cries to “Father!” “My Father!” “Abba, dear Father!” “Brother!” The “Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!” The “Friend that loveth at all times.” The “Lord, Lord, help;” the “Father, hear!” The “Brother, Brother, come down!” The “Lord, Thou knowest all my need!” The looking up and the looking out,

“When none but God is near.”

Oh, this heart-communion—this bosom-fellowship—these love-whispers—these closet-cries—these midnight-entreaties—these street-beseechings—these wayside-entreaties! Ah, yes, they serve to make up and to unravel what is meant by the expression, “Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee.”

Reader, do you know anything of it?

But now a word or two, in conclusion, about the *examples* of which we before spoke. Do you think, dear reader, there was nothing of this experience in respect to the patriarch’s feelings and exercises? Who can tell the depths of his emotions before he was led to exclaim,

“Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless?” or, “Oh that Ishmael might live before Thee!” Again, who can conceive of what were Jacob’s feelings during the twenty years’ absence of his loved but long-lost Joseph? How at a loss was the dear old patriarch to understand the mysterious course by which he and his were led? What about the dreams which caused Joseph’s brethren to envy him, “but his father observed the saying?” Is it unreasonable to suppose that there were occasional moments in which Jacob was disposed to say, “Well, who can tell? It may be that, after all, Joseph is not dead, but liveth, and that something may yet come of his dreams?” Who knows what bubbling up of desire and reviving of hope he may occasionally have been the subject of upon these very grounds?

Then, if we pass on to David—for time forbids us to dwell upon Joseph and other characters that might be named—is it not clear, from his own testimonies, that he knew repeatedly what it was to have pent-up hopes, and faint desires, and holy longings, the which he could scarcely venture to express in words, even had he the power so to do? Look at Psalm x. 17, for example: “Lord, Thou hast *heard the desire* of the humble: Thou wilt prepare [margin, establish] their heart, Thou wilt cause Thine ear to hear.” Again, Psalm xxi. 2: “Thou hast given him *his heart’s desire*, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.” Again, Psalm xxvii. 4: “One thing have I *desired* of the Lord, that will I *seek* after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple.”

And then, beloved, with respect to the groanings, what blessed examples are there throughout the word of the satisfaction and the blessedness of that declaration of the Apostle’s, Rom. viii. 26, “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with *groanings* which cannot be uttered.” Consider that gracious expression in regard to our adorable Lord at the tomb of Lazarus: “He *groaned* in the spirit, and was troubled.” “Jesus, therefore, again *groaning* in Himself, cometh to the grave.” Observe, *groaning* and *travail* always precede the deliverance, and the sharper the anguish the nearer relief. Mark, too, the glorious fact recorded in Exod. ii. 24: “And God heard their *groaning*, and God remembered His covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob.” And, again, Exod. vi. 5: “And I have also heard the *groaning* of the children of Israel, whom the Egyptians keep in bondage; and I have remembered my covenant.” Oh, what condescension and what boundless mercy were couched in this declaration, and into what a vast field of thought does it lead the mind!

Further, dear reader, observe the statement of the Apostle with respect to this *groaning*, as given in Rom. viii. 23, 2 Cor. v. 2—4; and then how blessedly stands out the language of our text, “Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee.”

St. Luke’s, Bedminster, August 12, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE ABOUNDING CONSOLATIONS OF GOD.

“*Are the consolations of God small with thee?*”—JOB xv. 11.

SUCH was the question asked the afflicted Job by Eliphaz, one of his false comforters. It was asked in *the spirit of censure*; but we desire, beloved, knowing that the people of God are a tried and tempted people, to ask it in *the spirit of comfort*; for our ever-gracious God has said, “Comfort ye, comfort ye my people. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem.” Oh that we may be the means at this season of pouring into some wounded soul the balm of heavenly consolation, that the downcast one may be led to sing, through his or her tears—

“Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there.
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.”

Our object then, beloved, at this season, will be to draw from *the word* some of “the consolations of God,” and to show that they are not small, but indeed great. Often, possibly, they are felt to be small by the Lord’s tried ones, because the trial gets the uppermost with them, and a spirit of rebellion prevails. David must have felt the consolations of God small when he said, “Is His mercy clean gone for ever? doth His promise fail for evermore?” And by Hezekiah, when he said, “O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.” And by Jeremiah, when he said, “O Lord, Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed: I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me.” All of which expressions show us plainly enough that in all ages of the Church’s history the Lord’s people have been a groaning, crying, doubting people, standing greatly in need of the consolations of God. Let us now, beloved, proceed to note some of these abounding consolations.

I. THE COVENANT OF GOD IS A GREAT CONSOLATION.

A covenant is a mutual agreement between two or more parties. Now, men of business fully understand this, and a man does not feel fully satisfied with regard to property or otherwise unless the covenant is signed, sealed, and witnessed. Then has he comfort and peace concerning the matter in question. So with regard to spiritual things. Our God is a covenant God. He has made a covenant, not with us, or we should break it daily, like our first parents did. God made with them a covenant, the terms of which were, “Do this, and live,” which they broke by eating of the forbidden fruit; and, it being made with Adam, our federal head, we, as his posterity, were concerned in that covenant, and fell with his transgression. But the covenant of redemption and salvation by grace entered into by the sacred Three on behalf of God’s elect, on whom He settled grace and glory before the world began, is a covenant “ordered in all things, and sure,” and one which cannot be broken. One passage will suffice to sustain this assertion. “Wherein

God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High-priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec" (Heb. vi. 17—20). Let me feel assured that I am interested in such a covenant as this, and I can face death and eternity, having the satisfaction of knowing my God has promised to save me with an everlasting salvation. Oh, let, then, *covenant security* be our strong consolation! I have no doubt it was meant by our God to be the source of solid comfort to His timid children—

"This is our bulwark of defence,
Nor foes nor friends shall drive us hence,
In life, and death, and realms above,
We'll sing predestinating love."

II. THE CHARACTER OF GOD IS AN ABOUNDING CONSOLATION.

His immutability.—He is the Unchanging One. Hath He said it, and will not He who knows no change fulfil His promise? All below is changing; events here come upon us like dissolving views. We know "not what a day may bring forth." But with our God there is no change. This, then, becomes a great source of consolation. Again, if we regard

His faithfulness, herein is comfort. He is faithful in keeping His covenant, faithful in all His promises, and we must add (and would earnestly desire that the tried and tempted would believe it) faithful in afflicting His saints, an acknowledgment that David was brought to: "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me. Let, I pray Thee, Thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to Thy word unto Thy servant." Then, again, we must not forget that precious feature in Jehovah's character, so full of consolation,

His lovingkindness, a word so oft repeated in the Scriptures, and which involves a principle with power to put that principle into effect. Let us explain. A poor beggar comes to my door asking for bread, and supplicating for a trifle to help him on his way. I give him both, not from love, for I feel no love to him, but from the power which I possess to give him, moved by pity for him in his forlorn condition. But, on the other hand, I am a poor man, and my brother seeks my aid. I love him as my own kindred, but I have no power to assist him, being myself poor. In the latter case I have the principle, love, without the power to put it into exercise. In the former I have the power to assist, without a particle of love to the one who seeks my help. Now this is not so with our God. He has both the principle and the power; the principle, *love*—the power, *kindness*. Therefore is He said to be a God full of lovingkindness; indeed, more than this, *lovingkindnesses*. Therefore is the act repeated to His people in every time of need. What consolation there is, then, in the character of God for every poor needy sinner who trusts to His bounty! Be it ours, beloved, ever to magnify the character of our God. Again,

III. THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IS ANOTHER GREAT CONSOLATION.

As one has truly said, "Each providence has a voice, if we would only hear it," and, we might add, that voice utters words of cheer and consola-

tion, directing us onwards in our pilgrimage-path—a path “studded thick with Ebenezers.” The providence of God is altogether so marvellous to the writer, that he is obliged again and again to say, “What has God wrought?” When one thinks of the countless mercies in connexion with one’s family, or business, or pecuniary affairs, it is marvellous how the Lord has worked. Fears have vanished, forebodings have come to nought, mountains have sunk into molehills, billows have subsided into mere foam about our “Rock of salvation,” clouds have become tinged with the glory-light of the Sun of righteousness, and in the furnace we have found a Fourth like unto the Son of Man. Oh, says the grateful soul, “I will hope in the Lord continually, and yet praise Him more and more.” It is true providences are sometimes dark, mysterious, and singular, that is, to our finite and narrow view of things. As, for instance, when one is taken we least expect and can least spare, others are spared that seem as if they could be better spared. Or, again, how often is it that the strong and hearty, with the world before them, and they so buoyant and full of spirits, are yet cut down as the grass, while the familiar adage is fulfilled, “The creaking gate hangs longest.” But what are all these things for but to bring confidence in the flesh to nothing, and to give us a warning voice as clear as the handwriting upon the wall at Belshazzar’s feast? Much, very much, more might be said upon the providence of God. Reader, we must leave you to fill up the testimony of your own experience concerning it. We pass on to another source of comfort, namely,

IV. THE WORD OF GOD IS A GREAT CONSOLATION.

It would be no consolation to us if we doubted for a moment its inspiration, or entertained the flimsy objections that are raised by infidels to it. They say, for instance,

1. *It is strange that God should select as the principal recipients of His bounty and favour, so obscure a people as the ancient Jews.* We reply, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” Is it our position as poor frail, finite creatures, to call in question His prerogative? “Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to Him that fashioneth it, What makest Thou?” “Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? . . . Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?” But then they say,

2. *It often happens that the teaching of the Bible does not produce good moral effects upon those who profess to believe it.* The more the pity; that is not the fault of the Bible, but of the professor; and we must recollect that it is not those that make an external profession of religion, that are really effected by the teaching of the Bible; there are counterfeit Christians as there are counterfeit guineas. And then they say,

3. *The Scriptures contain many inconsistencies and contradictions.* We deny it. If anything appears a contradiction, it is because of man’s ignorance, which shows the deeper need of the Spirit’s teaching. Let us refer to an apparent contradiction which will prove our point. Turn with us to the 6th chap. of St. Paul’s Epistle to the Galatians, at the 2nd ver. it is written, “Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” While at the 5th ver. it is written, “For every man shall bear his own burden.” How is this apparent paradox to be explained? We conceive easily enough. In the former injunction, “to bear one another’s burdens,”

in the original it conveys the description of one who has too much weight to carry, and needs help; in the latter it signifies an ability to bear the burden put upon one. Thus the people of God are to do both; they are first to bear the burden of their own households, providing for their own families: "If any man provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Now, a man having done this, is enjoined to see to it whether he cannot help a weaker brother, and, so bearing first his own burden, then take every opportunity of bearing one another's burdens. But then it might be said, How is the other paradox to be explained? We are "so to fulfil the law of Christ," while elsewhere it is written, "Christ is the End of the law for righteousness' sake." The law which Christ has fulfilled, is the justice of God demanding the penalty of death on account of the transgression of the sinner, which Jesus paid by the sacrifice of Himself in the sinner's stead. The law which Christ enjoins His people to fulfil is, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love another." And the way to fulfil this law is by bearing one another's burdens: "And whosoever [said our dear Redeemer] shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Thus, dear reader, in this instance, as in every other of an apparent contradiction, it will, if understood, but bring out the beauty of Scripture, and fully meet the infidel's objection. We do not deny that there are many things difficult to comprehend. It would be strange, indeed, if supernatural things were simple and obvious to finite capacities, but we do maintain that every difficulty and apparent contradiction is made plain enough when the Holy Spirit is the Teacher, and a grace-taught soul the pupil.

"If aught there dark appear,
 Bewail thy want of sight;
 No imperfection can be there,
 For all God's words are right."

And then in another way the word of God is a great consolation. Sometimes one thinks of the teeming multitude of religionists, Are they all wrong? While we are penning these lines, accounts are being read of five hundred thousand Roman Catholics gathered under the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome. Are they all wrong? Again, while one is writing, the intelligent Jews are presenting to the late Chief Magistrate of the City of London a handsome present in token of their esteem for his conduct, and in their presentation declaring their adherence to the old faith. Are these intelligent men all wrong? Then is one obliged to come to the word of God, and to say, Well, this must be my rule of faith—God's revealed will to His Church. By it I must stand or fall; and, in the midst of much that is conflicting, oh, it is a great consolation to feel my experience and belief will stand the test of the sacred Scriptures; and then where the word of God so particularly seems the source of "great consolation" is in the season of affliction. Oh, then, when we are laid low, what a balm does many a precious portion and promise become! When weariness of body makes everything else tedious, what a solace there is in those portions that we have retained in our memory, but which then seem made and inspired expressly for us! And this brings us to another thought. As it is the Holy Ghost who alone can apply the word, and make it thus pointed, penetrating, and precious—

V. THE SPIRIT OF GOD IS "THE GOD OF ALL CONSOLATION."

In the inward spiritual refreshings, and in the strengthening of the hearts of the Lord's people time after time; as also in the application of the precious promises of God raising their drooping spirits, and cheering them onwards and homewards; and then especially in the unfoldings of a precious Christ, which endears Him more and more to them: thus is the Holy Spirit the Worker of comfort to their souls.

VI. THE ELECTION OF GOD IS A SOURCE OF GREAT CONSOLATION.

Upon this point we need not dwell, having enlarged thereon in our June notes; but the more we know and realize of this precious doctrine, the more are we satisfied that it is a sure resting-place for the sole of the foot—a rock upon which we may stand and bid defiance to the billows of trial, and the ever-surgings tide of circumstances by which we are surrounded; and the more we know of this hallowed doctrine, the more we are satisfied also that it is at the bottom of all we realize as saved sinners: as dear Hart sings,

"Election—'tis a word divine;
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not Thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen Thee."

VII. THE GRACE OF GOD IS A SOURCE OF SPECIAL CONSOLATION.

If to attain to heavenly joys depended upon individual perseverance, there would be no comfort for us, beloved; for we should again and again utterly faint and fall by the way: as dear Hart sings,

"For perseverance strength I've none,
But would on this depend—
That Jesus having lov'd His own,
He lov'd them to the end."

And those whom He loves He will sustain and supply with all needful grace throughout their pilgrimage; and, oh, what a consolation it is to feel that one is drawing and drawing and drawing from a Godhead fulness that can never fail, from a Fountain that is ever springing up, from a Storehouse of corn more plentiful than Joseph's, and from a Bank whose coffers are ever full!

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor!"

And then,

VIII. THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST IS A GREAT CONSOLATION.

We were called to speak the word in a little chapel the other Sabbath evening, and, after the service, a poor man shook us warmly by the hand, saying, "We have many preachers come here, sir, that tell us to do this and do the other, but you have told us that it is *all done*, and this suits us poor creatures much better." Yes, beloved, this suits every undone sinner who feels Christ to be his *All*. It is useless telling the poor culprit to break his chains and come out of prison: his chains are made of iron, and he has no tools; but, unlock the fetters for him, tell him you hold in your hand the Queen's free pardon, open the doors for him, and you make him a joyous man. So, again, it is useless telling a man that has fallen into a deep pit to climb up the sides and come out: the more he tries, the deeper he sinks into the miry clay; but let strong arms be outstretched to raise him to the surface, and he will shout gratitude to his deliverer.

IX. UNION TO CHRIST IS A PRECIOUS SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

The Wesleyan notion of "falling away from grace," could bring no comfort or solid rest to my soul—a poor marriage, indeed, to be united one day, and the tie broken the next. In Christ and out of Christ, at the caprice of the creature, could but entail misery and ruin; but, blessed be the Lord, we have not so learned Christ, and do not so read our Bibles. "Ye are complete in Him [saith the sacred word] which is the Head of all principalities and powers." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

X. A SENSE OF PARDON IS A GREAT CONSOLATION.

If one went to one's daily business under a burdened conscience, and carrying a load of unpardoned guilt, oh, what a damp and misery must one feel! The very apprehension of the future would produce constant alarm, and we should be, like Felix, a trembler. But, let me have an inward assurance that I am a pardoned man, and I go forth to my appointed lot with an easy mind, and I find I am in possession of a consolation that brings "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

XI. COMMUNION WITH THE SAINTS IS ANOTHER BLESSED CONSOLATION.

Sometimes it does not come up to the expectation, yet it is sweet to meet on the way with those who love Jesus. Paul speaks of when he came to Macedonia with the brethren, they were troubled on every side: "Nevertheless God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus" (2 Cor. vii. 6).

The term saints is often used as one of scorn—"Oh, they are the saints!" say the world, "we must cut them." But a more honourable title cannot be, for the word means "holy ones." Be it ours to *court* those the world *cuts*. And now, in conclusion, beloved, the last great consolation of God we will name, is,

XII. THE PROSPECT OF GLORY.

The Church of Christ is redeemed, sanctified, preserved, and *glorified* by her living covenant Head, and no power can sever the links of the golden chain. Glorification is her eternal destiny. Oh, think, beloved, what a world of glory we shall realize with Jesus hereafter. "*At that day,*" said our dear Redeemer, "ye shall know that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you." What a day that will be—all trials over, and we shall see Him as He is. He who for years we have reckoned upon. Who can paint it? who can picture it? what pen can describe it? Why, then, fear that Jordan that is only the last depth in the voyage home? Why tremble at "the article of death," which is but the passage to the gate of the celestial City? Why dread the grave, which is only the receptacle of the crumbling tenement that shall rise "a glorified body?" Is not the prospect of eternity cheering? Is not the anticipation of heaven a great consolation to the soldier of the cross, who has to battle on through life's turmoil and trials to the victor's crown, and to wait the Master's bidding—"Come up higher?"

"'Tis there He says I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away."

Well, now, beloved, we have brought before you many of the consolations of God; are they small with thee? Oh, no! they must be great, indeed. Think of them again and again: let faith lay fast hold of them: The covenant of God, "ordered in all things, and sure:" the character of God, immutable, faithful, and full of lovingkindness: the providence of God, so unerring and wise; the word of God, inspired and truthful: the Spirit of God, the great source of consolation: the election of God, a precious doctrine, full of comfort: the grace of God, promised in every time of need: the finished work of Christ, leaving the creature nothing to do; union to Him, that no power can destroy: living under a sense of pardon; communion with the saints, and then the prospect of eternal glory. These are a goodly budget of precious consolations, that must bring us to respond to the question, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Oh, no! they are great, indeed: may the Lord grant me faith to lay hold of them!

In conclusion, then, beloved, surely there is much in this subject to bring us into joy and peace in believing, and we do trust that it may be blessed to the comfort and encouragement of some downcast one. I am satisfied from observance that the children of God suffer more from depression than the worldling; there is a firmness of nerve and hardness of mind that the worldling possesses, that they seem devoid of—perhaps it is that grace has melted their spirits into nothingness. Now it seems as if the Lord, knowing what nervous, timid ones they would be, has given them great and precious promises that should be to them a source of great and precious consolation. God grant that those sources of consolation which have been named, may abide with us, beloved. And may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Ilford.

G. C.

CLOSET-SIGHS.

ALL on earth is fleeting, fading—
 Passing shadows, soon to cease;
 Heart-string ties are ever breaking;
 Nothing here can give me peace.
 Life is passing, strength is failing,
 Earthly pleasures waning fast;
 Dying friends and broken cisterns
 Tell me nothing here can *last*.

But, to realize my portion
 In a faithful, covenant God,
 Raises me beyond corruption,
 Leads me to His bless'd abode;
 There is joy and bliss unfading,
 There no change can ever come;
 Sin and sorrow, grief and anguish,
 Never enter *that* bless'd home.

Birmingham.

Jesus, leaning on Thy bosom,
 Let me bear the daily cross,
 And, with longing expectation,
 Pant for better, brighter joys!
 When in death's dark, gloomy valley,
 Groaning, struggling to be gone,
 Break the chains, unloose the fetters,
 Lead my ransomed spirit home.

There, with yonder countless millions,
 Ransom'd sinners, sav'd by grace;
 May I worship and adore Thee,
 And behold Thee face to face!
 There the praise will be unceasing,
 There the song for ever new;
 "Glory, honour, praise, and power"
 Be to Him that brought us through.

E. B. M.

* * * To be had post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham; 6d. per dozen, or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

Pilgrim Papers.

THE PRESENCE, POWER, AND PLEASURE OF JEHOVAH IN HIS PEOPLE.

“The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.”—ZEPH. iii. 17.

It is interesting to notice that, though sin found its way into the world through the disobedience of our first parents, and consequently that the world became corrupted by sin, God has always had a people in the world in whom He has displayed His power, whom He has saved by His grace, and over whom He has rejoiced. Although Adam's eldest son, Cain, had become so corrupted by sin, as to present to God an offering which showed him to have anything but a penitent, humble mind, Abel is found to have a fear in his heart for the Lord, for he brought unto the Lord an offering which showed the state of his mind to be quite the opposite to that of his brother. “And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect.”

Coming down in the history of the world, we find sin is hardening men's hearts and so corrupting them, that “it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart.” But, we read, “Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.” Advancing still, we come down to the period after the flood: the world is sunk in idolatry, and the true God unknown by it: and it seemed as if the Church had become extinct—that the righteous seed had died out. But, in the midst of the idolatrous people, we find, residing in Ur of the Chaldees, one Abram, to whom the Lord said, “Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I shall shew thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.” Advancing still, we find the Church in the world still existing in the patriarchs; and at a later period it is found in Egypt, living in the midst of that idolatrous people; yet it is kept distinct and separate from them. At a still later period, after having been persecuted and oppressed by the idolatrous Egyptians, and in danger of becoming mixed up with them, we find the Lord separating His Church from the corrupting influence of the Egyptians, and delivering it from their hard bondage. To keep that Church distinct, God commanded that the Israelites should make no marriages with other nations; and, when this command was broken, the Lord manifested His displeasure, and those marriage contracts had to be dissolved: and in every age of the world God has preserved His Church. True, it has always been in the minority; Satan has hitherto had the pre-eminence, and sought its destruction; but it has been like the bush in the desert, burning with fire yet not consumed. At one time a prophet of the Lord was distressed in mind, and said, “I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.” But the Lord had reserved for Himself seven thousand who were worshippers not of Baal, but of the Lord Jehovah.

We come down to the time when that Church was taken into captivity, and the temple destroyed. Why was this? Because the Church had become corrupted like the other nations of the earth; and, though the Jewish nation was thus broken up and scattered, a remnant was preserved by God, which constituted His Church in the world. "The remnant of Israel," saith the prophet, in ver. 13, "shall not do iniquity, nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth: for they shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid;" and, referring to the day when the Lord would take them away from His people their judgments, and cast out their enemies, he says, "In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not: and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing." Now God still has His Church in the world—that is, a people who love and serve Him—a people who are the objects of His grace; and these words of our text apply to His Church in the world, through all time, whatever may be the circumstances in which it may be placed.

Notice, first, The nearness of God to His Church: "the Lord thy God in the midst of thee." We are sometimes inclined to think, in our unbelief, that the cause of truth and righteousness in the world is that which is lost sight of by God, or why so much evil in the world? why is sin allowed to triumph? why are men who love God brought into trouble and distress often more than others who have no love to God and no desire after Him? And such a thought is calculated to cause a godly man to be discouraged and lose heart; but, saith God, "Let not thine hand be slack. The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." Referring to the seven Eastern Churches, the apostle John speaketh of Him who walketh in the midst of them, thus teaching the great care and notice the Head of the Church bestows upon His people. He is in the midst of them. For what purpose? To teach them by His Spirit the things of God; to work in them "according to the working of His mighty power;" keeping their hearts true to Him, preventing them from being drawn away by the evil of the world. The words may be taken as applying to the whole Church of God, or to individual members of it. Taking the Church collectively, scattered through the world, as forming part of that family redeemed from sin by the blood of "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world," it may be said, "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." God takes the oversight of His Church—He is the Shepherd and Keeper of Israel—He knows them that are His—He knows them in whose hearts is a love for Him. Taking the Church individually, to every believer it may be said, "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." "Ye are the temple of the living God," saith the apostle to believers—as God hath said, "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." This nearness of God to His people is that thought which is most cheering and consoling to the mind of every godly man. What is it that he longs for? What is it that he prays for? For God; he wants God to be near to him; his language is, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." There are times when it seems that God is far removed from His people; when their prayers appear to be offered in vain, and they are led to cry, Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favourable no more? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? Doth His promise fail for ever more? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies? But in every such season

it may be said, "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." How expressive these words! Every true believer may rejoice in the thought of God's nearness; He is to them a God nigh at hand and not afar off; His eyes are upon him; He heareth his prayers. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

How calculated are all the expressions of Scripture to encourage the minds of God's people! Has God in His grace called us to Himself? Has He quickened the divine life in our souls? Then to us God is ever near. In our every-day life, when we lie down and when we awake—when we go abroad, and when in our quiet home-circle—He is near: "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." The believer cannot see the Lord near to him; he has not to walk by sight, but by faith; all the promises of God have to be believed. Our Lord said to all His people, just before He left the world and ascended to His Father, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The believer has therefore to go through the world leaning upon an Arm which he cannot see, but on which he rests by faith. How strikingly is this remark illustrated in the case of Elisha, the Lord's prophet, when in Dothan. The king of Syria sent thither horses and chariots and a great host, and they came by night and compassed the city about. That did not in the least trouble Elisha, for he believed that the Lord was around him as a wall of fire. But the servant of the man of God was greatly troubled, and said, "Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." But, to satisfy the young man, who had not the faith of his master, Elisha prayed the Lord to open his eyes. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire around about Elisha." Every believer is thus defended by God. To him it may be said, from the moment that his heart is drawn by the cords of God's everlasting love, "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." Oh, how full of love! How zealous for God is that congregation of believers, of which it can be said, "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee." It is the secret of strong religious life, of earnest soul-breathings and longings after God; it is the secret of fervent, effectual prayer, the life of devotion, the secret of soul-prosperity, and of growth in holiness.

Secondly, The power of God towards His Church: "The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee is mighty." Godly men often lose sight of God's power; they often forget, to their own unhappiness, that all things are possible with God. The dealings of God with His Church are those of a Sovereign. He doeth what He willeth, and He maketh everything bend to His will. See this illustrated in the case of the Israelites at the Red Sea. Never had they such a proof of God's mighty power as they had when the sea was made to divide, and a path was made for them through the bed of the ocean. Truly might it be said to Israel on that day, "The Lord thy God is mighty." Many proofs were given to the Israelites that the Lord their God who had led them out of Egypt was mighty. In times of peril and distress, God had always proved Himself to be mighty towards His people. In all the displays of His power he had ever taught them their own utter weakness. When they came to the Red Sea, what must they do? Stand still, and see the power of God. When Joshua was commanded to go against Jericho and take the city,

what must he do to get an entrance into the city? Begin to break down the wall which surrounded it? No. His men of war and seven priests, bearing the ark of the covenant, with seven rams' horns before it, were to compass the city, and go round it once for six days, and on the seventh day they were to compass the city seven times; the priests were to blow with the trumpets, and then the wall of the city fell down flat. There seemed no connexion whatever between the use of the means and the result accomplished. Why was this? Because God designed to teach His people that it was not by their valour nor by their strength that they prevailed, but by the strength of Him who, as the Lord their God in the midst of them, was mighty. The whole Church of God, from the beginning of the world downward, is a grand display of the powers of God. To every regenerated man, once in a state of alienation from God, under the power and dominion of Satan, and dead in sin, it may be said, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty." He is mighty in carrying on the work of grace in the soul, mighty in bringing the soul into conformity with the divine image, in subduing the power of sin and the evil propensities which belong to a sinful, depraved nature. It is well for the Church that God is pleased to prove Himself mighty towards it. Nothing short of the mighty power of God could overcome the might and malignity of Satan. "We wrestle," says the Apostle, in writing to the believers at Ephesus, "not against flesh and blood," although flesh and blood have to be wrestled against, but against things mightier than flesh and blood—"against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Now it is most cheering to the mind of the godly man to know that the Lord in the midst of him is mighty. He knows this when he looks abroad upon the world, and sees wonderful displays of it. But the Lord God is mighty towards him personally; it is this thought which is most cheering. Let him be placed in such a perilous position as was Daniel when thrown into the den of lions, or as were the three Hebrew brethren when cast into the fiery furnace, or as was Mordecai when wicked Haman intended to hang him upon the gallows which he had prepared for that purpose—let the believer, I say, be placed in the most perilous position, and he can rest in the thought, as did these men, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty."

Thirdly, The salvation granted to the Church—"He will save." To save His people is the purpose for which God's power is displayed. In all His dealings with Israel, God put forth that power, in granting to them temporal deliverance, in order that the Church through all time might know that He is mighty to save their souls. In speaking of Mary, the angel said to Joseph, "She shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus." Why? "Because," says the angel, "He shall save His people from their sins." How beautifully adapted to our wants are the expressions of Scripture, as the revelation of God's grace! We are not called upon to save ourselves; indeed, God views men as utterly helpless; sin has brought them into that state, in which they are "altogether as an unclean thing;" every imagination and thought of their mind being only evil, and that continually. Job says, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Not one. And again he saith, "How can he be clean that is born of a woman?" And David saith, "Behold, I was born in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." In this state God brings all His people to see themselves; and how cheer-

ing to them is the thought, "He will save." There is no word so full of meaning as the word *SAVE*. The design of God from the beginning has been to save His people. Every event which has taken place in the world—the rise and fall of kingdoms, civil and national wars, distress and poverty—all these things are part of a grand plan which God has in view in saving His people. As we look at these different parts we are constrained to say, "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" After all our trying to harmonize the working out of the divine plan with our own notions of wisdom and justice, we are necessitated to fall back into the spirit of little children, upon which God has revealed "He will save." That is the revealed truth which the Church of God has to treasure up in her heart. As we look at these words respectively, we shall see that they are words of *consolation*; so that the persons to whom they are addressed are supposed to be in a distressed state. Let us suppose that the prophet addressed these words to those idolatrous Babylonians, as well as to the Israelites who were kept in bondage by them, and we shall not see the force of the words, and we shall lose sight of their meaning. To the distressed captives longing for the time of their deliverance to arrive the words are addressed, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save." To that poor penitent sinner, who is distressed and anxious to obtain freedom from sin, and longing for the time of deliverance, the words are spoken, "He will save." We must never lose sight of this distressed state of mind as that which must precede salvation. All who are God's people have experienced it. It is the work of the divine Spirit to bring into that distressed state all those whom God will save. All the expressions of the New Testament are only to be understood by keeping this in view. To the Philippian jailer, Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Why did he say this? Because he was distressed, and cried, "What must I do to be saved?" The publican went down from the temple justified; he had cried, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner;" and now might the words have been addressed to him, "He will save." Why? Because he was distressed on account of his sin. To the thief on the cross, our Lord said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—that is, To-day will I verify in your experience, "He will save." Why did our Lord say this to him? Because the thief was distressed on account of his sins, and cried, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." So to *every* man distressed on account of his sins, are addressed the words, "He will save." And this distressed state is that which must be the effect of grace; it must be according to the working of God's mighty power in the soul, or it is not *godly* sorrow. Thus, He that is mighty will save that man who in His grace He brings into that state in which he is so distressed that he wants to be saved, so distressed that he is deeply anxious to be saved; and hence the force of our Lord's words, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Ah, we are all whole in our own eyes, till God's Holy Spirit opens our eyes, and shows us, and causes us to feel, that we are sick. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Now they who esteem themselves righteous are in fact sinners, so that we must understand our Lord to mean by the term *sinners* those distressed on account of their sins—those who see and feel themselves sinners—or we make Him to utter an untruth. Indeed, they who are right in their own eyes, who are dead

in sin, never having been quickened to a new life, do not want to be saved; they have no desire to be saved. So to that man who has during a whole lifetime been living without God, alienated from God in his heart—say to him, “The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save:” he receives not the message with gratitude; he has no desire to be saved; he knows not what it means. So to the poor prodigal son, when he has just left his father’s house, when in the midst of his folly and sin he is delighting in his wayward course—tell him his father will receive him: he cares not for what you say; your words are as pearls cast before swine. But go to him when *he has come to himself, when he is distressed on account of his sin*, and then tell him his father will receive him; you tell him that which is good news in his ears. So to the poor distressed sinner, we say, “The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save;” For Christ died to save all distressed, lost sinners. “He will save;” showing that salvation is a thing certain; in His own time he will bring peace to the soul, and assure it of forgiveness. There may be some anxious doubts and fears in the mind—there may be earnest longings after the inward witness of being a child of God—yet such an one may rest assured that “HE WILL SAVE.” From the moment that God in His grace calls a man to Himself, all through his course, and even in the darkest seasons, when all things seem to be against him, and at last, in the midst of the swellings of Jordan, there is the cheering voice, “The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save.”

Fourthly, The joy of God over His Church: “He will rejoice over thee with joy.” From these expressions we learn the great delight God takes in His people; they are the work of His own hands, the subjects of His free grace; the monuments of His mercy. As the good Shepherd, Christ, represents Himself as finding His lost sheep, and laying it on His shoulders rejoicing, and He says, “Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth”—from the moment that a sinner, through grace, hears the voice of Jesus calling him, it may be said to him, “God will rejoice over thee with joy.” He will thus rejoice, because “He shall see of the travail of His soul [which He endured in the garden, and on the cross], and be satisfied.” He will thus rejoice because He sees in every penitent sinner His own workmanship. God’s people are often inclined to think themselves forgotten of God, and are led to indulge in thoughts hostile to Him. When the Israelites were led into Babylon, while they sat down by the rivers, and wept when they remembered Zion, it seemed that the Lord took no delight in them—that He had given them over to the power of their enemies. But the time was to come when, as the prophet says, “God will rejoice over thee.” Oh, the time has come with a man, when the day of grace dawns, and the day-star arises in his heart—when God rejoices over him with joy. He rejoices over him as His own adopted, blood-bought child; and, in carrying on the work of sanctification through all its stages, in fashioning his spirit and conforming it to the image of His dear Son, He rejoices over him with joy. Some of you know how a godly father rejoices over his children—how he employs all the means he can to secure their eternal welfare; and, when those children realize his expectations and wishes, when he sees them loving and serving their father’s God, he has cause to rejoice over them with joy. Now all God’s children attain to what God designs them: the work which He begins in them He completes; He puts His Spirit within them, and brings them all to bear the image of His only-begotten Son.

If an earthly father rejoices in the well-being of his children, with how much more joy must our heavenly Father rejoice over His children, as those whom He plucked as brands from the burning—as those whom He redeemed from sin, rescued from Satan's power, and saved! This joy is not a temporary emotion, but permanent: unto the end of their course and through eternity—"He will rejoice over His people with joy. And then notice, lastly,

The unchangeableness of God's love towards His Church: "He will rest in His love." How beautiful is this expression! meaning that God's love for His people is not that which alters—not that which depends upon circumstances. It is not changeable, but fixed. It is that which was from eternity. Those whom God loves, He loves to the end. He will rest in His love; He will not be dissatisfied with it; He will not repent of it; He will be well pleased with it. How expressive the phrase: "He will rest in His love." The mother rests in the love which she has for her babe; nothing would turn her love from it; her whole life and action must be shaped with a regard to her babe. She delights in it; she feels happy in her love. None but a mother can know a mother's love; but even a mother may not rest in her love; she may, as God says, forget her sucking child, and cease to love it—it is a thing unlikely and unnatural, but possible; she may forget: yet, to show the fixedness of God's love, "I will not forget thee," He saith to His Church—"He will rest in His love." And now comes the question which concerns each one of us: Do I belong to the Church of God? Am I His? or am I not? To answer this question, our Lord says to each, "Lovest thou me?" Oh, if we love Christ, though that love be but feeble, it is because He first loved us; and, if God loves thee, O man, O woman—loves thee with His adopting love—whatever may happen to thee in life, whatever be the storms and tempests thou mayest have to brave on life's sea, rest assured that thy God will rest in His love; He will bring thee to the haven of peace, and joy over thee with singing.

END OF BISHOP GARDINER.

On the day of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer, Gardiner waited with impatience for the account of their burning, having arranged that messengers should be despatched to inform him as soon as the pile should be set on fire. He delayed sitting down to his dinner till he received the desired intelligence, which arrived about four o'clock. He sat now down to his dinner, and, as Fox remarks, "he was not disappointed of his lust, but, while the meat was yet in his mouth, the heavy wrath of God came upon him." While at table, he felt the first attacks of a mortal disease, the effect of vices in which he had long indulged; and though, for some days afterwards, he was able to go out and attend the parliament, his illness rapidly increased, until, as was stated by one of his contemporaries, he became so offensive, "that it was scarcely possible to get any one to come near him." The sufferings of his mind were not less painful than those of his body. He frequently exclaimed, "I have sinned like Peter, but I have not wept like him." He endured these protracted pains longer than Ridley and Latimer had suffered, lingering in this state till the 13th of November, during which time it is recorded that "he spake little but blasphemy and filthiness, and gave up the ghost with curses in his mouth, in terrible and inexpressible torments." What were the sufferings of the martyrs compared with these?

"THE OLD ARE BETTER."

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS UPON HYMNS OF DEPARTED POETS.

MONTGOMERY was one of the last of our standard English hymn-

He died in 1854, and might have been personally known to many. His hymns are full of poetic genius; and, although not deep in thought or experience, there is a soothing tendency about them, without the morbid and depressing character of those of the present day. One of the graceful and touching stanza on the loss of friends, the most of which are familiar:—

" Friend after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this vain world our place of rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

Montgomery's best hymn (if it can be called one) is on "Prayer," and there is a circumstance connected with it of a somewhat interesting character. The death of Fauntleroy on the gallows for forgery, many years ago, excited the sorrow and sympathy of the people of England; but the recollection is still vivid of the impression generally made by the poor man reciting this hymn as he was led forth to die; and the last verse was frequently repeated:—

" O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer Thyself hath trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !"

If the hymn has every claim to popularity, but it was rendered more so by this circumstance. The poetry is sublime, the similes graceful, the subject-matter thoroughly scriptural. The question supposed to be asked, "What is prayer?" is answered in each verse:—

" Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

The burden of a sigh, the heart, too full for utterance, relieving itself of its weight. There is the aspiration of the soul to Christ:—

" The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near"—

as Isaac in the desert, and Nathaniel under the fig-tree. Again, there is *"the sublimest strain"* that can rise up and reach heaven, the *"breath"* of the Christian, his *"native air,"* and, at the gates of his *"watchword"*—"He enters heaven with prayer."

" Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, Behold, he prays !"

While engaged in prayer, the saints of God *appear as one*, holding communion with God in Christ:—

" Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes."

The concluding verse, already quoted, is an invocation to Christ, and each line might have a text attached to it.

The hymn,

“Come to Calvary’s holy mountain,
Sinners, ruin’d by the fall!”

bears a strong resemblance to that of Hart:—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Lost and ruin’d by the fall.”

The last verse sets forth the work of the Trinity in unity:—

“Come, ye dying, live for ever!
’Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful, He will never
Break His cov’nant, seal’d in blood,
Sign’d when our Redeemer died,
By the Spirit ratified.”

Among Montgomery’s hymns there are several much prized and well known: “*Hail to the Lord’s Anointed;*” “*Hark, the song of jubilee;*” “*Bright and joyful was the morn;*” “*To Thy temple I repair.*” But there is one more worthy of special notice, full of solemnity and sublimity. It has taken its place as the first hymn of the day:—

“For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
’Tis immortality!”

The Father’s house is the home of the soul, and *how near* when seen by the eye of faith! The thirsty spirit fainting to reach Jerusalem above!

“For ever with the Lord!
Father, if ’tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E’en here to me fulfil.”

So that at last, *escaping by death from death*, gaining eternal life, the hymn concludes as sweetly as it commenced:—

“Knowing, as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
‘For ever with the Lord!’”

The chorus is not the least beautiful of the whole:—

“Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.”

Here we have briefly brought before us the Israelites in their wilderness journeys, pitching their tents as they encamped, and each day’s march bringing them nearer to the Canaan in prospect, “the promised land of rest.”

“*I sing the cross,*” said Henry Kirke White. His song was of short duration, but most sweet. “The Hiding-place,” “*Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake!*” “*Christian brethren, ere we part,*” are well known: also, “The Christian Soldier encouraged”:—

“Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of life.”

in, the "Eternal Monarch":—

"The Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear Him in the waterfall,
I hear Him in the wind."

ut Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem" possesses an undying fame. It has the grace of Cowper, the experience of Newton, the pathos of Watts, the boldness of Toplady. The two first verses describe the heavens bestrewn with glittering stars; yet is there only *one* among them active to the eye of the sinner; a chorus of praise breaks forth from the host, but the *Star of Bethlehem* alone proclaims the Saviour:—

"When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

"Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem."

It comes the application: it is the poet describing his own experience, perishing alone upon the seas in a dark night—the storm loud, the ocean raging, and his foundering bark tossed upon it; when, in the midst of horrors, death-struck and powerless, a star arises as his guide to him to the port of peace:—

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

"It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The star—the Star of Bethlehem."

Death suddenly cut down this young Christian poet, at the early age of twenty-one, in the year 1806.

Cheyne left a few hymns; two only are selected here; but there is both such an amount of intrinsic merit, and the teaching of the Spirit so evident in their composition, that they will live on when those of the present day, so often making their appearance in leaflets and tiny books, have long ago passed into oblivion. Only a few verses of "I am a Sinner" are transcribed:—

"When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun;
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

"When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinching heart
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

"Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee;
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe."

"Jehovah-Tsidkenu" is familiar to us all. It first portrays what its writer once was, a stranger to grace and to God, destitute of the joy others had in Christ, without a sense of personal guilt, that *his* sins had nailed the Lord to the tree. But free grace awoke him, and the terrors of the law aroused him, and then he saw that Christ alone could save him. Before that name his terrors vanished—the song of exultation takes the place of the cry of dismay, and in the triumph of faith he exclaims, "Jehovah-Tsidkenu my death-song shall be":—

"I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

"Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul,
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah-Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

"When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety in self could I see:
Jehovah-Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

"My terrors all vanished before that sweet name,
My legal fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the Fountain life-giving and free,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu is all things to me.

"When treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath,
For, while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu my death-song shall be."

Kelly's hymns have had a wide circulation; the poetry is easy, graceful, and very unctuous. "*Saviour, through the desert lead us;*" "*Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus;*" "*Oh, had I the wings of a dove;*" "*Sweet sounds of grace are heard abroad,*" &c., are all well known, and will long continue in merited favour with the Church of God. He died in 1855, and with Kelly our standard hymn-writers departed. Is there one now to fill up the gap? Surely none. The hymns of the day are of a morbid, sentimental, unhealthy character, which in seasons of bereavement and trial are only calculated to feed grief and foster anguish. There is a great tendency in human nature to worship dust and ashes, to pamper sorrow, and cleave to it with pertinacity. The custom among many Christian people now is to show their love to the dead by continually visiting their graves, strewing and planting

flowers thereon. But this only deepens the wounds of bereavement, and is imitative of heathenism. The balm of Gilead is not to be found in the churchyard; it comes down from above, from Him who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, of whom the angel said to one who was seeking Him among the tombs, "He is not here; He is risen."

The object of "Bygone Hymns" was to direct the eye from earth to heaven, to set forth Christ as the Author and Finisher of our faith, the great Conqueror over death and the grave, and our soul's eternal Portion. After spending an hour with the hymns of the present day, we lay them down depressed and dissatisfied, and with some selections thoroughly disgusted by their popish tendency. We take up Cowper, Toplady, Doddridge, Berridge, Hart, Newton, and others of a similar cast, greet them as valued friends, and say, "*The old are better.*" O.

THE RIGHT WAY.

TO G. C., ILFORD.

MY BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER IN JESUS,—I know you will pardon me in again addressing you. I feel constrained to write, notwithstanding all Satan's suggestions, telling me I ought not to address those so far advanced in the way; but I know he will worry, though he cannot destroy.

The precious Wayside Notes this month are most precious to my soul. I cannot express the joy and comfort I have found; it has seemed to take up the very language of my heart, though I had not words to express them. Mine is a trying path; the Lord has been leading me through many trials and difficulties. I could not see His hand, yet I know full well all is appointed. On the 30th of July, I read the dear doctor's portion in the morning about six, before leaving my room. It came with such sweetness—"My grace is sufficient for thee." I felt it all right; I knew it was a right way, so powerfully did I feel I was under the immediate presence of my precious Lord, that I could sing,

"Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song."

And, on reading your precious Notes, it just seemed as though you had read the very thoughts of my heart. "I being in the way, the Lord led me. . . . Blessed be the Lord, which hath led me in a right way."

When I read your Notes on the "4. It is a desert way," God's leading the children of Israel—so powerfully was I impressed that mine was a right way, I did desire to lie passive in His hands, and to be able to leave all with Him. But, oh, how often does Satan come in like a flood, tries to baffle the poor little-faith, that they have no part or lot in the matter; so often does he try to rob me of all my little stepping-stones, or little Bethel-spots; but there is one little stepping-stone, when the dear Lord first manifested Himself to my soul, that Satan cannot well get over.

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more."

This was the first real joy I ever knew, though I had lived more than thirty-five years in the wilderness before that, living in a profession without vital godliness, though never satisfied that I was right, longing to be able to say, as my husband could, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" but the dear Lord has led me by a right way. He was pleased in His mercy, nine years since, to bring me in this little dark village where I now live; and a dear sister in Jesus, whom I mentioned, was led by a right way to meet me here, and, though she is a lady, and myself moving in a humble sphere, grace had well refined her heart, and she constantly visited me, until the Lord was pleased to make her useful in bringing me out of darkness into His marvellous light. Pardon this long scrawl. May the dear Lord abundantly bless you with much of His presence, and long spare you to cheer the hearts of His tried ones; "He hath led me in a right way."

—Yours in Him,

South Brent.

E. P.

[Beloved, it has pleased the Lord to afflict me with a chronic complaint, which is often accompanied with great bodily pain, as well as mental depression. I was on my way to the city this morning, suffering under a very severe attack, when your precious letter was placed in my hands. I read it at the railway station, and it greatly cheered me, and I did desire not merely to say, but *to feel* that the Lord is leading me in a right way. Blessed be His dear name. And one could enter into dear Newton's words—

"No—though cast down I am not slain;
I fall, but I shall rise again;
The present, Satan, is thy hour,
But Jesus shall control thy power."

Well, dear friend, may the Lord increase our faith in Him as a covenant God. I was much struck this morning in reading a remarkable instance of the faith of God's people, given us in His precious word. Jehoshaphat and his little army were in a position of great peril. He had resorted to the throne of grace, and got an answer from the Lord that He would fight for him; and so satisfied was he that the Lord would fulfil His promise, that "when he consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord," that should go before the army, and say, "Praise the Lord; for His mercy endureth for ever" (2 Chron. xx. 20). Only think of this, beloved. Praising God before the deliverance came, satisfied that it would come, aye, as satisfied as if it were already vouchsafed! Oh, for such a faith this! To feel

"Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have."

May He bless you with every new covenant blessing, and, thanking you for your kind words,

Believe me, yours in best bonds,

G. C.]

RAILWAY THOUGHTS.

WHEN we begin to think upon going by railway we are anticipating the time to start; so when we begin to go our thoughts are generally about being in time to catch the train and getting our ticket.

The seeker after Jesus can remember certain things which prompted him to enter upon that road which leadeth to eternal bliss. He had fear,

like the other traveller, but the former was merely for time, while the latter for eternity. The earnest seeker after Christ is led into a blessed discovery of the vanity of things here, and those things soon to end, and is led to see his own sinfulness and things which he was a stranger to before.

The railway traveller before he starts by train feels his need of a ticket from the station which he starts from, as he cannot travel without it. So the earnest seeker after salvation is brought to feel by the Spirit his need of a ticket—or a sight of that precious blood of Christ, and the word of forgiveness brought home by the Holy Ghost.

The traveller by railway is in charge of the company, and the company responsible for him. So the pilgrim traveller, bound heavenward and homeward, is in charge of the heavenly company, who has engaged to protect, provide, comfort, and sustain him in his trip here, and at last to bring him safe to glory. And, as the traveller by railway would not be responsible even for himself, so the spiritual traveller is led to feel he cannot be responsible. Jesus is responsible for him; and, the more he realizes his weakness and sinfulness, the more will he realize his need of Jesus being responsible for him. The railway traveller is locked in by the guard, to keep him in the train and prevent accidents. So the child of God is locked up in Christ (as Noah was shut up in the ark); and this locking up is to keep him from the world, its dangers, and the people that are not travelling with him; and he sees himself in time the blessedness of being kept, and realizes in due time the need of being kept, by his Jesus.

Sometimes the traveller by railway is afraid of losing or having lost his ticket, and, should he not find it at once when he loses it, he will become sorrowful about it; but, if after another search he finds it, great will be his joy. So when the child of God loses his realization of peace, as he does at times, he goes again where he had his first peace, and in due time his sorrow is turned into joy again: he feels he had his ticket (or pardon from his sins), and, as the railway traveller goes to the station-master about his ticket, if he loses it (and the best proof that he can bring is his having been in possession of it once), and so the dear child of God comes to Jesus, confesses his sin, names his having had full and free pardon before, in due time gets a renewal of his old ticket, and goes on his way rejoicing as before, yet more trembling than before.

Some people's ride by train is very short; they may not have cause to show their ticket only to give it up, and pass through no tunnels at all, while others have to pass through long tunnels, and a very long and tedious ride. So God, in the exercise of His grace, comes to some of His children and takes them home soon after they set out; and they hardly pass through any tunnels (or troubles), and meet with little trouble about sin or Satan, so that they have not to show their ticket like the more advanced. As the elder pilgrim has to pass through troubles, and very great and heavy to bear, God sends His grace to meet them and His strength to help the pilgrim to bear these troubles; and sometimes he has to show the ticket (Jesus' blood and righteousness) to Satan, the world, and even he has fears about whether he ever had it bestowed upon him or not.

The railway traveller prizes his ticket, and sometimes he looks at it. It is his security while travelling; and, if he cannot find it at the end of the trip, he will be tried by the company for travelling without a ticket. So

the child of God prizes his ticket of blood and righteousness, and the Giver, and to him it is the dearest thing upon earth; nay, he could never part with it—no, not for worlds. He thinks what it cost his Jesus to procure it for him.

There is nothing so much as the traveller dislikes as a stop on the way, especially if not near a station, or something wrong to the engine or carriages; but the company's servants take a special interest in these trains that break down on the way. So the dear child of God dreads these stops in his pilgrim course: he thinks he stops, but it is never so; he feels in this case that he has wandered, and he gets cold, and he has got to mourn over the stoppage afterwards; but the Holy Spirit comes, sets matters aright, and he again starts on his way homeward and heavenward.

The railway traveller has friends to welcome him at the end of his journey, and he gives up his ticket. He has been anticipating the end of his journey ere he set out, or since he had a ticket. And how soon it is over! The child of God has friends in heaven to welcome him when his journey here is over, and, above all, Jesus, his best Friend, is there; and he will have to praise, wonder, and adore, and sing of God's salvation through a never-ending eternity. There is one sense in which he gives up his ticket—when he dies. He gives it to the law, as a payment of the law's demands. He will always think about it, for that is going to be his source of joy and comfort and praise through eternity. He has been anticipating the end of his journey all through life, but now it has come at last, and his troubles are over—never to set out again; and, above all, his sorrows and troubles are all gone, he is never to have them again. And how soon ended, too! it seemed a long time, but the time came at last:—

“ All his sorrows left below,
Earth exchanged for heaven.”

SATURDAY-NIGHT.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day,
How sweet the very sound!
It seems as though we turned aside,
To tread on heavenly ground.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
One meets it with a zest,
As if it were the first we spent,
So welcome is the rest.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
'Tis like a friend we greet,
Who comes from far to bring us news
Of home, and all that's sweet.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
We're glad when it is nigh,
Because we leave the world awhile,
And soar beyond the sky.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
Why do we greet it thus?
Because we hope to see His face,
Who lived, and died for us.

Leamington.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day,
We hail its early dawn;
We welcome it with prayer and praise,
And bid the world be gone.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day,
A foretaste, too, of heaven;
And this is why it is so dear,
Why best of all the seven.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day,
And Christ, the heavenly Manna,
Comes down afresh, the Bread of life,
And faith is bid to gather.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day,
And it may be the last;
If not, we would remember that
We're coming to it fast.

And so we'd spend each Sabbath day,
As on the wing to go;
To spend in heaven that Sabbath day,
Which shall no evening know.

A. E.

A REMINISCENCE.

'Jesus said, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'—
JOHN vi. 12.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, angels sang, in the solemn night, of *peace* through Him who had laid His glory by, and condescended to tabernacle amongst flesh, in the form of Man. Again and again has the soul-comforting assurance been proclaimed to guilty, sorrowing mortals; nor shall its blessed note be hushed into silence until He who is *our Peace* shall appear, and our warfare, both temporal and spiritual, be ended by His presence. Then the assurance shall be lost in the realization, for we who love His appearing, shall see Him as He is, and need neither man nor angel to proclaim the glad tidings of *peace* to our enraptured souls. Never yet, however, did the precious word *peace* fall more sweetly on our ears, and find a readier echo in our hearts, than on Wednesday evening, the 26th of June, as we listened to the beloved pastor of St. Luke's, Bedminster, address a portion of his flock on the subject, at a tea-meeting given by him in his capacious school-room to *two hundred and forty-four* persons of and *over* sixty years of age. Invitations had been issued to two hundred and seventy-four individuals, whose united ages, when numbered, made a total of 17,603; but about thirty of those thus invited were unable to attend, the oldest expected guest having passed away *that forenoon*, being in his hundredth year. It was a touching, solemn scene, as the eye travelled along the various benches, ever and anon resting on the occupants, who were lovingly waited upon by the district visitors, Sunday-school teachers, and the family and friends of their clergyman. One old lady, in her eighty-ninth year, who had come down from Clifton to be present at the happy gathering, when the tea was finished, went from table to table, and earnestly exhorted her aged listeners to seek to be bound in Christ, to ask that they might find, to knock at the door of mercy whilst there was yet time, ere the summons arrived of "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Grace having been sung, the tables cleared, and the old people comfortably reseated, the deaf being accommodated with places as near as possible to their dear minister and entertainer, the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," was sung, the accompaniment being played on the harmonium by Miss Doudney. Prayer having been offered for a blessing on the meeting, Dr. Doudney, holding a small card in his hand, read from it the motto, "PEACE." He then, in the most affectionate manner, reminded his aged friends that that was their fifth yearly tea-meeting, and, with much emotion, alluded to the many changes that had taken place since their first. He spoke of the absent faces, the mottos they had had for each successive year, and the absolute certainty that they would never *all* meet together again at another yearly tea-meeting. Their ages, he told them, ran thus: Forty-two at 60, thirteen at 61, seventeen at 62, twenty at 63, nineteen at 64, thirteen at 65, seventeen at 66, thirteen at 67, three at 68, seven at 69, twelve at 70, five at 71, even at 72, fourteen at 73, eight at 74, seven at 75, four at 76, seven at 77, one at 78, two at 79, three at 80, four at 81, four at 82, two at 83, four at 84, one at 86, one at 88, one at 89, and the one at 100 had died that morning, and that twenty-nine others were unavoidably absent. He then begged them, when, upon returning home, they hung up their card with the motto for the coming year, to seriously inquire of themselves

whether they were possessors of the true peace which the world can neither give nor take away? and, whenever they glanced at the motto, to remember five other words to which the distinct letters in Peace gave the principal letter. He then wrote on a black board with a bit of chalk, whilst his eager auditors breathlessly watched him, the word "PROVIDENCE." Providence, he bade them recollect, included *preservation*, *protection*, and *provision*; and he called upon them to bear witness with him to the wondrous love of their Heavenly Father, in preserving, providing, and protecting them up to the present time—some to sixty, some to seventy, and others even to eighty years and upwards. He prayed them to reflect on the days gone by up to the present hour. He spoke of the varied, and merciful, and wonderful manner in which God's providence had wrought on their behalf. "For example, what had stayed," he asked, "the needle plied by a mother's busy hand from snapping, or piercing the eye, and thus depriving them of sight, when they, as helpless babes, lay in her lap, or played around her? God's providence, they must reply. Who had provided for them, from day to day, so that scarcely one, if one, there could say they had got up of a morning and returned to their bed at night, in any one solitary instance, without having partaken of food? God's providence, again must be the answer. And so, during every day of their long, eventful lives, God's providence had never failed them."

He then chalked on the board the second word—"ENTERTAINMENT."

They were all, he remarked, invited to an entertainment that evening; but, such is the weakness of nature, and so are our bodies at present constituted, that we soon weary of that which gives us the greatest pleasure; but the entertainment of which he was about to speak was one that had been nearly six thousand years in preparation, and whoever was admitted to that feast would never weary, or say, "I am sick," for it was the Great Supper of the Lamb, and they who sit down thereat would have put off this mortal for immortality.

The third word was APPEARANCE.

Any one, the speaker observed, who was invited to an entertainment would naturally think of their appearance, and would wash and put on the best clothing they possessed, to show their respect to the one who had invited them. But the Lord and Master of the great entertainment to which he had been alluding, knowing our utter poverty and vileness, had provided all that was needful or necessary to make us fitting guests at His feast, having graciously opened a fountain in which all such might wash and be clean, and provided spotless robes wherein all His invited ones are expected to appear. The rev. gentleman then called upon all present to join him in repeating the blessed and soul-cheering text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," to which his hearers having responded, he proceeded to chalk the fourth word upon the board—"CALL."

"Come, for all things are ready," was the gracious invitation given by the Lord to His guests. "Who had obeyed the call," Dr. Doudney asked, "or who was willing to accept it?" Solemnly he adverted to the uncertainty of life at any period of life, but especially as we draw near threescore years and ten, the age appointed unto man in God's own word, enforcing his remark by the mention of two deaths in the immediate neighbourhood since the last Sunday, the one being a little boy who had been to school in the very room in which he was then speaking, on the previous Sabbath, and who had been drowned on the following morning; the

other, the old man of a hundred, who had died that forenoon. With intense earnestness he entreated them not to put off or slight the call given in God's word, and by His providence, but may they have grace gladly to accept of the loving invitation, that they might be found in peace, and enter with joy to that great entertainment which should never end, the thought of which brought them to the last of the five words, for their future consideration—ETERNITY. "Nearly six thousand years had the entertainment been preparing," the speaker remarked, "but it was for Eternity—for ever and ever. How should he be able to convey to their minds the infinitude of Eternity?" he asked. "Could he give them the faintest idea by bringing to their remembrance the immense mound of earth within sight of many of their dwellings, hard by the building where they were then assembled, which had been an eyesore to the parish so many years, and which had been so long in being removed, and would be a great while longer before it was completely cleared away? Well, supposing a little boy once a year were to go to that mound, and remove one shovelful; would the greatest arithmetician that ever lived, be able to calculate how many thousand thousand years would elapse before every vestige of the mound had disappeared? No; it was impossible; it was past man's computation. But, even at that slow rate, there would come a time when that mound would be completely cleared away; but eternity would only then commence. When thousands and tens of thousand of years had rolled by, eternity would be but just begun."

In these brief reminiscences of that delightful evening, it is not in the power of the writer to convey to the reader the solemnity and touching earnestness of the speaker, or the intense anxiety and attention manifested by his hearers. Having awakened in their minds a sense of the vital importance of the subject on which he had been addressing them, he tenderly opened up to them the wondrous love of God as revealed in His Son Jesus Christ, and the security of the believers' portion, "peace"—peace in time, and peace for eternity. The hymn "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," having been sung, and the blessing pronounced, the assembly then scattered; those who were too infirm to walk being sent home in flies.

As we returned home that calm sweet summer evening, the friend who had kindly given us a seat in her carriage, observed, "What a pleasant evening we have had, and how still and beautiful it is," to which remark, with grateful heart, we replied, "A TIME OF PEACE." Reader, forget not Dr. Doudney's motto for his aged parishioners and friends, "Remember, God in His '*providence*' is preparing an '*entertainment*,' having made all provision for the acceptable '*appearance*' of those who obey His '*call*,' and that your happiness for '*eternity*' depends upon your being found in '*peace*' at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He says, 'Surely, I come quickly.' May the language of your rejoicing soul be, 'Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'"

NOTHING is really noble but what is sacred in the eye of a holy God.

The lowly in heart, whether rich or poor, are those whom Jesus is not ashamed to call brethren.

The end of preaching is individual application.

The safety of the Church consists in her separation from the world.

God frequently makes outward calamities the means of promoting the spiritual health of His people.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, MINISTER OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

“For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. . . . But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God : for He hath prepared for them a city.”—HEB. xi. 14, 16.

In this chapter we have an exhibition of the nature and character of faith—the faith of God’s elect—and what a powerful principle it is wheresoever and whensoever communicated! The gift of faith and the working of faith when given, are alike from God : we can have no more than God is pleased to give us, and none at all unless He give it—“for faith is the gift of God ;” but, when given, faith proves its own existence, and is carried out to its legitimate ends. Truly a wonderful thing this faith is. See what great things it accomplished in this chapter—this it was that supported and sustained the saints under the afflictions they endured from the reproach of the world ; by this they were enabled “to set their affections upon things above,” and wait for things to come ; by this, when overtaken through temptation, they were recovered ; and here we are shown what great things faith can *do* and *suffer*. I have selected a small portion out of it, which seems to me the portrait of a true pilgrim. I hope some of you may see your own likeness, and perhaps others of you may see how unlike it you are : but there is One who can imprint His likeness upon you, communicate His own image, and give you to trace your relationship to these worthies. Here we have the Spirit’s portraiture of a pilgrim : “For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.” Now among other things that might be named as belonging to this portrait, we notice three particulars :—

I. Language and deportment.

II. Decision of character.

III. The God worshipped.

I. *The language.*—“For they that say such things.” What do they say? Why you see this in ver. 13 ; they confessed they were pilgrims—they make an acknowledgment of it—they are open and bold to declare what they are. But this saying is not words only ; they declare it in other ways beside words. Things around are unsuited to them, the world has lost its charm to them ; their general bearing is, We are living in a polluted land, far from home, and we are strangers in a strange country. The people of the land are not our people, and we have no companions but those who, like ourselves, are pilgrims, journeying heavenward, and have the same feelings we have. With these we have companionship, with the rest we have none. Therefore the life of the believer as well as the lip, tell the world, We cannot go with you—your end is destruction—we must leave your ranks and company ; our hearts are estranged from all you prize. “Here we have no continuing city. This is not our rest.” Soon we shall have done with things here below : how soon we know not, therefore we should not devote ourselves or our thoughts to this little span of time. To-day we are in the body, to-morrow we may be out of it, so that a pilgrim state best suits so uncertain a life. Now this is the language of those journeying from hell’s gates to heaven’s palace, and that because

loved of God and chosen in Christ, and because God rules for them and in them, and has disposed their hearts to desire things to come, and renounce the present for the future. Is this the general tone of your language? This is a great test; for, where the work is real, union with the world is dissolved. There must be separation, friends, from the world and worldlings. You cannot go with them, nor will they like to go with you. Our text confirms this: "For they that say such things plainly declare that they seek a country." Here is nothing equivocal or uncertain. They declare *plainly*; their actions and words suit; they don't say one thing and do another; they are made honest, plain, open. The true pilgrim makes his words and actions comport with each other; there is something evident in the man; he is changed; he is not what he was. His views, his language, his deportment, are all altered; something thorough has been done in him, for the lion is changed into the lamb; the worldling is turned into a Christian; the companion of sinners is now the companion of saints: the man says and does—some say and do not, but these are not true pilgrims. Some can talk pretty fair, and go great lengths in what they say. Ah, but that is not enough; there must be something more than that. True pilgrims "declare *plainly*:" they are an honest people; so they say, by actions as well as words, to the world, "We cannot go with you," and the world hates them because their ways and words are agreed. Christ said to some in His day, "The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth;" this is true now. It hated Christ because He testified of it that its works were evil. See here the portrait of a true pilgrim: it testifies against the world—this world which hates God's truth; this world which killed the only perfect Man that ever lived; which has caused rivers of blood to flow from the dear saints of God; which trampled upon, despised, persecuted, tormented, and harassed the Church of God in all ages—this is the world which Christ testified against, and which hated Him, and which still hates all the family of God. Now, friends, if you and I are in such a world as this, think you we can be at ease and happy and comfortable in it? Does it not better become us to feel as pilgrims, and to comport ourselves as such, seeing we are in an enemy's country? Some of you perhaps are trying to make a smooth and comfortable nest for yourselves: God will spoil it. Thorns you must have to make you fly upward, for, when the nest is smooth the eagles are loath to leave it; but leave it you must; and the way God takes, is to stir up the thorns, and then you learn to get upon the wing. There was one who said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest"—dove's wings, not raven's wings. The raven used the wing to find food suited to its appetite—filth and carrion. Not so the dove; *that* found no rest but in the ark, and Noah must pull her in. So with God's doves now they have no nest here below, and they wander upon the wing in a sinful, earthly world, where everything is unsuited to them, and they long to fly to Jesus and be with Him. Sometimes they do fly to Him, and He gives them sweet rest; but they have to return back to the battle-field; into the blazing furnace; into a devil's world; till they are wearied of the way, and heart-sick and foot-sore; Jesus says, "Do you want rest, my child? Come unto me; I will give you rest. Gleams of peace and rest even here—sweet earnest of the final rest you shall have with me for ever!" Friends, this pilgrimage is very depressing, sorrowful, and painful, yet is it most blessed, for the end is *glory*. The end makes rich amends for the trials of the way. Paul adjures the Church to look beyond the way—to look on to the end; and it is by this onward

view God cheers the burdened hearts of His poor pilgrims, strengthens their faith, hope, and love; and then the soul casts its burden on the Lord: and so sweet is this sustaining power, that the burden seems gone. But there are times when we have the burden and no sensible comfort; crushing cares, and no sensible support—all gone: yes, we must be brought to this too; a sad place it is, but a place the saints get into—brought to lie low in a low place—no support, no comfort—hope and help gone.

But it is said, “When things are at the worst they mend.” Now I dare say many of you have found this true experimentally, for times of extremity you must have, in order to prove God, to show you how He can mend matters, and make your crooked things straight. Brought, perhaps, to fear certain evils will overtake you, and those very evils did befall you, and yet God comes in and repairs all, and overrules all, and sets all right again.

II. We have here *decision of character*. Ver. 15, “And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country.”—This decision of character is very plainly manifested by the worldling. It is very easy to see whom they serve. God makes His pilgrims decided for Him; tempted to return they may, but return they shall not. Like Israel of old, alarmed by foes, assaulted by temptations, betrayed by Satan, the soul begins to think it had better not to have left Egypt, and meditates returning to the world; but it cannot, and, with one of old, it cries out, “Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.” There is no peace but in Jesus, no rest but in glory. Would you, then, give up the end because of a few trials by the way? Why, if you do not suffer with Him, you shall not reign with Him. Pilgrimage and suffering go together, but glory shall be the finish of it all. Many a poor tried and tempted soul says, “My way is so rough, and my enjoyments so few; I was better off in the world.” Well, if you think so, try it; go; there is no harm done; return to the world; go back into Egypt. Such was Elijah’s language to Elisha, who said, “Let me kiss my father and my mother.” “Go back again,” said the prophet, “for what have I done unto thee?” Do so; take your leave of the Church of Christ, of His truth; go back into the world whence you came. Poor soul, *you cannot*. Divine power keeps you; Divine love holds you; you cannot go if you would. Glory has been set before you; the terrors that shall come upon the wicked have been shown you; the shortness of life, the consequence of sin, all these prevent your return; and one thing more, one powerful cord, “The love of Christ constraineth you.” Oh, you cannot leave Him! you cannot give Him up! the sweets God gives you, if only now and then, bind you. Times of refreshing—the light of His countenance—visits from Jesus, few and far between as they may be, they have a wonderful influence, a mighty power, and reconcile the soul to many a long night of sorrow and tears, depression and oppression, cross and reproach. And thus the poor soul is carried on from one trial to another; and what does this? is it the law? is it exhortation? is it fear? No; none of these. “Love constrains me,” says the pilgrim. We hold on; we cannot give it up. Trials we have; sorrows we feel; tears we shed; but the Lord has made a place for Himself in our hearts, that none but Himself can fill. The place He has taken He will keep; covenant love secures it; and this is the secret. Some of you have been made

to know it—you feel it; whereas those who are seeking their peace and blessedness from the world, are not in the secret; but those who are, they know a place is made and kept in their hearts for Jesus, so that if they go astray they must be brought back, and learn by their fall to walk more circumspectly; and, if some professors make shipwreck of faith, it is that the Church may take warning therefrom; and such are beacons to poor pilgrims, and are instructive lessons. They learn that it was in such and such circumstances they fell, and brought disgrace upon the Church through their profession; and this makes them act with caution.

Others, again, of the true seed, through the power of evil within and temptation without, fall into sin; and are restored, as David and Peter; but the Lord's children take no encouragement to sin therefrom; but the contrary. David's and Peter's falls have warned many a child of God, and kept them from similar sins; they have promoted fear, circumspection, and raised up a spirit of prayer for divine preservation from the like; and, one thing more, a spirit of gratitude is felt. When we see others left and fearfully falling, the soul says, Why me, Lord? Why am I kept and others left? Why was not I left to the force of my evil nature when tempted? Why was I upheld when a Peter was let go? So this raises up sweet gratitude and thankfulness, and puts a song of praise into the heart for undeserved and unexpected mercy. Well, friends, things are not to be as we would have them here, else we should be too contented with earth. "Oh," say some, "what a discontented being you are! Why, you are no better than the world, who are always dissatisfied and fault-finding." Not so. God's people are not discontented on the same ground as the worldling, who is dissatisfied because he has not more of the world; but this is not the cause of God's people's dissatisfaction. It is like David's of old, who said, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness"—never till then. Your dissatisfaction, if you are in and of the world, is not of that sort. I know you are discontented because you have not more of the world, because you cannot enjoy it more; but you have no idea of satisfaction with God in Christ. But it is in mercy and in love God embitters things here below to His saints, that they may not be contented to remain here; but, on the contrary, long to be with Him, and have done with things below, and bask in the sunshine of His presence for ever above.

III. See the *character of the God they worship*, for "He hath prepared for them a city," and them for the city.—He made them fit for His presence the moment they were born again, and they could not be more meet if they were to live a thousand years; and it is all His work. As creation work was the Lord's, so is regeneration or the new birth. It is all His work. Did you regenerate your soul? Did you create your body? Both are alike His work, not yours; and for those thus regenerated He hath prepared a kingdom, as He says, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And, again, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." God hath prepared for them a city, and its Builder and Maker is God. Has He prepared you for it? Yes, if you are renewed by grace; if you love Jesus; if you feel He is needful and suitable to you; if you find you are undone. Sweet marks! that you are prepared for a city prepared for the saints. You worship the same God they did, and you have the same needs they had, and in yet a little while you shall reach the same end, and say, as they do, "He hath done all things well." But, further, we have another

character given here. "He is not ashamed to be called their God." The world may point the finger of scorn at them, despise them, and reject them, and cast out their name as evil; but God is not ashamed of them. "Oh," say you, "I do wonder He is not; my sins, my many evils, make me ashamed of myself, so that I often think He will be ashamed of me in that great day. I have done enough to make Him cast me off for ever." This is all true. Still, He is not ashamed of you, for this cause; He views you in Christ, and thus it is He is ever pleased with His saints as chosen in Christ, so He cannot be ashamed of them; and those of whom He is not ashamed, are the very people who are ashamed of themselves—a contrite, humble, lowly people, whose hearts have been made tender; who sin and groan under it; who feel their vileness, and are, therefore, ashamed of themselves. Now, these are the people of whom "God is not ashamed." He has done all this for them, and in them, and therefore will never cast them away, but own them as His people; and this is a sweet evidence that He will not be ashamed of them, because they feel so thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The Lord bless His word.

Correspondence.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, peace, and truth be multiplied to thee, through the sweet and sure teaching of the Holy Spirit!

It is our lot to live in eventful times: many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increased; and with it abundant proofs of the *reality* of that Divine aphorism, "The world by wisdom knows not God;" nor can the natural man (possess what amount of human learning he may) either understand the things of the Spirit of God, or receive them. Passing events bring me to this conclusion; and the delusions to which God has given men up astonishes me; while my soul is humbled in the dust and filled with admiration at the sovereignty, richness, and freeness of that wondrous grace which rent the veil from my heart, arrested and brought me to the bar of God, convinced me of my ruin and helplessness, put a cry into my heart for mercy and pardon, heard and answered that cry, and blessed me with the sweet enjoyment of that peace which truly passeth all understanding!

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

My pathway, since that memorable period, has been something like that of the heaven-born family, as described in Psalm cvii.; and, although my most gracious God hath showed me at times hard things, and made me drink the wine of astonishment, &c., yet I am constrained to say, "He hath done all things well." Yea, He hath been far better to me than my fears have predicted; and many times

"Have the clouds I so much dreaded,
Broke with blessings on my head!"

I am obliged to sing, "My Jesus hath done all things well!" and many

a time have I thought of thy words, my brother: "Make His cause thy delight, and thy wants shall be His care." Blessed for ever be the name of my covenant God, I have again and again proved the reality of those truths; yet, in observing the times in which we live, my heart sinks within me when I think of the rising generation, seeing the clouds gathering so thickly around us. The blindness to which our rulers have long been given up, be their political creed whatever it may, is amazing to me. All past history appears utterly useless to them; wilfully blind, too, they must be, or they never could pursue the downward course they do. Into what are we sinking, when, in a British House of Commons, if a sterling Protestant rises to expose faithfully the deep-laid plots of Rome, he is put down by clamour? Where will this end? It is a disgrace to any body of men professing to be Christians; and how much more so to those who, as the representatives of this mighty nation, ought to set the people at all times a good example! How long is the Pope's brass band to govern? But we are only reaping what we began to sow in 1829. We hear a wondrous cry of Irish grievances; and, as they are redressed, they multiply; but whence do they emanate? From the Orangemen, the former saviours of that land? Nay, verily; they only originate from that select, holy, innocent band of sufferers whom we have so long and so tenderly fostered at Maynooth! What is Fenianism? Who, but those who are wilfully blind, ever supposed it to spring from any other source than the Vatican—ever plotting and untiring in its efforts to root out, if possible, by any and every means, the antidote to bondage and mental slavery, Protestantism? We do not require any further evidence of the power of the priests than have been for years before the public. From how many altars were the poor Irish Papists denounced, years ago, if they dared to send their children to the Government schools! And then just notice how many priests (these grateful, loyal priests!) have denounced Fenianism! Who stirred up the disgraceful riots at Wolverhampton and Birmingham lately? Not the poor ignorant Irish labourer. No, certainly not. What cares the holy leader of his ignorant flock for the number of times Pat may get his head broken, if the kind-hearted father could only stop the mouth of that faithful exposé of their polluted system, William Murphy? When will the eyes of Englishmen be opened? If the priests have the audacity to stir up such tumults now that Papists number only one-twentieth of our population, what are we to expect if they were on a level with us in numbers? Setting religion aside, every lover of civil liberty ought to arise as one man in opposition to such conduct. There is an invaluable and masterly work, which every Englishman ought to read, entitled "Rome and Civil Liberty," written by Dr. Wylie. It is worth seven times the money at which it may be purchased, 1s. 6d. And what is really to become of our National Establishment? For years past, I have believed it was a masterpiece of Jesuitical craft to introduce the doctrines of the whore of Babylon into the colleges of Oxford. Those adepts in iniquity and sophistry rightly calculated that the most certain way to corrupt the streams was to poison the fountain. This I saw when the "Tracts for the Times" were first issued; and the effects produced, I fancy, must have far exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine. Nothing short of a strong delusion could ever so effectually blind the minds of learned and otherwise clever men. If I reason upon it, I am lost in endless mazes. The word alone is that which explains the matter. I have thought much lately of Rev. xiii. 7, 8; and Matt. xxiv.

24; and desire to steer clear of those denunciations recorded in Rev. xiv. 9—11. The Lord bless, guide, and keep us steadfast in His truth, faithful unto death, and daily watching His hand in all things, with our loins girt and our lights burning!

I remain, thine truly in Jesus,

Bishop Wearmouth.

T. S.

“HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.”

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will your correspondent, who has been writing in the *Gospel Magazine* lately, on “Hymns and Hymn-Writers,” pardon me for expressing a regret that he should have passed over the Christ-exalting hymns of John Kent, with so a short notice? In my humble opinion, his collection of spiritual songs exceeds as a whole that of any other author; for instance, in what precious and glorious strains does that hymn run—

“Who can the distant period trace,
When God, to glorify His grace,
And magnify His love to man,
Drew forth redemption’s wondrous plan?”

“Jesus was Head-Elect proclaimed;
Then all the mystic members nam’d;
One glorious Head, one body there,
Which shall at last one glory share.”

How blessedly does the man of God enter into that union, that partnership, which exists betwixt Christ and the Church, and how sweetly was he led, under the Spirit’s teaching, to trace every covenant blessing the redeemed family of God enjoy in time to the fountain, to the source, even to the love-purposes of Jehovah—Father, Word, and Holy Ghost—before the foundation of the world. Again, how clearly does he speak of that divine communion, that fellowship, which is the effect of oneness with the Lamb of God! Having heard the still small voice of his exalted Head, and having beheld a little of His glory, he sings,

“’Tis the voice of my Belovèd,
His dear face methinks I see;
Fraught with blessings, peace, and pardon,
Skipping o’er the hills to me.

Sweet the accents,
Whisp’ring peace and sins forgiv’n.

“Now, the shades of night dispersing,
On me dawn’d the welcome day;
Love divine, beyond rehearsing,
Chas’d the mist of sin away
While my spirit
Bask’d in His meridian ray.”

Surely, dear friend, he knew much of soaring into the presence-chamber, and of catching a glimpse of the King in His beauty. Well did he understand the language of the Church, “I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.” And, when thus privileged to rise on the wings of faith and love, oh, did he not see unutterable glories in Him who is “the Chiefest among ten thousand,” and the altogether lovely One? When gazing on the all-glorious Person of

his Lord, did he not long to burst the prison-doors of his cage, and to behold Him face to face, his God, his glory? Listen to the aspirations of his heart—

“ Oh, what a sweet exalted song,
When ev’ry tribe and ev’ry tongue,
Redeem’d by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there !

“ My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there.”

And again—

“ Oh that I had a scraph’s fire,
His rapt’rous song and golden lyre !
To chant the love and grace supreme,
Revealed as in the Gospel scheme.

“ Here’s pardon full for sin that’s past,
It matters not how black the cast ;
And oh, my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come here’s pardon too !”

What mighty depths are contained here ! the sins of the body of Christ—past, present, and to come—are pardoned, and every elect vessel of mercy stands perfect and complete in His sight—“accepted in the Beloved.” Yes—

“ With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One.”

There are many others I fain would quote, but I must not further intrude on your valuable space, except to say how fully I accorded with your remarks in the first article for the current month, the subject being receiving the word in the letter, and receiving it in the Spirit. The power, the savour, the dew, the unction, are expressions which are generally discarded in our day ; but how delusive is the idea of taking things for granted, and of building on letter-statements, without having the words sealed home and applied by the Holy Ghost ! “The *letter* killeth, but the *Spirit* giveth life.” Believe me, dear sir, yours in the Lord,

A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Did I but know the address of your correspondent, “L.,” from whose pen some precious pieces have lately appeared in the Magazine, I should have written him a letter of encouragement to “go forward” in his work of faith and labour of love, feeling as I do most deeply convinced that the bold undaunted testimony he is enabled to bear in defence of God’s truth is such as will firmly stand the *test* of that truth, even as it is revealed in the word, and witnessed in the hearts of the living family through the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. These pieces I do indeed hail with uncommon delight from month to month, and I think also that many of your readers will cheerfully subscribe their hearty unqualified approval of the same.

I am, yours in love of the *unmixed* Gospel,

Fletching.

H. H.

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THE LETTER OF "A CONSTANT READER," IN OUR AUGUST NUMBER.

A LETTER appeared in our last number, signed "A Constant Reader," in which certain grave charges were brought against "A Home," said to be founded by Mrs. Gladstone, in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. We have since been informed, upon the very best authority, that the whole is a fabrication—"false from beginning to end." Whilst we envy not the spirit manifested by the author of so gross a slander, we cannot but condemn ourselves, and herein express our deep regret for having relied upon the veracity of our correspondent, and given insertion to her letter, without first having obtained a confirmation of her statements. We exceedingly regret our inadvertency, and hesitate not to offer our sincerest apology to the lady whom we have thus been the means of maligning. In proof that invective is not the spirit in which the GOSPEL MAGAZINE indulges, we may be permitted to add that, during the seven to eight-and-twenty years in which we have conducted the work, we never before laid ourselves open to a similar charge to that which we now so much lament.

[Since the preceding was sent to the press, the annexed letter has been received. The Editor has in consequence requested the writer to forward him particulars of name, date, and place, bearing upon the circumstances.]

Hackney, N.E.

MY DEAR SIR,—The article in the *Morning Star* of the 17th instant, copied from the *Warrington Guardian*, gave me much pain. I was so sorry to have been the means of the honour of your valuable Magazine being called in question. Had I not received the account from what I felt to be reliable authority, I should not have sent it to you. There must indeed have been some mistake as to the Home being Mrs. Gladstone's, if she has not one near Portsmouth. This I much regret, and beg to tender my humble apology to that lady for having used her name; but, as the application was made to her, I suppose it was thought to be Mrs. Gladstone's. Of the truth of the rest of the narrative, I cannot entertain any doubt. The villagers, when inquired of as to the character of the institution, spoke of it as a Popish place. Alas! these semi-Popish establishments are now become but too common in this neighbourhood, as well as elsewhere; and my only desire was to caution persons who might be seeking homes for orphans. I have no wish either to prevent or scandalize any good work. Surely it is the duty of each individual Christian to do all in their power to arrest the progress of Ritualism and Popery.

Deeply grieved that I should have caused you or any one else a moment's pain,

I am, dear sir, yours in Gospel bonds,

A CONSTANT READER.

August 22, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—I am exceedingly sorry that I am unable to furnish you with the particulars you require. The name of the poor woman is unknown to me, also the name of the village, except that it was a village near Portsmouth; the date of its occurrence was in December last. The circumstances were told me by the Rector's wife soon after they occurred, and I was so impressed with the importance of making them known, that I took upon myself to write to you, without informing any one, little thinking I should bring any one into trouble by so doing. My sorrow I cannot express; it has greatly increased my bodily sufferings. Surely an apology from you would be accepted by Mr. Gladstone.

I am, dear Sir, yours in much affliction,

A CONSTANT READER.

In an exceedingly polite note from Mr. GLADSTONE, in which he expresses himself perfectly satisfied with the apology we have given, he adds:

"I add a word of explanation, though it may be hardly necessary. When I said that the letter on which I wrote was false from beginning to end, of course I meant that it was this so far as concerns any action or any knowledge on the part of my wife. I had no means of knowing at the time whether any part of the story might be true, but in its application to my wife it was as I described it."

[POSTSCRIPT.—Whilst the preceding notes entirely exonerate Mrs. GLADSTONE from any connexion whatever with the case mentioned by "A CONSTANT READER," we have now very grave suspicions that there is too much truth in the statement as relating to the child to whom our correspondent adverts. It is a well-known and indisputable fact, that there is a village not a hundred miles from Portsmouth, where the most thoroughly Popish practices are carried on under the auspices, as far as name and profession are concerned, of our National Church. The officiating clergy are among "the highest of the high." We casually met in the neighbourhood, last year, one or two of "the sisters" in true Popish garb—capped and hooded, with the cross dangling at their waists—in thorough imitation of Rome. We met also at the same time the Incumbent of the parish, the man who had sworn allegiance to the *Protestant* Church and who had declared his readiness to "banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly encourage others to the same."

Upon meeting these, but for our knowledge of the locality, we should have thought we were hard by a Popish chapel, or convent.

It is here the young "priest" of whom a month or two since we spoke, as recently meeting at Portsmouth, is located. A few years ago we knew him as a young man of great promise. His heart and his hand were in every good work. He was a close attendant upon the ministry of one of the clearest and soundest preachers in this city. All who knew him believed he was destined to be of great usefulness in the future. Alas! alas! during his university career at Oxford, the whole tenor of his mind underwent a change. He sank his simplicity in his sacerdotalism; and, when last we saw him, in the distance and until we came near enough to recognize him, we had not a doubt but he was a young priest just fresh from Maynooth. So much for Oxford, and so much for *gifts* without *grace*. And this young man is one of the priestly fraternity now labouring so vigorously in the vicinity of Portsmouth, and whose mistaken zeal would, we doubt not, lead him to the virtual ignoring of the Protestant name, and mimicking the mummary of Rome, though labouring within the pale, and receiving the pay, of a Protestant Church.

We know of another case where, some years ago, we conversed with a youth of great promise, also the son of a most devoted and ardently-praying mother. That young man, now at Oxford, has, we are informed, drunk deeply into the spirit and practices of the day. Oxford has spoiled him. He smiles with contempt where he used to listen with reverence and esteem.

These facts, coupled with the many painful illustrations which from time to time come under our notice, cause us to tremble for the young men of our day who are preparing for the ministry. Unless well ballasted in the way of which Luther speaks, with "*temptation, meditation, and prayer,*"

they are in imminent peril of being drawn aside from all previous impressions and the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, in so far as they nominally knew it, by the bewitching practices and captivating associations in the midst of which they are placed. As a parent, having the dearest interests of our children at heart, we unhesitatingly say, we would rather follow them to the grave, than see them drink into the spirit and follow the practices of the day in which we live. And, with respect to the men whose consciences are so seared, and whose minds are so lost to all sense of truth and propriety, as to mimic in precept and practice *Rome*, whilst professedly belonging to a *Protesting* Church, we say, in all the fulness and sincerity of our heart, From such men, and all their perverted influence and doings, "Good Lord, deliver us."—Ed.]

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

THE Editor earnestly desires that the present and eternal welfare of two of his sons may be laid upon the hearts of his readers, and that they may remember them before the Lord. The elder one (just of age) is now (D.V.) nearing his destination, Brisbane, Australia; the younger (in the 15th year of his age), at his own repeated and most urgent request, is bound for Bombay. In neither case could anything have been more directly contrary to a father's preconceived will and wish; but thus faith is to be tried. The why and the wherefore God will explain in His own time and way. Meanwhile, may He give grace to say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "What we know not now we shall hereafter." Truly we are called to "walk by *faith*, and not by sight;" and in very deed He brings "the blind by a way that they knew not, and leads them in paths that they have not known;" but (blessed be His name!) it is still His prerogative, and His alone, to "make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." And still His gracious covenant promise stands good, "These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

A correspondent at Sheffield begs that she may be remembered before the Lord. She writes: "I have long sat under a Gospel ministry, but have never been brought to know my own sinfulness and great need of a Saviour." She adds: "I feel sin to be a burden, and am anxious to be delivered from its power; but I cannot say I hate it, and that I delight in God's word. I often say to myself, when I open its pages, that it is a sealed book. Do," she continues, "pray for me, that I may be enabled to look away from self, see my great need of a Saviour, and cast myself upon Him entirely."—[We would just add, that our correspondent is asking great things—solemn things; and it has occurred to us, whilst reading her request, What a mercy it is for a poor sinner to be in *the Lord's* hands, who deals with such peculiar wisdom—such special tenderness—and who, as a skilful and never-failing Physician, treats His patients with such wondrous gentleness, patience, and forbearance, ever so lovingly and faithfully keeping in view His own word, "He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, but will send forth judgment unto victory." Oh, the boundless love, marvellous condescension, and tender compassion of Jesus! How worthy of all trust and of all confidence is He!]

A deeply-afflicted sister, now in overwhelming trouble, requests the prayers of our readers, that the Lord would avert a dreaded calamity.

CONSECRATION OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, CARLISLE.

AMID much to depress, we have had much to thank our God for, during the past month. It is a month that may well be distinguished among the months and years of our pilgrimage as marked with special and peculiar favour. We spent a week in the North, for the purpose of being present at the consecration of our beloved son's very beautiful church. As we contemplated that building, and his very pretty parsonage, we could only exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in mine eyes." A little less than six years ago, we accompanied our beloved son to Carlisle, to have an interview with his proposed rector, and to see the parish in which he was to labour. Little did we then think, that he who was just completing his college course, and was about to be ordained, would, within a comparatively short period, occupy, on the one side of the road over which we travelled, a beautiful parsonage-house, and on the other, labour in a capacious and strikingly-beautiful church, not a stone of either of which was at that time laid, or scarcely thought of. Indeed, when the church was spoken of, it was said to be altogether impracticable, and the greatest possible discouragement was given on the part of some who might reasonably have been supposed to have taken a deep interest in its projection and progress.

As recently (whilst it was in the last stage of preparation for consecration), we sat within, or walked up and down the aisles of, that church, we could but mentally again and again exclaim, "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?" We felt much as the Psalmist, when he went in and sat before the Lord, and said, "Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God? And what can David say more unto Thee? for Thou, Lord God, knowest Thy servant. For Thy word's sake, and according to Thy own heart, hast Thou done all these great things, to make Thy servant know them. Wherefore Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like Thee, neither is there any God beside Thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears."

We never remember to have seen a church so complete and ready for consecration, as St. James's, Carlisle; and, we are most thankful to be able to add, that that beautiful structure was paid for, with the exception of a little above a hundred pounds. So that our beloved son will not have the weight of pecuniary matters to interfere with his labours, as very many ministers have in the commencement of their parochial career. We are personally acquainted with two clergymen at the present time, who are completely prostrate and broken down under this labour of church-building and renewing. No one can adequately conceive of what is entailed by it, unless they have tested it—especially in the present riven and distracted state of the church.

The weather was very favourable on the day of the consecration of the church. The beloved Bishop of Carlisle preached a most telling sermon, full of precious Gospel truth. We hope to subjoin an outline of it. We rejoiced to hear his lordship strike the keynote to the doctrines of rich and free and sovereign grace, which we trust may ever be proclaimed within those sacred walls. God forbid that ever the uncertain sound should be heard there.

At the close of the service an address, signed by a hundred parishioners, was presented to the Countess of Waldegrave, expressive of their gratitude for the large and very liberal way in which her ladyship had contributed to the erection of that house. It was a most pleasing sight to witness the calm, dignified, and self-possessed way in which that amiable lady replied to the address, and subsequently spoke at the luncheon, intimating how little she apprehended, whilst laying the corner-stone of the building in her 80th year, that she should ever live to see and be present at the consecration. We were glad to see a record of the fact of when and by whom the stone was laid, prominently inscribed on its face.

The position of the church and parsonage is most picturesque. From the former, which stands on a slightly-elevated site, you look *northward*, and see a long range of the Scotch hills; *eastward*, you have the Cumberland Fells, a range of lofty hills dividing Cumberland from Durham; *south*, the mountains of the Lake district; *west*, the Solway. On a clear day, you may see the Criffel, a lofty mountain in Galloway, Scotland.

We were privileged to occupy the pulpit of the new church on the first Sunday evening after its consecration, and, having on a previous visit, when Divine service was conducted in a school-house, taken as our subject two passages from the eventful life of the venerable patriarch, we thought we could not do better on the present occasion than select another incident in Jacob's life; consequently we took as our text Gen. xxviii. 17: "And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Personally, we found it indeed good to be there. We believe that assuredly "the Lord was in that place," manifestively. Just as we were closing the sermon, the setting sun of a sudden shed forth his most brilliant rays as he was going down over the Scotch hills. The pulpit side of the church was by it, as it were, gorgeously illuminated, altogether without the aid of man's tinselled adornments. In a moment it brought before one the evening of life; and, as our God had just been shining upon His word with light and love and peace divine, it would seem as though He thus condescendingly and graciously bade the very sun in the heavens to bear testimony to the truth that "at evening-tide it should be light"—that when one's little day was closing, all its travail and turmoil—its darkness, discouragements, and dangers—should mercifully and marvellously issue in a peaceful, glorious, unspeakably blessed, and satisfactory sun-setting, in sweet and precious keeping with the Psalmist's hope and joy and expectation, where he exclaims, "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

Dear reader, we doubt if we shall ever forget that sacred Sunday evening. With intermingled feelings—thankfulness for all that the Lord had done for and by our beloved son, on the one hand, but intense solicitude for those voyaging, or about to voyage, for far-distant lands, on the other, one's cup seemed full. One could at the moment so thoroughly enter into the experience of the apostle where he says, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Yet there came the assurance at that juncture, with that glorious setting sun, the closing up of the first Sunday-evening sermon in that new church, the conviction, that *at last all should end well*. One felt assured, under the then precious emotions, that, when that end should arrive, the same faithful, gracious, and all-sufficient God, that enabled the patriarch, towards the

close of his eventful career, to say, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die," would afford one's-self ample cause to exclaim, with one's departing breath, "He hath done *all* things well."

NOTES OF A SERMON

Preached by the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, at the Consecration of St. James' Church, Denton Holme, Carlisle, July 25, 1867.

"And when He had gone a little farther thence, He saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets. And straightway He called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after Him."—MARK i. 19, 20.

The Bishop said that it was not without a gracious purpose that the infirmities of God's saints had been recorded upon the pages of inspiration; for example, there was a very merciful reason why the twice-told failings of Abraham, the humiliating sin of David, and the oft-repeated denials of Peter, had been chronicled in the word of God. That purpose was, that they might be proved to be men of like nature to ourselves, and that it might be impressed upon our minds in letters which could not be obliterated, that nothing but the grace of God is a safeguard against sin. This was the reason that the history of the apostle James was so distinctly brought before us with his special infirmities and sins; this was the reason that his hasty request was mentioned, when he asked the Lord, "Wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" and his mother's unreasonable petition, "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on the left, in Thy kingdom." The apostle James would say, even as Paul, "I know that in me [that is, in my flesh] dwelleth no good thing." "By the grace of God I am what I am." Bearing this in mind, I shall endeavour this morning, first, to recall James' history, and, secondly, to rehearse the lessons which are to be learnt from it.

I. I shall recall the chief facts of the apostle James' history. In it we perceive there was a vocation, a sacrifice, and a recompense. First, a vocation. The Lord Jesus Christ was walking by the shore of the sea of Galilee, and He saw James and John and their father, mending their nets, and He said to them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Here was an outward vocation or call, and doubtless an inward one also. As with the outward voice the Lord Jesus spoke to the ear, so with the inward breathing of the Holy Spirit He wrought upon the heart. The two-fold calling was simultaneous and all-powerful. It was immediately obeyed; they followed Him; they remained with Him; they became "fishers of men." But that vocation stood not alone—it involved a sacrifice. It has been too readily assumed that all the apostles were poor and necessitous men. This was not really the case. See the facts stated in the text—they had ships and nets and hired servants; if they had not an abundance of earthly goods, some of them, at least, had a sufficiency of them; they possessed the means of earning a respectable livelihood, and therefore their obedience to the Saviour's call must have involved a sacrifice. Country, kindred, comparative wealth, all that they possessed, were, in obedience to that call, immediately given up, and they became the companions of Him of whom it was said, "The foxes have

holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." The sacrifice also which the apostles made was not merely a temporary, but a continuous sacrifice ; they gave up their possessions for ever ; they entered upon, and continued in, a new life of peculiar and increasing trial and difficulty ; they remained with the Saviour during the whole of His ministerial life as sharers of all His privations and temptations : it was a sacrifice even unto death. But there was also connected with the vocation and the sacrifice an abundant recompense. It was a present recompense—a recompense which can only be experienced by those who forsake all to follow Christ. What must it have been to be permitted, as the apostle James was, to go in and out with the Lord of life, to partake of His fare, and to share His lodgings, to see all His works of mercy and love, and to listen continually to the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth ! A sweet recompense indeed, even at that present time ! They must have felt it worth a sacrifice, as they were constrained to confess that He whom they had followed was the "chiefest among ten thousand," and "the altogether lovely." And what shall we say of their future recompense ? of the assurance repeatedly given of their sharing their Master's glory ? of their being acknowledged by Him before His Father and the holy angels ? of their drinking the new wine with Him in His kingdom ? Most surely their recompense was a most abundant and a glorious one.

II. Let me briefly rehearse the lessons which are to be learnt from this history. We have to-day set apart this house to Jehovah's praise. May we not expect that here may be exemplified to the end of time, in the teaching and lives of godly men occupying this pulpit and preaching in this place, a vocation, a sacrifice, and a recompense ? Oh, that it may even be so ! I trust that you, my brethren, will make this a subject of special prayer in your own homes from day to day and from week to week. It is a great joy to me to think that as far as man can bring such a thing to pass, this will be so—that the pure doctrines of our reformed church will be preached within these walls from generation to generation—that the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ will be made known here from age to age, and that the glad tidings of the Gospel will be proclaimed "without money and without price." But, if this is to be so, if the finished work of the Redeemer is indeed to be made known here, and His glorious Gospel faithfully and effectually to be proclaimed here, there must be on the part of those who preach it both a true vocation and a sacrifice—a true call to the work by the inward moving of the mighty Spirit of God—"How shall they preach except they be sent?"—and a willing sacrifice—a dedication of heart and soul to this service. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me." And then, if this be so, if there really be this vocation here, and this sacrifice, most assuredly will there be a recompense. Yes, within the walls of this church will then be felt the presence of the Lord Jesus ; souls previously dead we may expect will be born again ; hearts hardened in sin will be moved to repentance ; the careworn and burdened will here be enabled to leave their burdens at their Saviour's feet, and return home with their countenances no more sad ; God's people will be refreshed, strengthened, and built up in their most holy faith ; the desert shall, as it were, "rejoice, and blossom as the rose ;" "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree : and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting

sign that shall not be cut off." There shall indeed be an abundant recompense here, and a superabundant one hereafter.

Two words let me also add, in conclusion: the Master's call, the acceptable sacrifice, and the abundant recompense are inseparably linked together. That sacrifice therefore cannot be acceptable to God, and will not be followed by recompense, which has not been preceded by the Master's mighty call. In other words, that man, or that minister, is unable to offer acceptable services to God, and unable to look forward justly to reward, who has not been himself called by divine grace. There may be, and often is, sacrifice without the call. Witness an example drawn from modern experience. We hear sometimes of persons who withdraw themselves from the communion to which we have the privilege of belonging, and join themselves to a union from which we have mercifully escaped—the Church of Rome. This they do, some of them, at a heart-breaking sacrifice, sacrifice of reputation, family, friends, and income, and therefore they suppose that they must be doing what is right. But such sacrifices are not in obedience to Christ's call, nor are they in obedience to the Scriptures; such consequently do not ensure a following recompense. Wherever the Lord calls, however, there will of necessity be sacrifice, sacrifice of all merit of our own, or dependency upon any other means of salvation than faith in the finished atonement of the Redeemer. The soul that is effectually called will prostrate himself at the foot of the cross as a poor lost sinner, to be saved wholly, solely, and entirely by grace. As one of our hymns beautifully expresses it,

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."
"Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

And other sacrifices, too, will follow: sacrifice of earthly pleasure—"denying ungodliness and worldly lusts"—sacrifice of time and talent, of means and personal convenience, to the Lord's service; doing all as to Him, and for Him, and in heartfelt gratitude for what He has done for us. This sacrifice will undoubtedly meet with an abundant recompense, a recompense here, sweet and precious—a recompense hereafter, great and glorious. "The cup of cold water" only "given in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward."

In conclusion, the Bishop said that he had great satisfaction in mentioning that the church had been erected at a cost of between £4,000 and £5,000, with a debt remaining of only between £250 and £300, including boundary walls and all the internal fittings. He entreated those who were able, to come forward nobly and wipe off, if possible, the whole of the sum still required. He alluded to his honoured predecessor, Bishop Villiers, and the late Mr. Ferguson, of Morton, with whom the idea of the erection of the church had first originated; and also to the contributors, some of whom, by their self-denying liberality, had contributed largely; mentioning the case of one in particular, whose most liberal contributions were the result, not of overflowing wealth, but of real and repeated sacrifices, sacrifices made under a deep sense of her responsibility to God for the right use of the talents which He had committed to her care.

After the sermon, a collection was made amounting to £48 1s.

A WARNING WORD.

MEMOIR OF A YOUNG LADY OF RANK.

ABOUT two years before her death, an elder sister was taken suddenly ill, and there was great fear lest the disorder should prove fatal. During the alarm which prevailed, the younger sister was led to make many inquiries respecting the salvation of her soul. Finding I had a reverence for Divine things, she opened her mind by telling me how much she desired to be religious, and what opposition she found in her family, every one setting their faces against everything that was sacred. She said she trembled greatly at the judgments of God that she found in the Bible, but now and then expressed a hope from these words: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool." She said, "she felt much in reading the 53rd of Isaiah, especially, 'He was led as a lamb to the slaughter,' &c."

She told me of many conferences she had had with persons of rank, some violently ridiculing her, and some attempting to direct her, neither of whom knew anything of themselves. Thus she was much distracted with various things for want of a spiritual counsellor. I, as weak as possible, and fearful to be bold under such circumstances, was yet led to tell her how needful it was to be sober, and give herself unto prayer; and especially not to listen to every pretended preacher and friend that might fall in her way: that she had a deal of work to go through of pulling down and ceasing from carnal acquaintances and smooth-tongued friends; for, though smoother than oil, yet war against the true fear of God was certainly in their hearts. As she had met with much admiration and kindness, there was a deal of conceit and fleshly consequence to be brought down; and, what made it the more dangerous was, all these things she covered with very gentle and agreeable manners—that, if she proved right, she would have terrible work. She heard me with much patience and kindness, and acknowledged in her conscience that I was a faithful reprover. Notwithstanding this, she said, "That she could go into large parties, and have her meditations as well as if she were alone." I asked, "If I did not even dispute the truth of her assertion, how did she prove it? The word says, 'Come out from among them, my people, lest you be partakers of her plagues!'" She told me she hoped she eventually should come out, though she feared her parents would not allow it. But I could perceive an hankering after, and clinging to, her rank in society. She would have it, there were good people in that rank, which I admitted; though she evidently sought to avoid the cross. She would go to concerts, she said, because she might say but little. She certainly did not appear to like a plain homely religion, like Jacob's of old, who was a plain man, dwelling in tents. I often warned her of her awful plans of hiding her religion, and trying how little would pacify her conscience, and how much of the polite world she could hold with it.

On further acquaintance I became much more faithful, and warned her of her danger many ways. I told her that I feared she stood on the very point of a pinnacle, and that, if she were not sober, her religion would all end in the flesh—that she was ready to believe every fool that will be meddling, and that very likely she would not listen to an old friend like me, that could have no authority over her. My plain dealing never excited her displeasure. She had often entertained herself in my pre-

sence, with many inquiries of her elder sister, respecting the parties she had been in the night before, inquiring after the dress of this person of fashion, and that, and what such a one said to her. I once, when she was alone, asked her, "Pray, when you leave your sister's vain conversation and company, do you retire to your room for prayer, to ask a blessing of God upon what you have been talking?" She gave me no answer, but blushed exceedingly, and seemed more cautious ever after. Her parents, being great enemies to true godliness, would not allow her to hear any preachers—not even on a Sunday—but carefully turned her attention to public amusements, and would, if possible, take her on that day a little out of town, visiting, so as to stifle every conviction, and employ her mind upon worldly subjects. She often complained of these things, and of the way in which she was watched, to prevent all intercourse with religious people. And, when they came to the house, suspected of being such, they were not suffered to see her alone.

One day she told me she had been very miserable, and, reading the Bible continually in her misery, the Lord was pleased to appear. I cannot remember the passage of Scripture, but He applied it with great power; and, in her own words, "The Lord Jesus made Himself known to me, and gave me such a sense of His mercy, and pardoned all my sins, so that after this, I found myself much more bold in declaring my determination to be religious, and that I had no taste for the pleasures of the world. I want none but such as are friends to Jesus." She then added, "What shall I do with my parents, who are determined to oppose me?" And she then asked me seriously how she ought to act. I felt it required a wiser person than myself to counsel her, but began by saying, "He that loveth father or mother," and she added, "more than me, is not worthy of me." "But must I not comply with many things for the sake of peace, and thus show my obedience?" I replied, "Take heed that your obedience be not mixed with a carnal and secret attachment to pleasures and vanity; meet them not half-way, but make full proof before God, and in your own conscience, that these compliances are your sorrowful meat, or you will surely find your profession will soon dwindle into nothing." She said, "May I not go into company to please them, and yet not join in the spirit of the company?" I replied, "May you not put your fingers into the fire, and expect them not to be burned?" Thus, conscience and the world had great struggles, and, though her friends hated her religion, yet she did not fully manifest as yet her abhorrence of vain conversation and company. I said, "I shall inquire after you with much godly jealousy and fear. I hope you will make it manifest that you pray in secret, by an open reward—that is, by the Lord's appearing for you to help you through all your difficulties." When I told her of my daughter being in soul-trouble, this greatly excited her, and she sent many messages to her, entreating her to consider well the sweet promises set forth in the 31st of Jeremiah; that she had often found *that* chapter a great support to her in the time of trouble, and "Tell her of the love of Jesus, coming to sorrowful, repenting sinners;" and she added, "I hope I shall hear of her being made happy soon." She never omitted to inquire how she went on.

After this beginning, it was with grief and fear that I heard of her having been introduced at the county ball. I knew not where these things would end. I feared lest the Lord might manifest His displeasure some way or other. However, in a little time, I found that she was ex-

tremely unhappy, and that she grieved so much for this, which her parents obliged her to, that she entreated them very earnestly, that they would not press her to appear in public, or to go out to parties, and extorted a half-promise that in this matter she should be indulged. She made many sorrowful complaints to some religious friends, to whom she expressed her great distress, and many fears about going into company. For, knowing the wish of her friends, she saw very little hopes of fully prevailing upon them. They counselled her wisely, and told her that there was very little hope of turning the minds of her parents on the subject, but that she must pray to God night and day, and see and watch if He could not make a way for escape, quite in a way as yet unknown. "For He is mighty in working, doing wonders."

But, after this, all things went on as usual; she was taken to the opera, and other places of amusement; but I was told by a lady of rank, who sat near her at one of these places, that she looked the picture of despair. Yet sometimes she seemed amused, and thus had many terrible conflicts. One day she was taken ill, but, not being quite confined to her room, she was taken to a place of public amusement the following night. The next morning she was seized suddenly with a fatal disease, which, in a few hours, deprived her both of her senses and sight. In this state she continued without any lucid interval for a few days, and died; and thus escaped coming out into society, never having an opportunity of saying anything, nor leaving any comfortable testimony of a happy end. Yet, after her death, was found a paper, written on her return from the place of amusement, when the illness had already commenced, in which she expressed her utter abhorrence of all such proceedings, and the great unhappiness which arose from her situation and the opposition of her friends, blaming no one personally, but earnestly begging for mercy and pardon, and expressing much feeling of her sinful condition, and how exceedingly polluted she felt herself with sin, and how miserable she was on account of it.

This is all that can be made out for this poor young lady. If there seems a foundation for hope, yet there are in her history things that are very fearful, which ought to serve as a caution to all trifling, light professors that will nibble at sin, and see how near they can come to the thick bosses of God's buckler. To such it must be said, "Beware lest He take thee away at a stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." "To-day, if you will not harden your hearts," is the time to seek the Lord, lest He should come, and give no space for repentance.

Additional Letter from E. G. M., written in Pencil a few Days before her Death.

RESPECTED AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I have been made to feel truly ashamed and humbled at having given way to my feelings of weakness this morning, instead of begging for strength to have answered you, when you required the state of my mind. I cannot but acknowledge to you my offence, and hope you will forgive me for my want of respect.

Shortly after you left me, I was overtaken with deep convictions for having secretly indulged some evil which appeared at once to make me a hypocrite. I cannot describe the anguish and misery I endured for some little time. I felt nothing would satisfy me but an application of the blood of Christ; for this I was led most earnestly to beg, and the Lord was graciously pleased to hear the groanings of His good Spirit in me—first, by melting my heart with a hope of mercy, and then powerfully assuring me that *though my sins were as*

scarlet, yet, washed in His blood, they were as white as snow. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" I felt much what you said this morning about the *chief of sinners*. I found the 25th of Isaiah very comforting to my soul. Accept my grateful thanks for all your great kindness to me.

I remain, respected friend, yours very sincerely.

E. G. M.

[The foregoing reminiscence is from the pen of that eminent servant of God, Mr. James Bourne, who, through his profession as an artist, was brought into contact with people of rank. It is one of four brief memoirs—now out of print—from which much instruction may be gained, if the Lord add His blessing. The dubious conduct of the young lady is but a sample of many in our own day, who, from fear of the cross, stifle their convictions.

There is something to hope from the Lord's dealings with her soul; and, on the ground of salvation by grace *alone*, there is footing for the chief of sinners without a rag of creature righteousness. But the Lord will be glorified in and by His saints here below, and, sooner or later, *Ye are my witnesses*, must be burnt into the breast of every living child of God.]

THE FIFTH CLIFTON CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

23, Berkeley Square, Bristol.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me."—ISA. lxi. 1.

"In demonstration of the Spirit and of power."—1 COR. ii. 4.

"I knew a man in Christ."—2 COR. xii. 2.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him."—COL. iii. 6.

BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN CHRIST JESUS,—As the year advances we are reminded that the season for our annual Clifton Conference of believers in our common Lord draws nigh.

Hitherto we have assembled in November; but the question has been frequently asked, Why defer our meeting to so late a period of the year, which is inconvenient to many, and sometimes uncomfortable to all? With the concurrence of several dear Christian friends, I have decided on trying whether a month earlier would not prove more convenient.

We shall then, with the Lord's gracious permission, meet this year early in October, which I trust will not incommode any of those for whose presence with us we look with satisfaction, and from whose co-operation we expect profit and pleasure.

I rejoice to know that our Conference has hitherto proved a blessing to many. The very attempt to exalt our Divine Head above all other objects of interest, even those that appear to each section of the Christian Church respectively of distinctive importance, seems to secure the favour of Him who has prayed for the oneness of His members in Him, and who has laid on them, in full view of their earthly diversities, His commandment that they should love one another.

Departure from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus, which is the religious feature of the day in which we live, warns us that clouds of error, and apostacy from the truth, are again gathering in the Christian firmament, and that the design of the great adversary is once more to obscure the brightness of the Sun of righteousness, and to restore the night of superstition and formalism.

It behoves the children of the day to be on the alert, and to make

common cause in the assertion of their blood-bought privileges, as the "called, and chosen, and faithful," who follow the Lamb as their only Guide, and who feel that they are complete in Him. This He expects at their hands in these days when every effort is made to take His crown, and to array man with the ensigns of His dignity and His sovereign power.

In the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, and under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, we will assemble at our Fifth Clifton Conference, determined, with God's grace, to strive together in prayer, and in mutual edification and encouragement, for the faith once delivered to the saints—the faith of God's elect in all ages, which has the Father for its Author, the Son for its Object, and the Holy Spirit for its operating Power in the soul. We will search the Scriptures, so as to be ready to test every new phase of religious opinion by their unerring authority, and by God's grace to hold fast that which is good.

Believers in Bristol and Clifton are again ready to welcome, with true Christian affection and courtesy, their brethren and sisters in other localities. They have found intercourse with them sweet in past years, and they long for a similar season of refreshment now. They say, "Come, and let us take sweet counsel together; let us have another foretaste of the joy awaiting our gathering together in the presence of the Lamb, at His coming and His kingdom." May our gracious Head convince many of His sanctified ones at such unions that it is good for them to accept the invitation, and to look for His promised presence and blessing under such circumstances.

We assure our dear absent brethren and sisters that we shall be much in prayer for the success of our coming Conference; and we affectionately invite them to unite with us in our petitions. A prayer-hearing God will be the Source of our joy when we meet, and the Author of the blessing which in separating we shall carry away. May He have all the glory of whatever good we receive!

We propose that our Fifth Clifton Conference shall (D.V.) be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th and 9th of October, 1867.

The subjects selected for consideration are:—

The work of God in the Holy Ghost.—1 Thess. i. 5.

The children of God in Christ Jesus.—Rom. viii. 1.

Hospitality will, as heretofore, be provided for those brethren who will kindly signify to me, on or before Saturday, September 28th, their intention to be present at the Conference, and their need of accommodation during their stay.

I am, my dear friends,

Yours affectionately in the hope of the Gospel,

SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER,

Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol.

The Conference will, as usual, assemble (D.V.) in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, each day at eleven o'clock a.m. and at seven p.m. Dinner (for which tickets, at 2s. each, will be issued during the Conference) will be provided within the building at half-past one o'clock, and tea at five. The intervals between the meetings will, as heretofore, be devoted to prayer meetings, Bible readings, addresses, free conversations, &c.

Our local friends are reminded that meetings for prayer will be held at the Victoria Rooms on the three Friday evenings, September 20th and 27th and October 4th, preceding the Conference, and also on Monday evening, October 7th, to ask the Lord's blessing on our proceedings.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

The Parliamentary Session of 1866-7 is now ended, to the intense satisfaction, we should imagine, of all those who have taken an active part in it. It will probably be marked in history as one of the most important sessions of modern times, but whether as being injurious or beneficial to our country's future alone can determine. Great changes have been effected, and effected in a very extraordinary way—not slowly and solemnly, step by step, as becomes the legislature of a great nation, but speedily, with gigantic strides, and apparently more under the prevailing notion that because the measures proposed were much wished for, they must of necessity be adopted, than from a conviction produced by a careful examination into the subject, that such measures were absolutely needed. How anxiously will the first working of these measures be watched! How great is the responsibility of those who have effected them! We are astonished at the carelessness (apparently) with which some have assumed that responsibility: we should have imagined that the great prosperity with which now for many years our country has been favoured, and the comparative happiness which its people have enjoyed, would have caused our legislators to hesitate long before they ventured to introduce such changes as would imperil that prosperity and happiness. But no, it is as if nations even in this enlightened age are like private individuals; they do not know when they have enough—they are never satisfied—they must continually aim at something more. May the King of kings order all aright the promotion of His glory, and, if it be His will, for the permanent advantage of our land. Never perhaps have we had more reason to offer up fervently the prayer, "We humbly beseech Thee, as for this Kingdom in general, specially for the High Court of Parliament, that Thou wouldest be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations, to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and dominions."

Considerable attention has lately been directed, and not without reason, to the condition of our poor countrymen who are still detained as prisoners of the professedly Christian king of Abyssinia. Their condition is stated to be pitiable in the extreme, and most critically dangerous; they are entirely at the mercy of this savage prince, and at any moment he may put them to a violent death. He gets occasionally into most violent passions with his own subjects, and without the slightest good reason puts numbers of them to death; our poor unfortunate countrymen have been for several months living in constant expectation that in one of his passions he will serve them in the same manner. It is most touching to hear of the way in which they are enduring this terrible trial. One writes, "'Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God,' is the promise to which I cling, and the refuge to which in our present trouble, perplexity, and danger I resort." Another says, "Concerning myself, I am well; but what has become of my poor wife and child I am entirely ignorant of. I have resigned them into the hands of Him who can cause the turbulent waves to be quiet, so that there is a great calm. It seems hard in the eyes of man, but nothing is impossible with God. His almighty word assures us—'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people;' therefore I will not cease to lift my eyes on high, trusting that our redemption draweth nigh." Our government have taken a very difficult part to play in the matter, but we cannot think that they have acted wisely. Month after month has been allowed to slip away with nothing being done to rescue the poor captives, except fruitless deliberations at the expense of sending out a party of rescuers, and as to the chances of success being made more angry by the approach of an avenging force; together with fruitless negotiations and letters. One would have imagined that

our past history would have taught us that the only way to deal effectually with such a monarch as this is to intimidate him; to threaten him strongly first, and then boldly, although mercifully, to use force. It is not merely the lives of a few individuals that are concerned in a question like this, but our national honour, the moral prestige of England, and probably connected therewith, the lives of many other thousands of our subjects and the safety of their possessions abroad. Let once uncivilized nations get the idea that we are to be trifled with, and the security of many of our foreign possessions is gone. We earnestly hope that ere long some succour will be sent to these much-tried people; probably by the time that this number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE is in the hands of our readers, we may hear of their release. The king of Abyssinia is, we are informed, deserted by half his soldiers, and the chief part of his country appears to be in a state of open revolt; so that it is not likely that he will much longer be able to retain his captives.

How many mercies are we made as a nation the recipient of! Especially have we cause for gratitude in the fine weather which has been granted to us for gathering in the harvest. Many fears were expressed as to this year's crops, but they have, through Divine mercy, turned out in a great measure to be groundless; and, if we have not a very abundant harvest, we have at least not a poor one. And further, we ought to be thankful that we are at present free from that awful scourge, the cholera, which appears to be so terribly visiting the Continent. We might have almost expected, from our experience of former years, that we should have had it still lingering amongst us, but, through mercy, we have hitherto been spared the infliction. The accounts of its ravages in Italy are terrible; in one locality where the population does not exceed five thousand souls, we hear of the deaths being from fifty to sixty daily. Of one city, that of Catania, it is said that it presents a "miserable spectacle—disease, suffering, misery, and terror, are seen under every possible form. Very few shops—not more, it is said, than ten in a hundred—are open. All who had the means of escaping have already abandoned the city; prowling dogs and sickly mendicants have the place almost entirely to themselves. The condition of the city is so sad, that the whole active work of life is performed by the soldiers, who too frequently fall victims to their arduous and over-strained labours. They nurse the sick and bury the dead, and, in return for their services, are frequently repulsed by the suspicious inhabitants, who often refuse food and medicine from their hands, revile them with their dying breath, and perish fully believing that they have been poisoned. The agitation is indescribable throughout the country."

The annual religious meetings held in the Scottish Highlands, seem to have been particularly interesting and successful this year. The meetings are held in a most lovely spot, on the slope of a mountain near Arndilly, and they were attended this time by about two thousand persons. Ministers of various denominations and pious laymen conducted the devotional services, and most impressive and touching addresses were delivered. May an abundant blessing result!

SACRED MAXIMS.

THE world knows no more of God by its wisdom than by its folly.

A Christian honours God by relying implicitly on His promises.

Mere sentiment is not food for a spiritual mind.

The life of the ransomed of the Lord is to the world an unintelligible mystery.

When the Spirit of life quickens dead sinners, He bears both them and their burdens.

God calls the wise, not because of their wisdom, but because of His own abounding free and sovereign grace.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE FATHER'S REVELATION AND FAITH'S RECOGNITION.

"*Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona : for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.*"—MATT. xvi. 17.

"BLESSED!" what a word, beloved reader, to fall from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, and addressed, too, to one, in himself considered, as poor and as weak and as sinful as you and ourselves! What encouragement for any poor sensible sinner is this!

"Blessed!" again we say, what a word! What does it contain? or rather what does it not contain that is not sweet, safe, satisfactory to the last degree? Sin has entailed upon us the very opposite of blessing. By it our blessings have been reversed. The whole creation, both animate and inanimate, groans under the curse. Oh, how often one looks around, and cries, "Sin! sin! what hast thou done? Satan, how hast thou to a certain extent triumphed! What misery, and wretchedness, and destruction, has sin brought into this once beautiful and sinless world! Lovely as creation is, yet how painful is the consideration that there is not a spot upon which the eye may fall that is not dyed—yea, steeped—in sin! Not country nor clime, house nor heart, into which sin hath not entered, and with it brought guilt, anguish, dismay! No period—be it day or night—summer or winter, spring or autumn—that is not familiarized with sorrow; and why? Because of sin! No character, no condition, no circumstances, claim exemption from pain and anxiety and discomfort. Why? Because there is no exemption from sin! All inherit sin, and, as a consequence, all our pleasures and pursuits are marred by it.

"Sin brought death, and all our woe."

Oh, then, how grateful, under otherwise such sad, gloomy, distress-

ing circumstances, is the mere mention of "blessing!" It is a ray of light midst the density of the darkness; a little break in the dark, deep, portentous cloud; a ray—a tiny streak—of light in yonder horizon, whence the blackness and the terror to the horror-stricken mariner.

"Blessed *art*;" not "shall be," but "art." Now—at the present—under existing circumstances. No change needed—no alteration essential—in order to make blessed, but a verity now—a reality now—a glorious incontrovertible fact now! Beloved, if the Lord permit and enable, we shall see presently the blessedness of this blessing upon these very principles. The contemplation of the time, the person, the circumstances, all go immensely to enhance and extend this blessedness of blessing.

"Blessed art *thou*!" How special, how particular, how individualizing—at the same time, beloved, how sovereign! Ah, we love sovereignty, however uncongenial to the proud pharisaic heart. "Thou!" so direct. "Thou!" so personal. "Thou!" so severing. "What *me*, Lord?" "Yes, thee!" Reader, have you never been astounded at the "thou?" lost in adoring wonder, love, and praise, at the plain, positive, personal application of the "thou?" "Yea, I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love, and, therefore [oh, that blessed "therefore"] with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Ah, beloved, and *what drawing*! Turn to the 2nd of Hosea: "Therefore, behold, I will *allure* her—[here is the drawing]—and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her" [margin, "to her heart"]. "And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt. And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi; and shalt call me no more Baali." Tears rush to the eye whilst writing, at the thought, Should He graciously thus "allure" *ours*, as He saw fit to "allure" *ourselves*—if *they* have but been drawn into the wilderness—to encounter wilderness scenes, wilderness privations, wilderness dangers, for the express purpose of His there and then "speaking comfortably" to them, oh how blessed!

"Blessed art thou!" Reader, observe it is "the blessing of the Lord"—and this alone—it "maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

But mark next, beloved, how definite the words—"Blessed art thou, *Simon Bar-jona*," Simon, son of Jonah, or Simon, son of Jonas.

Now to our mind there is something exceedingly sweet and encouraging in the way Jesus thus spoke to Peter. It bespeaks such special knowledge, such peculiar interest. It clearly implies the Lord's thorough acquaintance and gracious familiarity with His servant. This will, perhaps, appear clearer to the reader if he turns to the 1st of John, where we read that "*One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah,*

which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona : thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone."

"Thou art Simon, the son of Jona." Now here was at once a proof of Jesus's omniscience and His divine condescension ; this, almost as a matter of necessity, aroused Peter's interest. In like manner were the curiosity, and astonishment, and adoration of Nathanael awakened. "Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth ? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. Jesus saw Nathanael coming to Him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile ; Nathanael saith unto Him, Whence knowest thou me ? Jesus answered and said unto him, *Before* that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I *saw thee*. Nathanael answered and said unto Him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God ; thou art the King of Israel." The same speciality of address was manifested by Jesus to Peter, after His death and resurrection, for when Jesus would test the genuineness and sincerity of his love who had thrice denied that he knew Him, three several times He appealed to him with a "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?"

Reader, this brings out to us the blessed fact that our ever-gracious Head and Lord is personally familiar not only with the names, but lovingly interested in the every iota appertaining to each and all the members of His mystical body. There is not a trial or temptation, perplexity or care, the which He does not know, and in the which He is not mercifully and lovingly interested. All is naked and open to Him. He knows us altogether, as well as the precise nature and bearing of our every sorrow and trouble. Oh, this is so consolatory !

But the mercy, beloved, goes beyond this. It far outvies this. Not only does Jesus know all, but He has appointed all. It is not that He has a mere casual or accidental knowledge of all, but He has the definite appointment, direction, and control of all. "Out of Him came forth the corner, out of Him the nail, out of Him the battle bow, out of Him every oppressor together." So spake the prophet Zechariah ; and equally emphatic are the words of the Psalmist, "For Thou, O God, hast proved us : Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net ; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads" (Psalm lxvi. 10—12).

Reader, how blessed is this consideration, and how equally blessed the remembrance that "the government is upon *His* shoulder !" In proportion, beloved, as we can entertain and encourage this thought, shall we be lifted up above the idea of *second causes*. We shall in this sense of the mercy—and a very important sense it is—"cease from man," and trace all up to the sovereign will and pleasure of our God. Oh, that we could be brought permanently to this blessed resting-place ! Then comes out another mercy, as a blessed fruit and conse-

quence, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good." Ah, beloved, when brought down to this docile, childlike spirit, the particular trial or temptation specially appointed for that end and object, depend on it, has nearly done its work. "He brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help." "For the Lord shall judge His people, and repent Himself for His servants, when He seeth that their power is gone, and there is none shut up, or left." To this blessed place poor tried Job was brought when he exclaimed, "Will He plead against me with His great power? No; but He would put strength in me." "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him. *But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.*"

Wherein have we, beloved, a more striking example of the truth we are now endeavouring to set before you—of the Lord's gracious eye being upon, and His tender mercies over, His dear people—than in Peter himself? "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and, when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

The Lord adds, with respect to this saving and God-glorifying knowledge of Himself, "For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

Observe, first, that this revelation is the more manifestly of Jehovah, when we consider the time and the circumstances in and under which the Lord thus spake to His disciples. Had the glorious manifestation spoken of in the next chapter, when Peter and James and John were privileged to be upon the mount, and to behold the transfiguration, occurred *before* rather than *after* this interrogation of the Lord, we should have been less surprised at Peter's answer. But, when we contemplate the fact that it was *prior* to that marvellous display of Divine power, and that so marked and manifest recognition of the Deity of Christ, on the part of the Father, the faith of Peter is the more striking. Christ was so "hidden" as to His divine person and authority; He was, as far as manifestation was concerned, as the "root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness that He should be desired." "Is not this the carpenter's son?" was so entirely the natural conclusion of the merely natural mind, that the recognition of the Divine Personality—of His being the very Christ of God—the Anointed of the Father, was the more strikingly evidential of a Divine revelation.

Reader, we are so in the habit of connecting with the very mention of the name of Christ His essential Deity and gracious and glorious acts, that we are too apt to overlook the sovereignty and the distinctly Divine character of the revelation of Him, and the corresponding faith's recognition. We shall be the more impressed with this

idea, if we consider the state of the Jews at this moment. Were you to converse with a Jew, or with a natural or carnal man, at present at enmity with the person, and having no interest in or care about the work, of Jesus, this truth of the revelation of the Father and recognition of Jesus would be the more marked. And surely here the dear children of God are much at fault. Oh, how prone are they to overlook the distinguishing nature—the boundless grace—of the mercy of a knowledge of Christ as the eternally-chosen and everlastingly-appointed of the Father to and for the grand covenant scheme of redemption! Oh, what a mercy to be at a point about this! Oh, what a mercy to be delivered from all doubts and all scruples as to the essential divinity, distinct personality, absolute co-equality, and glorious redemption love and power of our most glorious Christ! What a mercy this! What a blessing this! What a divinely-bestowed gift this! “And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” “O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee: but I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent Me.”

Reader, we can never sufficiently thank God to all eternity for such a knowledge as this. And do observe the Author of it: “Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.”

Secondly, observe how precisely in keeping with the after-declaration of Paul was this testimony of Jesus concerning Peter. In his epistle to the Galatians, he says: “I certify to you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. For ye have heard of my conversation in time past in the Jews’ religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God, and wasted it: and profited in the Jews’ religion above many my equals in mine own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers. But *when it pleased God*, who separated me from my mother’s womb, and called me by His grace, to *reveal His Son in me*, that I might preach Him among the heathen: immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.”

Ah, here was the revelation—special, personal, divine. There is no misapprehension of this—no losing of this—no being argued out of this. “He that believeth hath the witness in himself.”

How blessedly does the apostle John dwell upon this precious revelation by the Father, and recognition by His redeemed blood-bought children! “Ye have,” says he, “an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth. Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son. Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father: [but] he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also. Let that therefore abide in you, which ye have heard from the beginning. If that

which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son, and in the Father. And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life. These things have I written unto you concerning them that seduce you. But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him. And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John ii. 20—28).

Oh, how blessed is this personal knowledge—this divine apprehension, as the sweet fruit and effect of the Father's revelation through the person and by the ministry of the Holy Ghost!

Reader, do you know anything of it? Have you been brought to this blessed standing? Can you say, "I know, because it has been shown me? I have felt His power. I have realized His love—His teaching—His sweet and blessed bedewing?"

We were particularly interested in a case that came under our own personal observation very recently, which may serve to illustrate this precious truth of personal knowledge.

The case of the African missionary who died here may be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. The same dear friend who introduced us to the widow of that dear servant of Christ, very lately introduced us also to another woman of colour from the same place—Cape Palmas, in Africa. She was personally acquainted with the deceased missionary and his wife; and, with her black servant, came to England with the same captain as did Mr. and Mrs. Miles, of whom we speak. "And had you no fear of crossing the sea?" said we. "No," was her reply. "I knew there was the same One to care for me there as elsewhere. I had had great thought about it before I left;" but she intimated that when she saw her way as to the propriety of coming, the weight was taken away. On their way they encountered very rough weather. "Had you no fear in the storm?" we asked. "No," was her answer. There was a decision of character which we could but admire. But we wanted to come to closer matters, and therefore ventured to ask if she had had any *personal* knowledge of Him of whom she spoke, and upon whose guardianship she had thus relied. Then came out such a testimony as warmed one's heart, and led one to see and rejoice in the fact, that neither colour nor clime made any difference with our God; that Africa, with all its benightedness and desolation, was no barrier to Him: that He could teach there—bless there—save there, as well as here, and that, too, without human instrumentality. But oh, it was so good to hear the dear woman, with her broken English and in her own emphatic way, speak of the divine certainty of the knowledge—her holy confidence and personal joy and rejoicing. "I *knew* it, because I *felt* it," said she, placing her hand on her heart, and then, suiting the action to the word, "I did not want any one to tell me.

My burden was gone. My sins were all removed. I had had no peace day and night for three weeks, but now the weight was all gone." Ah, yes, the poor black woman had received the anointing. "I heard you preach twice," said she. "I knew the truths of which you spoke. I had felt it." Yes, she understood and could rejoice in the fact, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

St. Luke's, Bedminster, Sept. 7, 1867.

THE EDITOR.

FRIEND, COME UP HIGHER.

'Twas early morn, the busy sound of wonted toil had scarce begun. A seraph was despatched from the Eternal Throne with sweetest message to the waiting soul—"Friend, come up higher." The weary pilgrim echoed, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus;" and in meek submission knew the earthly tabernacle must dissolve. The happy spirit, borne on angel's wings, entered the audience chamber, clothed in the snow-white robe of Christ's imputed righteousness, received the crown prepared ere time began, the blood-bought purchase kept by covenant love, and with adoring gratitude laid it at her Redeemer's feet.

In one sad heart the ties of hallowed love were wrenched from earth. Lord, 'tis Thy pruning time; the branch hath need of it, that it may bring forth fruit *through* Thee. By strength omnipotent, "lead Thou her on," till in Thine own appointment her waiting soul hears Thy sweet message, "Friend, come up higher."

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

You complain of dulness—a common disease, and incident to such as can most contemn vanities; for the worldling hunts after nothing but mirth, and if he can pass the time, and chase away *melancholy*, he thinks his day spent happily; whereas, the mortified soul hath learned to scorn these frivolous and sinful joys, and affects either *solid* delights or none, and would rather be dull for want of mirth than transported with sinful pleasure. Yet, in truth, we sin if we rejoice not: there is not more error in false mirth than in unjust heaviness. Shall we envy to see one joy in red or white dross, another in a vain title; one in a dainty dish, another in a jest; one in a book, another in a friend—while we enjoy the God of heaven, and are sorrowful? What dull metal is this we are made of? We have the fountain of joy, and complain of heaviness. Is there any joy without God? Certainly, if joy be good, and all goodness be from Him, whence should joy arise but from Him? And if He be the author of joy, how are we Christians and rejoice not? What! do we freeze in the fire, and starve at a feast? Have we a good conscience, and yet hang down the head? When God hath made us happy, do we make ourselves miserable? When I ask myself, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" I am both ashamed and angry at the answer. Have I not a Father, an Advocate, a Comforter, a mansion in heaven? If both earth and hell conspire to afflict me, my sorrow cannot countervail the causes of my joy. Now I can challenge all adversaries, defy all miseries, and bid death

itself welcome. Yet God doth not abridge us of earthly solaces. If He had not thought them blessings, He had not bestowed them; and how are they blessings, if they delight us not? But let these go; so God alone is present with us, it is enough. Why do we not enjoy Him, and leave all heaviness to those that want God, to those that know Him not, or know Him *displeased*.—*Bishop Joseph Hall*, 1650.

SACRED MAXIMS.

OLD age rather makes graceless sinners more incorrigible than tends to their recovery.

Die daily unto the world that ye may live unto God.

Self-knowledge lies at the very threshold of all divine knowledge.

Everything short of confession of sin before God is contending with Him.

There is no religion without morality, though there may be much morality without any religion.

It is our mercy if God's enemies are our enemies.

Human nature is stone-blind in matters of religion.

Your temptations are as much a proof of God's love as your comforts.

It is far worse for a man to set up idols in his heart than idols in his house.

While sinners remain conformed to this world they bear the tokens of God's wrath upon them.

The religion which the Holy Ghost teacheth is the only religion that enables a sinner to give all the glory to God.

A sanctified recollection of temptation or comforts is a great blessing to God's people.

Jesus has sanctified poverty to the poor of His flock—"He had not where to lay His head."

Faith is a simple act of the mind whereby we, as it were, lay hold on the promises of God; it differs from a simple belief only, inasmuch as it relates entirely to spiritual things as the gift of God.

No preaching is truly profitable but that which is applicable to the hearts of the hearers.

When believers are united to Jesus and to each other, this is a threefold cord that cannot be easily broken.

Until men are displeased with their own wisdom, they will never seek the wisdom that cometh from above.

It is the peculiar privilege of the children of God that they can view all events, whether adverse or prosperous, as working together for their good.

It is better to lose this world's goods by speaking the truth, than to gain them by speaking against it.

Longing after heavenly things prevents lingering after earthly things. Heavenly longing prevents earthly lingering.

The absence of godly sorrow is a bad sign—a sign of spiritual death; those who are alive to God feel continual need to deplore their deadness, their leanness.

The chief and primary effect of heavenly wisdom is deep humility of heart before God; but worldly wisdom, in general, tends to make man proud.

There is no form of false religion under heaven in which men do not exalt themselves, that is to say, set up their own righteousness in opposition to the righteousness of Christ.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE ETERNAL HAPPINESS OF THE REDEEMED.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—REV. vii. 16, 17.

THE Revelation of Jesus Christ to His servant John, is a revelation of the sufferings of God's elect through Papal and Pagan Rome—of Jehovah's care over them—and of the heaven of bliss in store for them: it gives them a peep within the veil, which may well bid them press on towards that eternal gain which will far outweigh all the trials by the way. A happy home is before them, and it is as secure to them as if they were there, for, said our dear Redeemer, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me;" upon which ground, says dear Toplady, we may conclude that all for whom Christ died shall possess that crown of glory that fadeth not away, it being impossible that the intercession of the Lord Jesus should ever fail in a single instance, or be exercised in vain. Here then, beloved, is a sweet subject for our meditation; "The eternal happiness of the redeemed." Dearest Lord, bid me write for the comfort of Thine elect! Gracious Spirit, unfold this precious passage that they may have a foretaste of that eternal happiness which is in store for them! Listen, oh, our Father, to the burden of this our cry! for our dear Redeemer's sake, that the glory may be His and the gain theirs.

You see, beloved, we feel our need of still saturating our pen with prayer, and letting God the Spirit open both subject and soul. And now, in spreading this sublime passage before us, does it not show us—

1. That God has a people—"They"—and we shall endeavour to draw from this revelation who they are.

2. It refers to their pilgrimage state, a time when they shall hunger and thirst and become weary by the way.

3. It tells them of the eternal blessedness of the redeemed who shall be fed and led by the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

4. The prospect of this tearless eternity may well bid them press on with an increase of faith, and joyously look forward to the time

"When they will reach that happy place,
Where saints and angels dwell;
Then joy will beam in every face,
And love each note shall swell."

So that this precious text brings before us—The people—Their pilgrimage—Their portion and their prospect.

I. THE PEOPLE—"THEY."

Some make out God to be a disappointed God, and the Gospel a failure; and such would be the case if their preaching and teaching were true, for they say, God intended all the world should be saved, and the Gospel reach every creature. He is disappointed, and the Gospel has not effected its purpose if this were so. But the Bible tells us that God has an elect people, whom

He will gather out from the midst of the ungodly, preserve and bring home to himself: not a hoof shall be left behind, not a sheep be lost in the wilderness, not a wanderer left to perish, not a grain of the precious wheat shall fall to the ground; all that the Father hath given to Christ shall come to Him, and all that come to him according to the election of grace, shall live with Him, for He has declared, where He is, there shall ye be also. Thus verily, He will never be a disappointed God. And now, who are the "*they*" to whom this promise is given? We need go no further than this revelation, to see their characters written as if by a sunbeam. In the 14th chapter, 4, 5 ver., read—

These are they—

- I. That are not defiled.
- II. Which follow the Lamb.
- III. Which are redeemed from among men.
- IV. Which are the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb.
- V. In the mouth was found no guile.
- VI. They are without fault before the throne of God.

Let us look, beloved, at these characteristics of God's elect.

1. *They are not defiled.*—Ah, then methinks many will say, I cannot be one—for God knows I am defiled—a poor sin-stained, hell-deserving creature. Stay, dear reader, before thou utterest any more bitter things against thyself. If thou lookest only to thine own sins and corruptions, thou art black indeed; but the precious word of God lets us into the secret of being "*black yet comely*"—black by nature, comely by grace—full of spots and blemishes and infirmities in self, fair and spotless and beautiful in Christ—a paradox to the world, a precious fact to the believer.

2. *They follow the Lamb*, whithersoever He goeth. What is it to follow the Lamb? In the wilderness it is—

1st. Walking in His ways, earnestly desiring to drink into His will, and the burden of their cry becoming constantly, "*Oh, to be more like Christ!*"

2nd. Walking in His commandments; and He has given them three special ones. They are—

(1.) "*A new commandment give I unto you, That ye love one another.*"

(2.) "*Go ye into all the world, and teach all nations.*"

(3.) "*Do this in remembrance of me.*" And the saints of God will desire thus to do. They will desire to love those that love the Lord Jesus Christ. They will desire to spread His name and fame, and it will be their joy to partake of that ordinance that remembers their dear Lord in His doing and dying; and then

3. *They are redeemed from among men.*—Bought with a price, and that price the precious blood of Jesus. "*Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us*" (Heb. ix. 12).

How sweet to be resting in atoning blood, and, with some measure of assurance, to be able to say—

"Yes, in His blood my sins were drowned,
And with my Lord I shall be crowned,
To sing through everlasting day,
My Jesus took my sins away."

4. *They are the first-fruits unto God.*—That is, of course, those whom John saw in vision surrounding the throne.

The first-fruits under the law represented and sanctified the whole, and showed that harvest was coming; so those whom John saw were called the

first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb, because they were the first gathered home from the harvest of elect and ripened souls, which should most certainly follow in the Lord's own appointed time, when He shall say to the angel reapers, "Gather ye the wheat into my barn."

5. *In their mouth was found no guile.*—This could only be said of them standing in Christ, and having passed into the New Jerusalem. 'Tis true, our dear Redeemer, when on earth, saw Nathanael coming to Him, and said unto Him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Not that he was without sin, but He meant that there was no guile in him as an Israelite; for all were not Israel who were of Israel, although, in the point of his character, he was one of marked integrity.

6. They are without fault before God, not as considered in themselves; for, verily, they were by nature faulty indeed; but it means that they stood in Christ, washed in His precious blood, and so cleansed from all sin, appearing "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Here, then, we have some of the characteristics of those whom John saw before the throne. Are they not, beloved, very blessed? But let us now look back a little to

II. THEIR PILGRIMAGE.

A state of hungering, thirsting, and weariness.

Hunger.—Not merely experiencing constantly hunger of body, but hunger of soul. Regeneration has created a spiritual hunger, that can no longer be satisfied with the carnal and dead things of time, but longs to feed upon Christ by faith, and to feel that He is meat indeed and drink indeed.

Thirst.—Thirsting for sips of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

Weariness.—Often now realized. Weariness through the pressing cares and drudgery of life's toil; or weariness from increasing weakness of body, unknown in that land of rest towards which we are speeding. And then we must not pass over that memorable expression, they have "*come out of great tribulation.*" *Great* tribulation, not *little*. No, there is a needs-be for it to be *great*. It was in the arbour of repose that poor Christian lost his roll. The trials must be poignant to keep us stirring. All will find the pathway one of great tribulation; but will acknowledge that there was a needs-be for it. But, mark, they have *come out of it*; they did not stay in it. Afflictions are clouds passing, waves wafting, fire purifying; and time speeding them on to eternity. The clouds may be dense and heavy, still they are passing; and,

"Dark though they seem, 'tis hard to find
A frown of anger there."

The waves may be very boisterous, and cause the vessel often to be cast on her beam ends; still they are wafting. The furnace may be very hot, but not a hair of their heads shall be singed; for a Fourth shall be there, like unto the Son of Man. Time may bring much care and opposition, still it is speeding them onwards to their eternal home. The roughness of the way keeps them holding the staff. The rugged steps keep them strong on the feet. The ravenous lions make them keep a sharp look out; but neither the roughness of the way, nor the rugged steps, nor the ravenous lions, hinder them from entering the gates and passing the Porter's Lodge, and so into the Beautiful House. Since, then, all is conducting to my eternal good,

“Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain, He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.”

III. THEIR PORTION.

“The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

The Lamb in the midst.—Beloved, did it ever occur to you that wherever Jesus was, He was *in the midst*? In the eternal counsel chamber of the Trinity before the world was, it was *Jesus in the midst*. In the creation of the world, when God said, “Let us make man,” it was *Jesus in the midst*. In all the Old Testament types, and shadows, and prophecies, it was *Jesus in the midst*. In that lowly stable at Bethany, it was Jesus in the midst. In the temple surrounded by the doctors, it was Jesus in the midst. In the gatherings of His enemies and friends, it was Jesus in the midst. In the Roman rabble, when they cried, “Crucify Him, crucify Him,” it was Jesus in the midst. In His crucifixion between two thieves, it was Jesus in the midst. In the tomb, with angels at His head and feet, it was Jesus in the midst. After His resurrection, when the disciples were gathered together, and He appeared to them, it was Jesus in the midst. Now in His Church, wherever His believing people are, though they see Him not, yet He is Jesus in the midst. And yonder, it is Jesus in the midst; “for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

Shall feed them.—No longer by ministers who so often fail to give them wholesome food; no longer by ordinances, nor even by the word: but feed them Himself, with Himself—personally, precious, eternally.

Shall lead them, or rule them; for Jesus will be their King of kings and Lord of lords. His kingdom is a spiritual kingdom.

Shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—They often have tears here. Tears on account of past sins. Tears on account of the hidings of God's countenance. Tears on account of falls by the way. Tears on account of their ingratitude and departures of heart. Tears on account of earthly separations, and tears on account of bitter bereavements. Well, God will wipe them ALL away, and the glorified countenance will ever more bear the unruffled and calm aspect of eternal joy.

IV. THEIR PROSPECT.

“Sweet prospect, how it cheers my heart!
I shall from this vain world depart
To reign in glory with my Lord,
As promised in His holy word.”

No more trials, or tears, or temptations. Oh, how precious are the “no mores” of the Revelation of Jesus! Let us, beloved, trace some of them:—

No more hungering—neither for the bread that perisheth, nor for the spiritual food so often craved for here; for the Lamb shall feed them.

No more thirsting—for we shall ever sit beside the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

No more weariness—neither of body nor spirit, but uninterrupted rest for weary souls.

No more sea—the billows hushed by Him who said, "Peace, be still: and there was a great calm." Perpetual peace after all the storms of life are over.

No more death—for Jordan will have been crossed, and all fears and forebodings buried in its depths; the valley of the shadow of death passed through, and the realization of the substance of John's spiritual vision enjoyed.

No more sorrow—for wilderness-sorrow must end when resurrection-life begins.

No more crying—for God will have wiped all the tears away, and there will be nothing to produce any more.

No more pain—often so acute and agonizing now, through disease and decay of the poor body, but unknown when that body shall rise a glorified body.

No more temple—because the worshippers will have entered into the Holy of holies.

No more sun—because we shall bask in the light of everlasting glory.

No more moon—because there shall be no night there; no darkness of soul, beloved, there.

No more curse—for all are "*blessed* there."

No more sin—for nothing that defileth shall enter there. Oh, blissful prospect!

"Courage, my soul! Behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides—
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here He guides.

"The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow and sin and pain and care
No more approach the blest."

Rest—oh, that precious word! The Lord tells us, in His letter of love to His Church, it will be a rest from sin, a rest from sorrow, a rest from bodily wants, a rest from bodily diseases, a rest from bodily labour.

Oh, how sweet it is to contemplate

THE FINAL ISSUE.

Men of the world watch for the final issue of any matter in which they are interested, and how often are they disappointed with the results; but the child of God may be at peace concerning the final issue of his wilderness warfare. It will far exceed all his anticipations: he cannot here comprehend what an eternal weight of glory can be; foretastes he may have, but the fulness who can picture?

Earnests of heaven are not unknown upon earth, but after all they are only earnest.

The Lord's people sometimes sit in heavenly places, but they are only places after all. What must heaven itself be? Why have we thus the prospect of heaven before us rather than the pains of hell? It is all through Jesus: He has done all and finished all for us. Oh, to love Him more! Upon our bended knees would we give Him thanks. Oh, let us rise therefrom, beloved, earnestly desiring to live more as heirs of glory; and, as long as we live, may we adore our precious Redeemer, who has

brought us nigh to God and washed us in His own blood. The worthi
above are ever singing of redeeming love.

"Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
'Thou hast washed us with Thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!'"

Ilford.

G. C.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

JOB vii. 16.

"I WOULD not live alway!" but why say I so?
With mercies surrounding my pathway below,
With blessings descending like dew from above,
Demanding my gratitude, praises, and love.

"I would not live alway," though nature to me
Hath many a charm in its floweret and tree;
From its hills with delight I love to behold
The fair setting sun and clouds deck'd with gold.

"I would not live alway," for sin dwelleth here,
Corroding our pleasures and starting the tear;
Its venom hath spread o'er the land and the sea,
And from its pollution no mortal is free.

"I would not live alway," for Satan our foe
Is roaming at large o'er this earth to and fro;
Like a fierce roaring lion he lurks for his prey,
And seeks to entrap us by night and by day.

"I would not live alway," for I have within
A treacherous heart that tempts me to sin,
Which I by the grace of my God must oppose,
Or, vanquish'd, must fall a prey to my foes.

"I would not live alway," for I have above
A Friend that is faithful, whose heart is pure love;
He came to this world, He suffered and died,
To ransom my soul and make me His bride.

"I would not live alway," for He is on high,
Preparing a mansion for me in the sky;
Can I wish then to stay when He bids me to come,
And share all His love in that glorious home?

"I would not live alway"—no! welcome the day
When my soul shall escape from this prison of clay,
When my spirit unfettered shall spring from its clog
To dwell evermore with the smiles of its God.

"I would not live alway," yet give unto me
Submission, my God, till I am set free;
Faith and patience bestow on Thy wavering one,
Till thou bid'st me inhabit my heavenly home.

F. A

EVERY single sin is an infinite evil, being committed against a God infinite purity.

It is a fearful sign of spiritual death when liberty from the thrall of sin is not earnestly sought after.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

THE sparkling address of the Bishop of Oxford, recently delivered in the Isle of Wight, at a conference of Sunday-school teachers, demands the attention of the thoughtful. The magnitude of preparing a youthful generation to carry out in the future all their fathers left unfinished, or originate improvements upon the past, ought to have a momentous influence upon the present in a secular aspect.

But the point the Bishop of Oxford brings before us, is a strictly religious question, and resolves itself into the *cui bono* of Sunday-schools. We quote his own words:—

“It seemed to me,” he said, “that they must divide the children who come to the Sunday-school, into different classes. Those who were taught during the week, should be treated in a different manner from those who come only on Sundays. In great towns perhaps they could not get a poor ragged set of children together on any other day, and such they should really and definitively teach. Those whom they had under their care every day in the week, they should as much as possible avoid teaching on Sunday.”

It is clear that the Bishop considers religious instruction of no value in the matter of education. The week-day learning is sufficient for the children of the better classes, and humanity in rags and tatters may use Sunday to pick up any fragments of learning that fall in their way; and, judging from the whole tenor of the address, the utility of Sunday-schools begins and ends here. But the Bishop goes a step beyond this; he says:—

“Sunday is as much a day of rest for children as for grown-up people, and it was a mistaken idea to take children, whom God had made volatile, who could not be still for a moment, because it was not their nature, who were always dropping off to sleep on the benches they sat upon, because they needed sleep, and would begin to whisper and laugh just as the bee needed to buzz when he flew about; it was a mistake to make children whom God had made in this way, to set them on a hard bench and make horrid faces at them when they began to buzz, or knock them on the head when they began to sleep. In his experience Sunday-school teachers failed very much on the *be good* system. That was the beginning and end of all their teaching, and marvellously unfruitful teaching it would be for men, women, or children. They could not expect the elder children to continue attending a Sunday-school where all the little ones of the parish were being taught. The rook never frequented the same ground with the starling, who was a busy, talkative gentleman, while the rook was a clever sort of fellow, and therefore when the starling came near, the rook looked at him with a peculiar cock of the eye, and flew away; in the same way the 14-years-old pupil flew away from the little volatile things, who sat dozing on the hard benches. As to these younger ones, no one who was at all acquainted with children would expect to get any real knowledge into them. When these Sunday-school children were sent to church, not with their parents, but in a body together, and were placed, as they generally were, a long way off the clergyman lest they should disturb the congregation, how was it possible the little volatile things should not begin whispering and kicking their legs about? How could they be expected to pay any attention to the service, when they had been tired out with two hours' teaching? No doubt a great deal might be done in showing kindness to these little ones, whose parents did not take them to church; at all events they might be kept away from the devil's school, where they played at chuck-farthing, and made dirt pies.”

If, indeed, the Bishop of Oxford sees no more good in Sunday-school teaching than to keep children from chuck-farthing and dirt pies, we are

by no means astonished at his ignoring beneficial results altogether. But "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon," that a successor of the Apostles could make no more out of all the advantages of baptismal regeneration and the teaching of the Church than the negative blessing of redeeming them from "chuck-farthing and dirt pies."

But the Bishop, under the impression, doubtless, that Sunday-schools, though so hurtful to the young, so incapable of affording instruction, yet might linger on, and give a sword thrust to the mystical beast some day, directs a word of counsel to the teachers, which is worthy of serious attention:—

"At the Sunday-school everything should be done to make the children happy. Of course, there should be some colouring of Christianity and religious teaching about it, but particularly the little things should be taught to sing, for which they are always ready. The teachers ought to be a great deal ahead of the scholars if they would teach them anything of the Church system. If the teachers only have a general foggy impression about the Church—and that was frequently the case, especially with persons who were continually talking about 'our beloved Church'—nothing useful would be done."

We have given fair and large extracts to let the Bishop speak for himself. The clever stroke that gives the keynote to choral services is admirable here. As to singing, more is meant than "making the little ones happy." It is momentous, as through it the intelligence of the Church service is lost, and stands upon equal footing with the Latin breviary. But what is the whole drift of this address? Clearly to damage in the eyes of the people Sunday-school teaching and scriptural education. Under the kindly aspect of compassion for the little ones, with the added fact of the well-known inaptitude of the young for learning of all sorts, the Bishop manages to shelve the utility of Sabbath teaching altogether, and thereby ably, though unsuspectedly, plays into the hands of the High Church party, whose aim is to keep the people in ignorance of the Scripture, and substitute for true religion the form only, presented to the senses through the so-dubbed "priesthood." But from this address we may gather two great doctrines of the Gospel—total depravity, and salvation by grace alone. The picture which the Bishop has drawn in such hard lines, only confirms the fact of man's apostacy from God, and that our children do not enter the world like a blank sheet of paper to be written upon by man, but, being ruined in the fall, are gone as far as possible from original righteousness. (See 11th Article of the Church of England.) And as soon as they are born they go astray speaking lies, hate God, love evil, and that even prior to the early date of "chuck-farthing and dirt pies." Where lies the remedy? In the sovereign grace of God, who in the council of His own will says, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy"—picks out His family from the ruins of the fall, chooses them to life eternal, and, whether among adults or children, finds out a blood-bought people—calls them by grace, and keeps them unto the end. The desperate nature of the case, even from infancy, as depicted so strongly by the Bishop of Oxford speaks out with trumpet tongue the mightiness of invincible grace, which can reach and retain a sinner whose beginnings were so hopeless. But let the Bishop's address be weighed in an even balance, the balance of the sanctuary, and what says the word of God on the point of early instruction in religious truth? Christ Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Paul encourages

Timothy to continue in the things which he had learned, and adds, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The apostle exhorts parents to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and the Old Testament tells us, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Now all these weights in the bag differ very greatly from the address before us, which asserts children cannot take in religious knowledge, that their education in the Gospel is to be chiefly singing, and the proportion of Christianity taught is to amount to "colouring" only.

But now let us drop a word by way of "improvement" upon this "death in the pot." Sunday-school teachers, take the alarm. The enemy is at our doors—nay, he has entered our houses; few homes are without witness now, that the plague is begun. If you are in a position by divine grace to cast the good seed of the word into the memory of but one little child, and God by His Spirit brings it into the heart, when you are dead and forgotten that one little child may grow up to testify to the Gospel of the grace of God, and be the instrument of immortal blessings to another generation.

HYMN-WRITERS.

Two interesting and instructive papers have recently appeared in the *City Press*, from the pen of that most laborious and talented contributor, ALEPH, to whom the public are already indebted for two very valuable and variable volumes, which originally appeared, from week to week, in the aforementioned journal. From the papers on Hymn-Writers, we extract the following, which, we doubt not, will be read with peculiar interest.

Richard Baxter, so famous for his *Call to the Unconverted*, went to London in 1660, and was appointed chaplain to Charles II.; afterwards he declined a bishopric. He suffered severely for conscience sake, and his labours were indefatigable. When dying, in 1691, and asked "How he did?" his answer was, "Almost well." The hymn beginning, "Lord, it belongs not to my care," is his, and in a fragment dated 1681, there are several beautiful stanzas often moulded into a hymn. One verse runs thus:—

"Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise."

Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and previously chaplain to Charles II., a truly holy man, who suffered much for conscience sake, has added to our songs of praise many beautiful examples. In 1691, he was deprived, as a nonjuror, of his episcopal emoluments, and retired to Longleate, where, after several years of poverty and affliction, he died. When he was laid in the grave, the mourners sang his "morning hymn" over his coffin. His fame as a sacred lyrist depends on three hymns, for morning, evening, and midnight. Mr. Allon takes the strange liberty of omitting six verses from the morning, and five from the evening hymn. The Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was written by Ken, and probably (says Mr. M. Miller), there is no other verse in existence that is so often sung by Christians of all denominations.

Samuel Wesley (1688-1735.)—This clergyman, the rector of Epworth,

Lincolnshire, and father of John and Charles Wesley, deserves notice as the author of "Behold the Saviour of mankind," a hymn found written on a piece of music saved from the flames when Epworth parsonage was burnt down in 1709.

Simon Browne (1680-1732), a contemporary of Dr. Watts, was the pastor of the Independent church in Old Jewry. He compiled a book of hymns in three parts, supplementary to that of Dr. Watts, and one of them, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove," is still a favourite.

Philip Doddridge (1702-1751).—He was born in London, his father was an oilman there. His mother was the daughter of an exiled Bohemian clergyman. Philip was her twentieth child, and at birth was thought too feeble to live. He lost both his parents in childhood. He was brought up with a view to becoming a minister among the Dissenters. When seventeen years old, the Duchess of Devonshire offered to bear his expenses as a scholar at Cambridge, but he refused. He soon grew eminent in his Church. He wrote much, but none of his books were so popular as *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and the *Family Expositor*. To meet a want, much complained of in his time, he wrote hymns intended to embody the chief teachings of his sermons. A friend said, "they were like spiritual amber fetched up and floated off from sermons, long since lost in the depths of bygone time." Montgomery declares of his hymns, "They shine in the beauty of holiness." We give the first lines of some of them: "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows," "Gird on Thy conquering sword," "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," "O happy day that fixed my choice," "My God, and is Thy table spread." Mr. Miller has seen an autograph MS. containing one hundred hymns; he added, "Written by P. D."

The Wesleys.—John, who was five years older than Charles, was educated at the Charterhouse, London, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford. At college he, with George Whitfield, and other young men, formed an association for preaching and praying, and were styled, in derision, "Methodists." He visited Georgia with his brother, and returned to England in 1783. During the same year he assisted in organizing the first Methodist Society, at the Moravian Chapel in Fetter Lane. From that time until the close of a long life he was constantly engaged as an itinerant preacher. He did not willingly separate from the Establishment, but they protested against lay-preaching, and the uneducated character of the persons chosen for ministers. His domestic life was unhappy, but he exercised the utmost self-denial, was liberal to the utmost extent of his means, and was an eminently pious, God-fearing man. His labours to imbue the poorer classes with religious convictions would have been remarkable even in the age of the apostles. He died in London, March 2nd, 1791, aged eighty-eight years. He was a very voluminous writer. "He regarded singing as an important part of public worship, published a collection of tunes for the use of his followers, and did much by his own personal efforts to encourage psalmody." The first Wesleyan book of psalms and hymns appeared in 1738, but most of the original hymns were by his brother Charles, whose "peculiar gift" for that sort of composition was remarkable. A hymn of John Wesley's, terribly abbreviated, is given in the New Congregational Hymn Book—"Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh." But he translated various hymns from the German, and says himself, "I translated many of their hymns for the use of our own congregations." Charles Wesley was educated at Westminster, and afterwards

became a college tutor at Oxford. In 1738, he was cited before the Bishop of London to answer for alleged irregularities in carrying out his official duties, as a minister of the Church of England. "He was the hymn-writer of Wesleyanism. In this capacity his name lives, and will live amongst posterity." His poetical genius was devoted absolutely to devotional effusions, and from the first publication in this kind, dating 1739, they extend with great frequency down to 1785. He wrote hymns for Watch-nights, for the Lord's Supper, for Times of Trouble and Persecution, Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving, occasioned by the earthquake, in 1750; on the Expected Invasion, 1759; Funeral Hymns, 1759; on Select Passages of Scripture, a work containing 2,145 pieces, revised by the author eight times; Hymns for Children; Hymns written in the time of the Tumults, June, 1780; for the Nation, Prayers in verse; for Condemned Malefactors; and a poetical version of nearly the whole of the Psalms of David, a wonderfully copious collection, rich in unmistakable talent, and burning with devout zeal. "He died almost in the act of poetical composition." John Wesley says of them: "In these hymns there is no doggerel, no botches, nothing put in to patch up the rhyme, no feeble expletives; here is nothing turgid or bombast on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other; here are both the purity and strength of the English language, and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity." Here are a few examples:—"Ye servants of God," "Hark! the herald angels sing," "Rejoice, the Lord is King," "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," "Depth of mercy," "Jesus, Lover of my soul" (now unwarrantably altered to "Jesus, Refuge of my soul"), "Soldiers of Christ, arise," "Lord, I believe a rest remains," "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" Two lines in the second verse of "Thou God of glorious majesty" were suggested, Mr. Miller thinks, by a remarkable circumstance. Charles Wesley visited the Land's End, in July, 1743, and the peculiar scenery there was outlined as follows:—

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

Lady Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.—Her history and connexion with the Wesleyan and Methodist movement is well known. In one of her letters she declares "it had made her as happy as an angel." She made her mansion in Park Street a church to receive her favourite preachers, and when Romaine was ejected from St. George's, Hanover Square, it became his temporary tabernacle. She made tours with Whitfield and his colleague, and accompanied them in their open-air preachings. When the Earl, her husband, died in 1746, she could command her whole fortune, and "employed it without stint for religious purposes." She died June 17, 1791, in her eighty-fourth year, at her house in Spa Fields, next to the chapel. In 1764, she published a collection of hymns. The Countess composed the subjoined well-known hymns, "Oh, when my righteous Judge shall come," "We soon shall hear the midnight cry," and "Come, thou Fount of every blessing."

Joseph Hart (1712-1768) was born in the City. His "civil calling was that of a teacher of languages." He was long a worshipper at Moorfields Tabernacle and in Tottenham Court Road Chapel; also a minister of Jewin Street Chapel. He composed the annexed: "Come, Holy Spirit, come," "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched," "This God is the God we adore."

James Hervey, M.A., the author of *Meditations among the Tombs* (once so popular).—He wrote, "Since all the downwards tracks of time."

John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth (1725-1807).—"Anxious to turn to good account the remarkable religious change he had experienced (for he had been long engaged in the slave trade), began, in 1758, to preach. His first efforts were so little successful that he confined himself to a meeting on Sundays with his friends in his own house." He was in a great degree self-taught. He was thirty years old when he entered on the ministry, and nine years later was presented to the vicarage of Olney, where he remained for sixteen years, and became the friend and companion of the poet Cowper. His chief works were the *Olney Hymns*, and, afterwards, in London, 1781, his *Cardiphonia*, but his sermons are extremely numerous, and the "Narrative" of his own life is alike touching and interesting. In his later years he drew immense crowds to his church, and was perhaps the most earnest and industrious preacher in the metropolis. Though he disclaims all title to be called a poet, only seeking that he might "be useful to the weak and poor of his flock," his hymns display great felicity both of thought and expression. Here are proofs of the fact: "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," "Day of Judgment, day of wonders" (a rendering of the "Dies Iræ," by Celano, 1250), and "O Lord, our languid souls inspire."

Thomas Olliver (1725-1799).—An itinerant Welsh preacher (well known during his visits to London, which he made on horseback, using the same horse for twenty-five years, and upon which he rode about 100,000 miles), was the author of "The God of Abraham praise."

Edward Perronet, who (1792) preached in Miles' Lane, composed, in 1785, that glorious lyric, "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

Samuel Stennett, D.D. (1727-1795).—A Baptist, who officiated at the chapel in Little Wild Street, London, is said to have possessed a fine flow of "Addisonian" eloquence. He was received on friendly terms by George III., but from whom he would not accept the permanent preferment offered him. John Howard, the philanthropist, was one of his hearers. He wrote the following hymn, which will probably give him a lasting hold on our language: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

William Cowper (1731-1800).—It would be absurd to attempt a memoir of this unhappy but amiable, humble but most illustrious man. Passing several years of his life in a London attorney's office, but absolutely wasting his time up to nearly middle life, when prospects of official promotion were presented to him, his strange nervous diffidence deepened into insanity, and he sought to escape by suicide from the misery of a public appointment. The aberration of mind that followed could only be soothed by complete retirement from all active duties. As his intellect grew stronger (when nearly fifty years old) his love of poetical sketchings of his feelings and wishes was gradually developed, and during his remaining existence, though it was still darkened by attacks of insanity, he enriched our literature with outpourings from heart and brain, so tender, pathetic, and beautiful, a deep vein of moral and religious feeling permeating them all, as posterity will not "willingly let die." He wrote various hymns for the Olney Collection. We shall enumerate a few: "God moves in a mysterious way." Cowper fancied it was God's will that he should drown himself at a particular part of the river Ouse, the postilion missed his way, and, when the poet returned home, he composed this hymn, "Oh for a closer

walk with God," "O Lord, my best desire fulfil," "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet," "There is a fountain filled with blood."

Thomas Haweis (1734-1820), once assistant preacher at the Lock Hospital, London, wrote "O Thou from whom all goodness flows."

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778).—Between this gifted man and the Wesleys there was a fierce contest on the subject of Calvinism, yet they agreed in devoting their leisure moments to increase the songs of Zion. His talent for hymn-writing first appeared in 1759, when he was scarcely nineteen. Toplady had a pulmonary complaint, and went, on the advice of his doctor, to London, preaching occasionally to the French refugees in Orange Street Chapel, and he did this when almost in a dying state. His hymns were published in a complete state so recently as 1860. He died when scarcely thirty-eight years of age. In one of his lyrics, when he was suffering from hopeless illness, he writes:—

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away."

A hymn perpetually felt and sung belongs to this good man, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me;" we add the following: "Deathless principle, arise," "Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve," "We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God."

Rowland Hill, M.A. (1744-1833), wrote a few hymns. He said the devil ought not to have possession of all the good tunes, and strove to adapt the most popular to songs of devotion. In 1803, he preached to the Volunteers, at Surrey Chapel, and the hymn, by himself, was a parody on "Rule, Britannia," "When Jesus first at Heaven's command." But another, of a graver tone, begins thus, "We sing His love, who once was slain."

James Montgomery (1771-1854).—He was no common poet. A native of Sheffield, he took a decided part in the political agitation there during the French Revolution. He was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, which became offensive to the Government, and, for reprinting a song on "The Fall of the Bastille," he was fined and imprisoned; as also, a second time, for giving "some account of a riot in his native town." He ultimately became popular, some of his poems being much read. He had no direct connexion with London, but often visited there on account of his publications. Late in life, when the fever of factious dispute had worn itself out, he commenced hymn writing, and has furnished very beautiful examples, as, "Angels from the realms of glory," "Oh, where shall rest be found," "According to Thy gracious word," and "Hark! the song of jubilee."

Reginald Heber, D.D., (1783-1826), Bishop of Calcutta.—We heard this surpassingly-gifted man preach the sermon to the London charity children just before he left England for the last time. Up to that period his labours had been useful and abundant. He was then, in high hope, about to commence his voyage to India, where he was so soon to sleep his last sleep. He had once meant to publish a hymn-book for general use. He was turned from his purpose, but the hymns he then wrote are valued by every Christian. The majority of them are of the highest class, as witness, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," "From Greenland's icy mountains," "Hosannah to the living Lord," "The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake," "The Lord of might from Sinai's brow," "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee."

Many other names that will live occur in Mr. Miller's book. Keble and Bonar are among them, and a treasure wrought by cunning hymnologists is laid up for us, which, with a little judicial arrangement (adding, altering, and mutilating being wholly avoided), would form a national book of hymns well fitted to kindle and strengthen pure devotion in all Christian churches. A great man once said, "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who writes their history;" and, if we take into account the wide, long-continued influence of such hymns as "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "There is a land of pure delight," &c., we can readily enter into the feelings of Montgomery, when, in his introduction to his *Christian Psalmist*, he said, "If he who pens these lines knows his own heart, though it has too often deceived him to be trusted without jealousy, he would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns, which are the imperishable inheritance of the people of God, than bequeath another epic poem to the world which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and our greater Milton."

"HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS."

CHARLES WESLEY's hymn, "I long to behold Him arrayed," is, to my mind, one of the grandest and most soul-elevating hymns in the language, when rightly understood.

It is, of course, a paraphrase and amplification of Isaiah xxxiii. 16—24.

First, the soul, fired with the love of Emmanuel, and desiring to be with Him for ever on the everlasting hills of glory, thus soliloquizes—

"I long to behold Him arrayed
 With glory and light from above,
 The King in His beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love.
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed His abode;
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God?"

Confident and expectant faith, simply resting on His word of promise, proceeds to realize, by anticipation, the beatific vision on the heights of the eternal Zion—

"With Him I on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word."

The climax is to be "*with Him*," ALONE with *Him*.

The sublime elevation of Mount Zion gained, the goodly landscape of Emmanuel's land, in all its length and breadth beneath, presents itself; and this is seen irradiated, not with the beams of a created sun, but with the brightness emanating from the Saviour's countenance—

"The breadth of Emmanuel's land
 Survey by the *light of my Lord*."

Regaled, and even entranced, however, with the delicious prospect around, it is from a still higher Source that the soul's full depth of rapture is derived—

"But when on Thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens IN THEE."

Emmanuel's *land* may charm, but Emmanuel *Himself* alone can satisfy. Two other exquisite ideas are also suggested in this stanza:—

1st. The admiring climber, somewhat wearied with the ascent of the goodly mountain, falls in transport, at the summit, into the very arms of Jesus, and gently reposes in the embraces of His love.

2ndly. Nevertheless, to behold His face, a *strengthened* vision is requisite—

“Thy face I *am strengthened* to see.”

This accomplished, the perfection of bliss is attained. It can possibly culminate no higher.

The last verse wisely and gracefully calms down the feelings, so highly wrought upon in the two preceding portions of the hymn, by a sweet but less elevated allusion to the happiness of the citizens of the celestial Jerusalem, their security, and freedom from all sorrow and sickness; and the whole terminates in an appropriate prayer for pardon and holiness, emancipation from the “bondage of corruption,” and final reception within the heavenly gates—

“How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove;
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give,
And then, from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.”

Lympsam Rectory.

J. H. S.

A WORD FOR THE WEARY.

“*Only believe.*”—MARK V. 36.

AND surely the disciple of Jesus, who has the message of love to deliver, may tell this also as “the word of the Lord” to the needy. Should *he* keep silence because many who know not that it is “by grace ye are saved” are assuming the prophet’s place in the valley of dry bones, and not waiting for the “Thus said the Lord?” (Ezek. xxxvii. 10.) They are expecting the “exceeding great army” to stand up at the sound of their voice. Surely such have their reward, for in “sowing to the wind they reap the whirlwind.” Is it not rather sowing tares, which it requires the discriminating eye of the Heavenly Husbandman to detect, and whose wisdom will “let both grow together until the harvest?” A sad delusion this, to *urge* such as are “dead in trespasses and sins,” to the exercise of the faculties of life, which *are not* until the quickening power be revealed, so clearly set forth by the inspired apostle in Eph. ii. 1: “And you hath *He* quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sin.” Let the heresy be trumpeted forth as it may; be it ever ours to proclaim that when the dear Lord shows the sinner *His* own *ability* and *suitability*, as He did to Jairus in the need when these words were first spoken, then the Spirit of God will give “the ear to hear,” and the word spoken shall assure the heart before *Him*. Jairus doubted not that his daughter would be healed, after Christ *had said* this, “Only believe,” to him; and shall the poor sinner, who *has heard* Jesus say, “Fear not,” doubt that *he has* “*passed* from death into life?” It is not said, “The entrance of Thy word awakeneth life;” but it “*giveth life.*” Hence this Scripture does not presuppose an

inherent power in the sinner to believe. Is it not, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8)? Then the soul is led to see Jesus as *the only* Hope, the All-in-all. The reception or rejection of this truth is, as it were, the battle-ground between free grace and free will, the *dead soul* according to Scripture, or the *dormant soul* according to human reasoning.

"Only believe." These words were addressed to one well instructed as to who this wondrous Jesus of Nazareth was, and, though he had not "left all" and followed Jesus, still retaining, as he did, his position as a ruler of the synagogue, yet he was well aware of "the cures that had been done by Him," confirmed, as it was, by the garment touch of the poor woman by the way, and now, from the word spoken by the Lord, he knew that his loved one would be restored to him. Let this cheer thee, then, troubled, exercised believer. The Lord has given *thee* His word the blessing shall be bestowed; and, if there be an *apparent* impediment in the way, this word, "Only believe," shall assure thee that Jesus will not be too late to do thee all the good thou needest. "All things are possible to him that believeth." The work is not thine, but *His* who gave the promise; for—

"The work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes."

"Only believe." The cross-hand blessing, the "not so, my father" circumstance shall work for thy good. It may be in a season of dark depression, when the soul is apt to say, "All these things are against me," that this word drops as dew on the heart, with almost a perplexing force, at which Little-faith staggers with a "How can these things be?" Well, then, tell the dear Lord it is *His own* word; it has been the earnest of blessing to many a one since Jairus; it has been to thee; and, as your felt need and His own word bring you to Jesus, He cannot let thee go without a blessing, and you will say—

"Lord, I cannot let Thee go
Till the blessing Thou bestow."

"Only believe" may well encourage the seeking soul, conscious of need, wanting help, knowing somewhat of the greatness and mercy of Him who came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him, and in whom, *by grace*, the hope is fixed.

"Only believe" shall encourage the exercised believer in Jesus to be "casting *all* our care upon Him who careth for us." He shall keep thee in His love; He shall preserve thy soul; He will guide thee by His counsel, and afterward receive thee to glory; and thou, too, shalt "call His name Jesus," for it is He that *hath* delivered, doth still deliver, and in Him the trust is secure, that He will give deliverance into His eternal kingdom, to be with Him, and praise Him for ever and ever.

"Only believe," and thou art safe for time, and safe to all eternity.

A PHILIPPIAN.

CHARACTER OF A MINISTER LATELY DECEASED.—The world to him was nothing. He lived near the Lord, and cared neither for the frown nor the smile of man. He preached like a man standing on the verge of eternity, and in full view of heaven.—*Mrs. Winslow.*

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Eccl. xii. 10.

JERUSALEM TRODDEN DOWN OF THE GENTILES.

BY THE REV. DR. H. BONAR.

JERUSALEM, as it now stands, bears no mark of being anything save a city of the Gentiles. There is nothing Jewish about either the inhabitants or their dwellings. It is as truly Gentile in its aspect and customs and buildings, in its bazaars and thoroughfares and costumes, as Alexandria or Cairo. In passing through it no one feels this is Israel's capital; nay, no one would be led to say this is a city of Israel at all. It does not retain one Jewish feature, save in those parts which cannot change—its rocks, its valleys, its hills. These are the same as in other ages, and they are the only unchanged memorials of the wondrous city—beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

Yes, Jerusalem, as it now stands, is a Gentile city. Its walls and towers and gates and streets are all in the hands of the stranger. One cannot pass along its streets or look down from some height upon its desolations without feeling that the "times of the Gentiles" have not yet run their course. Jerusalem is the standing proof of this transference of dominion from Jew to Gentile; the great exhibition of Jewish degradation and Gentile supremacy in the earth. These times of the Gentiles have lasted long; they may be said to have begun in the age of Nebuchadnezzar; they may, perhaps, be fast running out; but they are not yet ended; and the evidence of this (even were there no other) is *Jerusalem*.

The Turkish empire may be feeble and ready to crumble into fragments; still its sovereign is the lord of Jerusalem. The Egyptian Viceroy may be a hated tyrant, ruling over his own Arabs with an iron rod; still he bears sway in Jerusalem. The kingdoms of Europe may be divided among themselves, some of them hardly able to maintain their own throne and crown; still the Consul of the weakest of them exercises more authority in Jerusalem than all the Jews together. The Arab, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Latin, all have some kind or amount of influence in Jerusalem; the Jew alone has none. The various nations of East and West have their political representatives in Jerusalem; the Jew alone has none. Without power, or influence, or weight, he is exposed to the oppression of every Gentile, whom covetousness or malignity or pride may stir up against him. He has no protector, no friend, no impartial judge.

It is not, however, of the *Jew* himself, but of *his city* that we mean to speak. On him, no doubt, the rod of the Gentile has lain, in all its weight and sharpness, for ages; on his hands and feet have the fetters of the stranger been fastened; but still it is specially of his city, his metropolis, that the Lord speaks, when He uttered the prediction, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." It was specially of the city and its temple that He had been speaking in the commencement of the chapter, and hence it is specially on its doom that He dwells. It was the magnitude of its buildings that had called forth the admiration of the disciples, as if its greatness could never be affected by time nor its glory turned into shame; so it is

specially the desolation of this their magnificent metropolis that He predicts—destruction to be perpetrated by Gentile hands; destruction not such as that wrought by Nebuchadnezzar or Antiochus—from which the city was, in the course of a generation, to rise with renewed splendour—but destruction to be prolonged for ages—ages during which Israel was to be scattered like the leaves over all the earth; and Israel's city was to be not merely in the hands of, but under the feet of, the Gentile oppressor.

All the four Gentile monarchies have, in their turn, trodden down Jerusalem. First came the Babylonian, then the Persian, then the Greek, and then the Roman; and the representatives of these may be said, at the present day, to have their feet upon the city. Every part of it they have trampled down, and on every part of it are they still trampling. Hence it is that every vestige of ancient Jerusalem has been obliterated. Its stones, indeed, are there, vast and massive; but they are tossed hither and thither, and some of the finest and greatest occupy the obscure corner of a wall, or are buried under some modern structure, as if these only relics of former greatness that survive were to be used for the treading of Gentile feet or the foundations of Gentile walls and towers. No place of honour has been assigned by the Gentile to these stupendous fragments. He has treated the very stones of the Temple as only fit to be trodden on or cast out of sight.

Ancient Jerusalem has completely passed away, or rather, we should say, has been buried under ground; and it is upon the top of this city that the modern Jerusalem stands. Hardly has any city been so completely ruined as has Jerusalem by the various Gentile nations that have held it in subjection. In token of the utter ruin to which they had reduced it, it is said that the Romans ploughed it up, or, at least, made their plough to pass over it, as an emblem of its complete and hopeless overthrow. Thus it may be said that each Gentile possessor has acted. They have driven their ploughs remorselessly over its ruins till every trace of the beautiful city has been obliterated, so that it stands before us not like Samaria, a city that has fallen into ruins, and sunk, as it were, by its own weight; but as a city which has been first laid in ruins by some hostile hand, and then had these ruins tossed hither and thither, mingled and remingled in wasteful confusion, till nothing has been left which might tell either of the splendour of its early greatness or of the grandeur of its sad decay. Across its ruins first went the plough of Rome in the first century. In after centuries came the so-called Christian occupants, the Greeks and Latins, who defaced it with their wretched superstitions. Then came the Saracen, and drove his plough across these ruins once more. Then came the Crusader, and ploughed up the ruins once more. Then, again, came the Turk, and reploughed the whole. Since that, during the last three or four centuries, all Gentile nations may be said to have been doing this same work. The Gentile does what he pleases with the dust of Jerusalem. The Jew looks on, but can only sigh. He sees the Gentile turning the very foundations of his city upside down, and casting out the memorials of the once-glorious Jerusalem; but he cannot utter a word. He is, no doubt, the descendant of David, the representative of its rightful lords, the true heir of the city and the land; but he dare not interpose. The Gentile is his lord, and he may do with himself, with his city, and with its dust, all that caprice or cruelty or pride may dictate. "Jerusalem is trodden down of the Gentiles." When looking on such a scene, or hearing the report of such desolations, with

what point, as well as power, do the words of Scripture come home to us, "Behold, I am bringing evil upon Jerusalem and upon Judah, that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle . . . and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down" (2 Kings xxi. 12, 13).

The foot of the Gentile is everywhere, both in Jerusalem itself and in that region which surrounds it; that girdle of hills and valleys that formed at once its ornament and its bulwark. Look where you will, and you will find the traces of Gentile lordship, if not of Gentile oppression.

Suppose we take our seat upon the slope of the Mount of Olives, which commands so full and so fair a prospect of the city. Look behind you, before you, around you, beneath you, you see the traces of this down-treading. Look behind you, and there upon the top of Olivet you have two things, first an Arab village filled with poverty and filth, whose inhabitants hate the Jew and worship the Impostor of the East. Then you have what is called the Church of the Ascension, pretending to mark the spot from which the Lord ascended, but desecrating the scene by its Gentile mockeries of superstition, and holding up before the eye of the Jew and in full view of Jerusalem an amount of abominable idolatry, such as even Babylon of old did not surpass.

Look beneath you, where the valley of the Kedron winds along, and there, just at the extremity of Gethsemane, and hard by that bridge by which the Lord must so often have crossed on His way to Bethany, you see another Latin or Greek erection—the tomb of the Virgin—as if the Apostate Gentile Church had seized upon the holiest spots for parading its mummeries before the eye of the Jew.

Lift up the eye, and you see the whole slope of Moriah, from Kedron up to the walls of the city, covered with the tombs of the Gentile. It is the Moslem burying-ground. They have chosen Moriah for their place of sepulture, as if to defile the sacred hill with ashes—as if to prevent its being recognized as a spot which Israel had ever occupied. The whole side of the hill is hidden by the white tombstones which in thousands lie scattered over that sloping platform, where not the *débris* of the city, but the dust of the temple, lies buried. The bones of the Gentile unbeliever have been scattered over the most sacred spots of the city. Nay, and it would seem, too, as if this spot had been chosen in mockery of the Jew; for, while the Gentile burying-ground thus occupies the temple-hill, the eastern slope of Moriah, the Jewish burying-ground, where they and their fathers have laid their dead from time beyond memory, lies opposite, on the slope of the valley of Jehoshaphat, which ascends to the Mount of Olives. The ashes of the Jew seem cast out of their own city and precincts, and the Gentile occupies the place where they should have been.

But look a little higher still, and there, on Moriah itself, stands the Mosque of Omar, enclosing the whole area of the Temple. That Mosque alone, into which no Jew can enter, and hardly ever any Christian—were there nothing else—points to the treading-down of Jerusalem by the Gentiles. The great temple of the Eastern impostor, the finest Mohammedan structure in the world, save Mecca, stands upon the ruins of Israel's shrine; and that strange mass of rock, which seems to have been the spot where the Holy of holies was, and which remains to this day untouched by the tool of man, as in the days of Araunah the Jebusite, has been fixed upon by the Moslem as the place over which the spacious dome of the mosque has been built. The Gentile has not merely entered into

the sanctuary, and made it a desolation; he has not merely trodden it down and desecrated it; but he has erected over the holiest spot of all the great monument of his false faith—the manifestation of his hatred to the Jew, and his determination, not merely to defile their city and their temple, but to make that defilement and down-treading perpetual.

But pass beyond the Mosque, and look over the city. There you have mosques and minarets—I was almost about to say without number—all of them symbols of the great down-treading. Besides these you have the churches and convents of the Greek and Roman apostasy rising in different parts; and in these there is even bitterer enmity to the Jew than in the Moslem mosque. They have planted upon the ruins of the desolate city, and on the head of the hapless Jew, the foot of more remorseless hatred and persecution than has been done by the blind devotees of Mahomet. They are the great treaders-down of Jerusalem; nor are they less to be accounted so because they take the name of Christ into their lips, dedicate churches to His name, and build tombs in honour of His saints.

Look again over the fair city as it lies before you on that sunny slope, and see the flags of many nations waving in the wind. At each Consulate these banners are flying; but they are all Gentile, and seem as if waving over a conquered city. The banners of all Europe are there, and distant America as well, with all varied symbols—such as the French eagle and the British Lion. But in all that array of banners the Jew has no place. He has no emblem, no banner. The lion of the tribe of Judah, the wolf of Benjamin, the stag of Naphtali, or the vine-branch of Joseph—these have no place in that gay display of national emblems. For this is the day of Gentile sovereignty; and the Jew is reaping the sorrow and the degradation which he has sown. Their sin has found them out, and has been tracking them for ages. Blood is upon them! The cry of innocent blood has risen up against them. “We have no king but Cæsar!” was their shout when they rejected their own Messiah; and that Gentile supremacy which they thus chose for themselves has been manifesting itself, age after age, in a hundred various forms—oppression, persecution, contempt, extortion, bondage, denial of privilege, and rule, and honour—even in their own city. Not only does the Jew not rule the Gentile anywhere, but he is not allowed to rule himself, even in his own land. The sceptre of Judah has departed, and in its place has come the iron rod of the Gentile—the prison, the chain, the sword. And the centre of all Jewish calamity, the scene of Israel’s lowest humiliation, has ever been Jerusalem, whose special doom has been to be trodden down of the Gentiles.

Different from all other desolations has been the desolation of the once-holy city—a sorrow and a ruin peculiar to herself. Her ruin has not been like that of Sodom, which the Lord overthrew in a morning, and covered with a veil of waters which has never since been removed. Not like Samaria, whose glorious beauty was to be a fading flower, as the hasty fruit before the summer (Isaiah). Not like Gaza, on which baldness was to come (Jer. xlvii. 5). Nor like Ar or Kir of Moab, which were to be laid waste as brought to silence (Isaiah xvi. 1). Not like Bozrah, which was to be a perpetual waste (Jer. xlix. 13). Not like Damascus, of which we read, “I will kindle a fire in Damascus” (Jer. xlix. 27). Not like Babylon, which was to be a desolation—a dry land, a wilderness, a land where no man dwelleth (Jer. li. 43). Not like Sidon, of which it is written, “I will send unto her pestilence and

lood" (Ezek. xxviii. 23). Not like Tyre, of which it was prophesied, "I will bring up the deep upon thee, and great waters shall cover thee" (Ezek. xxvi. 19). Not like Egypt, of which it is said, "I will spread my net over thee with a company of many people; I will leave thee upon the land, I will cast thee forth upon the open field, and I will lay my flesh upon the mountains" (Ezek. xxii. 3). Not like the doom of these nations or cities has been the doom of Jerusalem, but something altogether her own. Her sin was peculiar, and so has been her judgment. She exalted herself above the Gentiles; she has been trodden down by them. She gloried in her honours as if she were the mistress of all the kingdoms of the world; she has been placed not merely under the power, but under the very feet, of the Gentiles; and the spot which of all others has been most degraded by the Gentiles has been that very temple of which she boasted as the badge of Jehovah's favour, which could never be taken from her.

How true do we find it to be that as each sinner has his own sin, so as each sin its own judgment. For God does not smite at random, nor punish without special reason and meaning; but not less truly is there judgment for each sin, and condemnation for each sinner, than there is one great cleansing from all sin—a cleansing which would have sufficed even Jerusalem if she would but have known it in her day—a cleansing which suffices, to this hour, for any sinner upon earth, whether Gentile or Jew, for there is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—*The Scattered Nation.*

CHRIST OUR SUBSTITUTE.

BE I am, brethren, that the full faith of Christ crucified is required for our spiritual wants. In those dark hours when man is made to re-assess the iniquities of his youth—when the arrows of the Almighty smite in the soul—a miserable comforter would he prove, who should reach only the example set forth by Christ; for that example the sinner has not followed. In vain would he be told that the cross is a declaration of unconditional mercy; for conscience, knowing full well that the wages of sin is death, and convinced that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness, would give the lie at once to such a mutilated Gospel. Let me hear, when I am on the bed of death, that Christ died in the stead of sinners, of whom I am the chief; that He was forsaken of God during those fearful agonies, because He had taken my place; that on His cross He paid the penalty of my guilt. Let me hear, too, that His blood cleanseth from all sin, and that I may now appear before the bar of God, not as pardoned only, but as "holy, and without blame." Let me realize the great mystery of the reciprocal substitution of Christ and the believer; or rather that perfect unity, He in them, they in Him, which He has expressly taught; and let me believe that, as I was in effect crucified on Calvary, He will in effect stand before the throne in my person; mine the sin, His the penalty; His the shame, mine the glory; His the thorns, mine the crown; His the merits, mine the reward. Merely, Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my Righteousness.—*The Bishop of Peterborough.*

There is great danger of leaning to reason, instead of relying entirely on the word of God.

Pilgrim Papers.

HEART-WORKINGS.

THE following are a few observations about some of the workings and exercises of my mind since last May to July, showing forth the goodness, longsuffering, and mercy of a Triune Jehovah, and the wickedness, waywardness, and weakness of the writer.

May 8th.—I seem as stupid as an owl, and as ignorant as an ass. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." If all the children of "the all-wise God" feel they are very wise, then I am sure I am not one of them; I want to be wise unto salvation, and yet feel so foolish. How is it? If any one were to call me a foolish man, it is likely I should hate that man, or get into a passion with him. How is it I can say that of myself, which I do not like to hear others say of me? Does not this show that my heart is very proud? Am I one of those to whom Christ is made wisdom? Can a man have Christ as his wisdom and yet feel himself a fool? if so, I am right. Now I feel a little hope; bless the Lord that I am not left altogether in the dark. I feel a springing up of something within, which enlivens me a bit in the midst of my gloominess. Ah, it is Jesus I want, "a live coal from off the altar." Sometimes I feel averse to reading God's holy word, and prayer, and yet can't go into the world for pleasure. I know I have much unbelief; but have I the least faith? If all true believers feel free from unbelief, then I am not one; still I do not want this unbelief; it is a plague, a great plague, to me. Then at times I feel as though the Lord had given me up—as though He did not hear my prayers, or look graciously upon me, or speak any words of strength or comfort to my soul; yet I want to love Him in the midst of it all, and to wait and listen, and look out patiently for His return. Oh, for more of the grace of the Holy Spirit to enable me to mortify the deeds of the body! Thou knowest, O Lord, that I have been suffering for months past from a bad throat, &c., and that the remedies used to effect a cure have failed; will it please Thy Holy Majesty, for Christ's sake, to remove this affliction?—if not, oh, be pleased to help me to bear it patiently, and to be thankful it is no worse!

May 9th.—I am still hoping in the Lord—"He is my hope." I have no great joys, and no great trials, though there is yet something which is not straight with my will: I feel so little of the Saviour's presence. That He is near I believe; but I want to see Him and feel Him near; I am full of imperfections, but "He is altogether lovely." What a mercy it will be, if, through the gracious teaching of the Holy Spirit, I am led to know that I am complete in Him!

May 16th.—I cannot say anything in my own behalf to-day. I don't feel much like a holy and righteous man—far from it; yet I trust I have an interest in Jesus Christ's perfect righteousness. How could I stand before God without a righteous and merciful Mediator? I want a clearer knowledge of Jesus—who He is, what He is, where He is, and what He is doing for His elect. I want also the Holy Spirit to satisfy my soul that I am a redeemed man; I hope I have felt this in times past, but I need renewed evidences of it. How completely I am in God's hands—as clay in the hands of the potter! If He sends me to hell for my sins He will do right; and, should He be so kind and gracious to save me through His

dear Son, I will praise Him for ever and ever. I have been trying to confess my sins to the Lord, and felt a little softening while doing so. It is a blessed truth: "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall find mercy."

May 19th.—Oh, what a plague I am to myself! how restless! what disquietude within me! I lament on account of not feeling liberty in speaking to the people of the sayings and doings of the Lord Jesus Christ; true, in some parts of the service, I may be favoured with a sweet and softening sense of the Lord's presence, while in another part of it, I am dark and confused, so that when I sit down I am as miserable and dissatisfied as though I had been doing something dreadfully wrong. I wonder if any others of God's servants feel like it.* I have heard of some who felt the pulpit and study to be their happiest places. But, though I have at times felt God's powerful presence in the pulpit, raising me above the fear of men and Satan, yet at other times it is not so. How is it, Lord? Is it to mortify my proud heart? is it to hide pride from me? or is it because I shall not be lifted up, and feel myself a great somebody? "Lord, help me!" It seems as though it would be a relief to me at times, to know that I never should have to stand up to speak in the Lord's name again, and it has surprised me when I have heard of people getting good from what I have been led to say. How wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord! "Just and true art Thou, O King of saints." May I be made as bold as a lion by "the Lion of the tribe of Judah."

May 20th.—My mind seems like a blank, I don't know what to make of myself. O self! what is it but all sin? I should like to feel more truth and less deceit, more love and less enmity, more faith and less unbelief, more humility and less pride, more patience and less impatience, more of heaven and less of earth, more of Christ's grace and less of Satan's power. I feel that there is something so hypocritical in my evil nature, even when speaking of the Lord or to Him; I do wish I could engage in His holy service without feeling so, but I cannot do as I desire in this particular. There is just the opposite in Christ to what there is in me, yet I hope I know something of "the new man" of grace which is holy in all his members, the Lord being the Author thereof. I am indeed "poor and needy." Can I say, "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me?" I am afraid to speak too confidently of the sacred things of God. At times, however, I can do so, when the blessed Spirit beareth witness with my spirit that I am the Lord's child; but I do not always sensibly and sweetly enjoy this, and then there is a good deal of hesitation respecting the use of such words as "My Lord and my God," "my Rock," "my Father," "my Saviour," &c., although at such trying seasons, the relationship between the Lord and my soul is not changed. Bless His precious name, He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." How is it, Lord, Thou keepest me so poor, when the earth is Thine and the fulness thereof? Is this leanness preparatory to Thy bringing me out into "a wealthy place?" Blessed Jesus, fill my soul with Thyself!

* Undoubtedly they do; and oftentimes fear the cruse has at length run out; that the oil will henceforth fail; that the "Spring up, O well!" will never again be heard; that all that can be said, has been said. The higher the soaring when speaking, the lower the sinking when silent; the brighter the prospect one moment, the darker the cloud the next; as in nature so in grace. Mark the bright sun, then the dense cloud; the brilliant morn, the thick scud. But what a mercy, beloved, amid all these fluctuations of feeling—this darkness and light, bright hopes and gloomy fears—though "clouds and darkness are round about Him," yet "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."—ED.

June 6th.—God willing, I have to preach to-night; but how unfit I feel for such a solemn work! Wilt Thou, O Lord, be pleased to help me—to breathe Thy Holy Spirit into my heart, to enable me to preach with power from on high! I am nothing in myself but sin. My desire is to honour Thee—to exalt Jesus—to testify the truth as it is in Him. May good be wrought in His blessed name. I am very dull. Oh, for life from the living Saviour, to enable me to feel lively in His holy service! Who can tell? it may be a good time to-night. The word may enter some poor sinner's heart, or some mourner may be comforted, or some fallen one raised, or some wounded one healed, or some feeble one strengthened. What an honour it is to have Christ's presence in our midst! I hope the pride of my heart will be kept down. May I learn of Jesus, who is meek and lowly in heart, that I may find rest to my soul. There must be soul-labour, before there can be soul-rest.

June 7th.—I feel in the dark again this morning, yet I trust I do not love darkness, though I am often walking in it. The Lord keeps me very poor. I am a sinful and foolish creature. May I be made "wise unto salvation." I want more of Christ. Oh, how ignorant I am of Him! Yet I ask, and ask again and again, to be taught by the Holy Ghost to know Him whom to know is life eternal. But, notwithstanding this, I have continually to lament my foolishness. Thou holy and blessed Lord God Almighty, make me right inside—upright in heart, humble-minded, patient, loving, trustful, and truthful.

June 26th.—I am holding on my way, through the Lord's great mercy. I cannot give up hoping that something "contrary to nature" has been implanted in my heart by the Holy Spirit. But I want a closer, soul-felt union with the Lord Jesus Christ; I try to talk to Him sometimes, and I know something I trust of what it is to hear His precious voice. Oh that I heard it oftener! Oh that He would fill me with His Holy Spirit! I need no more unction. Oh pour the unction of the Holy One into my soul more and more copiously, for Jesus' sake. This is what is wanted in speaking of Christ or to Him. O Thou living God, drive my death away, and fill me with Thy life! In prayer I have felt helped, a softening heart, and a drawing out of the affections Christward.

I hope the Lord will be pleased to hear and answer my prayers on behalf of our little cause, in establishing the hearts of believers with His grace, and in gathering his wandering sheep to His fold.

June 27th.—I fear there is a good deal of legality about me. Has not the Lord a right to do what He will with His own? Is it right for me to repine, because He does not work according to my plea? Surely not. He does not measure out His rich blessings to me according to my desert. Oh, no! If He dealt with me by this rule, my soul would be for ever lost. I need the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of grace to teach me to know and feel that He deals with me in a way of free favour. My heart is proud, sin is deceitful, the devil is crafty, the world is evil and ensnaring, man is lost. God has chosen His people to salvation; and for these Christ died. These He calls by His grace; they hear and obey the call. Christ's blood cleanses them from all sin—He clothes them with His righteousness, and dwells in them. O Lord, I don't want to say, "I am Thine," without the Holy Spirit's testimony to my soul; this cannot delude.

July 8th.—Patience! patience! how much I need it! what a precious gift it is! Oh for a supply of the same from "the God of all patience." My poor body is afflicted and is a continual burden to me. Oh, when shall

my soul be emancipated out of this prison? But what ground have I for believing that in the event of dying soon, my soul would go to glory? "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." Sin is my plague and burden—Christ is my hope; and nothing but His felt presence revealed to and in my soul by the Holy Spirit can satisfy me. This I believe I have had graciously granted me, which is no *small* mercy, but a *great* one—a very great one. "Why me, O Lord, why me," when thousands are left in darkness and sin? I want to feel more communion with God, for this is a great preventive against worldly-mindedness. The world looks and feels a poor empty place to one favoured with communion with the Lord.

Tetbury.

F. F.

CALLING AND ELECTION.

Few things are more apparent, and at the same time distressing, to the child of God than the comparative indifference manifested by the professing Church of Christ, as to the importance of "giving diligence to make their calling and election sure." This fact in itself goes far to account for the great apathy which has crept over professing Christians. In a day when Arminianism may be said to be rampant, and the Divine call is stated to be to all persons indiscriminately, we see how the necessity for a rigorous and searching inquiry is deemed unnecessary, deceptive, and vain.

Nevertheless the word of God abideth true, and the Divine command remains in full force, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."

We observe, in the first place, that the calling of each member of Christ's Church is a Divine one.

The means adopted are generally human, but the power is heavenly. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." Our Lord said, "No man cometh unto me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." "And when He" (that is, the Holy Ghost) "is come, He will convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

Thus all the Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity co-operate to achieve this glorious call. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

This divine call is rendered necessary, if we consider the dreadful state in which the Church fell in Adam. They are described as being by nature "the children of wrath, even as others." They wilfully shut their ears to wisdom, though she "cries in the streets." They are unmoved by the most heavenly sounds; yea, they are like "the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ears, though the charmer charm never so wisely." They grovel in the dirt and mire of their depraved natures. In fact, they are altogether opposed to light, to holiness, and God. In this state no mere human voice could call them away from those things in which "they live, and move, and have their being."

The death-like state in which they are renders all mere human aid unavailable. But there comes in the experience of all God's children a period when the Divine voice speaks, and that voice is heard, and they that hear live. This voice may differ in degrees as to its power and loudness, but it is always heard, and always obeyed. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." "You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."

Mere human power is as helpless and unavailing to accomplish that end as it would be to recall the spirits of the departed.

Without, therefore, this divine call, you might as well preach to the dead bodies in our churchyards and cemeteries. But the call of which we are speaking is powerful. It is the voice of the Creator—that same voice that said, “Let there be light: and there was light.” And, as then, light took the place of darkness; so, when the Lord Jehovah calls to His people, a divine light accompanies that call, so that “the people that sat in darkness see a great light.” It is the same voice that exclaimed, “Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth.” Some of us can remember when He called to us, and, lo! the world was changed. We began to turn our backs upon it; we saw the beauty and all-sufficiency of the Saviour, and cried out, “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” Have you, my dear reader, heard this divine call?

We observe, in the next place, that this calling is a holy calling.—“Who hath saved us,” writes the apostle to Timothy, “and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.” “As He who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.” We need not wonder that the calling is holy, when we consider the Source from whence it proceeds. And is not this a complete answer to those who cavil at these blessed doctrines? They charge the doctrines of grace with a licentious tendency. This is a libel upon the divine Author. We may rest assured that they that turn the doctrines of grace into licentiousness, are just the persons who have no faith in them. Believe them, and you must be holy. It is a link in the chain of necessity. You might as well expect darkness and coldness at the full shining of the sun upon the noon of a summer’s day, as suppose that he who has been called by the voice divine can live in the pursuit of ungodly and wicked desires. The principle implanted is a holy one. It proceeds from Him in whose sight the heavens are not clean. The child of God thus called, hungers and thirsts after righteousness. He would be as holy, as God is, if he could. He feels the burden of indwelling sin, the drag of this vile body; and cries out with the Psalmist, “I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness. Nothing but a similarity to Jesus can satisfy his renewed nature.

“My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.”

It is also an effectual calling.—It never fails. There may be persons, like Judas and other apostates, who once made a profession of religion, and then threw off the mask, and revealed themselves in their true natures. Such persons have existed in all ages. They appear to be unavoidable counterfeits of the sterling gold of true religion. Divers interests lead men to profess the truth, and, growing side by side with the children of the kingdom, they are frequently undistinguishable from the real grain. But what is the cause of this difference? They have never been called. They are strangers to “the joyful sound.” They have never tasted that the Lord is gracious. They know nothing of hating sin, and following after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. They can never sing with Watts,

"There sin—my worst enemy before—
Shall vex mine eyes, mine ears no more."

This calling is also a final and persevering call.—"No man," says our blessed Lord, "can pluck them out of my hand." "The righteous shall hold on his way." "He that hath begun the good work shall continue it unto the day of salvation."

"Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

"Weak as you are, you shall not faint;
Or, fainting, shall not die:
Jesus, the Strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high."

But may not a person be a child of God to-day, and a child of the devil to-morrow? Go and ask the farmer if the wheat ever becomes tares; if the sheep ever become goats. Ask the jeweller if gold becomes brass, or the diamond paste. Surely men that speak and imagine thus are destitute of the very principles of common-sense.

Arminianism is as foolish as it is wicked. Look at the manner in which the so-called invitations of the Gospel are hawked about. Hear how men are besought to accept God's offers of mercy, and at the same time receive no assurance that they will ultimately partake of them. Can we wonder at men looking with grave suspicion upon the whole affair?

But, on the other hand, what power and delight in the thought that "nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

"His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

His love never fails. Having loved us, He loves us to the end. "Fear not, little flock: for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"Give diligence," says Peter, "to make your calling and *election* sure." How apt we are to place election first, and so produce all kinds of fears and difficulties by putting the cart before the horse! Why, there is not a saint now living who could prove his election, save by his call. Election doubtless is the forerunner of calling. "Whom He did predestinate, them He also called." The everlasting love of Jehovah is the primary cause, and effectual and holy calling the direct result, of that love.

Does not our text imply that God has put it in the reach of all His children to make their calling and election sure? May we not say with the Master, "This cometh by prayer and fasting?" Satan fosters unbelief in our hearts, that he may rob us of our joy and comfort.

Neglect this great duty, and half of the joys of a godly life are left untasted. Do you think, my dear reader, that the Holy Ghost would have recorded this command, unless it were possible and practicable? Let there be no doubt about the calling, and the election is sure. What an important question for each one to ask, Am I called?

There are two evidences that seem to tower above all others—love to Christ, and love to His people. "Ah," say you, "I doubt continually my love to Jesus. Sometimes I think I do, and then the next moment in-

dwelling sin rises up, and I despair of my love to Him." Would you give up the little love you have? "Not for the world!" And you wish to love Him ten thousand times more. Is not this a clear evidence that He has called you? You can remember when there was "no form or comeliness" that you should desire Him. Do you think the worldling longs to love Christ? The desire to love Him is a very sure evidence that the Holy Ghost has already shed that love in our hearts.

The other evidence is that of love to God's people. "We know," says the apostle, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." How many of God's dear regenerated people have received comfort from this assurance! They have been unable to express confidence that they have loved Christ, but they have no doubt about loving His children. They are never so happy as when they are in their company. They say in their hearts, "Oh that I lived as near God as they do!" Why, my brother, my sister, you are fulfilling unconsciously the command of the apostle, "Let each esteem other better than themselves." They think of you as you think of them. This, then, is an evidence in the reach of us all.

There are two things promised to those that give diligence to make their calling and election sure:—

They shall never fall, and they shall have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"The diligent soul shall be made fat." "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." The fall spoken of in our text is not a final fall, a fall from grace. It is one of those sad declensions that many of God's children have been the subject of. And, as it has been said, all those declensions begin in the closet. Prayer is neglected, the Scriptures are seldom perused, the world gets too much for us, and, alas! having "forsaken the fountain of living waters," we find to our cost that we have "hewn out unto ourselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Thus many of the Lord's regenerated people have given occasion to the enemies to blaspheme. What thorns they have planted in their dying pillow! The school of Jesus is not composed of all diligent scholars. What need we have to seek daily and hourly more grace! "Hold Thou us up, and we shall be safe." We never go wrong when we are in the path of duty. The means and the end go together. We are never so safe as when we fear to fall. What a rich promise, "Ye shall never fall."

The other promise is, "An abundant entrance into the kingdom."

The want of this diligence is seen in the dark and cheerless deathbeds of too many of the Lord's people. They seem "to be saved as by fire." How rarely they triumph over death. Where is the triumphant spirit of Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Have we not the reason in our text? They do not give diligence to make their calling and election sure. They pass their lives vacillating between free will and free grace, and death comes and finds them unstable in all their ways. Nothing is sure unless it is founded upon the everlasting decree of God. Remove this foundation, and there is not a believer who can read his "title clear to mansions in the skies." On the other hand, what peace and ecstasy where the calling and election have been made sure! There are no doctrines so comforting as the doctrines of free grace, when they are heartily embraced. They lay hold and cling to Him

who is immutable. When, as in death, everything is giving way, what delight to have our feet set upon the Rock of Ages, to know then whom we have believed, to find that He is able to keep us from falling, to feel underneath us His everlasting arms!

“Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

So delightful have been the abundant entrances of God's children, that even worldly men like Balaam have uttered that cry, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” But, if we wish for this happy death, we must take heed and “give diligence to make our calling and election sure.”

Z.

MORE WORDS FROM THE SICK CHAMBER.

WE have received another letter written by our friend and brother, the Rev. W. Parks, to his congregation. We have read it with deep and painful interest, because from it we gather that the malady under which he has been for some months suffering, is deemed, by our friend's medical attendants, to be incurable. Hence it would seem, at least as far as man's judgment is concerned, that “this affliction is unto death;” and that our brother has by it received intimation to “set his house in order, for [he] shall die and not live.” We would fain plead with our God, that He would graciously hear prayer, and, for a time at least, spare His servant, that he might still minister in His great and holy name. As we have before said, according to our puny judgment, such men can ill be spared in these spiritually-dark and gloomy days; but “shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” “It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.”

If, therefore, we would say, the Lord is about to call His servant hence, may He continue to vouchsafe to him that precious peace and that holy serenity which He has been pleased during his illness so largely to afford. May he, in a simple, child-like way, be enabled still to fall into the Lord's hands. May he be enabled to resign his one earthly tie—the wife of his bosom—into the Lord's hands, in the sure confidence of a speedy reunion in “the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

We can scarcely conceive of anything more solemn than a minister's last words to his flock. The letter* from which we are about to quote, dear Mr. Parks considers to be his last words to his beloved people. As such they demand the utmost thought and consideration.

The letter thus opens:—

MY DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD JESUS,—I don't think I could more appropriately or profitably devote this, the last of my new series of tracts, than to a brief review of my ministerial labours during the twenty-four years, just now expiring, in which I have taught you, and endeavoured to build you up in your most holy faith.

And may the Lord the Holy Spirit guide my pen, and make me faithful, faithful to you, and faithful to myself!

It doubtless appears to some that, in my writings, I speak too much of myself. However, the Lord knows it is farthest from my desire to do so; but, in speaking or writing as a public man, I feel I should be altogether

*“A Brief Review of my Ministry during the last Twenty-four Years, &c., &c.”

forgetful of the boundless mercies of my covenant-keeping God if I did not make mention of His peculiarly-wonderful dealings with me individually. This cannot be done without being forced, as Paul was forced, to apparently boast over his contemporaries. Yet that glorious monument of sovereign grace took care to check himself with the confession, "I speak as a fool."

I do the same. I have nothing to boast of but my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In Him, and Him alone, do I make my boast all the day long, and shall never cease to do so as long as life lasts!

Now, in what I am about to write, I beg of all candid readers to bear this in mind. I am less than the least of all God's ministers. I am not worthy to be called a minister, yet, God being my Helper, I will speak out, I will speak the truth, I will put on record what I believe to be true respecting both preachers and hearers.

Twenty-four years of ministerial work, through much tribulation and persecution, ought to give a man deep experience, and entitle him to a voice in the Church of God. I am no novice then, so give me your best attention whilst I relate to you some of the scenes of my eventful life in this place.

When I first came amongst you I was determined to know nothing but Christ crucified. I purposed to glory in nothing, save the cross of the Lord Jesus.*

But I no sooner showed my colours, no sooner declared "by grace are ye saved, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9), than a storm of hatred and rage was raised against me! The clearer I made the doctrines of the cross, the worse I was liked, till at last vicious and decided opposition was manifested, which ended in a greater portion of the influential members of the congregation leaving the ministry altogether!

This was a severe blow to me. I now began to realize the Saviour's and the Apostle's solemn prognostications—"Ye shall be hated of all men [*i. e.*, all unconverted men] for my name's sake" (Matt. x. 22; John xv. 18—20); "Through much tribulation shall ye enter the kingdom of God," and, "If any man will live godly he shall suffer persecution" (Acts xiv. 22; 2 Tim. ii. 12).

Ah, how often had I read these words, never dreaming that I had aught to do with them! Like many others, I either had some confused ideas in my mind regarding hatred and persecution, or thought those warnings were especially meant for the original disciples; but, to my cost, I soon found out the true meaning.

How many ministers in the present day know anything about hatred and persecution for the truth's sake? Not many I am sure! Where are the bishops, the deans, the archdeacons, the dignitaries of our Church, where are the clergy who know what hatred and persecution for God's truth is? I know of but few such amongst the ordinary rank and file of ministers, and as for the dignitaries, none! If some of these suffer for their religious views, they have the consolation of a princely income, high position, and aristocratic sympathizers; but a man may suffer thus, and

* "Not a wooden or metal cross, mark you, but what Paul means by 'the cross,' *i. e.*, a Christ's work upon the cross. You may think this explanation needless, but let me tell you that within the last few weeks I have had an anonymous letter from some very ignorant person in this city, declaring that the individual who objected to wear publicly a material emblem of Christ's cross, was ashamed of the cross of Christ, and that to such an individual the offence of the cross had ceased! Such is the divinity of the Ritualists and others."

know nothing of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Untruthful ministers with popular talent have the world's applause, unholy ministers without talent have the world's sufferance; but it is otherwise with the men of God. They are, like their Master, literally despised and rejected of all unconverted persons, men of sorrows, and acquainted with grief (Isa. i. 3). Aye, and it must be so, for He has declared it—"The servant shall be as his Master" (John xv. 20).

Well, the iron entered my very soul through the treatment I received at the hands of God's enemies. I was hated, maligned, and abused, nonymously and anonymously, and this last piece of strategy was to starve me out, or to frighten me away. But the parties altogether mistook their man. I kept on preaching the word regardless of all consequences, and, though my worldly prospects looked gloomy, and I was often at my wits' end, the Lord always came most opportunely to my relief, and supported me in a way of grace and providence.

At this time some half-dozen old and established believers came to the rescue. They had heard of my preaching, and, there being no truth in the pulpits nearer than Openshaw, they gladly threw in their lot amongst us, and sat down under my ministry. Those dear children of the Lord I shall never forget. They listened to my child-like lisplings, they drank in the milk of babes for years, and, unconscious to themselves, taught me the way of God more perfectly. How many precious hints did these people let drop from time to time which proved a comfort to my soul, and a light to my understanding! Some of them are gone to their rest in full assurance of union with the Lord, others of them still remain with hearts as warm as ever, and hands as liberal as grace can make them. My dearly beloved, accept this slight acknowledgment for all you have done for me. You will remember when first you came how feebly and imperfectly I preached "the Gospel of the Grace of God," but you bore with it all, seeing that the root of the matter was in me, and now you can testify to my growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

How different is my preaching now to what it was twenty-four years ago! So must it be with every God-sent minister. If a man doesn't advance in knowledge and experience as he advances in years, he is a dead minister, a poor finger-post that points out the way but never moves an inch himself. God forbid that it should ever be so with me!

And now let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to convey that I was free from blame in my treatment of the enemies of the Gospel, to whom I have referred. No: I have frequently been harsh, and have used the rod unsparingly. I never took into consideration the fact that those parties had never heard the Gospel preached (except one truth-hating man, who declared to me with his own lips that he had heard the doctrines I advanced from his childhood, but never could abide them). It was no wonder, then, that they were amazed and confounded at the rough way in which I tore up by the roots all their former fancies, false doctrines, and fallacies. I ought to have made some allowance for their ignorance; for, if a man naturally recoils from God's truth when placed before him in the mildest accents, how much more will he writhe and hate and curse when he is violently assailed, and clutched with an iron hand?

The Lord pardon Thy servant in this thing!

Again, Mr. Parks says:—

And now, my dear brethren in the Lord, come with me into the inner

precincts of my heart, and let me show you what I have passed through in the way of practice and experience.

Martin Luther said long ago—"It takes three things to make a divine, viz., *reading, meditation, and temptation.*"

Luther, doubtless, had his cue from Paul, who exhorted Timothy to give attendance to reading and meditation (1 Tim. iv. 13—15). What sort of reading this was we may readily imagine. It could not have been the reading of the works of the rabbis and doctors of the law, for these were utterly ignorant of the true meaning of God's word; but the reading insisted upon must have been the prayerful perusal of the word itself, seeking out the meaning through the teaching of the Holy Ghost.

This is the sort of reading ministers ought to devote themselves to, and not the reading of commentators, &c., who are fallible and fanciful.

Well, to this *reading* did I devote myself for years, but it was hard work to understand what I read. There seemed to be such contradictions and such confusion in the Scriptures, that it was many a day and many a year ere I got the clue. At last, two great truths broke in upon my soul, namely, *My own complete inability to keep the law, or God's precepts and commandments, if my salvation depended upon my obedience.* The holiness of God and the depravity of man put themselves in array before me, and I said, "Surely there must be some one to take wretched man's place and answer for him if he ever is to be saved!" That some *One* I discovered to be Jesus Christ. I reasoned thus, "I will take Christ's own illustration of sin, viz., 'Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart' (Matt. v. 28). Of course this equally applies to all the commandments of God—then, where am I? I have been angry, and therefore have committed murder! I have been untruthful, and therefore have borne false-witness! I have been disobedient to my parents, and therefore am under God's curse! I have been a Sabbath-breaker, a coveter of other people's goods, dishonest in many of my dealings, besides a cherisher of evil thoughts. What is to become of me? Thus I am a sinner both practically and spiritually! The Saviour declares me to be one of the vilest of the vile! I am lost and undone!"

But Satan came with his sly suggestions. He said, "Oh, repent, reform, turn over a new leaf and all will be right!"*

But, Nay, nay, says Christ, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nay, nay, says Paul, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). This completely shut out all hope

* "Reader, this is actually the divinity of many preachers. It is openly promulgated by the deluded band of men and women calling themselves '*the Hallelujah Band.*' They teach that if a man reforms himself he will have instant salvation, and they quote instances where the outcast and the nuisance, the debauched and depraved, have become sober and respectable characters, and conclude that these persons are saved.

"Of all the monstrous deccits of Satan this is one of the most dangerous! I readily grant that a man, from a drunkard may become a sober man, from a gambler may become a thrifty man, from a thief may become an honest man, from a debauched man may become a respectable member of society, but I utterly deny that any of these changes necessarily includes *regeneration*. In fact, the Holy Spirit's work in the matter is completely ignored by those poor ignorant spouters. I grant, too, that this 'band' may have done some moral good for their fellow-creatures. It is a great boon to society to be rid of nuisances; but all this may be effected by free-will or moral agency, whilst the subjects of the change are no more *regenerated* than the heathen. But, as I was saying, Satan came in with his sly suggestions—Repent, reform, &c."

through my efforts or doings to make things straight with the all-holy God! There was nothing for it but salvation full and free, wrought out for me by Jesus Christ. I saw the mystery, and believed! Oh, how my heart leaped for joy!

Observe here, that at this time I was quickened by the Holy Ghost. I was a regenerated man. My very anxiety about my soul, and my intense longing to know what the word meant, prove this; for no natural man ever troubled his head after this fashion. I was quickened before I gave myself to reading. Very different is this case to that of those who take all for granted, and are carried away by exciting rant, or popular preaching.

The other great truth my reading brought to light was—*By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified*" (Rom. iii. 20). Oh, what huge obstructions and difficulties did this sweep away at once! Before this, in reading the Old Testament history especially, I was puzzled beyond measure with God's commandments, His statutes, and His ordinances. I used to say to myself, "There must be two ways of salvation, one by keeping those laws, the other by believing in Christ." But the blessed epistle to the Romans taught me that "Christ is the End of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x. 4). From that day to this I have had no doubt about God's way of salvation, though I have had of my interest in it. The Old Testament commandments, statutes, and ordinances have nothing whatever to do with salvation. They are conditions, on the observance of which national Israel was to have possession of the land, and enjoy temporal blessings; whereas salvation is wholly, completely, and unreservedly, unconditional!

God grants salvation, not of works, but by grace—sheer, gratuitous, sovereign grace; and this He gives according to the good pleasure of His will.

Brethren in the Lord, thus was I delivered. The work was done first by God the Holy Ghost quickening me—me, who never sought Him; secondly, by inciting me to give diligence to reading the word. "Ah," say many, "we don't like those *extreme views*!" Like them or dislike them, I reply; I am going to heaven with them in the full assurance of understanding! How common is this objection to the doctrines of distinguishing grace! "*Extreme—extreme!*" the enemy cries; "let us have something more in accordance with man's notions of right and wrong."

I answer, What the word teaches, and not what man wishes, are two different things. The word distinctly declares that God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts, and the whole tenor of God's dealings with man proves that God's ways are diametrically opposed to man's. "Who by searching can find out God?" But let us have a word upon "*extreme views*." What folly and inconsistency lie at the bottom of this objection!

What greater *extreme* than the eternal love of God for His poor sinning Church (Jer. xxxi. 3)?

What greater *extreme* than the assumption on the part of Jehovah-Jesus of the form of sinful man (Phil. ii. 6—8)?

What greater *extreme* than Jesus becoming a Beggar that His Church might be rich (2 Cor. vi. 10)?

What greater *extreme* than the Creator of the universe submitting to be maltreated by His own creatures (John i. 3; xix. 18)?

What greater *extreme* than God in redemption-work passing by angels,

and rescuing and saving men, who by nature are worse than devils (Heb. ii. 16 ; James ii. 19) ?

What greater *extreme* than God giving grace to His Church in Christ Jesus before the world began, to save it irrespective of all sorts of works whatever (2 Tim. i. 9) ?

We hope to take up this letter again.

THE REV. W. PARKS.

[We have received—and read with deep regret, as far as the state of Mr. Parks' health is concerned—the following letter. We could have desired the prolongation of our brother's life and services in the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts ; but “ Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? ” is the word that abides by us in regard to this painful dispensation. The Lord will explain Himself in His own time and way ; and sure we are that that explanation—that unfolding of what may now appear to be strange and problematical—shall be to His own glory, and to the eternal satisfaction and admiration of His redeemed.—Ed.]

Manchester, Sept. 19, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will be sorry to hear Mr. Parks is still very ill—confined now to his room, very little, if any, hope of his recovery—which we all feel very much. Will you be good enough to arrange to have the enclosed paragraph inserted in the *Gospel Magazine* for October, and you will much oblige ? I ask it for the committee of which I am a member. It seems the wrong thing to our eyes that such men as Mr. Parks should be removed ; but God no doubt has more objects in view than we can possibly see in the dispensation, and, when He sees fit, we shall see the design. We may *now*, as ever, pray for more labourers to be put into the harvest. *You* must feel the want of more when they are being cut off one by one, and your *pens removed* in that way. But you are still in the post and path ordered by Him who cannot err ; and your labours are and will be blest and recognized till it is God's will to call you up hence, as dear Mr. Parks is now being called. We are in a wretched state in Manchester for truth, and indeed throughout the country. The Lord's people are a few, as they always were. We seem to be called upon more to identify ourselves with, and stand up for, the doctrines we believe and love. The people (*professors* I mean) love to make a great show on platforms and by societies, &c. ; but where is the practical proof of their belief and love of the truth in their lives, and in the pulpits ? Scarcely anywhere. This sect is still spoken against everywhere. May you be guided as heretofore in pen and lip to proclaim with your co-workers in the *Gospel Magazine*, the blessed Gospel of grace to God's elect *family* in *the world*, who shall be called by it out of the world to the praise of Him who is the Author of and Giver of that grace.

With kindest Christian regards, believe me,

Yours truly, W. S.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. W. PARKS, B.A., RECTOR OF OPENSHAW, NEAR MANCHESTER.

The committee beg to thank the subscribers who have so liberally responded to the appeal made through these pages in July and August, and they have the gratification to inform them that the amount has reached

four hundred pounds, which sum was presented by the committee (through the chairman) on Thursday, 12th September, to their beloved pastor. It need hardly be stated he was highly pleased with the gift, and he has since written an affectionate reply, and cordially thanked them, and all his friends, adding:—

“ Apart from its intrinsic value, I highly appreciate it, first, because it proves that we who profess to belong to Christ’s blessed Church, which He loved and gave Himself for, are not unmindful of good works; secondly, because it shows that you are not ashamed of the old doctrines of the Reformers; and, thirdly, because it is an unmistakable evidence of your attachment to me, your pastor. May the Lord enable you all to realize the love of God in your hearts! Amen. Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM PARKS.”

Correspondence.

[Whilst at all times anxious to afford our correspondents an opportunity of freely expressing their opinions (where needless and unprofitable controversy does not appear to be involved) we wish, at the same time, it should be distinctly understood, that we do not hold ourselves responsible for those opinions. For our own views as from time to time expressed, we do hold ourselves responsible, but not we repeat, for those of our correspondents.—ED.]

HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Etawah, N.W.P., India, April 3rd, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—Although I never have had the pleasure of seeing you, nor do I suppose it even at all likely that I shall ever see you in the present dispensation, still I know you, and, permit me to say, love you as a father in our blessed Christ. I know you from the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, *Old Jonathan*, and “Try and Try Again.” In the February number of *Old Jonathan*, I saw an article, which is the reason of my writing to you, “A Plea for the Fallen,” and I humbly trust the blessed Lord has moved my heart to send the accompanying first of exchange for £20 for that excellent and praiseworthy society, Rescue Society for Young Women and Children. I love and enjoy your Magazine, and have been using my humble endeavours for extending its circulation. Trusting it may please our gracious Lord to spare you, and also all the correspondents of the Magazine, to feed His poor weak sheep and helpless lambs,

I remain, yours very affectionately in the Good Shepherd,

A POOR SYRIAN.

Etawah, N.W.P., India, April 27th, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—In a former letter (which I trust has ere this safely reached), I sent you the first of exchange for £20, as a donation for the poor friendless fallen ones—a plea for whom your *Old Jonathan* was the means of drawing my attention to. Perhaps you may sometimes remember me (a poor Syrian, ready to perish) in your prayers. The Gospel I am daily learning is, “Jacob have I loved;” for I daily find that I am “obstinate,” have “a neck as an iron sinew, and a brow as brass.” I deal “*very treacherously*,” and have been “a transgressor from the womb.” In fact, I have nothing between me and eternal damnation but the sovereign,

electing, distinguishing love of God in our blessed Lord Jesus. If He leaves me I am done for! In fact, if I am ever saved it will be in spite of myself. But He delighteth in mercy! Love covers all sins—love shed the precious *blood*. “When I see the blood I will pass over you.” He lays the wandering sheep on His shoulder. I do not return, but HE BRINGS me back. Such, my very dear sir, is the Gospel I am daily learning. I can *do nothing* but sin; He does all for me. The poor woman who could by *no means* lift herself up, and did *not even ask*, just suits my case; but she also was “a daughter of Abraham:” “Jacob have I loved.” I try to pray for you and the contributors to the Magazine; but oh, it gives me quite enough to do to pray for myself! Remember me sometimes,
A POOR SYRIAN.

[The draft aforementioned was duly received, and, when in London (May 21), we paid it over personally to the Secretary of the “Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children.” May the Lord Himself reward the kind donor, and may He pour into his heart of His own divine consolation. What a mercy, beloved, is it to be made by the Holy Ghost sensible of one’s sinnership, and to feel and know that there is “salvation in no other,” but that Christ, in His own divine Person, is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and what a mercy, also, to be brought to this holy determination, that Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the Saviour, if saved at all. Oh, how blessed, with Esther, to be brought to say, “I will go in unto the King, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish.” But how blessed, also, to be able to add—

“But can I die, with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried?
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.”

—EDITOR.]

A MOTHER’S INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,—If you can spare time and space in your next Magazine, will you kindly give me your advice how to act under the following circumstances: The children of Israel were forbidden to give their sons or daughters in marriage with the heathen nations around; and I am much harassed about giving my consent to the marriage of those of mine who do not know the Lord (at present), with one who is also a stranger to God; still a Christian would not marry my child, nor would either of them marry a Christian. If I give consent, my child will reside in a foreign capital, where the Sabbath is as much desecrated as in any Popish city; and I dread her “mingling with the heathen and learning their ways.” But, oh, the treachery of my vile heart! One moment the great worldly advantages pleading very strong; the next a shuddering at the very idea of a young creature being plunged into the very midst of the gaieties of continental life, and removed from the sound of the Gospel, which she has always been accustomed to hear, and from the watchful eye and advice of a very anxious mother. Hoping you will kindly point out what path I ought to pursue,

I remain, dear Editor,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER TO THE “GOSPEL MAGAZINE.”

[God grant to this anxious mother grace to say “No.” To consent would be “sowing to the flesh;” and we know what the word says, “He

that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Again, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."—Ed.]

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

THE first report of the Ritualistic Commission has been issued, and, upon the whole, it is far more satisfactory than was generally expected. It acknowledges that the new and extraordinary vestments which have been adopted by the Ritualists, are regarded as symbolical of doctrine and give grave offence to many; and the Commissioners are of opinion that all variations in the public services of the Church from that which has long been the established usage should be restrained. This strikes at the very root of Ritualism; for, if its votaries are prevented from indulging their taste for fantastic dresses and many-coloured robes, what will become of their gorgeous ceremonies and imposing processions? The Commissioners have not suggested a remedy for these obnoxious innovations, but they purpose doing so on a future occasion. We have not, however, much faith in any decisions of a Royal Commission upon the subject, for, if men are base enough to join themselves to a Reformed Protestant Church, and then use all the influence which they thus obtain to promulgate erroneous doctrines contrary to her articles, and to change her services to an idolatrous ritual, no decisions of a Royal Commission or even Acts of Parliament will much affect them; they will only alter their tactics and proceed more insidiously—unless, indeed, it be possible to drive them altogether from her communion.

The fifth General Conference of Evangelical Christians has just been held in Amsterdam, and a very interesting and important gathering it appears to have been. Many different nations were represented there, and good men of various climes took part in the proceedings, all apparently believers in the same Saviour, and lovers of the same blessed Gospel—a type and shadow of the future meeting of the multitude "whom no man can number."

No further important intelligence has as yet reached us from the poor Abyssinian captives. A large armament is being rapidly equipped, and will be sent out to their rescue with all possible speed. We trust that the prayers of God's people will be universally offered up upon their behalf, that, if it be the Lord's will, the help may reach them in time, and they may be delivered safely out of the power of their tyrannical oppressor.

Very cheering news arrives from time to time respecting missionary success in various foreign lands. From India we learn that the celebrated heathen festival of Juggernaut has this year been far less successful than formerly—the people apparently beginning to see its folly and wickedness. "Instead," it is said, "of a surging crowd of devotees encompassing the massive car and contending for the honour of dragging it along, there were, comparatively speaking, few candidates for the office. The deluded throng that assembled to magnify the hideous idol was composed chiefly of women and children, and for a time the cumbrous vehicle stood still." An application which was made to the chief magistrate for assistance, was

refused, and it was only by dint of the most tremendous exertions that the ceremony could be brought to its accustomed conclusion. The great barriers which hitherto have separated the different classes of society and sects of religion are also giving way before the influences of civilization and the spread of the Gospel. An Indian journal states that a sight was lately witnessed in the Punjaub which few, if any, ever witnessed there before, viz., a festive gathering of "stately Nazabs," "holy Fakirs," "bold Russaldars," "learned Moulvies," and European gentlemen, headed by the esteemed Lieutenant-Governor, all seated around the same tables, and partaking of the same food. Two very interesting testimonies to the value and success of the missionaries' work have lately been given from different sources; one from a native Rajah, in reply to an address presented to him. He said: "It will ever be my sincere wish, as it has hitherto been, to accord religious and civil liberty to the fullest possible extent, after the example set to the world by the great British Power. I wish you all the blessings which a merciful Providence bestows upon His creatures;" and his Prime Minister added, "Allow me to acknowledge the considerable benefit which the administration has undoubtedly derived from the existence of a body of gentlemen like you in the country. You come from parts of the world which are at the front in the march of civilization; you feel a warm interest in the welfare of the people among whom you are placed; you mix with them freely, and understand their feelings and wishes; you seek no favour; you are fearless in the exposure of evil, and the advocacy of good measures. Obviously, therefore, to carry your favourable opinion is to possess a source of no mean power for good." The other testimony is that of an officer, who, thoroughly acquainted with India, and the labours of our missionaries there, is well qualified to speak on such a subject—Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B. In addressing a large missionary meeting the other day, he passed a noble encomium upon the missionaries and their converts, controverting certain notions which have got abroad as to their failure, and asserting that he could testify to their being an earnest, self-denying, conscientious body of men; that their converts were not admitted to baptism until they had given proof that they had cast off their old idolatry with its vices; and that in the observance of Christian duty, and the value they set on Christian privileges, these converts were far in advance of our congregations at home. The women, too, amongst the higher classes in India, are permitting themselves to be educated, and beginning, in some instances, to assume a higher social position; surely these are cheering signs, which ought to cause every Christian's heart to rejoice. So in Turkey. "The old prejudices," one of Her Majesty's Consuls reports, "have passed away: the Christians may wear any kind of dress, and ride horses at their pleasure. Their religion and churches are respected; their ecclesiastics are treated with consideration both by officials and social intercourse with one another." And the Sultan is reported to have said, during his recent visit to this country, in reply to a request of the Prince of Wales, that he would protect his subjects, "*I will not only protect my Christian subjects, but I will protect Christianity.*" From Africa and America, also, similar cheering news arrives. But, whilst this is the case, we regret to learn that the work of foreign missions is much crippled by want of funds; the Church Missionary Society especially is much behind-hand in its receipts this year, and, unless its work is retrenched, or some large unexpected sums are presented to it, its expen-

diture will exceed its income by nearly £13,000. We trust that the friends of the Society, and all who love the Gospel of our blessed Lord, will come forward to its aid in this emergency.

The new Reform Bill having become law, gives a new interest and importance to the subject of national education. If we must give, or rather, if we have given, our humbler classes a voice in the legislature, it becomes of increasing importance that we should see that they are thoroughly educated. We want to a certain extent, a compulsory education, for otherwise there are thousands who will always continue utterly ignorant; we want a system liberally supported by the Government, for very close economy in a matter like this is most unwise; and, above all, we want a thoroughly *scriptural* education—an education which is based upon the word of God. We were truly thankful lately to observe the bold stand taken upon this latter point by one of our leading metropolitan men of business; having promised a most liberal contribution to a public school, which was to be conducted upon “sound religious principles,” and, finding that instead of this agreement being carried out, religion was practically to be ignored, he has declined to pay his contribution, affirming his belief that education without religion is greatly imperfect, that it is like launching a bark upon the waters upon a dark tempestuous night without a pilot or a compass. We hope that when the attention of Parliament is drawn to this subject, careful and wise legislation will follow upon it. The national education of our country is certainly not what it ought to be; the much-talked-of Revised Code is in great measure a failure, and the sooner it is substituted by a more liberal system the better.

CONCERNING the value of evidences, a friend of mine relates the following admirable anecdote: My father was the pastor of a small Baptist Society in the West of Scotland; and the author of a treatise on the evidences of Christianity gave him a copy of his book for the purpose of obtaining his criticism. One day the author called when my father was out, and was received by my mother. Sitting down by the table he saw his book, and exclaimed, “Ah! the Evidences. It was to hear your husband’s opinion of this book that I called to-day. May I ask if you have read it, and what you think of it?” “No, sir,” said my mother, “I have not read the book; the gude man has done sae, and he seems much ta’en up wi’ it; but I’ve nae favour for works of that kind.” “Indeed, ma’am, I am sorry to find that a work designed to prove the truth of Christianity should be viewed unfavourably by you.” “It is true, sir, though Christianity, I aiblins think, does not rest on evidences of your sort; and I think it sheer waste o’ time either writing or reading them. For, sir, the human family, big though it be, has just two classes; them that hae Christian grace, and them that hinna. The ae class dinna need evidences, and the ither winna believe them.”—*William White*.

EVEN the morality of the world is demoralized, when viewed in connexion with the motive, by the Eye of infinite purity.

The elect people of God are the “light of the world:” from whom can they derive even a spark of that light, but from the Sun of Righteousness?

The only use of the Christian, is, to be consumed (as a candle is) in giving light to the world.

A FEW DAYS IN PARIS.

[Now that the attention of the community at large is, in consequence of the great Exhibition, directed to Paris, we have been specially requested by a valued correspondent to republish our impressions of that very popular city, as given in pages 381 to 387 of this Magazine for August, 1855.—Ed.]

WE wonder not at “the spirit of a holy Paul being stirred in him, when he saw the city of Athens wholly given to idolatry.” A like feeling, we conceive, must possess every Christian mind in visiting Paris. If one had one’s doubts beforehand as to the propriety of the alliance with the French nation, in the present lamentable war, a closer acquaintance with the principles and practices of its people is more likely to deepen than to dispel those doubts.

Waiving the question as to whether it behoved us to interfere in the dispute between Russia and Turkey at all, one cannot but remember that idolatrous invocation of the Virgin with which France entered upon that mighty struggle, the issue of which time alone can decide. All in connexion with our ally—great nation as it is—is in keeping with this one idolatrous act.

In the contemplation of a Parisian Sabbath, the heart sickens. Upon government works, and under government auspices, is to be heard the sound of the workman’s hammer upon Sundays precisely as on other days. There is the most shameless and unequivocal casting off the fear of God. True it is, that upon the forenoon, more especially, many thousands may be seen engaged in a professed form of worship; but of what service were this? The worship of Baal were of equal value. There may be the formal crossing the breast and bowing the knee, but

“God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the *heart* is found.”

The music may charm, and the altar array may dazzle, but to the most superficial observer it is clear, that both priests and people are performing a most heartless service. And this service—heartless as it is—once over, where were its votaries to be found, but in haunts of gaiety and dissipation? One ceaseless round of pleasure would seem to be the Parisian’s aim. Even business would appear but of secondary importance; for, though perhaps two-thirds of the shops are open on the Sabbath, yet would the occupants in some degree at least partake of the common festivities.

With what readiness did one turn out of the pleasure-thronged Avenue des Champs Elysées into the Rue Marbeuf, and there, halting at its quiet chapel gates, read the wholesome counsel, “Go, *preach the Gospel* to every creature.” Ah, the Gospel! if there was a charm in its very name, it was there. We longed for the Gospel! We had long since heard, that the Gospel preached in that chapel was not yea-and-nay, but yea-and-yea; but its accustomed minister, we had been informed, was not to preach that morning. Hence our absence, and hence our resolve to see and hear for ourselves, that of which we wished to testify from more than hearsay. Moreover, it was said the Protestant ministers of Paris would see no strangers on the Sabbath. This was another barrier to us, who had merely reached the city the day before. However, thoroughly starved out and sick at heart, we were resolved to make the attempt. The bell was rung, and, in another minute, we sat beside the man of God. We met, not as strangers, but

as brethren ; and, because necessity was laid upon us, cheerfully did we consent to take the service of that afternoon. Singular to say, the lesson for the day was the 2nd chapter of the 2nd Epistle to the Thessalonians. What a striking comment upon those idolatrous scenes one had just witnessed ; and in what powerful contrast fell the weighty words of our liturgy. What heart and soul there seemed about them, when compared with the miserable mummary of Rome ! How humbling its confession ! how ardent its appeals ! And then how great the privilege to stand and proclaim to fellow-sinners—once, and in all probability but once—all the words of this life ! May the Lord bless that humble testimony for God and truth, and grant that it may not be a lost word ; one end at least we trust will have been gained. We anticipate the privilege of hearing, through the medium of these pages, from the beloved Minister of Marbeuf Chapel, Paris. Circumstanced as he is, he does indeed need the prayers and the sympathies of the household of faith.

We have spoken of Paris in a religious point of view. We do not, at the same time, overlook what is due to its people, as citizens of the world. It is almost impossible to survey its gaudy palaces—its majestic edifices—its stately streets, without being impressed with the master-mind that gave birth to such gigantic schemes. The man must be a stoic indeed who could pass without admiration through the *Tuileries*, and, after surveying its gardens and terraces, walk with indifference through the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, and stand uninterested beneath the *Arc-de-Triomphe de l'Etoile*. Here is a structure 152 feet in height, 137 feet in breadth, 68 feet in depth, and erected at a cost of £47,280. From the windows of the royal apartments of the *Tuileries*, the effect of this most magnificent structure, as seen at the termination of the vast avenue which lies between it and the Palace, is most imposing. Nothing can well exceed the animated scene that the *Champs Elysées* presents towards evening. One stream of carriages rolls on towards the *Bois de Boulogne*, where, in the midst of the most lovely plantations, are extensive artificial lakes. Returning, when the shades of evening have set in, the avenues are lighted up, and the pavilions of the various *cafés-chantants* are illuminated ; the effect is most dazzling. Thousands are seated in the open air, drinking coffee, uniting in the most animated conversation, or listening to the many professional singers who are engaged by the principals of the varied establishments. Whilst one cannot but be impressed with the total absence of drunkenness in Paris, as standing in such striking contrast to London, Glasgow, and other large cities, yet it must be evident to the most casual observer, that the scenes at which we took little more than a passing glance, must be most injurious, if not absolutely destructive, to the dwellers among such scenes. In fact, to us it appeared as though the Parisian passed a kind of aerial existence. He knows little, if anything, as far as we can conceive, of the sweets of home ; he is a stranger to the attractions of the domestic hearth ; and hence he seeks to foster a sort of visionary being, to the maintenance of which he has ample facilities. Can anything, therefore, be more reprehensible on the part of parents or guardians than to entrust the young and unformed to such an atmosphere ? We have taken occasion before in these pages to caution our readers upon this principle. We would reiterate that caution. A plea that it is necessary for the due attainment of the language may be urged in extenuation. Away with such an argument. To speak after the manner of men, shall *language* be obtained at the expense of the immortal interests of your

children's never-dying souls? Can a man thrust fire into his bosom, and not be burned? There is everything in Paris to intoxicate the soul. To educate a child there, is, as it were, to place that child upon stilts, that it may take longer strides to perdition. We admit that the language is strong, and that we feel strongly upon the subject. Why? We have before us mentally at this moment a family reduced from comparative affluence to a shade above pauperism; and the cause we trace to the taste given to its youthful members by an education on the continent. We looked not *behind* the scenes. We saw nothing of its theatres—its ball and concert-rooms—its card-loungers; but, independently of all these, we saw enough in the mere passing through its streets and promenades to feel most thoroughly assured, that Paris is like a vast vortex, into which thousands upon thousands of immortal souls are drawn to their own irremediable ruin.

It may be urged, that Paris is not worse than London; granted: but to its contact with Paris, during the last ten or fifteen years, we conceive is to be attributed the great increase of what may be termed the more refined vice of London.

To those entrusted with the immortal interests of the young, we would most seriously and affectionately address these observations. We shall feel that the information we have so recently personally sought, has not been in vain, if so be but a single individual has been brought to pause, ere he or she consigns a child to such imminent peril. If *language* be such a desideratum, it is to be obtained without such hazards. We know of one establishment for young ladies in a most healthful vicinity near London, conducted admirably. From his long residence upon the continent, our friend and brother, the Rev. W. P. TIDDY, has, with his family, become perfect master of the language. Both French and German are spoken with the utmost facility; and his daughter—a most amiable young person—exceeds in execution all that we ever met as a pianiste.

Of the dangers of the continent we doubt not our brother TIDDY would speak in terms as strong as we have employed, if not more so. Nay, if we mistake not, his becoming solicitude as a father was one strong inducement to leave Brussels; and we shall feel glad if these few remarks should draw forth his views upon the subject.

The reader will pardon this digression. Its importance has prompted us. We will now return to a brief glance at some of the objects of interest in Paris.

The *Madeleine* is a magnificent building. It is decorated with unusual splendour; and, being lighted from the roof by three domed windows, the effect is grand in the extreme upon the sculptures, paintings, and richly-gilt walls. The cost of the building is said to be upwards of half-a-million.

Passing down the *Rue Royale*, you enter the *Place de la Concorde*, a site of great historic interest. It occupies a vast space, and is laid out in most princely style. It has been the scene of much bloodshed. In 1770 1,200 were crushed and trampled to death during the fêtes given in honour of the marriage of Louis with Marie Antoinette. Upon this spot, in 1793, they were beheaded. And a collision between the troops and the military proved the signal for the attack upon the Bastille in 1789.

With nothing were we so enchanted, as a work of art, as with the *Hôtel des Invalides*. Description is out of the question. Standing beneath that stupendous dome, which took nearly thirty years in constructing, you

behold the dazzling splendour of the altar, surmounted by a canopy supported by four columns of black marble, 22 feet in height; and, from the peculiar reflection of the sun, the gilded canopy appears like one solid mass of pure gold. In the centre, directly under the dome, is the grand mausoleum of Napoleon. His temporary tomb is seen in a recess a little to the left. Gazing upon this marvellous achievement of art, numberless reflections crowd upon the mind. The recollection that he who was the terror of the nations, and in consequence of whose proud ambition tens of thousands fell victims, now himself helplessly reposing in the solemn stillness of death, proves to demonstration the extreme vanity of all. What a practical comment does it afford in reference to the present distressing war! Striking, indeed, have been its lessons, inasmuch as not only have multitudes fallen, but its ambitious instigator and more prominent actors—the Czar and generals-in-chief of the several armies.

In the centre of the *Place Vendôme* stands Napoleon's triumphal column. It is formed of 276 plates of metal, derived from 1,200 pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians and Prussians, and weighing more than 120 tons. The height of the column is about 140 feet, the pedestal is 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide.

The *Church of St. Roche* is one of the richest in Paris. In a large niche at the extreme end, and lighted from an invisible opening above, is a representation of the summit of Mount Calvary, with the crucifixion. The effect is remarkably imposing.

The *Palais de Justice*, with its numerous courts of law, is one object well worth seeing. Many of the courts were open, and the pleading was conducted in the most animated way.

The *Sainte Chapelle* is a superb structure. "It was built in 1242 by Saint Louis, as a depository for the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour during the crucifixion, a piece of the true cross, the spear-head which pierced His side, and other such relics, which this superstitious monarch had purchased from the Emperor Baldever for two millions of francs." The entire windows of this building are of stained glass, and is surmounted by an elegant spire, 70 feet in height, gilded on the exterior to the very top.

At the time of our visit to *Nôtre Dame*, the body of a child, attended by a number of little girls in white, was waiting interment. A priest came forth and mumbled a few sentences, and then the bier was sprinkled by the mourners, and some dozens of spectators, with holy water. The view of Paris from the summit of this ancient structure is very imposing. We counted sixteen bridges over the Seine within a short distance of each other. In the south tower is the famous Bourdon, a great bell weighing 32,000 lbs.; but, if the eye does not deceive us, the Great Tom of Lincoln is fully one-half larger.

We stepped into the *Church of St. Sulpice* for a few minutes on the Sunday evening. A priest was in the pulpit, attended by a little surpliced boy, who held a small taper in his hand. The priest appeared to be repeating a litany, addressed to the Virgin, to which the congregation responded. Whilst this was proceeding within the building, immediately in front of it—namely, on the *Place St. Sulpice*—a flower-show and market was held. A juggler also was performing, to the no small gratification of the bystanders. A very elegant fountain, with which Paris abounds, plays in the centre of this square.

The *Jardin de Luxembourg* is most lovely, and is said to be the most beautifully-arranged garden in Paris. The bazaar is exceedingly poor.

The *Pantheon*, with its lofty porch and spacious dome, is magnificent. The lantern, to which our little party ascended, is 450 feet above the level of the Seine, and from which a beautiful bird's-eye view of Paris may be obtained. In the vaults of the Pantheon are the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau.

With the *Bibliothèque Imperiale* the visitor will be much interested. It is stated to contain upwards of a million and a half of volumes. There are specimens of bookbinding and printing from the earliest time of their invention. With one circumstance we were much amused. In the range of cases containing the Apocalypse, printed from solid blocks of wood, a Bible printed by Guttenburg, and a translation of the *Ars Moriendi*, printed by Caxton, is a very ancient Bible, which lies open, exposing to view the 5th to the 8th of the Romans. What chapters are there more condemnatory of the whole system and spirit of Romanism and Infidelity, for which France is so notorious?

On the way to the *Père la Chaise* the visitor passes the huge column erected upon the site of the *Bastille*, taken by the Revolutionists on the 14th of July, 1789. The weight of metal employed amounts to nearly 1,500 cwt. The whole cost of erection was £48,000. It was at the *Place de la Bastille* some of the most desperate struggles took place between the insurgents and the soldiers. General Negrier and the Archbishop of Paris fell hereabouts.

With the *Père la Chaise* we were disappointed. It is very extensive, and contains some beautiful monuments; but it is exceedingly badly kept. Grass and weeds have overrun the whole, and all assumes an aspect of neglect quite in contrast with every other public spot we have visited. Over a large proportion of the tombs small erections have been raised. Within these is an altar, decorated with a silver or metal cross, rich vases, and flowers. Before the altar is a chair for the convenience of the surviving relatives of the dead, sundry of whom we saw resorting thither for the vain purpose of devotion.

Walking through the grounds of the *Père la Chaise*, and recollecting that the great bulk of those deposited there had died in ignorance of, and at enmity with, the one common salvation; we could but compare it with Bunhill Fields, where reposes the precious dust of multitudes who slept in Jesus! How great the contrast! A false and pitiful charity would remonstrate with us upon the expression of this sentiment; but the fact, nevertheless, stands the same. We can have no sympathy with a system antagonistic to our gracious Lord and Master, and the fulness and perfection of His salvation. "As the tree falls so it lies;" "the wages of sin is death." What a proof of mortality is the fact, that this burying-place occupies upwards of 150 acres; and, although only opened on the 25th of May, 1804, contains already upwards of 50,000 funereal monuments, to say nothing of the immense number interred without any mark or distinction!

The *Manufacture des Tapisseries des Gobelins* will amply repay the visitor. Not only are the most beautiful specimens exhibited, but the process of manufacture is at the same time going on. Several most elaborate subjects in tapestry, as well as large carpets, were in the hands of the artists. The whole is in the pay of the Government.

The *Louvre* would require many days' close scrutiny to do it justice. The Picture Galleries are very extensive, and contain some splendid

paintings. This place was used as a place of residence by Charles IX., the persecutor of the Huguenots, Henry III., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and by Henrietta, widow of Charles I. of England. "About half-way down the Long Gallery is a window overlooking the Pont de Carrousel. From the balcony of this window, Charles IX. stood to fire upon his Huguenot subjects on the memorable eve of St. Bartholomew." We were particularly interested in the relics of Napoleon. There was his tent-bed; some of the clothes he wore at St. Helena; the hat he wore at Waterloo, his stirrups, and the old brown great-coat in which he is so commonly represented.

Directly opposite to one of the principal entrances to the Louvre is the gorgeous *Church of St. Germain*. A part of it was commenced in the fourteenth century. This building has a melancholy interest, "as it was the bell of this church that tolled the memorable signal for the commencement of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was responded to on the other side of the water by the tocsin of the *Conciergerie*. In the street close by, the *Rue des Fosses*, stood formerly the mansion of Admiral Coligny (now demolished to make way for the new improvements), in which he was murdered on that dreadful night."

The *Palais Royal* is remarkable also as a place of historic interest. The number and brilliancy of its shops is a striking feature.

The *Palace of Industry* does not equal the Exhibition of 1851, except in the machinery department, in which, we consider, the London and Dublin Exhibitions are excelled. The picture gallery, which is a separate building, contains some splendid pieces. One of the most remarkable is the *Reign of Terror*.

The *Boulevards* have an astounding effect. The idea of extensive promenades, lined with trees, in their rich shady foliage, and that in the midst of a thickly-populated city, strikes an Englishman especially with amazement. The scene in these resorts of an evening is very different from anything you meet in London; and from the number of loungers of both sexes, it is clear, as we before intimated, that Paris, as a whole, is destitute of home-attractions.

Last, but not least, *Versailles* exceeds in beauty everything we ever saw. Its galleries were not open, nor its fountains playing; but we were amply compensated for the run by railway, and a thorough wetting during a thunderstorm. The grounds and terraces are lovely. The church is exquisite. The parks present the richest variety of which it is almost possible to conceive. The *Grand Trianon* is a beautiful residence, built by Louis XIV. in 1685, for Madame de Maintenon. It is nearly 400 feet long, and contains but a ground floor. Certain apartments may be seen as arranged for the reception of our Queen, when expected in Paris some time ago. The paintings in the galleries of Versailles are said to extend a distance of not less than six miles.

Readers, our rambles through Paris are at an end. After eight-and-thirty hours of incessant travelling, we were most thankful to find ourselves transferred from Paris to Bonmahon, and once again in our own peaceful home. We would not exchange the quiet of this village (humble as it is) for all the attractions of that princely city. The Parisian may luxuriate in his *restaurant*—at the *café*—or in his varied midnight revels; give us the fond endearments of one's own peaceful hearth. They far outvie them all.

Readers, pardon us in thus having detained you over Parisian scenes.

We have had a purpose in view. Our object has at once been counsel and caution; counsel to the young and the thoughtless; caution to the more advanced, but as yet undecided with respect to the training and education of those committed to their care.

Bonmahon, July 28, 1855.

THE EDITOR.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled, under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. GREY. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

WITH a nation still in tears for one so deservedly loved, and so suddenly taken hence, such a book—containing, as it does, so many facts connected with the lamented Prince's early life—must be peculiarly interesting. We are glad that our beloved Queen has shown so special a regard for her people, as thus to put them in possession of a narrative, the perusal of which may not only interest during the process of reading, but which is eminently calculated, under God, to aid in the formation of character of the young especially. We rejoice in the domestic portraiture here given. The insight thus afforded into the every-day life of royalty is calculated to be of immense advantage to the aristocracy; and a careful consideration of this volume may go to prove to the community at large, and to the poorer portion of it especially, that the life of many of the high and the noble of this world is not that vague, useless, inactive kind of thing they are too apt to imagine. Those who are called to labour for their daily food by the sweat of their brow, too commonly indulge the idea that those in the upper walks of life have nought to do but to indulge in the ceaseless round of pleasure and, as they think, dissipation; but, could they look behind the scenes, they would discover that, independent of the enormous weight of responsibility which their position entails, they have a daily ordeal of mental labour to undergo, which far, far exceeds mere physical or bodily exertion. The brain of a statesman, or the holding office or position, or, it may be, the private—and so-called retired—gentleman, is a state of almost perpetual unrest. Their energies are taxed to the utmost. The post that brings them but a half-dozen or half-score letters, affords them a comparative holiday from the pressing claims of the study-table or desk. With the letters of the day once more despatched, then comes a relief of which the ordinary working-man can form no conception. To this is added, it may be, the general oversight of a wide-spread acreage: improvements in the village, or hamlets scattered here and there upon the estate; inspection of the schools; oversight of the population generally; and all this in addition to guardianships, board meetings, county committees, and we know not how many other claims.

In the interesting and instructive volume before us, one thought must almost as a matter of necessity strike the reader; it is that of the intense and unwearied *occupation* of the great subject of its pages. From very early life, through all the stages of his eventful career, the Prince Consort was among at once the most studious as well as the most active of men. The "programme of studies," as drawn up by the Prince himself, in his 14th year, is a perfect marvel. Amid his self-imposed tasks,

we find that throughout the week he allows himself but *two hours* for the agreeable and healthful recreation of *riding*. In fact, every hour from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. is filled up, with the exception of that from 1 to 2, and for two days in the week even this is allotted to drawing.

Did space permit,, we should gladly quote sundry extracts from this most interesting volume. For the present, however, we must content ourselves with the closing remarks of the Prince's greatly-attached tutor. He says:—

“Of the many virtues that distinguished the Prince, two deserve especial attention; for they were conspicuous even in his boyhood, winning for him the love and respect of all. Growing with his growth, these virtues gained strength with years, till they formed, as it were, part of his very religion. One was, his eager desire to do good, and to assist others; the other, the grateful feeling which never allowed him to forget an act of kindness, however trifling, to himself.

“He gave an early instance of the former quality, when only six years' of age, in the eagerness with which he made a collection for a poor man in Wolfbach (a small village close to the Rosenau), whose cottage he had seen burnt to the ground. He never rested till a sufficient sum had been collected to rebuild the poor man's cottage. How many more substantial proofs has he given of the same virtue since he grew up! particularly in the numerous benevolent institutions founded by him in his native home.

“These two qualities of heart won for him the affections of all, and to them more particularly may be ascribed that peculiar charm which fascinated all who knew our beloved master: awakening those feelings of love, admiration, and respect which attended him from the cradle to his premature grave.”

Sermons preached in Charles Chapel, Plymouth. By the late Rev. GEORGE DAVID DOUDNEY; together with sundry Letters to his Friends. London: Nisbet and Co.—We have read nearly the whole of these sermons and letters, by our departed and much-lamented brother-in-law. They are full of savour and unctuous power. The person of Christ, as revealed under the gracious ministry of the Holy Ghost, is the leading feature of these sermons and letters. Few had the gift of analyzing the heart, and discriminating between the two distinct natures in the one living child of God, as had our deceased relative. He was, as we have before said, pre-eminently a student of the heart. He had a deep personal acquaintance with it, in all its labours and labyrinths. There was scarcely one—if any—temptation or exercise into which our beloved friend could not follow the subject of it, in all its diversified phases and bearings. And this made him, under God, the skilful physician and the tender nurse he was to afflicted souls, both as a minister and a writer. His patience in dealing with souls was remarkable; his tenderness extreme. Who that remembers him, in his personal ministry, but must be reminded of his loving appeals and tender forbearance when dealing with the timid, the doubting, and the broken-hearted? Who, at the same time, can forget his zeal, his courage, his holy boldness, when grappling with error, or the mere assumption of the Christian name or profession. So clearly did he, in the early days of Tractarianism, see its bearing and tendency, that in one of the large halls in London, at a Protestant meeting held there, he said he would have all such advocates of

Popery under the guise of Protestantism, "sent handcuffed to Rome, and the sooner they went the better." This was in precise keeping with the remark of the late Bishop of Peterborough, who said of the Tractarians, "They are on the high road to Rome, and nothing will stop them." The fact that numbers have at last had the honesty to go where their hearts had so long prompted them, proves the truth of the Bishop's observation. We strongly advise our readers to possess themselves of these sermons.

A few Thoughts on Liturgies in General, Ritualism, and the present state of the Nonconformist Bodies. By J. A. WALLINGER, Minister of Pavilion Chapel, Brighton. London: W. H. Collingridge.—Although there is much in this pamphlet which we cannot but agree with (it would be almost impossible for a man taught of the Holy Ghost to do otherwise), yet there are some things to which we must take exception. Esteeming, as we do, the hitherto perfectly free and uninterfered-with position which we have enjoyed for more than twenty years as a Minister in the Church of England, we should be sorry, unless our liberty of speech was invaded, to forego that position, and subject ourselves to the caprice and dictation of every little upstart that chose to arise, and oppose our ministrations. Our brother WALLINGER's is a happy exception, for he has laboured among a loved and loving people; but we have known by far too many instances in which some of God's faithful servants have been sent almost broken-hearted to the grave by the conduct of those who had sprung up into a kind of premature manhood; and, by their proud self-love and vain fleshly confidence, embittered the last days of those who were entitled to their regard and affection.

The Complete Works of Thomas Brooks. With Memoir. Edinburgh: James Nichol; London: Nisbet and Co.—We have before us the fourth and fifth volumes of this giant in divinity. His was a master-mind indeed, and richly imbued with the savour and unction of that Name which is above every name. We cannot contemplate the immense labours of such men as BROOKS and OWEN and CALVIN and LUTHER, and their republication in the times and under the solemn circumstances in which we live, without being impressed with the conviction that the Lord must have some wise and gracious purpose in view in bringing these works afresh to the light. Surely they are a striking and formidable protest against the sophistries and the delusions which so widely abound in the professing Church at the present juncture. We earnestly pray that the reissue of these important works may conduce in an eminent degree to the glory of our God, and to the good of multitudes of immortal souls.

Biblical Essays. By C. COWAN, M.D.; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.—This is an invaluable book, the product of a master-mind, and the evident result of deep thought, fervent prayer, and much reading and research. The style of writing is remarkable for its clearness and brevity. There is no waste of words, but a coming to the point with a boldness, fearlessness, and decision, that reasonably claims for its author both confidence and respect. We regret that space prevents our quoting from this excellent book in our present issue, but we promise our readers extracts in an early number.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER" "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No 23,
NEW SERIES. }

NOVEMBER, 1867.

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OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE REHEARSAL OF THE RIGHTEOUS ACTS OF THE LORD.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and shall sing of Thy righteousness."—PSALM cxlv. 7.

BELOVED, we believe that the dear children of God are verily guilty, in that they too commonly withhold the record of the kind and gracious acts of the Lord. They are wrought upon by sundry fears; and these fears keep them back from what is to the praise and glory of their Lord and Master. In past times—especially in the infancy of their spiritual career—they were very free to *talk* of the Lord's kind and gracious doings; and, ere they were aware, they talked all their peace and comfort and enjoyment away. A proud heart had imperceptibly led them to laud it over many, it may be, longer in the way and much more deeply taught than themselves. The snares, therefore, into which such talkativeness had instrumentally brought them, made them subsequently the more diffident in speaking.

Reader, permit us to pause a moment, and ask if such has not been the case in your former experience? Oh, how flippant has been the tongue after some merciful and gracious manifestation! It was not that there was a lack or want of reality in those manifestations; they were true; they were blessed; they were God-glorifying and soul-satisfying. But it was the *advantage* that Satan and our own hearts took of such manifestations. In order that no opportunity should be allowed to escape, Satan (our ever-vigilant foe) would seek, under such circumstances, to puff up the heart with pride and self-complacency, and that in immediate connexion with what otherwise might well tend to humble the soul in the very dust of self-loathing and abasement before God. For that the pardoning of a rebel, or the

curing of a patient afflicted with a deadly malady, should be a stimulus or motive to *pride* in such pardoned rebel or healed patient, is, to say the least, absurd. Yet such is the object of Satan, playing upon the pride and pharisaism of the human heart. It was, therefore, to prevent this that the record respecting Paul's thorn in the flesh is given in such repeated and emphatic terms: "*And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure*" (2 Cor. xii. 7). We would have the reader observe particularly the aforementioned repetition, which we have here quoted in italics. Assuredly the object of the Holy Ghost was to lay a special stress upon the fact. There was both a loving purpose and a godly caution in it. May we not add, beloved reader, what mercy we have personally seen in the Lord's tender forbearance, patience, and care in regard to that very pride of which we have spoken? Oh, do not certain spots, encompassed about by danger—yea, by perils of the greatest magnitude—present themselves in the review of the pathway; and that danger and those perils the immediate effect and consequence of the pride and self-complacency which had, imperceptibly, gained the dominion over us in connexion, it may be, with even the Lord's manifested mercy and pardoning love? Consider a moment, and see if it has not been so. Yea, more, may not the foreseeing of this on *His* part, who is infinite in wisdom, have led to the keeping back, on the part of the Lord, of the full declaration of pardon and the blessed discharge from all fear and captivity, in cases where He foresaw it would lead to abuse? We know the point is a delicate one; we are aware it is open to dispute; we are conscious that it may be regarded as a plea for keeping souls in bondage. Such is farthest from our thoughts. Our imperfect language may fail to convey our meaning. We know that Divine grace is all-sufficient. We know it is equal to each and every emergency. We know there is no limiting or circumscribing our God. But he deals with His children always in wisdom, always in love, but in a greatly-diversified, though by no means contradictory, way. A beautiful harmony pervades the whole.

Now, as in nature so in grace, some are more disposed to be prodigal of gifts than others, and therefore such are to be limited and circumscribed in regard to the bestowment of those gifts. Whilst all, as children, are to be supplied according to absolute necessity, parental wisdom sees fit to deal out its gifts at various times and in different proportions.

But again, the fear of their pride once more gaining the mastery, may serve to keep back the Lord's children from testifying of His continued goodness and mercy. "A burnt child dreads the fire," is an old and true saying. But this does not, nevertheless, justify any whom the Lord has dealt mercifully and graciously with, from testifying of the same. Will not the blessed work of the redeemed in glory be a declaration to His praise? Are they not already there

recording in higher and more glorious strains, of the mercy and the majesty and the manifold nature of His acts? Shall His children be *dumb* till they reach their everlasting habitations? Shall the world and men in general hear nothing of the wisdom and the power and the goodness and the love of Him who is mighty to save? If this is to be the case, then the world is never to hear aught of the boundless lovingkindnesses, and the manifold and marvellous mercies, of a God in Christ! Whereas the hearing of them has not unfrequently been instrumental, in and by the power and ministry of the Holy Ghost, in begetting in the worldling a desire to know, and personally to participate in, such blessings and blessedness. Such are led by the Spirit to see by comparison their own destitution, dissatisfaction, and danger, and the contrast with the blessed estate and holy privileges of the redeemed here on earth has awakened lively desires, holy longings, and ardent importunings for the like mercies. "We will go with you," say they, "for we perceive that the Lord is with you."

But we would have the reader consider how great stress the psalmist, under the guidance and direction of the Holy Ghost, laid upon this most important service—namely, the testifying of the gracious acts of the Lord. And observe David has wellnigh reached the completion of his work, as far as the Psalms are concerned. It is worthy of consideration, moreover, that diversified as the Psalms are—intermingled with prayer and praise—acknowledgment and appeal—at their close the language is almost exclusively that of *praise*. The psalmist had almost done with prayer; his theme is now that of *thanksgiving* and *praise*. How significant of the closing up of the pilgrim's course! It is uniformly that of thankfulness, if not that of absolute and uninterrupted praise. His course always *ends well*; he invariably *justifies his God*; his end is *peace*, though not always *joyous* and *transporting*.

"One generation," says the psalmist, "shall *praise* Thy works to another; and shall *declare* Thy mighty acts." Mark this, beloved reader. That as one generation recedes and another advances, so the business of the former is to *declare* and to *testify* to the latter. You will remember how much and how continuously this was enjoined under the old or Levitical dispensation; how by precept and by various significant signs and proofs there was to be a handing down from father to children, and generation to generation, of the marvellous acts and the tender lovingkindnesses of the Lord. The express command was that they were to *speak* of them, and to *teach* in respect to them, to their children and their children's children.

Ah, beloved, are we not verily at fault here? We speak feelingly when we say, are we not too commonly so absorbed in the contemplation of our own present and personal trials, temptations, and anxieties, as to be comparatively regardless of the troubles and afflictions of others? Are we not the subjects of a miserable selfishness? How little personal experience have we of what is involved in that saying,—

"A heart at leisure from itself."

By which we understand, not a sinful indifference or carnal ignorance of what the human heart is, but a becoming concern about the condition and circumstances of our poor fellow-mortals. Ah, there are those who know that where the Holy Ghost is pleased to beget this feeling of sympathy and commiseration on account of others, there is a more lively and healthy state of soul personally; there is a deeper sense of richly-experienced and altogether-unmerited mercy. In what a multitude of instances has this consideration of others, and the contemplation of their varied positions, led to a grateful sense and more due acknowledgment of the Lord's tender lovingkindnesses.

Reader, have you not found it to be so?

Again, has not the very exercise of attempting to speak of the Lord's goodness, as personally experienced in days gone by, served, under the power and unction of the Holy Remembrancer, to call up vividly to the mind scenes and seasons which had fallen into oblivion? And how, moreover, has that very remembrance strengthened faith and stimulated hope in regard to the present or with respect to the future! How has it led to the renewed, heartfelt utterance—

“His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.”

Reader, how sweet is this precious, precious experience, especially in these solemn and truth-perverting days? On two occasions, during the past month, have we personally known something of this: once, when talking to a little group of most attentive and deeply-interested youthful hearers; and, again, when retracing, with a dear friend, old spots with which he had been familiar forty years ago, and the which he had not visited since. This dear friend and ourselves had been on this occasion gazing upon certain spots in the city of Bath, with which, as we have said, he had formerly been familiar. He had been pointing out house after house then occupied by those who had long since passed away. We had been speaking of the fading, dying nature of all things, and of the present exceedingly-critical nature of the times and the circumstances under which we live, when a poor blind woman of a sudden presented herself, attended by her little dumb guide, and began to sing in the most plaintive and touching strains of *the better land*. The appearance of that poor woman at that juncture, and her sweet scriptural song, was most timely, causing one mentally to unite in her precious love-notes, in the sweet and encouraging hope, that—

“He that hath helped us hitherto
Will help us all our journey through,
And give us daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.”

Reader, reader, it is so sweet and so blessed when one is thus carried out of self, and led on and on in hope—yea, in blessed assurance—that He who, in such covenant mercy, began and, up to the present moment,

carried on the work, will, in His own good time and in His own wise and wonder-working way, accomplish it to the praise of the glory of His grace. Oh, how sweet thus to sing—

“Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure is the earnest is given;
More *happy*. but not more *secure*,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

Reader, these experiences are blessedly connected with the “abundant utterance of the memory of His great goodness, and the singing of His righteousness.” And how often are these utterances connected with some of the dismal depths; how frequently associated with the being brought through the fire and through the water out into the wealthy place! We know one, dear reader, who had very recently a sweet season of enjoyment and precious, precious time of revival, after deep depression, from the application of these words: “The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; *He will rest in His love*, He will joy over thee with singing.” And then this sweet testimony concerning the **BESTING IN HIS LOVE** was followed with those precious lines—

“Unchangeable His love,
Though fickle be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Immutably the same.
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.”

Ah, this divine faithfulness, this divine unchangeableness! how sweet and consolatory is the consideration of it, in contrast to all our mental and physical weaknesses, infirmities, and fluctuations in feeling and experience!

Take courage, ye poor, ye tried, ye doubting ones, the Lord the Spirit help you to think of that sweet counsel of the Apostle, “Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.”

Reader, as we before stated, the Psalmist has laid so great stress upon the importance of *giving expression*—of personally *testifying*—of the kind and gracious acts of the Lord. The whole context justifies that saying of the poet—

“Why should the wonders God hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?”

Surely, it was never more important and incumbent to speak out than in these days of rebuke and blasphemy—in these times when the truth as it is in Jesus is so little felt, and even less advocated. All and everything appertaining to the existence and operation of the life of God in the soul should be sought after and contended for among the members of the real household of faith. They must be satisfied to be deemed singular—nay, even be willing to be accounted among the narrow-minded and the bigoted of a bygone age. Never mind; ere such are aware, they may be either taken away from the evil to come, or placed in circumstances as men of old were, to deem it a privilege

and honour to be counted worthy to suffer for His sake. The alternative, dear reader, may be nearer at hand than we are aware of.

Be it ours, therefore, whilst yet we have the opportunity and the privilege, to testify for our God; and observe one important feature in the text, namely, the connexion between the *testimony* and the *triumph*, the *speaking* for and the *singing* of—"They shall abundantly utter." Here is the testimony, the speaking for the Lord—"and shall *sing* of Thy righteousness;" here is the triumph—the song. And sure we are, beloved, that the one follows the other. They are blessedly conjoined in the life and walk of faith, the going back in review of divine leadings, the bringing up to mind and memory, by the power of the Holy Remembrancer, of past experiences, bygone interpositions, leadings, and gracious succour, support, and deliverances; and the giving utterance to the same is attended with a strengthening of heart and a confirmation of soul. A holy boldness and a divine steadfastness is realized thereby. Moreover, a special satisfaction flows into the heart as a very blessed consequence. Hence, the psalmist exclaimed, "I have not kept back Thy righteousness and Thy truth from the great congregation." This fact afforded him no small degree of comfortable reflection. But it led to something more. He adds, "and shall sing of Thy righteousness." Now, there is a twofold righteousness of which the Lord's dear people sing, and in which they triumph. There is, first, the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, which, by virtue of their union with and identity to Him, is accounted theirs. By a gracious transfer in the glorious covenant scheme of redemption, the pure spotlessness and perfect holiness of Jesus is imputed to every ransomed soul. Christ takes the sin of His people, and gives them His righteousness. It is a wondrous barter, a marvellous exchange! Never was there a greater contradiction or discrepancy. Yet it is a glorious, incontrovertible fact, into a personal knowledge of which convicted souls, under the power and ministry of the Holy Ghost, are sooner or later led; and, when so led, they rejoice and sing, in contradistinction to the ten thousand fears of which they were previously the subjects, when led into a knowledge of their desperate state and condition as poor helpless, lost, ruined, and undone sinners. Oh, how unspeakably precious to such is the revelation to them by the Holy Ghost of the great and glorious fact, that "Christ is made of God unto them wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" that "He was made sin for them, who knew no sin; that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

Reader, have you been brought to this blessed knowledge? Have you been led by the Holy Ghost into a discovery of your standing in Christ Jesus as "the Lord your Righteousness?" Are you day by day "making mention of His righteousness, even of His only," in all your approaches to the mercy-seat? Oh, what a resting-place is here! What a peace, what a satisfaction here! "Christ is the end [or object or aim] of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Well may all such rejoice and sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Reader, "if the Son make you free, you are free indeed."

But there is, secondly, a further righteousness in which the saints rejoice, and of which they sing. It is the Lord their God's righteous acts, His wisdom, His love, His mercy, His condescension, His faithfulness, His tender and marvellous lovingkindnesses, in all the rich, blessed, and manifold benefits which He bestows upon His people. Oh, yes, "He is righteous in all His acts, and holy in all His works." However adverse, seemingly, and dark and mysterious His dealings for the time being, sooner or later the Holy Ghost discovers to them the wisdom and the goodness and the boundless love and mercy of His dispensations. He brings them to wonder, admire, and adore. They stand amazed in the contemplation of His wonder-working love and grace and power, and afresh it becomes their happiest employ, even in the wilderness, and amid all its seemingly-critical and complicated circumstances, to "abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness, and to sing of His righteousness."

22, Dorking Terrace, Manchester, October, 1867. THE EDITOR.

CHRIST'S CARE FOR HIS FLOCK.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd."—ISA. xl. 11.

IF we ask the question, "Of whom speaketh the prophet thus?" the context supplies the answer, ver. 9, 10. In the entire passage there is no doubt a primary reference to the deliverance of Israel from Babylon, but the many quotations from this chapter contained in the New Testament show us that the language employed can only receive its full and complete accomplishment in the deliverance of God's spiritual Israel from spiritual bondage, and in the blessings of the Redeemer's kingdom. Of Christ, then, the prophet speaks. Let us meditate upon this precious portion of God's word: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." The title given to Christ is of very frequent use both in the Old and New Testament. David, speaking of Jehovah, says, "The Lord is my Shepherd;" and again, in the 78th psalm, He "made His own people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock; and He led them on safely, so that they feared not." And Christ applies the title to Himself, "I am the good Shepherd." How wonderful is the love, the mercy, the condescension here implied! Again we ask, "Who is this that assumes such a relationship to His people?" The prophet tells us: The Shepherd of the flock is He who is able to "measure the waters in the hollow of His hand; to mete out the heavens with a span; to take up the dust of the earth in a measure; to weigh the mountains in scales, and the nations of the earth are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the hills in a balance." The Shepherd of the flock is He "before whom the small dust of the balance: who taketh up the isles as a very little thing!" Yes, the great, the good Shepherd of the Church is God—God over all, blessed for ever. This is a very important truth; it is one full of comfort. It assures His people that with Him there is a full and rich provision, therefore they cannot want; that He is of power infinite, so

that they can never perish ; neither can any pluck them out of His hand. But let us notice, not only the title given to Christ, but *the great fact declared* : " He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd." *His flock!* His, because given to Him by his Father ; *His*, because purchased by His own most precious blood ; *His*, because when made willing in the day of His power, they heard His voice and followed Him. *His flock*—a little flock in number, *few* (comparatively), and sometimes with difficulty to be found ! Here is *one*, and there is *one!* in condition, oftentimes poor, and despised by the rich in this world ; but—but precious (oh, how precious, let Gethsemane and Calvary tell !) in the sight of Him whose sheep they are, and who gave His own life as the ransom of their souls ! Well, He shall *feed* His flock ! while they are in the wilderness they shall want no good thing. Of things temporal, He will provide all things that are needful ; and in things spiritual, He will supply all their wants. When hungry, He will spread a table before them in the presence of their enemies ; when thirsty, " He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even to springs of water will He guide them." True, oftentimes their souls are cast down by reason of the way, but then He comforts, supports, and cheers them with the promises of His word, with the consolations of His grace, with the renewed assurance of His love. " Thou anointedst my head with oil," saith the psalmist, " and my cup runneth over."

But it is also said, " He shall feed His flock *like a shepherd*," with care, with discrimination, with judgment. He does not feed all alike, but gives to each as he is able to bear it ; to the young He gives milk, and meat to them that are strong and of full age ! In the flock there are lambs as well as sheep—little ones as well as young men and fathers—and Christ feedeth them like a shepherd !

Dear reader, have you not found it so ? Have you never gone to Him in the secrecy of your closet, or come to Him in the ordinances of His house, weary and faint, and has He not fed you, comforted you, strengthened you ? It may be that a sense of sin has weighed you down, and you have gone and poured out your soul before Him, and has He not spoken to you words of peace, of consolation, of grace ? Or perhaps it was not a spiritual, but a temporal burden, that was laid upon you ! Your heart and your flesh began to fail ; it was a time of weakness and of sorrow, but *then—then* you waited upon the Lord ! You showed Him your trouble ; like Jeremiah, you said, " Lord, Thou knowest ; remember me, visit me !" and did He not do so ? The trial perhaps was not taken away, but He gave you more grace ; He put beneath you His everlasting arms ; He strengthened you to bear it !

Z.

BEAUTIES OF THE HOLY BIBLE.*

By WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.

THIS is a list of contents of subjects of import and interest culled from the Old Book, all illustrative of the sentence printed at the head of the sheet—" A nation must be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed Book." The whole is clearly printed in large type, enclosed by a neat border, on a broad sheet, to be hung up either in the dwelling, counting-house, school, or workshop, where it should be placed by all who revere the teachings of the Bible, or seek to impress them upon others. It is issued at threepence, or, mounted, sixpence.

* W. H. Collingridge, " City Press," Aldersgate Street.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE TALE OF BRICKS EXCHANGED FOR THE TALE OF BLESSINGS.

"I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.—PSALM lxxxi. 10.

It is very interesting to watch the well-practised artist paint a picture. He will first have his canvas properly prepared; he will then paint in the background, and, if he desires to represent a group of animals, he will sketch out the very anatomy of them, placing bone and sinew and muscle in their proper places, and, covering the same, will give the final and finishing touches. Also, it is deeply interesting to watch the skilful shipwright build a ship; he will first lay the keel upon the stocks, then he will place beam across beam, and rib dove-tailing into rib, covering them with iron or wood casing, until, the whole finished, the graceful thing floats upon the surface of the mighty deep. Also it is profitable to watch a master hand erect a machine. If it be a large one, he will lay a foundation in cement, then he will build the framework, putting thereon shaft and crank, and hanging thereon wheel upon wheel; and, when every necessary movement is put in its proper place, he will apply the motive power, when the majestic machine will accomplish the design and purpose intended. But far more interesting and profitable is it to trace the master hand of God in working out the purpose of His grace and love. His sovereign design, laid in the council chamber of the Eternal Three, was to save His elect people. Note His own declaration: "I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains: and mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there" (Isa. lxxv. 9). Here was His determination. Let us, beloved, at this season trace out a little of His wheel-within-wheel working, by which He effected this grand and gracious design. If we look at the position of His people in Egypt, nothing seemed more unlikely than that they should be delivered from their thralldom; for Pharaoh said, "Come on, let us deal wisely with them; and he made their lives bitter with hard bondage:" but God said, "I will bring you out of the affliction of Egypt into a land flowing with milk and honey." And so He did. Therefore was He able to give His people this precious remembrancer: "I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

And now, in order to trace out the movements of our covenant God in this wondrous work, let us, beloved, notice:—

- I. The glorious declaration, "I am the Lord thy God."
- II. The great deliverance, "That brought thee out of the land of Egypt."
- III. The gracious command, "Open thy mouth wide."
- IV. The gratuitous supply, "I will fill it."

I. THE GLORIOUS DECLARATION,

"I am the Lord thy God."

And oh, what a God He is! The eternal, infinite, and incomprehensible One—the Creator of all things, who preserves and governs everything by His almighty power and wisdom. Can anything be conceived more gracious than that such an One should say to His poor erring, weak people, "I am the Lord *thy* God?"

It is worthy of note with what veneration the Hebrews mentioned the name of Jehovah, and how the Old Testament saints and prophets poured out their souls in adoration before the God of hosts. Solomon, for instance, at the dedication of the temple, spread forth his hands towards heaven, and said, "Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee, in heaven above, or in earth beneath, who keepest covenant and mercy with Thy servants that walk before Thee with all their heart," &c. Again, Isaiah gives a most glorious description of Him who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. Hezekiah, in spreading the letter before the Lord, said, "O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, Thou art the God, even Thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; Thou hast made heaven and earth." And then appeals to the great One, "Lord, bow down Thine ear, and hear: open, Lord, Thine eyes, and see." Daniel too, in the hour of trial, turned his face unto the Lord God, and said, "O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love Him, and to them that keep His commandments. O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee, but unto us confusion of faces." And then Moses, in his song after the deliverance, describes the character of the great I AM; he says, "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" What significant expressions! "*Glorious in holiness*;" an appellation which can alone belong to the Lord Jehovah. For a poor mortal being to be called "his holiness," is assuming the attribute of almightiness, and thus practising an abominable and impious deception. None but God is holy, and He is glorious in holiness. And then He is "*fearful in praises, doing wonders*;" His deliverances were so remarkable, it was ever found, and ever will be found, a terrible thing to fight against God. So in individual experience, the Lord is "fearful in praises." When a man beholds the manifestation of his deliverance from sin and Satan's power, and contemplates what the consequence must have been if he had been left therein, even eternal torment, he sees how his God is indeed "fearful in praises." Now all these expressions of adoration may well remind us that we, too, beloved, should ever approach such a God with profound reverence, as well as with feelings of the deepest gratitude when we think that He has condescended to say, "I am the Lord *thy* God."

II. THE GREAT DELIVERANCE.

"That brought thee out of the land of Egypt."

Let us see how "the faithful Promiser" brought about this great deliverance. The links in His chain of providence are very remarkable. After the death of Joseph in the land of Egypt, the children of Israel increased abundantly, and waxed exceeding mighty. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt who knew not Joseph, or Joseph's kindred; this king Pharaoh, jealous of their increase and might, began so to afflict and torment the children of Israel, that their cry went up to their God. Beloved, then, affliction drives to the throne; and persecution makes prayer pointed. And now on account of the children of Israel commences a war between God and Pharaoh—God on their side, and Pharaoh against them. First the wretched king of Egypt commands the Hebrew midwives to kill at the birth all the male children of the Israelites; but God

overruled this cruelty, causing the midwives to fear Him, and save the children. So the people multiplied still. Then God raised up an important link—Moses is born; his mother, fearing the king's command, hid him away, in a little ark, amidst the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter discovers the little one; unbelief would say the worst thing that could possibly happen: "Now surely God's plans will be all frustrated. Here is the instrument He proposes to raise for the deliverance of His people in the hands of that wicked king's daughter. Surely now, power is on his side." But no; the babe wept. Pharaoh's daughter was moved, and she had compassion on him. Moses' sister had been an interested watcher of the scene, and now she steps forward and says to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? And Pharaoh's daughter said, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother." How wonderful! Oh, with what an inward fondness must the mother have pressed her own babe to her bosom! Aye, with feelings that none but a mother can know. "And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take the child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." So that actually the daughter of the greatest enemy of the children of Israel is made to shelter and support the very instrument God was raising to effect the deliverance of His people. One ought never to doubt after this that, however unpromising things may appear, God will in a sovereign way bring about the fulfilment of His covenant. Well, Moses grows up, and there is a mysterious providence in his marriage. The seven daughters of the priest of Midian came to draw water for their father's flock, and the shepherds drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them. The daughters told their father of Moses' noble conduct, and he bid Moses' welcome to his tent, and gave him Zipporah his daughter to wife. And now from one step to another Moses is led on by the hand of a wonder-working God; he thinks he is not at all a suitable instrument, and rebels, saying unto God, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" But God said, "Certainly I will be with thee. Thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." Then follows a series of "puttings back:" over and over again is it written, "The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he would not let them go." What a trial of their faith! what hoping against hope! Yet there must have been one thing that cheered and comforted them, viz., *the covenant of their God*. This would do to rest upon. How again and again they must have thought of the words, "I will give thee the land of Canaan . . . I am the Lord thy God; I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched-out arm, and with great judgments," &c. (Exod. vi. 1—8). God's "I wills" must come to pass, and will do to rest upon. Beloved, in the Lord's "puttings back," when things look strangely contrary, and deliverance seems curiously delayed, ever look to the covenant. 'Tis sweet to have something certain to rest upon. God's children have God's covenant as the source of their comfort, and they will do well in every hour of trial to point to it as their ground of assurance. At last the set time for their deliverance came, and the Lord brought them out, according to His promise, "with a stretched-out arm;" but scarcely had they got to the edge of the wilderness, when their enemies were at their heels. "Now surely it will be all over with us," said unbelief. "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilder-

ness? Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? It had been better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness." O ye of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? "Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace. And He did fight for them. It was told the king of Egypt that the people fled, and the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants was turned against the people; and they pursued after them with horses and chariots, a vast number. Well might the poor timid people of God be "sore afraid" when they beheld them. However, Israel cried out unto the Lord. There is no reserve in the hour of trial. It is a crying out to the Lord then; the need giving strength to the cry. Again did the Lord hear their cry. Moses was bidden to stretch out his hand over the sea, and the Lord caused the sea to go back and form a wall unto them on the right hand and on their left, and they passed safely over; but, when the Egyptians pursued after them, Moses stretched forth his hand again over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. Oh, what a signal deliverance! Man's extremity was indeed God's opportunity. He worked when He had put faith thoroughly to the test, the further to magnify His great name. And now is the battle all over? No, no; strange to say, now the conflict begins. Devil-servitude may end, but devil-strugglings begin. Pharaoh's grasp may be unloosed, but Philistine grapplings will have to be encouniered. Apollyon's agent, the horse and the rider, were drowned in the depths of the Red sea; but Appollyon himself was not drowned with him, therefore warfare it must be. There is a needs-be for it; for, no fighting, the armour would get rusty, the banner of love would cling about the flag-staff, and faith would be unable to read the motto. No fighting, the soldier of the cross would hang idly about the barracks. No fighting, the throne of grace would become deserted, and the cry never go up, "Lord increase my faith." So that, putting all these contrary testings together, one learns the secret of dear Hart's paradox—

"How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!
How perplexed is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear;
And his life he receives from the dead.

"His fairest pretensions must wholly be waved,
And his best resolutions be crossed;
*Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.*

"When all this is done, and his heart is assured
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is signed, and his peace is procured,
FROM THAT MOMENT HIS CONFLICT BEGINS."

III. THE GRACIOUS COMMAND.

"Open thy mouth wide."

This precious figure doubtless has reference to the young birds in their nest, trusting entirely to the parent bird to bring them supplies; the little things set up a clamorous cry as soon as she nears the nests, and open their mouths wide in readiness for the expected food. It is therefore as if the Lord would say, "Open thy mouth wide, expect largely from One who is able and willing to supply your need." We have been struck with the

expectancy of the poor Christian, such as have to get their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and yet are confident that the Lord will never fail them. We have just met with an instance of the kind: "Aye, sir, I have wanted bread, but the Lord has given me work just when I needed it. Somehow it has come, from sources never calculated upon; still it has come." "Well, but you are now aged; do you think he will still supply your need?" "Aye, I am certain He will; He has never failed me yet, nor never will." This is true faith. To talk of faith with a settled income and a house full of comfort is one thing, but to have to live by faith when the shilling per day will only bring bread for the day, and the next shilling has to be earned before the bread comes, this is quite another thing—the one is the talk of faith, the other is the trial of faith.

"Open thy mouth wide," because "He is faithful who hath promised." No disappointment can attend the action of faith. I go to an earthly supply and it fails—a long drought has dried up a stream from which at times there has been a plentiful supply, and I come away with my vessel empty and my tongue parched; but this can never be the case with Jesus. He has promised to supply, and so He will. He never yet said to the seeking seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain," and they never yet found it vain to seek Him.

"Open thy mouth wide," because thou needest what He has to give, "Children of need," is the characteristic of God's people. Jesus said of many, that they "need no repentance," but the poor sinner saved by grace feels he needs not only repentance, but everything else that Jesus will give him. It is felt need that drives him to the throne; and the more he gets the more he needs.

"Open thy mouth wide," because all the fulness of the Godhead, the fulness of Gospel provision, the fulness of grace, the fulness of Glory, is in Christ. There has been a sufficiency in Christ for every member of the family of God. The whole Church of Christ in all generations have drawn from and lived upon Him, and He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The supply is inexhaustible, therefore open thy mouth wide.

"Open thy mouth wide:" it is a standing command throughout the wilderness journey. God did not say, "Open thy mouth till thou comest to Marah or Elim; but "Open it," as if He would say, "Expect of me from the banks of the Red Sea, to the very end of the journey." And did the children of Israel do so? Did they implicitly obey the gracious command? Alas, alas! read the words of God which follow. But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me. So I gave them up unto their own heart's lust: and they walked in their own counsels, Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways!" Oh the frailty of human nature, the rebellion of the deceitful heart! After such a deliverance, such multiplied mercies, to be so unfaithful! And yet this language cannot apply to all Israel; for there were some that walked in the ways and commands of God, as Moses declared. He told the people, just before his death, that God had bidden him go up into the top of Pisgah, and behold the promised land with his eyes, but that he should not go over this Jordan himself; and, discriminating between professor and possessor, he says; "But ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God, are alive every one of you this day." So there were some, as a company within a company, or a Church in the

wilderness within a Church, who did cleave to the Lord, who did walk in His commands, who did open their mouths, and were filled day by day, just as there is in the present day “a little flock,” “a remnant according to the election of grace.”

IV. THE GRATUITOUS SUPPLY.

“I will fill it.”

And has He not, beloved, fulfilled His gracious promise to us in our wilderness state, giving us in the past, fillings from the streams of mercy, fillings from the covenant of grace, fillings from the fulness of a precious Christ—aye, *sometimes* such precious fillings of the earthen vessel, that overflowings of gratitude and tears of joy have been experienced? But we say *sometimes*, for such seasons are few and far between; in the general way it is only a supply sufficient for the need, a lapping of the water and again away to the battle of life; it is “as thy day thy strength shall be,” and none to spare. Yet He has never failed us. His people of old thought again and again that His promise would fail, but it never did. When they came to Marah they found the waters bitter, so that they could not drink them, and they rebelled; but God showed Moses a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, they were made sweet; thus did He fulfil His promise, “Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.” When they came to the wilderness of sin, hungering, they doubted again: “Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt.” But the Lord said. “I will rain bread from heaven for you;” and so He did, giving them of manna to eat, a sufficiency for all, and further fulfilling His promise, “Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.” Again, when they came to Rephidim, the people rebelled again, chiding Moses, but the Lord, ever gracious and good, bid His servant strike the rock in Horeb, and there came out water for them to drink, and so again He fulfilled His promise “Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.” Well might the dying Joshua exclaim, in looking back upon the wilderness journey, “And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.” And so shall we find Him, beloved, as the children of Israel found Him, and as their dying leader asserted, an unfailing, faithful God true to his covenant. And now, in conclusion, what may we learn from such a view of the character of our God?

Ministers say, “Now for the application,” but this must rest alone with the Holy Spirit; but, to those who have experienced the Lord’s leadings in the wilderness, the application of this blessed history is plain enough; for such see therein their own spiritual career described to the letter—step by step, leading by leading, providence by providence,—whether it be Rephidim where there was no water, or Marah where there was much, yet it was bitter till sweetened by the tree, or Elim with its shady palms, or Horeb with its gushing rock—indeed it does appear to the writer that there is not a spot in the wilderness, which God’s ancient people were brought into, but what God’s spiritual Israel were brought in divine experience to the same.

The lessons, then, we may learn from such a subject are—

1. Ever to approach the throne of God with profound adoration of spirit.

2. Ever to fall back upon the mighty deliverance which our God hath wrought for us, in bringing us out of the bondage and servitude of Satan, into the wilderness, and let that glorious and gracious act be the ground of confidence in every time of fresh difficulty or trial.

3. Ever to expect largely of the same God.

“Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring.”

4. Ever to believe that He will supply our need throughout the journey.

5. Ever to recollect that, though it must be conflict-work as long as we are in the wilderness, yet Canaan is ahead. Yes, beloved, wilderness ups and downs, conflicts and trials, must have an end. After forty years, Jehovah said to His people, “Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount, behold, I have set the land before thee, go ye in and possess it.”

If, in the former change, the tale of bricks was exchanged for the tale of blessings, but yet the conflict begins at the edge of the wilderness, now the conflict shall be exchanged for the crown—the great and terrible wilderness, for a glorious and joyful eternity—the sighing by the way, for the song of the redeemed—the gloom of death, for the glories above.

Let us then go forward, resting upon the promise of our God: “I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.” Supplies shall follow salvation, and salvation shall terminate in glorification. We have nothing to fear with such a Guide. He is the same God of whom it is written: “The Lord went in a pillar of fire, to give them light to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of cloud by night, from before the people.”

“With such a Convoy, such a Friend,
And such a crown in view,
Though foes and friends the road attend,
My journey I’ll pursue.
Jehovah-Jesus has declared,
Of all His chosen race,
He’ll bring them to the place prepared,
To see His lovely face.”

Thus beloved, have we desired to bring to your remembrance the goodness of the Lord, in that signal deliverance when He brought you out of Satan’s grasp with a strong and mighty hand. “You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.” May He bless the consideration of His work to the profit of our souls, that His dear name may be magnified, and to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.—Amen.

Ilford.

G. C.

Those who are leaning upon Christ, are learning of Him. No learning, no leaning.

Christ, the Head of the Church, stood in the stead of the Church.

Those things may be seasonable to the people of God, which do not seem to them reasonable.

What is reasonable may not always be seasonable.

The things which the all-wise God sends His children in right season, may not be in harmony with their wrong reason.

It is possible to speak for Christ and yet act against Him.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Eccl. xii. 10.

THE LORD DIRECTETH THEIR STEPS.

A TRUE STORY.*

It was a lovely summer morning. The sun was sending up over the edge of the moor the golden light that tells us that himself will soon be seen. The birds in their nests were beginning to wake up, and to make that light stirring and twitter that sounds so sweet and joyous in the early morning time. The blackcock's call began to be heard over the moor; the sheep and small shaggy hillside cattle were already on their feet, and enjoying a good meal of the fresh grass before the dew had dried off it. But, up on that lonely hillside, there was another kind of creature besides the wild birds or sheep. In a sheltered place between two high rocks, a man had been lying all night, a pile of dried grass for his bed, a few branches laid across from rock to rock his only roof. I think he had slept sweetly, for a smile of happiness and peace might often have been seen on his face while he dreamed. But at the same time his sleep had been light. For never had the wind made more noise than usual among the trees—never had the wild cat stolen stealthily past his resting place, or the owl hooted in the woods below, without his lifting his head to listen. And now the first twittering of the Birds awoke him. And, when he opened his eyes and saw how far daylight had come, he rose at once from his bed. The first thing he did—before even he left his hiding-place—was to kneel down upon the heap of dried grass, and give hearty thanks to his Father in heaven for the quiet night's rest He had given him. Then on his hands and knees he crept out from beneath his leafy covering, and lifting his head cautiously above the large stone behind which he had been sleeping, he looked anxiously all round. Nothing was in sight to harm him. He might suffer his eyes to go where his heart always stayed, to that fair quiet home of his, nestling in the valley below, that home where lived his wife and children. A little white farmhouse it was, simple and unpretending, but neat and bright looking, and oh, how dear to the heart of the wanderer that now looked down upon it!

"But why was he a wanderer?" you will ask. "Why did he sleep up in that wild hillside, instead of in his own quiet cottage?" I will tell you. John Paterson was one of those godly covenantors, of whom we Scottish are so proud, one of those men who loved the will of their God far better than house or lands, wife or children, aye, better than life itself. Because he would not join himself to a Church that he thought corrupt, because he was resolved to worship the Lord as he believed the Lord had bid him worship Him, therefore the rulers of the land were set to do him all the evil they could. Bands of soldiers had been sent out to take him prisoner, or to shoot him down like a wild beast; and to save his life, he had been obliged to leave his home—like so many hundreds of his brethren—and to seek a hiding-place in the dark woods, on the lonely hillsides, in the dens and caves of the earth. For many weeks he had lived in this little hole, between two stones, on the top of Benbeoch crags, never going down to see his wife or children except in the early morning, or through the

* T. Nelson and Sons, London.

dark night, when he sometimes ventured to steal into his own house for an hour. An hour spent in fear and trembling, when they constantly checked each other's speech, to be silent and listen for that clang of horses' hoofs and troopers' swords, only too well known to them. Such a hurried visit he was going to make this morning. And so soon as he made sure that no enemy was in sight, he began to go swiftly down the hill, keeping his eye constantly upon the road that led to his farmhouse, that road by which the soldiers had so often come to search for him.

It was a lovely morning. Everything looked bright and calm and happy. Poor Paterson's heart swelled with joy at the thought of holding his wife and his children again in his arms. Already was he so near the house as to see the blind of the little bedroom window drawn back, and his wife looking anxiously up the hill towards his resting-place, when suddenly his ear caught the rushing sound of a flock of sheep scudding over the moor, and, looking round to find out what had startled them, he saw a whole troop of soldiers coming, not along the high road, but straight across the country towards him. Instantly he turned to flee to his hiding-place. But already had the troopers seen him, and with fierce whoop and hallo urged their horses across the moor. A dry stone wall girded Benbeoch crags round, a little way from the foot. Paterson had to get over it, and paused for a minute on the top to look round and see where his pursuers were. Ah! how fast they are gaining ground on him. Almost he seemed within their clutches, and gave himself up for lost. He sprang down from the wall, and tried to clamber as best he could among the large blocks of granite that lay strewed all over the surface of the hill. He fought on, stumbling, climbing among the stones, and tearing his way through the tangled thorns and briers, determined not to be taken more easily than he could help, but with little hope in his heart of escaping altogether. For already the foremost dragoons had leaped over the wall, and, some on foot, some still on horseback, were close after him, keeping him full in view.

"Then," to use Paterson's own words, "I cried mightily to the Lord; for help in me and help in man there was none. 'Hide me in the shadow of Thy wings, Lord,' I cried aloud. 'Oh, save me, for I trust in Thee.' And, while the words were still in my mouth, while the curses of the foremost dragoons were sounding almost in my very ear—their hot breath seemed almost to touch my cheek—I stumbled over a large block of stone, and fell heavily to the earth. To the earth? No; through it. Down into the very depths I fell, away from the daylight, away from the sight of man, away from the wrath of my enemies. When I ceased falling, I was for a minute stunned, but not at all hurt. And, presently rising to my feet, I found myself in a large, dry, airy cavern, in the heart of the crag, a place that seemed to me a perfect paradise in comparison to my poor little hiding-hole at the top of the hill. I could hardly believe my senses. It was as if the Lord had commanded the earth to open, and take me down to its loving bosom, to rest there in safety and peace. And, while I heard the fierce dragoons overhead, raging and cursing and calling out to each other, I knelt down, and with all my heart gave praise and thanks to the Lord, who had thus directed my steps according to His grace. Never in all my life did I enjoy such a blessed time of communion with my Lord, as in the hour that followed. Was it not as if I could even feel the everlasting arms underneath me, His left hand under my head, His right hand embracing me? It was as if I were even losing myself in de-

light at the fulness of His love. And again and again did I cry aloud, that half an hour of such joy in the light of His countenance would have made up for a whole lifetime of persecution, of sorrow, and danger."

When Paterson had heard the voices of his persecutors die away in the distance, and when he had for a long while enjoyed that blessed communion with his loving God and Saviour, he began to think of the fears his wife must be suffering on his account, and to devise a way of sending her news of him. He found means to reach the opening to the cavern by which he had so unexpectedly entered, and looking out to see if the troopers were really gone, he heard the wail of a woman's voice near him. It was his wife, who, having seen the troopers in such hot pursuit after her husband, and then seeing them ride away in the direction of the county town, had made sure that they had found him, and slain him on the hillside. She was seeking for his dead body when Paterson heard her voice, and called to her, and I am sure you can well imagine for yourselves her joy and gratitude in seeing him quite well and safe. With his help she got down into the cave, and, kneeling together on the bare floor, they consecrated this new home for the wanderer by united prayer and praise to the God of their help. Afterwards, by degrees, bedding and a little furniture of different kinds was brought to this cave God had so wonderfully pointed out to them. And in a short time it was made a most comfortable and secure lurking-place, not only for John Paterson, but for many of the persecuted brethren of the country-side.

"JACOB'S LADDER."

IN Gen. xxviii. 10, it is written, "And Jacob went out," &c. What did Jacob go out with? A rich cluster of precious declarations and promises (Gen. xxvii. 28, 29; Gen. xxviii. 3, 4). Good companions these to travel with in any road or way, however rough it may be—companions that will not fall out with those they accompany.

Note why Jacob tarried (Gen. xxviii. 11). Because the sun was set. He did not like to go forward in the dark, but would rather lay down on the ground to go to sleep. So with the child of God: when the Sun of righteousness seems to set, he does not like to go forward, but often under such circumstances goes to sleep, gets into heaviness, or heaviness gets into him.

Though Jacob stood so high in the Divine favour, yet he took up his abode for the night out of doors (Gen. xxviii. 11). A man may be greatly beloved of God, and yet his outward circumstances be far from being comfortable to flesh and blood. Those who have the presence of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, may be often in an uncomfortable position in respect to this world. Jesus had not where to lay His head, yet He is continually teaching His people where they may lay theirs—even in His own bosom. What a blessed resting-place is that, both for an aching head and heavy heart! If the beloved disciple John had not learned of Jesus, he would not have leaned on His bosom. Learning of Jesus precedes leaning on Him. Some would not object having Jacob's pillow if they were sure of having his dream.

In his dream Jacob saw a ladder set up. Who set it up? God. Satan and men cannot throw down what the Lord sets up, but the Lord can and often does throw down what men and the wicked one set up. Where was it set up? On the earth—not *in* it, nor *from* it—where it reached to

heaven. Who but the Almighty could set up such a ladder? How different from the tower of Babel! Popery may be compared to a ladder; so may all the false systems of religion of the present day; but they don't reach high enough, don't go upward at all—quite the reverse; like ladders leading down into dark cellars and dismal dungeons. The good Lord keep us from getting on these ladders! It is to be feared that more go on the ladders of Satan's and men's inventing than on that set up by God.

What did this ladder represent? See John i. 5; Heb. i. 14.) There was only one ladder. To us there is but "one Lord" God's angels, not Satan's, were seen on this ladder! There is no union between God's holy angels and Satan's unholy ones, they do not work together. The angels were not standing or sitting on it, but going up and down; no room for idlers on this ladder. How content they were with their work, whether it was going up or down—no complaining—no falling out with each other. Angels have access to our world through this ladder; and for what purpose? See Dan. vi. 22; Luke xvi. 22; Heb. i. 14.

The ladder set up by God led to Him. The Lord looked down through it upon his lonely and sleeping servant. If God looks on a sinner graciously, it is through Jesus Christ. A man can never know experimentally that his name is in the book of life, till he has been looked upon graciously by the God of life.

God's voice was also heard above it, and oh, what words of grace came sounding into Jacob's ears through the ladder!

God's gracious voice can only be heard in a gracious way through His dear Son.

When Jacob was sleeping and dreaming, the Lord appeared a great way off, above the ladder, but, when he was fully awake, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." So with "the seed of Jacob," now when their eyes are heavy with sleep, the Lord seems a distance from them, but, when His gracious voice awakes them, He is felt and seen to be near.

The ladder was set up near Jacob, not by Esau. In this is seen the sovereignty of God.

If God the Father sends a gracious message to a sinner's heart, it is through His dear Son, and, if God accepts of a poor sinner's petitions, it is through the same Medium. What a fulness there is in Him "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily!" What a mercy if we are enabled to say: "And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Grace and peace in "the new man," will subdue passion and sin in "the old man."

A man must be a receiver of something from Christ, before he can be a true believer in Him. Those only who are blessed by Christ, find rest in Him.

The good news of salvation is that on which they muse who feel they deserve damnation.

F. F.

Tetbury.

REMARKS ON JUDGES VII.

Out of thirty-two thousand men, twenty-two thousand were "fearful and afraid." They were not fit for fighting, and were put aside.

The little army which God was going to send to fight the Midianites, were to be *tried* by God. "I will try them," &c., at a certain place (ver. 4). The Lord has His own time and places when and where to try His fighting people.

None were to go with Gideon, but such as God said, "This *shall* go with thee." None go with Christ, and by Him to fight and conquer but those whom God has chosen; and of each of these He in effect says, "This *shall* go with thee." When God says, "Go with Him," it is no use for Satan to say, "Go with me." Those whom God chose to accompany Gideon, were made willing to do so. So with those who are chosen in Christ, they are "made willing in the day of His power" to go to heaven by Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Those who went with Gideon, were chosen and *numbered*, so with those who go with Christ to glory. The choice of going with Gideon, or not, was not left with those who followed him. So with the matter of salvation. "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." They were to be led down to the water before being sent to fight. The Lord leads His people to drink of the river of the water of life before they enter upon their conflict with their foes. The Lord *knew* who would go with Gideon; "The Lord knoweth them that are His." There can be no victory over our spiritual foes, but through His interposition. Note the reason why God did not permit all Gideon's men to go (ver. 2). How prone we are to ascribe that to ourselves which ought to be ascribed to the Lord alone! He is jealous of His honour, and will not give His glory to another. The work which God calls His people unto, requires courage from Him to perform. Gideon's men took victuals in their hands, and did not complain about it. The child of God needs a good supply of that "bread that strengthens men's hearts" when going to fight his enemies. Gideon, in the midst of his foes, saw and heard what strengthened his faith, and led him devoutly to worship God (ver. 13, 14). The child of God may see and feel what encourages him, when in the midst of his enemies. See what order there was amongst them, "Every man stood in his place" (ver. 21).

The victory was won by "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Gideon's sword would have been of no use without "the sword of the Lord." The Midianites could not see "the sword of the Lord," for one said: "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon." The Christian's enemies cannot see the weapons whereby they overcome them. They are not carnal, but "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Tetbury.

F. F.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

[We cannot forbear from quoting the following letter from a Bristol paper, as a becoming remonstrance from what we conceive to be one among the many glaring sins of our times. Surely such pride and reckless waste must be most hateful in the sight of our God.—Ed.]

LONG DRESSES.

GENTLEMEN,—You would confer a great benefit upon society if you would expose the insane folly which exhibits itself by almost every class of female pedestrians in our streets. I allude to the filthy, extravagant, and disgusting fashion of dragging dresses of every description of manufacture, from silks of the most delicate and expensive texture, over the length and breadth of our proverbially dirty streets. May I ask if the resources of those who adopt this mode of exhibiting their wardrobes are so abundant

that they cannot expend a sufficient amount in the article of dress without having resource to this wholesale method of destroying what otherwise, if properly applied, would assist at least in clothing the thousands who go half-naked through our streets? Can those who practise these gross absurdities for one moment reflect upon the fact that they are daily mixing up with expensive and delicate materials gross impurities? Yet such is the fact; and, by their pernicious example, they tempt those beneath them to imitate their superiors in position because, like them, they too would be in the fashion, although it may be at the expense of many a domestic comfort, and involve them in debt and difficulty. I need not enter into any explanation as to the origin of this fashion, or the inapplicability of its use in the street, for which it never was intended; but the folly of its present use in the public thoroughfares, and the waste, dirt, and reckless extravagance of such a custom, cannot but meet with universal reprobation. When there is so much of wretchedness which meets us at every step, when there are so many claims upon Christian benevolence and work for Christian women to do, ought such follies to exist in a Christian land? In the name of common decency let scavengers do their work, and ladies, if they are such, cease to consider the filthy extremities of any dress either fashionable, becoming, or creditable to the women of England. No wonder young men hesitate to form matrimonial connexions in the present age of folly and extravagance.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

A. PEDESTRIAN.

FAITH AND ITS FRUITS.

HAPPY is the man to whom it is given on the behalf of Christ to believe. He has the blessing of peace. He is reconciled to God through faith in the blood of Jesus; and he is freely justified through faith in the righteousness of Jesus. The Father has accepted him in His beloved Son, and it is the joy of His soul to know it; therefore he loves God, because God first loved him. In the enjoyment of this love he finds his heaven begun. By the same Spirit, who manifested it and shed it abroad in his heart, he is kept seeking for more discoveries of it. In every appointed means he waits. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth his soul after more of the presence of God, and of the light of His loving countenance. Having a command, "Seek ye my face," he obeys it from his heart; but his chief view in obedience is to behold the face of the Lord turned to him in love. He wants fellowship with God in duty, which highly ennobles and also endears it to him. He performs it in faith, and in a free spirit. He goes to it as a beloved child to a most loving parent; and his Heavenly Father meets him in it, receives him graciously, speaks to his heart, and makes him sensible that He can deny him no manner of thing which is good. Hence the ways of duty become ways of pleasantness. The farther he advances in them, and the more spiritual he grows in the performance of them, he finds clearer communications of his Father's grace and love, which still increase his joy, and afford him surer earnest and happier foretastes of "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—*Romaine*.

RELIGION is a thing to live by, if we would have the comfort of it when we come to die.

ST. ANDREW'S NATIONAL SCHOOL ROOMS, LAMBETH.

THE first stone of these schools was laid a few weeks since. Their site is in Roupell Street, and they are designed to accommodate 1,800 children. They will be built from the designs of Mr. Edward Woodthorpe, by Messrs. W. Lawrence and Sons, of Lambeth. With a moderate degree of ornamentation of a French-Gothic character, great attention has been given to all the requirements of a first-rate school. The principal rooms will be extensive and airy, and there will be provision not only for boys and girls, but also for a large number of infants.

The proceedings were commenced at the church, which was crowded. Many of the clergy of the neighbourhood were present. After the Litany, the Rev. J. F. Linghan, Rector of Lambeth and Rural Dean, delivered a brief address. He said he was present at the laying of the foundation stone of the church, and at its consecration, and now it gave him great delight to assist in the foundation of the schools, which might be said to be the topstone and completion of the parochial edifice. He then dwelt at some length on the advantages not only to the children of Christian education, but to the parents and to the laity generally of the parish, who ought to take as deep an interest in the welfare, progress, and usefulness, of the schools as the clergy, feeling that their highest happiness should be the winning of souls to Christ. A procession was then formed to the site, where a vast concourse of people, chiefly from the neighbourhood, had assembled. After an appropriate service, conducted by the Rev. F. Tugwell, incumbent of St. Andrew's, the stone was laid by Mrs. Richard Cory. A hymn was then sung, some dedicatory collects were said, and the doxology and apostolic blessing closed the interesting ceremony.

We rejoice to see the above announcement of the commencement of this great and important work of providing schools for the above poor and populous parish. It was to the beloved brother who is appointed to labour in this district, we recently referred as so conspicuously seeing the hand of God in his work and labour of love. We have been since informed, that not only has the noble-hearted and generous individual promised to be answerable for that which may be wanting to make up the £6,000 required for the extensive school-buildings, but he has, with a large-heartedness that it is delightful to contemplate, likewise engaged to pay the whole cost of erecting houses for the master and mistresses of the schools, as well as a washhouse, soup kitchen, and reading-room for the poorer parishioners generally. Such noble acts as these deserve to be permanently recorded, and may well serve as a practical rebuke, to alas! too many merchants and manufacturers, who leave the clergy to toil and labour as best they can, in the impoverished localities from which such merchants and manufacturers have personally withdrawn; but where at the same time, they have accumulated, and are, it may be, continuing to add to, their substance. Surely there is a fearful responsibility devolving upon those who are thus entrusted with the talents of gold and silver, and who are contenting themselves with aiding the church or chapel and institutions with which their suburban and princely residences may be more immediately connected. At the same time they are virtually forgetting, and criminally neglecting, the claims of the localities to which they are indebted for their wealth. In this view of the case, therefore, we rejoice in the noble and happy exception to which we have referred in this instance of the National Schools of St.

Andrew's, Lambeth; and heartily do we desire that special blessings may descend upon the head of the gentleman who has thus so nobly and so liberally devoted of his substance to the pressing claims of his poorer fellow-creatures. We have been told by a clerical brother who has no connexion whatever with the parish, that this kind-hearted merchant has urged upon our friend the incumbent of St. Andrew's to proceed with all speed in this great and important work, adopting as an argument for his so doing, *the very great uncertainty of life*. How strong is such argument, and the more grateful as coming from a layman, who, but for the spirit which God has been graciously pleased to infuse, might in common with but too many of his fellow-merchants be too engrossed with his own personal interests to afford attention to our claims. May he, in due time, hear the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A YOUNG MAN.

A good faithful minister of the last century, having finished prayer, and looking round upon the congregation, observed a young gentleman just shut into one of the pews who discovered much uneasiness in that situation, and seemed to wish to go out again. The minister, feeling a peculiar desire to detain him, hit upon the following expedient: Turning towards one of the members of his congregation who sat in the gallery, he asked him this question aloud: "Brother, do you repent of coming to Christ?" "No, sir," he replied; "I never was happy till then." The minister then turned towards the opposite gallery, and addressing himself to an aged member in the same manner: "Brother, do you repent that you came to Christ?" "No, sir," said he; "I have known the Lord from my youth up." He then looked down upon the young man, whose attention was fully engaged, and, fixing his eyes upon him, said, "Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?" This unexpected address from the pulpit, exciting the observation of all the people, so affected him, that he sat down and hid his face. The person who sat next to him encouraged him to rise and answer the question. The minister repeated it, "Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?" With a tremulous voice he replied, "Yes, sir." "But when, sir?" added the minister, in a solemn and loud tone. He mildly answered, "Now, sir." "Then stay," said he, "and hear the word of God, which you will find in 2 Corinthians vi. 2: 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'" By this sermon God touched his heart. He came into the vestry after service, dissolved in tears. That unwillingness to stay which he had discovered was occasioned by the strict injunction of his father, who threatened that if ever he went to hear the fanatics he would turn him out of doors. Having now heard, and unable to conceal the feelings of his mind, he was afraid to meet his father. The minister sat down, and wrote an affectionate letter to him, which had so good an effect, that both father and mother came to hear him for themselves. The Lord graciously met with them both, and father, mother, and son were together received with universal joy into that church. Mr. Brewer, then looking round, said, "My dear young friends, are you willing to come to Christ? If you are, I will address you in the same words: 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

Pilgrim Papers.

THE RICHES, MULTITUDE, POWER, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE LOVINGKINDNESSES OF THE ETERNAL THREE IN GOD;

AS SEEN IN THE

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF THE "OLD PILGRIM."

My father, being a man of great severity, often provoked me inwardly to curse him, and threaten that when I grew to manhood I would beat him well. This inward cursing, especially when my father did not please me, I was much addicted to. One day, being alone in the garden, these words rolled into my thoughts: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." I saw the doom of the disobedient, but my case was a case beyond a parallel, for I had not only disobeyed my father, but in my thoughts I had cursed him; therefore, as I had cursed him, I was cursed in the world, and should be cursed in the world to come. I was then about nine years old, but, young as I was, the burden of the guilt of sin crushed my spirit into the dust night and day. I strove with and by all sorts of reasonings and arguments to persuade myself that there was no God, heaven, or hell; therefore it was foolish for me to go mourning and moping about, as I was continually doing. Sometimes for a few hours I should find a little ease from the thought, that, as there was no God, therefore I need not to fear that I should be cursed. But this ease and peace, in a little time, would all be supplanted by the pangs and crushings of guilt. Young as I was, I was made to feel the majesty and terribleness of the Holy Ghost's statement: "What things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Ah, I was before God, nor could I get away from Him; and the guilt of sin would sweep away my refuges of infidelity, where I laboured to find a shelter.

Night after night, when I lay down in bed, I was afraid to go to sleep, for fear lest I should be, like the rich man, open or lift up my eyes in the torments of hell. And, when nature would sink under the load of continual watching, then in my dreams I should be fighting with the devil, who would be presented to me sometimes as a man, then as a boy—at one time raging, then at another time fawning; but, let him be presented in whatever form he may, from the terror that would take hold upon me, I should say, "I know who you are." When I should wake in the morning, and see the light of day beaming through the curtains, how my little heart would swell and glow with gratitude, and my tongue bless the Lord that I was another night out of hell. I was always sunk in mental distress, perpetually groaning under a load of guilt—afraid, at times, that the earth would open and swallow me up, as it did Korah and his company; so that I have been compelled, when walking, to stand still, fearing lest the next step would plunge me into a bottomless pit.

I had been taught by an indulgent mother to say my prayers (as it was called) when I went to bed, and I strictly obeyed the maternal injunction. One night before I went to sleep, after repeating all that I had been

taught out of the prayer-book up to what is called the Lord's prayer. When I began, as usual, to repeat this prayer, I was brought into such a fearful state of thralldom, by a new discovery of guilt upon a new score, that I felt in my soul the substance of David's confession: "My flesh trembleth for fear of Thee; and I am afraid of Thy judgments." I began my general repetition with "Our," but, when I came to look at the word "Father," I saw it to be such a high and holy relation that I must not dare to call the Infinite God my Father. Indeed, I thought by doing so I should be adding sin to sin, and plunge my soul into the dreadful guilt of presumption. I wept, and said, "I cannot, I dare not, call God my Father. God is not, nor can it be possible for Him to be, my Father. Oh, no, the devil is my father, not God." It was upon that very night, although I was so young, that I was made to receive the bitter purging, indwelling application of the spirit of bondage to fear. Nor did I dare, for many years after this, to address the Lord as my or our Father, or even to use the words in conversation with my schoolfellows. And, even to the present day, at the age of seventy, I am often made to tremble when I hear persons, with the flippancy of a comic actor, using the words, my, our, your heavenly Father. I say, "Ah, where is the solemn, savoury, soul-unctuous reverence harmonizing with such a high and endearing claim?" Can these common-place and irreverent talkers tell me when, where, and how they received the Spirit of adoption, without which Spirit they have not, as all the family of God have had, and shall have, the whereby truthfully to cry, "Abba, Father," or Father, Father.

Instead of my distress of soul decreasing, it increased; because the more I strove to get better by ceasing from sin, the more I found that I did sin. My thoughts were continually either like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt, or else meditating terror. Why this should be the case was not in my power to comprehend. One day, being in the garden, I was led into a deep inquiry about this strange thing, why it should be that the good which the Lord had commanded to be done, that I and all the persons I was conversant with should turn away from it, but the evil things which He had forbidden we should so greedily follow. I strove mightily to disentangle myself from the gloomy labyrinth where I felt myself hopelessly lost. In my childish thoughts, I said, "I wonder how it would be if the Lord was to reverse things, and appoint or determine that those doings which the law calls evil should be good, and those doings which the law calls good to be evil doings, and thus try men?" I wonder if men out of sheer opposition would run counter to the Lord, by doing that which is now called good, and spurn at that which is called evil, because the Lord had appointed that to be good which He had commanded to be done by us. After musing upon this matter in a diversity of forms for a considerable time, I came to the painful conclusion, that in this contrary way men would be sure to act towards the Lord, because I saw that men had not turned away from the Lord, but were turned against Him. Why it should be so I could not understand. Ah, the Adam-fall, and the entailed ruin, original or root sin, heart-alienation, mind-enmity, flesh-corruption. To me these things were an inexplicable riddle. That I should do those things which the law commanded, I saw to be just and right; and I was anxious to do them, but did not; while the evil, which was forbidden, I was continually doing, either in word or act; and, when in a measure I have been free from the outward, then I have been overrun with all kinds of evil thoughts that I had no power to control.

At that time, when I heard aged people conversing about eternal things, I should listen with longing expectation ; but, alas, I never heard one word that gave me ease from my crushing load ; for all that I ever heard, both in public and in private, was—Do good, be good, get good, and then God will love you ; and these were the things which I had laboured to do, to be, and to find, but my labour was in vain.

One day, after many months of soul-distress, my dear mother and I were sitting in the parlour, an old lady called, and told us that Mr. Rock, the clergyman, had been sent for to visit a certain gentleman, who was ill, to perform the last rites of religion for the dying, and, having done so, the gentleman was now very happy, and waiting to depart. I listened very attentively to the lady's statement, being anxious to know the meaning of what I heard, but I dared not until alone ask any questions.

When the lady who brought the tidings had withdrawn, in answer to my inquiry why the gentleman had sent for Mr. Rock, my mother said, "Mr. S—— is at the point of death, and he sent for Mr. R—— to administer the sacrament to him, that his sins might be pardoned—make his peace with God, die in peace with all mankind, and then go to heaven." I listened with high delight to that which was told me, and I thought, "Oh, how this cheers me ! now I have found the remedy I need, the refuge I have been long seeking to find. I will take good care when I come to die to send for the clergyman, and receive the sacrament ; then I shall, like that gentleman, make my peace with God, and be sure of going to the kingdom of heaven." To this, as to a soul-delighting centre, my thoughts day and night were continually gravitating, to find rest and peace. After some weeks, sporting myself in this fools' paradise, the Lord, by a solemn stroke, swept away my lying refuge, and again I found myself naked, and exposed to the indignation of a sin-avenging God.

I think it was the same old lady that told us about the gentleman and the sacrament, who called again, and told my dear mother, that a young woman whom we all knew, while passing through the churchyard upon business a few minutes before she called, had fallen down, and, when taken up, she was found to be dead. Now, all my distressing fears again took possession of my soul, and I said, "There is no resting-place or refuge for me ; I thought I had found one, but I see I was deceived. Oh, where is the soul of that young woman gone to ? she had no time to send for the clergyman, and I am no more secure from sudden death than that young woman was. How do I know but that I may be snatched away out of life in a moment without any previous warning, and, if so, then to send for the clergyman will be impossible and useless. Oh," I thought, "I now see there was no safety where I thought there was safety ; I am again left without hope, I see no way how I am to escape the damnation of hell !" This sunk me down into gloom and grief, as low, and lower, than I was before.

Here, let it not be forgotten, my grief did not arise wholly from a sense of the guilt of my actual transgressions, but from a discovery of what I was by nature. Had my distress arisen from sights of actual sins, in the light of the law's forbidding and condemning, then, by abstaining, or in proportion as I did abstain, I might have found a measure of rest and peace ; but, let me labour and do whatever I may, still I found myself a poor miserable sinner. I saw there was a great gulf between what I was by nature and the nature of that God before whom I must appear ; and that when I should appear, He could not welcome me

with, "Come, ye blessed," because of what He was by nature; but rather must say, "Depart, ye cursed," and that because of what I was by nature.

About this time, I went upon a visit to Shrewsbury; but, alas! I soon found myself surrounded by people, both old and young, who gloried in the maxim—as they called it—of being "Merry and wise." But I did not find the wisdom which cometh from above, in one of them; therefore, to me their laughter was madness. Oh, how hard these people laboured, in jesting and sporting, to banter me, as they pleased to call it out of my religious gloom! The daughter said to her aged parent, "Can you tell me the cause why Thomas should groan so much by night? Let me wake whenever I may, I am sure to hear him groaning." "Oh," said the old lady, "I will tell you the cause; he has left his sweetheart behind him, that makes him groan." The insinuation broached, created a burst of laughter, which drew from me the following confession: "Oh, how greatly you are deceived! I do not groan because of my sweetheart; no, no; but I groan because of my bitter, vile, and sinful heart. Ah, this it is that makes one groan." This put them to silence for a time.

I was the youngest then living, out of twelve brothers and sisters, and for some reasons, hidden to me, I was always treated by the other branches of the family either with harshness or coldness, so that when at home my place of retreat was the garden, fields, or woods.

One day, when I had complained to my brother John, of his unkind carriage towards me, he said, "You are not my brother, nor do you belong to our family. You are the son of a gipsy. Our brother, when out at nurse, was stolen by a gipsy out of the cradle, and you were left in his place; therefore I shall never esteem you as a brother, but rather, as you are, an interloper, that have no right to be here." Oh, how this statement confounded me! What an additional burden to my bruised heart—crushed under the terrors of the wrath of God burning against sin and sinners. "Oh," I thought, "I am cast off by God, and now I must be an outcast from them I once thought were my parents, brethren, and sisters." In this deplorable condition I continued for several years—frowned upon by the family, and, as I thought, hated by the Lord. There was none to whom I could unbosom my dreadful sorrows. At one time, passing through a field of potatoes, I was so filled with wicked thoughts, that in anguish of soul I lay down and rolled the tops in flat, as though a roller had passed over them.

While in this condition, seeking rest but finding none, I was introduced into the company of several young persons who had joined the Methodists, then but little known in Wellington. At one of their private meetings I had a ticket given to me, and joined them upon trial. At the end of three months, I was received into full connexion. I now became, among that people, a youth of great note. I prized myself and my new relations very highly. I thought they must be a holy people, and that I, being in full connexion with them, must be holy too. A few years before this, I looked upon Sunday as a very holy day, and, Saturday and Monday being joined to Sunday, made both those days also to be holy, therefore I must not dare upon those three holy days to sing songs, or do any kind of work. As it was in my estimation, touching the Sunday's holiness, making the two days adjoining to it be holy, so I conceived it must be in relation to the people to whom I was joined, and that I must be holy, so long as I continued in connexion with them.

Oh, how I used to pride myself with the thought, that now I was become

a child of God! When I met persons, and they passed me on the road, these were my thoughts: "You don't know who I am; if you did, you would honour me by falling down, and kissing the dust of my feet."

I now became a mighty talker, very zealous, aiming, in my way, by preaching hell and damnation, to convert all that I came in contact with; and some I did frighten into a profession for a time, but, alas! for want of life it withered away.

But I am now come to a fearful epoch in my pilgrimage, what to the present hour makes me blush with shame; and well it may. I had lost all, or nearly all, my former terrors, but they had not been removed by a revelation of love and blood; no, I had banished them, by doing what I had been taught to do. Oh, how congenial were the doctrines taught to the legal light of my undisciplined, proud, and unhumiliated spirit! I was told that all men had the power, and I must weep, repent, mourn, and be sorry for my sins, and, if I did so, then I had a right to believe, take, and apply the promise of pardon as my own, because repentance was doing that conditional work which gives a right and title to pardon.

Being a youth of great note among the people, this brought me to be sought after, and find a welcome wherever I went. After some time an intimacy was brought about between me and a woman many years my senior, and by our family counted many degrees my inferior. After some months, the matter of our acquaintance and company-keeping came to the ears of my father, and I was told by my dear mother, with tears, that I must prepare to give an account of my conduct next morning. When morning came, I was called into the breakfast-parlour, and arraigned before my angry and inexorable judge.

"Well, Thomas, I have heard that you have been seen in company with Esther Davis? Is this true?" In reply, I was constrained to say it was true. "Thomas," he said, "How dare you to disgrace me and your family in this way? Your brothers and sisters have all married honourably, and are doing well; you are the youngest unprovided for, and I intended for you to inherit what is left: but this shall not be the case unless you give me your word that you will never more be seen in company with that woman. Give me your word, sir, or I will turn my back upon you for ever." I said, "Well, father, I have been in her company, but, at your request, I will from this time leave that company." "Very well, Thomas," was the reply, "then I will take no notice of the past, and hope I shall find for the future that you are faithful to your promise."

An old dame, who gloried in being called a mother in Israel, plied her wiles so skilfully, that I became proof against all the counsel and threats of parental authority, and I went a distance from home where I thought I was not known, and was married. Oh that I could make the evil of my folly, as felt by me, to be felt by some thoughtless ones; that they may be free from the sorrows which I brought upon myself. As soon as it was known that I was married, I was made to eat the bitter fruits of being cast out by my father; and, Jacob-like, was driven at the age of seventeen from the home of my birth to wander I knew not whither.

For some days my sufferings by hunger were great; and I came to the conclusion that I would go and drown myself. With this determination I chose to walk over the fields, which was the nearest and the least-frequented road leading to the river, into which I intended to jump. In taking as I thought the last look upon the scene of my childhood, this

thought sprang up, "Read your Bible once more, and for the last time; and afterwards bid that and all other things adieu for ever."

That I might read, without being molested by persons passing, I turned out of the beaten track, and stood in a dry ditch. I took my Bible out of my pocket—for it was customary for me to carry one; I opened it quite carelessly, without any thought or wish to find any particular portion or portions. The first words that met my wondering eyes were, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." I stood amazed, was filled with astonishment. It seemed as though the Lord was speaking to me from heaven. It was to me the Lord was speaking in those tender and sympathetic accents. I said, in whispers, "Can it be possible that the Lord should have any regard for such a wretch as I? Is it so, and, after all, is the Lord mindful of me? Has He something good still in reserve for me? Oh, yes, He has, and, though the good in store seems to be at a distance, yet it is sure, and I am willing to live, and wait for it." I that before had been angry, hard, and spiteful, was now melted into tears. I found the whole frame of my soul's feelings, in all my thoughts and apprehensions changed, I no longer thought in despair to destroy myself, but my soul was drawn out, to watch and wait upon the Lord, for the fulfilment of His own word.

How long I continued in the ditch, lost in wonder, I cannot say; but, when I left, I had forgotten that I had plotted suicide, and had gone to that spot with the desperate intention.

Passing by the door of my wife's parents, I thought I would call and inquire after their health. The mother told me she had just received a letter from J. D——, Esq., intended for me, if I could be found. Opening the letter I found the contents were, that he had heard how I was situated by reason of my marriage, and, if it was convenient for me to visit him, he thought he could put me into a situation under him, or obtain a situation suitable for me. "Oh," I said, "this is good news for the poor outcast."

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS AND GLEANINGS.

"But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"—MATT. viii. 27.

THE records of the actions of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as inscribed in the Gospels, resemble those simple but effective optical instruments which achieve such marvellously-beautiful results, in displaying to our vision the exquisite and brilliant hues which so perfectly blend in one and every ray of pure white light. As we turn or direct the prism, we get some new revelation of beauty. Or, placing ourselves at some fresh standpoint, we get some differing but admirable view.

At one moment our minds are taken up with the tenderness of heart which we find in the Lord Jesus, and anon we pass on to contemplate the divinely-majestic attitude in which He stands. Here we have assurance of His humanity, of His "being found in fashion as a man," and that, "the children being partakers of flesh and blood, He himself likewise took part of the same."

The very short narrative connected with the few words at the head of this, illustrates this.

The Lord Jesus is embarked with the disciples in a ship. He has had a day of continuous and laborious ministry among the famished thousands of Judah, who were perishing, not for want of sustenance of the body, but for lack of the "Bread of life." The Lord Jesus is not the *semblance* of a man, wearing only the form of manhood, but insensible to weakness, fatigue, or sufferings thereof. "In all points like as we are, yet without sin." He feels what it is to be weary. His head seeks the rest of slumber; behold Him "asleep on a pillow." Do we not feel that here He is assuredly intimately human? Do we not behold Him with reverential love and confidence? Is He not indeed our own? Surely there is not one of us that has not looked upon the face of some beloved one asleep. Does not the very sight awaken peculiarly-tender emotions, of which it may not be very easy to analyse the nature, or assign the source? I do not think we care very much for the theory thereof at such a time. We would not choose to be burdened with words or weighed down with definitions. But, if we do come to realize our position, perhaps we are conscious of a flowing out from ourselves of affection towards the object of regard, that seems more intense and more involuntary than at other times, while it is more pure from selfishness, giving out freely, yet asking nothing back.

But, oh, what a Sleeper is this! If our hearts were right, what a going out of love towards Him should there be! Weary! yes, but not in toiling for Himself, though this is right enough in many a worker's case.

Weary! yes, but not with grasping gold. Weary! yes, but not with the struggles of selfish ambition. Weary! yes, but not with needless, fruitless cares. Weary only with the failing of strength, exhausted in labouring for others' welfare. We may well have our *Eccæ Homo*—Behold the MAN.

Ye who have been trying to do some little work in the Lord's vineyard, and feel somewhat heavy-hearted and fatigued, do not fear to take a *needful* rest, you have not a hard Master. He can and does feel sympathy with you. Only mistake not *rest after work* for *sloth before work*.

A storm arises; wind and waves make stern clamour. Ah, how often does their hoarse language make pitiless demand for human life! The disciples are terrified. We, as Christians embarking in Christ's ship, must not reckon to have all smooth sailing. Well for us, when the storm beats upon us, if we follow not the example of the disciples in being terrified. But, better still if we do follow their example in having recourse to the one sure Helper.

The appeal to Jesus is not in vain. The storm did not wake Him, but the disciples' cry did.

He rebuked their want of faith. The great Teacher, the faithful Teacher, He will not spare reproof when needed, even though a stormy tumult is raging.

Can we always deal *faithfully*, as well as gently, with friends very dear to us?

But what a rebuke follows:—

"He rebuked the wind and the sea,
And at His mighty, 'Peace, be still,'
They sank submissive to His will."

"Immediately there was a great calm." *Immediately*; this is worth pondering; no *human* power achieved that "immediately." Let those who think themselves too rational to believe the Bible *just as it is*, pass on their way; I have not the tongue of the learned wherewith to persuade them. If the Bible itself be not listened to, I have no hope that human speech will prevail better. Reverently and thankfully be it mine to accept the Bible as God's word, and, looking into this mirror, to behold what He is pleased to reveal therein respecting Himself, more especially as He is manifested in Jesus Christ, "the express Image of His person, who upholdeth all things by the word of His power." Standing with the disciples on that eventful night, should we not have exclaimed with them, "What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" But, gifted with a fuller revelation than that with which they were then privileged, we see Jesus, "who, for the suffering of death, was made a little lower than the angels," now exalted to the right hand of God, "angels and principalities being made subject to Him." It is ours to know, that not only has He "by Himself purged our iniquities," but, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

"Immediately there was a great calm;" this has been experienced in many hearts, in which, after a fearful agony of shame and sorrow for sin, the voice of Jesus has been heard with, "Peace, be still," no less potent in the troubled sea of human thought, than in that stormed, chafed sea of Galilee. The unutterable preciousness and sweetness of the great calm, which the word of Jesus can make in the soul, only the soul that has experienced it can know.

"Dear gracious Lord, put forth Thy pow'r,
And give again such precious hour
As that, when, kneeling at Thy throne,
Thy voice was heard in mercy's tone,
Utt'ring that mighty 'Peace, be still,'
With which a holy calm could fill

"The storm-rent mind, oppressed with fear,
With not a ray of hope to cheer
The darkness of that gloomy night,
Where unbelief hid mercy's light.
Thy word, the wounded spirit's balm,
Can every fear and sorrow calm."

SIGMA.

THE WORK OF FAITH WITH POWER.

THE first step in grace is to know yourself as a sinner. This is the alphabet of the Gospel; this makes a trembler in Zion; this leads the way for the discovery and revelation of a precious Christ as your Redeemer, Saviour, Advocate—your All in all. Said the Apostle John to the Church of God, "We do know that we know Him." Blessed knowledge this! And the keeping the commandments belongs to this knowledge; "and hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments." But, say you, I am a breaker of these commandments. Oh, no: you love them, you treasure them up, you keep them as something precious, and you would live in unswerving obedience to the whole word of God, if you could—not merely the Ten Commandments, the Decalogue—no; but the whole word of God. Your sincere desire, if you are a child of God, is to know what your Father's will is upon every

point, to ascertain His mind, and to act conformably thereunto; and thence the word, which expresses the mind of God, is precious to you. What does my Father say—what does my Father enjoin? is in the heart of a child of God, and this keeping of the commandments is intimately and inseparably united to this knowledge. “Hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.” But the Apostle tells us there is a “not” keeping of the commandments. “He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.” Now, see your character: if you say you know Him and do not keep His commandments, you are a liar. If you have not respect to all your Father has said—if your life, walk, and conduct are not regulated by the word of God, whatever you profess as to knowledge of Christ, you are a liar; for you know Him not. “He that saith I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in Him.” Oh, my friends, what careless lives we lived by nature! How utterly indifferent to the word of God, and whether our practices were in accordance with its precepts! If we did read it, we looked no further than to the letter; we knew nothing of its spirit, felt no power, and derived no profit from it. Dead ourselves, it had neither life nor light to us. Now this cuts hard at professors, who think they have light and life, but live in disregard of the word. They say they have fellowship with Him; but in works they deny Him. They don’t make the word their guide, their rule; and why? Because their knowledge is only in the head: they have no heart-acquaintance with Divine truth—they have no soul experience of the power of the word; so they are not under its influence and guidance. “He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar.” There are some of you in whose hearts the truth hath no place. As we read of the birth of Christ, there was no room for Him in the inn: there is no room for Him in your heart. Hence, if God should have purposes of mercy for you, He must come and make room for Himself; and God is not content with saying, if we may so speak, “My son, give me thy heart,” but He will come and take it; and, if God does not take it, you will never give it. Many temptations, many trials, you may expect; but all this is to promote prayer and love, and exercise faith and patience—to make Christ necessary, and to make His word precious. This is the saints’ pathway—the path of tribulation, in which Jesus leads His people. I know you want a smooth road, where you can do without Christ. You want your own way; you want to make a soft nest for yourself; and it is your mercy to have it disturbed, that Jesus may be your true Rest. Ah, it is He, and He only, that can make your crooked things straight, your rough places smooth. It is by these things Jesus makes Himself necessary to you. You need Him to turn out the devils that get into your heart; to keep down the sin that would master you; to turn your darkness to light, your sorrows to joy. You remember the poor man in the Gospel said to Jesus, when he besought a cure for his afflicted son, “I spake to Thy disciples that they should cast him out, but they could not.” What was the Lord’s answer? Just what all your trials and difficulties and crosses speak: “Bring him to *me*.” Ah, friends, you have cause to bless Him for everything that takes you to Him. Think of the saints in glory. Don’t you believe they bless Him for every step of the way? Don’t you think that every stroke they wailed over here below, they can praise the Lord for now? Truly the redeemed above can all sing, “He led me by a right way to a city of habitation.” Every

storm weathered, every snare broken, every difficulty surmounted, there they are before the throne, safe in eternal blessedness, for ever and ever ! Don't you long to be there ? Don't you often, because of the weariness of the way, and the glory which faith sees at the end, say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ?" But you must fight your way to the end. Enemies you must expect, thick and threefold ; and all to do you good. What makes the saints wait upon God ? Felt weakness—helplessness : this drives us to the Strong for strength. Don't let the devil cheat you to think you know Him, if you have not respect to all His will ; for if His word has no place in your heart, and has no influence upon your life, you know Him not. This is a searching word for professors—a word of solemn warning to those who never had any dealings with God, and yet delude themselves in the hope that knowledge will take them to heaven. Such professors remind me of a poor lunatic, who announced that he had had an interview with the king ; and, when asked what he said to him, replied, "He told me to stand out of the way." Ah, many a poor worldling, dead in a profession of truth, will find it so at the last. The King will tell them to get out of the way—the only communication He ever had with them ; and so damned to all eternity. There are worldlings that are just such lunatics as that poor man ; but you will take no warning—you won't stop in your worldly course—you will go ahead—you are bent on your ruin. He has checked you, but you have not benefited by it ; you have been chastised and rebuked, but you are no wiser. "And such were some of you," whom grace has met, and turned your feet Zionward. And would that He might meet with others of you, and give you to see and say, "And we do know that we know Him, because we keep His commandments." Many go far in a profession who know nothing experimentally of this ; but the child of God won't stop short of this ; for, "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And that path is Christ. These are searching things. I hope it may discover to some your sinfulness, your vileness, your emptiness ; and I hope it may find out the regenerate amongst you, to whom the Lord has shown favour, by showing to them what they are, and what He is.

J. A. W.

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

ABOUT 1770 a few individuals, reflecting upon the state of religion in their own congregation and among their neighbours, were moved with pity for their souls, and deliberated upon the most proper means of introducing the Gospel once more into the city of Chester. Being unable to continue under a ministry which tended to veil the glory of Christ, and sink Him, if possible, to a level with a mere man, they met together to supplicate the throne of grace for direction. They assembled in a place belonging to the Smiths' Company, where they read evangelical sermons, and occasionally procured ministers to dispense the word of life among them. Finding the presence of God in their little company, they were encouraged to persevere in the good work they had undertaken. The number of hearers increasing, they obtained an upper room, much larger and every way more eligible for public worship than the other. They now began to be assisted regularly by neighbouring ministers, especially by the Rev. John Scott, of Drayton, whose labours of love were rendered very acceptable. It was to this people Mr. Armitage in 1772 was invited to minister as a stated pastor. The church at that time consisted of no more than

seven members. Those who had recommended him, knowing his former usefulness, flattered themselves that, if he could be prevailed upon to accept the charge of this little flock, he would shortly be an instrument of increasing their number. The sequel proved that their expectations were well-founded, for his hearers multiplied, and many who received the word with meekness being added to the church, "clave to the Lord with full purpose of heart." Mr. Armitage had not taken up his residence in Chester many days before a singularly-awful providence spread an universal gloom over the city and its vicinity; at the same time the circumstance was overruled for saving purposes to many. As the event is related by Mr. Armitage himself, we shall give it in his own words: "Immediately on my coming to this place, I determined to begin a Thursday evening lecture, and accordingly published my design on the first Sabbath day after my arrival. This, being rather an uncommon service among the Dissenters at Chester, struck the inhabitants as a novelty, and excited the curiosity of many people to attend. I was much perplexed in the interval for a subject, nor was it till just before the time of meeting that I could fix upon a text. The only words that I could find liberty to speak from at last, were those recorded in Judges xiii. 23, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would He have shewed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these." I could not then account for being led out of my usual way of study, but the secret was soon unravelled. It happened that a company of strollers were the same evening to exhibit a puppet-show, in a room adjacent to that in which we were to meet for the worship of God, and at the same time that I was to preach. Many debated in their minds whether the show or the sermon would afford them the greatest entertainment. As I was just come to town, and was entirely new to then, several on this ground resolved to hear me, and reserve their visit to the puppet room for a future evening. It was happy for them that they came to this resolution, for that very night, the place and about 200 persons were blown into the air by the explosion of gunpowder which had taken fire in a room under that in which they were assembled. Forty were killed on the spot, and many others were most miserably scorched and mangled. Those who attended on me made an application of my text to themselves and said, 'If the Lord had intended to kill us, He would have permitted us to go to the puppet-show, but, as He has spared us, we will never go again.' Some of these have attended my ministry ever since, and I trust not without profit."

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

THINE eyes, O my soul, that fair King shall behold,
Whose beauty surpasses the brilliance of gold—
Whose countenance lights up the mansions on high—
And love, purest love, ever beams in His eye.

The land that is very far off I shall see,
For my King dwelleth there, and with Him I shall be;
Not only be with Him, but, like Him, be made
In glory and beauty; for this He hath said.

Oh, what shall I render my King and my God
For blessings like these, which cost Thee Thy blood?
All, all I can render, my God, in return,
Is a heart that's polluted; yet this Thou'lt not spurn.

F. A.

MEMOIR OF THE LAST ILLNESS OF M. N—, WHO DIED FEB. 24th, 1832, AGED 26.

BY MR. JAS. BOURNE.

Miss M. N—, eldest daughter of Col. N—, Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army, was sent to England at the age of three and a-half, in one of four ships that sailed at the same time, of which three were lost. Her concern about her eternal state began when she was at Hastings, at the age of twenty. She had, at different times, from this period, a deep sense of her lost condition, but it was not abiding. She often felt the vanity and emptiness of the world. One evening in particular, being present during the frivolous conversation of some company, she returned to her room, and found herself greatly condemned and guilty before God; feeling she had broken every commandment, lamenting the miserable state of herself and friends, and spent her time till four in the morning, groaning and crying before the Lord, not daring to kneel, but lying down on the floor. She, however, ventured to open the Bible by the glimmering light of the fire, and begging of the Lord that she might find something to encourage her to hope in His mercy, it pleased God to direct her John xiv. 1: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

This melted her heart, and gave her sweet hope for a short time, but, again mixing with worldly company, the impressions gradually wore away; yet she could never after this get rid of her restlessness, and was often found in her room, weeping over the word of God.

On leaving Hastings, she went to Exeter, where she appeared in a measure lulled to sleep by the preaching she heard. She was there confirmed according to the rites of the Church of England, and afterwards being pressed to receive the sacrament, she reluctantly yielded, but found much trouble and darkness upon her mind; nevertheless she continued receiving it for some time. During her illness, she was exceedingly tried for a day or two, with these words, "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body" (1 Cor. xi. 29). Her health being delicate, she was removed with her father, who was also an invalid, to St. Germain, near Paris. During her stay in this part of France, she was very much depressed from having Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," with other books of this nature, put into her hands. Respecting them she observed, "If it were required of her to perform what was enjoined by those authors, she must be lost for ever." They removed from Paris to La Gour, near Blois, where she was occasionally very happy, and, though some may have thought it the joy of the wayside hearer, yet there is no doubt, from what followed, that there was something in it of the same spirit that moved Samson in the camp of Dan.

While she remained here, she was grieved at not having an opportunity of attending public worship. She longed to return to England, as she promised herself much satisfaction in hearing the Gospel; but in all this she was disappointed, which worked on her mind, and caused a distress that her friends could not help noticing, though they were not aware of the reason. About the same period, she fell downstairs, which occasioned a long and distressing illness, and, being in much trouble, and earnestly seeking the Lord, He was pleased to support her with these words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This so comforted her, that she was totally lost in the contemplation of this heavenly treasure.

Repeated affliction began now to come heavily upon her; the death of her father, whom she much lamented, and a paralysis, by which she totally

lost the use of one side, and from which she never afterwards recovered, though her faculties remained unimpaired. At this time her family resided at Lamberhurst, in Kent; but, in consequence of the loss of her father, she, with her friends, removed to London. They were previously recommended to two or three places of worship there; and it pleased Providence to direct them eventually to hear the Gospel at Titchfield Street, in consequence of which the minister and a few of the people occasionally visited her.

She seemed at this time to be almost without hope, scarcely daring to open the word of God, and fearing lest all that had passed before had been a delusion. She said, she felt herself to be in much darkness, and found she had not the understanding she formerly thought she had, in the word of God. She also said, she had little or no power to pray, and that what she saw of the deceit of her heart, was inexpressible. She had, however, soon power to return to the word of God, and, though she found but little, yet, she said, she had some encouragement in reading these words: "Mary came while it was yet dark" (John xx. 1). This led her to hope that she also might come, though she was so dark, and, like her, find Him, but she expressed many fears lest, not being a chosen vessel, she should be rejected.

The minister being requested to visit her, she said, she found herself in confusion, and darkness that might be felt. He conversed with her for some time, and then left the room for an hour, during which interval, she earnestly prayed to the Lord, if it were His will, to incline the minister to come upstairs again, before he left the house, and that this might be a token of good for her. Presently he returned to her, and had further conversation and prayed with her, by which she was greatly encouraged. On his entering the room the second time he visited her, he was much struck with the exceeding cheerfulness of her countenance, and these words were sweetly and powerfully applied to his mind, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This circumstance opened his mouth more fully towards her, so that he was enabled to speak to her with great freedom of spirit for two or three hours. Notwithstanding this conversation, the enemy gained a great advantage over her, by causing her to cast away her confidence, which coming to his knowledge, he wrote her a very long letter, telling her, that unless she were a deceiver and a hypocrite in what she had told him, the things he had said to her would certainly be fulfilled. She was enabled, a short time after this, to speak rather freely to some friends of the state of her soul, which, the enemy suggested, would greatly increase her condemnation, if she were lost. One who heard of this, exhorted her to resist in the spirit, and shortly after, he visited her. She felt a desire that this meeting might be profitable, and previously sought the Lord for His blessing, but had not found herself so tried and tempted a long time as when thus occupied. However, she said, "I prayed that if I were not a chosen vessel, the Lord would prevent His dear servant from coming to see me." After he left her, she appeared a little raised, and expressed herself so, and added, "He said many things that I often feel and say, and the petitions he begged me to offer, I very often use."

A few days afterwards, she mentioned having had a little hope from these words, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," but particularly from the following, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,"

and remarked, "that Christ was a Sacrifice for His people," and added, "He looks for nothing in them, but what He Himself puts into their hearts." On being asked whether her sufferings had not been very great since her cough had become so violent, she answered, "Oh, no, nothing if the Lord will but sanctify them to my poor dark soul." After reading the history of Lazarus (John xi.), she said, "Oh, I am in a worse state than he; no one needs the good Physician more than I, none so miserable!" A few days after, she was more comfortable, and, though greatly exhausted, spoke a good deal, and said, "I have been thinking much to-day of the Lord's little flock, how He has led them to pray for me, and to feel so interested about my state; and oh, will He now destroy me? Do you think the minister has ever been deceived about any one?" She also added, "I have had the thief on the cross on my mind; perhaps I may be like him; the Lord may soon come and say to me, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' " After a short pause, she continued, "How wonderfully has my life been prolonged, and how the Lord has preserved me through so many illnesses, and brought me from a distant country, and why should it have been so?" A few verses of the 106th Psalm were read to her, beginning at the 4th verse, "Remember me, O Lord;" she appeared to enter into them, and begged to have two or three read over again, and said, "These words stay by me, 'O visit me with Thy salvation.' " About ten o'clock that night, she was enabled to wrestle with the Lord, and said, "Oh, I thought I would not let Him go until I had obtained something, and these words were given me: 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.' "

Next day, she said with much emotion, "Oh, where do you think I opened the word to-day? About the woman of Canaan; and I thought I would cry, as she did, and that the Lord would deliver me also." A few days after this, on being asked how it was with her soul, she answered, "I have nothing to tell you now, but I will tell you when Christ comes; all in the house will know it in five minutes. When I think of His manifesting Himself to me, I feel as if it would be too much for me." After reading Job xxxiii., she said she thought it somewhat described her case, and added, "Oh, how often have I of a night got up, and, by my rushlight, read that chapter, and longed to lay hold of this, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom,' but never have been able." For the next three or four days, she was in very great trouble, and said to her friends, "I thought that on my forehead, and on the right side of my face, the words *great hypocrite* were written in large letters, and so I felt myself to be, and was afraid to pray, for something told me that I was too familiar with the name of Christ, and that it was very wrong to pray, as I had done." She asked whether these suggestions did not come from the enemy, and then added, "Before this temptation I felt more earnest in prayer, and a greater nearness to Christ than usual." A few days after, she received a letter from a friend, and the Lord was pleased to raise her a little. In the night she thought the time of her deliverance was at hand, and she could not go to sleep, anxiously expecting the Lord, but these words were given her: "Your time is always ready, but mine is not yet come." The 18th verse of Psalm lxix. gave her a little comfort, "Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it; deliver me because of *mine enemies*." She said, "Pray tell the minister that I often read his second letter, with prayer; it cheers me a little, and I hope the things he declares in it will come to pass." A little time after this, she said, "I am too ill to

“speak to you.” However, in a few minutes after, remembering that the minister was to preach that night, she said, “Oh, I must say a few words, even if it make me cough. Tell him and the rest of the friends, I return them my grateful thanks, and pray the Lord to reward their labour of love, and I have a hope that their prayers will not return to their own bosoms.”

From this time, she began rapidly to decline, in consequence of which she wished exceedingly to be almost constantly alone. She said she found any person being in the room was a great interruption to that earnest seeking the Lord, and meditation on the word, which her heart was now set upon. But as she grew worse, the physician thought it improper for her to be left alone, lest she should be taken off suddenly, to which she yielded with conscientious submission. Speaking of herself at this time, she said, “The Lord gives me such a sight of my own vileness, that I feel worse than any other creature.”

She continued wrestling in prayer, until a short time before her death, when the Lord was pleased so to comfort and enlarge her heart, and she spoke with such vehemence that, according to her own prophecy, the whole house knew that the Lord Jesus was come indeed with power and sweetness to her soul. Evidently filled with love and rapture, she exclaimed, “Christ, Christ, Christ!” very many times, “Come, Lamb of glory, come!” These words were many times repeated, and she was observed, by the motion of her lips, to be repeating the same long after her voice failed, and thus expired. “The Spirit and the bride say, Come,” and, “This is the marriage of the Lamb, and the bride hath made herself ready.”

(To be continued.)

UNITY.

SOME of our readers may have formerly seen a sight, that in these days of superior intelligence is probably disregarded. On Blackfriars Bridge there stood a travelling cage which contained what was termed *The happy family*. This was varieties of the animal species antagonistic in their natures to each other, the weak being food for the strong. They were trained to live together in peace, though not without the careful supervision of the watchful owner, whose eye and stick were in constant requisition to maintain the balance of power among this so-called *happy family*. But puss's eye often watered at the sight of the mice, and furtive glances from half-closed lids were directed by the fox to the fowls that innocently strutted up and down the cage. Many such anomalies might be seen, but as they all behaved well, and played their constrained part, the spectators were satisfied, and paid their money cheerfully for the sight. We were reminded of this episode of the past in reading the following extract from a speech of the Dean of Cork, which reads thus:—

If the Church of England is to be one, if she is to gather the nation within her fold, that fold must be a large one, in the best and broadest sense of the word. He did not believe they could gather men together in a very narrow place, and, if they narrowed too much the limits of the Church, it became a sect and not a National Church. The Church must not be a narrow cramped road; it must be broad enough to gather in the whole nation. He did not think there could be a better illustration of the principles of union in our Church than the choral union they had held that day. There were parts in singing, some singing altos, some tenor, and bass; and he thought the members of the

Church should imitate the choirs, and combine in singing the true tune and the true time of the great and broad catholic principles of the Church. They could not have all tenors, all basses, or all altos. He knew that alto was high and bass was low, but they would not like to have a choir composed wholly of altos or basses, as it would be uncommonly unpleasant. There must be union in the Church as there must be unison in the choir; if the choir was divided, there would be no music at all—the bass would be growling at the tenors and giving them a poke, and, when the trebles were outdone, they would—lady-like and gentle as they were—commence pinching the tenors. He did not think that would be a very satisfactory state of things in a parish choir; neither did he think it was right in the great Church union for any one, either by his opinion or his sect, to try to predominate over and drown all the rest.

This is only as a prologue to the sermon of the Dean of Norwich, preached before the congress by order of the executive committee, and therefore stands as the record of their opinions. Before we give the following quotations, a word of apology seems requisite to our readers for so lengthened an extract. But, though the subject of Ritualism is very unprofitable for the pages of a Gospel magazine, yet, as the surroundings and belongings of many of our readers may have a leading Rome-ward, it is not unuseful to warn the simple of the danger to which they are exposed through the wily jesuitism of some, and the dense ignorance of other leaders among the ritualistic faction.

The Dean of Norwich draws out to full expansion the view more cautiously hinted at by the Dean of Cork, which in plain English means that the Evangelical or Reformed section of the Church of England should shake hands with, countenance, and indorse all the sayings and doings of the Tractarian party. This, according to the views of those “medium spirits,” is charity, brotherly love; and thereby they hope unity will be maintained in the Church. On this wise speaks the Dean of Norwich.

The Rev. Dr. Goulborn, Dean of Norwich, who had been selected by the Executive Committee to preach the Congress sermon, selected as his text Romans iii. 28, “Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law;” with James ii. 24, “Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.” He stated that he had selected these passages for the purpose of showing that two inspired apostles represented two apparently-contradictory aspects of the same truth, and hence it bore upon the present crisis of the Church of England. He supposed it would not, because it could not, be denied that the Church of England represented, and was designed to represent, two sides of God’s truth; that there are, and always had been, and always would be, in it so long as it retained its distinctive character among communities of Christians, two elements—they might call them, if they pleased, for want of better names, a Protestant and a Catholic element, or, more correctly, a Reformation element, and an element of primitive antiquity; and, so long as two inspired writers represented two sides of the same truth, the Church of England ought not to oust from her communion those who took opposite sides of the same truth. The party who raised questions as to the Scriptures themselves were rather a school of Biblical criticism than of religious thought. But the two other elements in the Church were of a sufficiently distinct and positive

character : on the one side were the grace of the sacraments, apostolical succession of the ministry, the existence and powers of the Church or Christian society ; and on the other justification by free grace, through faith only, the absolute necessity of a work of sanctification of each individual conscience, the eternal security of God's true people, and the sufficiency of Holy Scripture for the edification and guidance of each soul. Each side had also its favourite moral and devotional practices—on the one side daily prayer, frequent eucharist, different forms of corporal mortification ; on the other withdrawal from the amusements of the world, a somewhat rigorous observance of the Lord's-day, and special regard to the ordinance of preaching. And there was no doubt these two parties had for some time been coming into sharper antagonism with one another, and that the feud between them was now becoming so deadly that one or other was in danger of being exterminated from the bosom of the National Church. He found the cause of the present sharp antagonism of these two parties in the Church in the increasing religious life and earnestness of the present time, which was part of the vigour manifested in every department of knowledge ; and the question was whether the result would be that one of the parties would be expelled from the Church, whether the adherents of one class of truths being expelled by their own precipitancy or by indiscreet management, the adherents of the other would not gain a triumph indeed, but a triumph which should be the saddest of all divisions and should reduce the Church of England from a broad, comprehensive communion, to the limits of a narrow and contemptible sect. If such a result was by any of them earnestly deprecated—as he was sure it ought to be deprecated by all wise and good men—let them calmly consider what were the means most likely, with prayer and God's good blessing, to avert it. First, let them be well satisfied of the truth which the text brought before them—the totally-different aspects in which holy and divinely-inspired men might view the same religious truth. No rival controversialists of the present day could possibly express themselves more differently on a moot point than did St. Paul and St. James on the all-important subject of man's acceptance with God, and yet both must express themselves with perfect truth, because both spoke infallibly as oracles of the living God. Perhaps it would be objected that this argument seems to hold religious truth as matter of opinion, and to throw uncertainty upon every position of theology which might be taken up ; but indeed it was not so. The facts of the Gospel, those facts which the Creeds rehearse, were the same by confession in universal Christendom. St. Paul, St. James, and St. Peter would probably have confessed in identically the same terms. There could be no discrepancy there, because this was not a question of what did or did not happen—of what was or was not true as a fact ; but, when they passed from the sphere of facts into the sphere of abstract religious truths, they found that even inspired men, viewing such truths in different lights, partly according to their own mental bias, partly according to the special needs of those they were addressing, presented different and opposite aspects of truth ; nay, more, in one part of his writings an inspired writer would himself move in quite a different groove.

The subtlety of the argument used here is remarkable. Texts separated from their connexion and viewed in the letter apart from the analogy of faith, may be made to speak any doctrine ; but the Dean, without any authority, save his own opinion, asserts that the two texts he heads his

sermon with, are antagonistic, and that the apostle Paul, who says, "a man is justified by faith," contradicts James, who tells us that "by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." The Dean forgot the apostle Paul is speaking of justification before God. James treats of justification before men. The apostle Paul brings up in proof of justification before God, the inward testimony of reconciliation, peace, access, joy, patience, experience, and the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. (Rom. v. 1—5); whereas James, speaking of justification before men, gathers up divers actions which testify declaratively that justification before God is an operative principle, and manifests its existence by works, wrought in the believer by God for His own glory, and not in any wise helpful to obtain or secure salvation. The apostle Paul tells us it is of grace alone; and the apostle James confirms the same truth: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights" (James i. 17). Upon the erroneous foundation, that Paul and James, though inspired apostles, are antagonistic in their doctrines, the Dean raises the singular structure of unity! The Dean of Cork, in his transit to the other side of the channel, has, we fear, left his logic behind him. Who disputes that harmony can be obtained from a well-arranged band of tenors, altos, and bass? but these diversities are *secundum artem*, and all tend to the one point, *harmony*. If flats, sharps, and naturals were introduced according to the will of each vocalist, how would it be then? This is the position of the Tractarians, let deans and doctors wriggle out of the truth as they will. Facts are patent to all beholders, and a visit to any High Church service will confirm *our* comparison, where we see all sorts of diversities introduced.

But those who cry up unity in externals, are only pleading for popery; and, if the altos, tenors, and bass did not lend their aid to sing out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," they would soon get their dismissal from the choir, we wot.

That there is unity upon the fundamentals of a vital and heaven-born religion among God's people, we firmly believe. It knows neither clime, age, sect, nor party, and on points where there may be disunion in terms, there is union in principles. An experimental religion is the same all the world over; but this is not the unity contended for now by Ritualists and our time-serving Evangelicals, who, seeing the way the wind blows, set their sails accordingly, and steer for a colonial bishopric, or a little snug cove nearer home; hence the cry is "Unity! let us keep peace," which means, "Let us keep the Church together, but all who oppose our doctrines and practice must succumb to us. Puritanism must die, if ritualism must live." This is the sum and substance of tractarian *unity*.

We again apologize for occupying so much space on such a subject, but the aspect of the times is so grave, and so pregnant with an eventful future, both civil, social, and religious, that we trust our readers will pardon us our remarks, which may suggest wide and useful topics for thought and prayer.

Seasons of Solitude; or, Moments of Meditation on the Things of Eternity. By the Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," &c. London: William Macintosh. —Just as we were on the eve of going to press, a new work from the pen of Mr. James Grant has made its appearance. In our next we hope to be able to review it at some length. In the meantime we can only mention its principal contents. These are: Alone with God—Walking with God—Working for God—Our Departed Friends—The great Unerring Test of Love to God—The Divinity of Christ—The Day of Our Death—After Death—Complete in Christ—The Cross and the Crown—For Ever with the Lord.

DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM PARKS, B.A., LATE RECTOR OF OPENSHAW.

ALTHOUGH a short time before informed that our late esteemed and beloved friend and brother's case was deemed hopeless, and that he had at length taken to his room, we were not at all prepared for the letter which apprized us that he had fallen asleep in his loving and loved Lord, at twenty minutes past three on Wednesday afternoon, the 2nd of October. The fact that another valiant man in Israel—another champion for the truth in Jesus—was called home, deeply, deeply impressed us with this additional proof of one most striking and solemn feature of the times in which we live, namely, that God is calling His servants to Himself, and thus "taking them away from the evil to come." In past ages Jehovah has been pleased, in His inscrutable wisdom and boundless love, to gather to Himself very many of His dear children, His more public servants especially, when He has been about to visit the earth with His judgments. What He thus did aforetime we believe Him to be doing now in so evident a manner, that the thoughtful and the more observant of His children cannot but see it. With respect to the removal of His highly-honoured servant, we desire once again to exclaim, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" We believe it to be an act at once mysterious and portentous—mysterious in that the Lord should thus call away one so sound in doctrine and so bold in its declaration, in these superficial, truth-compromising days; portentous, in that, to our mind at least, it bespeaks that the Lord is about to visit the earth, and is thus gathering to Himself His servants ere His sore calamities come.

Such was the nerve, such the courage, such the strength of constitution of the late Rector of Openshaw, that, until within a few months of his decease, he appeared to be one of the least likely to be removed. His health was proverbial. As we understand, with the exception of occasional slight attacks of biliousness, he knew not ache or pain. His intellect was clear, his mind vigorous, his bodily frame erect and imposing. He looked like a man capable of and prepared for any service to which his Lord and Master might see fit to call him; and yet, whilst in the full enjoyment of both his mental and bodily powers, disease insidiously, but only too successfully, invaded that noble frame. By little and little, but only too effectually, strength and animation were compelled to yield to a malady which of itself was peculiarly weakening and depressing.

Those who, it may be, are constitutionally weak, or nervous, or low-spirited—or others who have been called for a lengthened period to endure pain and prostration—can understand how great the change, and how strange and dispiriting the process, by which a strong and vigorous and lively constitution is brought of necessity to succumb to what is stealthily overspreading the whole system, and by slow but sure degrees bringing it down and down and down to the place appointed for all living. There is such a thing as the being inured to pain, and a kind of matter-of-course reconciliation to weakness and prostration, by those long the subject of it; but the sudden failure of long-continued and the most uninterrupted health is

a severe trial of faith, and calls for additional grace and patience. Strong and hale as Mr. PARKS was up to within a few months of his death, we are informed that such was the progress of the malady by which he was instrumentally called away, that even his most intimate friends would scarcely have known him. The tall, stout, well-built, handsome man was reduced to a mere shadow, and the floridness of his countenance and general healthful hue, gave place to a deep copper colour. We allude to the fact because those who know what a bilious headache and a disordered liver are, will be able the more readily to account for, and the more deeply to sympathize with, what is so pre-eminently calculated to affect the spirits and prostrate the whole system. There are those among even the children of God who are mercifully imbued with such a wondrous measure of health as to be unable to understand or practically sympathize with a state of weakness and depression which, if not the immediate consequence of, is greatly nourished by, a course of diligent study and scarcely-to-be-avoided sedentary habits. How different, for example, the appearance and the general tone and bearing of the *farmer* and the *student*! The one enjoys the blessing of almost-constant exercise in the open air, the which braces the nerves, and gives vigour and elasticity to the whole frame. The other is, of necessity, confined much within doors; and, if he be a minister as well as a student, his time for most part is divided between the sick rooms of his parishioners—the personal conferring with the anxious and the troubled—and his study. Mark the contrast in the life and occupation of the two parties; and see if it be difficult to account for the less healthy countenance and the not-unfrequently deep mental depression of the latter. In the former case, how much is put down to the possession and the triumphs of *faith*, which, we verily believe, if it came to be analyzed or tested by a constant stress upon the mental and bodily powers in the manner to which we have alluded as appertaining to the parochial minister or close and persevering student, might be fairly regarded as of the *flesh* rather than of *faith*. In this we do not attempt to limit the power and operations of the Holy Ghost; God forbid! We only seek to account for much which may be, and is, experienced on either side. In the same way we may account for the different tone and bearing of many of the servants of God. One is placed in an active and agreeable sphere, and is brought much into contact with, it may be, a cheerful people, in many respects of kindred thought and taste; another is set down in the midst of the most depressing and uncongenial circumstances, without a single fellow-being with whom to exchange thought or idea. A total blank, and worse than blank, as far as his fellow-man is concerned, and this probably where there exists the greatest possible intellectual taste and acquirements. Such, for a time, at least, lack the advantages arising from the declaration, “As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.” Moreover, who can estimate the blessings oftentimes arising from the fact recorded in Mal. iii. 16: “Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name?”

We are not now contemplating—which under other aspects we might do—the overruling hand of God, in that this very solitude and desolation is caused by Him to minister to a closer clinging to Himself—the sweeter communion with eternal realities—and a greater deadness and indifference to time-things. We speak thus (as we have before intimated)

to account for what may appear in the servants of God thus situated as shyness, abruptness, a lack of courtesy, and a want of sympathy and commiseration. If any would have illustrations of what we mean, let such visit Fen Ottery, the scene of the keen, penetrating, fruitful, master-mind of the immortal TOPLADY; or let them resort to the lone, dreary, desolate spot, some six miles from Perth, where one of the BONARS passed so much of his life, and to which the spiritual and the energetic MCCHEYNE resorted, when, by an exchange of pulpits, he would have extreme quiet, and be uninterrupted. Then let such seeker retrace his steps. Bid him visit the suburbs of the populous city of Manchester, and take a casual survey of the anything-but-picturesque village of Openshaw, and see if aught appears attractive to a mind of no ordinary stamp—an intellect which would love to revel in the vast, the deep, the lofty, the profound. Reflect upon a man and a mind thus located for four-and-twenty years, and say if great grace were not needed to keep such an one contented in a sphere thus so undesirable, but at the same time divinely appointed, and overruled, as we believe it has been, for the spiritual and eternal well-being of multitudes throughout the length and breadth of the habitable globe; for we verily believe that our dear departed brother's labours were not circumscribed to the little narrow limits of Openshaw, but that, by his clear-sightedness, his vigorous grasp of truth, his boldness in stating it, and his power and perspicuity as an author, his writings have been read, and his labours will be more than ever valued, through the length and breadth of Christendom. Few, as writers, have the power of concentrating their thoughts, and expressing them in the same pointed, pithy way, as did our deceased friend. And sure we are, that those who differed from him in doctrine, must acknowledge that there was an *honesty* and an *outspokenness* about him which is rarely to be met with. It was evident that he feared the face of no man; that what he believed, that he was prepared honestly to avow, and scrupulously to abide by; although, however, a strong-minded man, leading many, both by his writings and his pulpit testimony, to suppose he was not easily moved, yet he was nevertheless deeply susceptible of impression, and possessed withal a vein of tenderest sympathy. In order to know this, there needed an acquaintance with him in his more private character; and, seeing that he very much excluded himself from society, this personal knowledge of his more private character and relations was difficult of attainment.

Judging, as many might, from the general tenor of his writings, that Mr. PARKS was not a man of feeling, we may state, for the information of such, that many years ago, by a fall, we were personally deprived for a time of the use of the right arm. Mr. PARKS was among the first to write and sympathize; and, although some twelve or fifteen years have passed away since the circumstance adverted to, we perfectly remember the deep feeling with which he expressed himself, saying—he at the time being in the habit of writing his sermons—what would become of *him* had such an accident happened in *his* case. There was evidently a deep and grateful recognition of God's hand in the matter.

Again, when, some two or three years ago, a little difference arose between ourselves respecting a correspondent, whose character and general opinion *we* could not dissociate from language or expressions which in themselves were capable of a different construction—we cannot forget the terms in which our deceased brother at length wrote. He closed a letter,

which we greatly valued for its subdued tone and conciliatory spirit, by stating in what a different strain he should have written twelve months before.

Moreover, when, in the early stages of that illness which was ultimately to take him home, we wrote to sympathize with him, in the promptest way he replied, stating that, although he had been compelled almost entirely to lay aside the pen, ours must be an exceptional case, he being most anxious, in connexion with recent circumstances—the coolness to which we before alluded—to prove that he was not indifferent to our sympathy, but that he did indeed most fully recognize and appreciate it.

There may not appear anything remarkable in these facts to the general reader; but we would have such consider the man of whom we speak—his great boldness of character, and his uniform outspokenness, both as a preacher and a writer. To judge of some of his statements in the abstract, some might conclude he was unapproachable and void of susceptibility. This, facts disprove. Although appearances might lead to a different conclusion, we believe that, under certain circumstances, Mr. PARKS was a man of deep feeling.

One example, which happens to have been mentioned to us, will explain what we have said of his sympathies. A poor man wanted to see him. Not satisfied with a mere message, Mr. PARKS at length went into his kitchen (where the man was seated), and asked him, in his own short, quick way, which might have been regarded by some as harsh or uncouth, what he wanted. The man, in simple language, and with evident emotion, told him how he had asked of God for an interview with one whose writings had been so specially blessed to his soul. As the stranger talked, Mr. PARKS was moved even to tears. Both indeed wept together, and the subsequent bearing and conduct of Mr. PARKS proved how susceptible he was of impression, and how capable of the most marked and liveliest sympathy, where the impress of the Spirit's work was discernible, and not mere hypocritical cant or pretension. How much men of God are exposed to this, and, with the claims of poor and populous parishes, how constantly intruded upon even in their most sacred hours, can only be known by those who have had an experience of parochial work.*

Men in general little know what in this respect falls to the lot of the parochial minister. Considering the poorness of the locality in which Mr. PARKS spent little short of one-half of his valuable life, we doubt not that he had an immensity of this kind of thing to encounter. We have

*A visitor at a former residence of ours had the curiosity on one occasion to reckon the number of applicants at the door. In two days they amounted to two hundred. On a very recent occasion, a special request was made, that we might be seen. The servant's question as to what message she should deliver was to no purpose. The mistress then came forward. Special inquiries were made as to what the business might be. After much hesitation and evident disappointment, the answer was, "*That the lodgers in the same house complained of the noise made by the applicant's mangle, and that she had come to consult the minister as to whether or not she had better seek for a room for herself and her mangle elsewhere.*" This was the nature of the business with which the minister was to be intruded upon during his Saturday's reading and meditation; and this is the kind of thing with which the parochial clergyman is harassed, and, in the event of his declining to advise or interfere, gets him the name of a selfish man, and an indifferent visitor. His leaving the work of God to serve tables, has no weight with such fault-finders, and it is this "table-serving" and pecuniary helping that so further the semi-Papists of our day, in all their treacherous and systematic efforts to influence and proselytize the poor, the scale of whose "religious" profession is only too easily turned by a few shillings, a few hundred-weights of coals, and a blanket or two.

heard that he had not, humanly speaking, a very deep insight into character. Hence he was the more open to imposition, and, such impositions being afterwards brought to light, would naturally tend to steel the heart against other applicants. We have been assured, from the very best authority, that Mr. PARKS was generous to a degree. His systematic habits, moreover, and his great disinclination to be mixed up with the business of the world, proved how great his desire to give heed to the words of the apostle: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of *this* life; that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." One fact with which we have been confidentially put in possession, proves this in an eminent degree.

In proof of his heartfelt humility (notwithstanding his occasional external bearing), we are grateful to have the opportunity of quoting from a letter which he wrote to one of the members of his congregation, who had not, in common with himself, the advantage of early mental training and educational privileges. And we would have the reader remember that this letter was not written during his last illness, and when the word had apparently gone forth, bidding him to "set his house in order, for he should die, and not live;" but it was penned *five years ago*, when Mr. PARKS was enjoying, as he was wont to do, the most vigorous health and animation:—

"From my heart I mourn over much that clings to me! I mourn lest at last I may be nothing but a hypocrite. Yet the Lord knows I am not that, but thoroughly believe His truth from my heart, and preach it too. I fear lest God might leave me to myself, to do something to cause the enemies to blaspheme. God and myself only know how I have dreaded this. The melancholy thought sometimes hovers over me. Perhaps those who do not suffer as much are not to be made meet for the Master's use. But I candidly confess that I feel myself in a wrong position when I assume to be *your* teacher. *You* have passed through so much more than *I*. You know so much more of the Scriptures than I; you have studied them so much more deeply than I, that I find often you have more understanding than your teacher. It is humiliating to flesh and blood to confess this; but I am certain that, wherever the Spirit of God has been at work, there will be a transparency, a godly simplicity, and an honesty in speaking and writing which the world in vain tries to imitate. I often think that my little gifts would be very admirably laid out in exchange for the knowledge of God's word which many an ungifted man possesses. Still, how can *I* teach *you*? However, it must be very gratifying to you to see that the Lord has been teaching and exercising me, and opening my ear to discipline, which I hope He will do more. But this is like asking the Lord for trial and tribulation, &c., &c.; and we must have it."

The foregoing extract will, we are sure, contain volumes in the esteem of those taught of God. How few of those who differed from Mr. PARKS, or who maligned the doctrines he conscientiously believed and proclaimed, would thus have written of themselves to a plain member of their flock! Verily, "man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart."

As our space forbids enlargement, we must content ourselves with some two or three short extracts from Mr. PARKS's farewell letter to his parishioners, from which we also quoted in our last number. Before doing so, however, we may state, that we cannot conceive of a greater privilege

than that awarded to our dear brother, in that he was permitted so calmly, so concisely, so comprehensively, to take his farewell of his congregation and friends. It has been well compared to the blessed TOPLADY's coming forth, as it were, from the very brink of the grave to confute his enemies, and, with his dying breath, ratify and confirm his living testimony.

In the summary of his views and the doctrines he had proclaimed, Mr. PARKS says:—

“TEMPTATION has now to be dealt with. Some years ago an old Christian man, whom I never saw, wrote to me thus: ‘My dear brother in the Lord Jesus, you have need of many prayers, for I am certain you are the object of fierce attack on the part of Satan, whose cause you have much injured.’ Never was a truer word written! Every man who *will* speak the truth as it is in Jesus is sure to be fiercely opposed by the father of lies. The reason why preachers and professors in general spend such quiet and apparently-happy lives is, they never oppose Satan. Poor deluded souls! They eat and drink and are merry with their fellows, never for a moment alluding to serious things, but speaking of the news of the day, and are ‘hail fellows, well met’ with the world at large! Why should such suffer persecution? They oppose nothing, therefore Satan leaves them unmolested. But it is not so with a truth-speaking minister. He *must* identify himself with God, and consequently he is shunned and hated and tempted.

“Some of you little know and little dream of the depths of *temptation* that I have waded through! Oh, what horrid thoughts! What filthy and blasphemous thoughts have been poured into my soul by Satan!—thoughts more than enough to sweep my soul into hell! *Peter* with his lying and swearing was nothing in comparison with *me*! I have all but cursed the day that I was born, and would gladly have exchanged my existence with that of the brute that perisheth. I have wished to be annihilated, or to sleep eternally. And, though some will hardly believe me, I have been a *coward* toward my Saviour! What! you say, *after* your conversion? Yes, I answer, *after* my conversion! Men talk of having been in Satan's sieve, because they have been notorious profligates, or remarkable sinners, before some moral change has taken place in them; but let me tell them that Satan's sieve is only for the living children of God. Every unconverted man is under the *influence* of Satan, but his *sieve* is only for the blessed of the Lord, the redeemed, and the saved! *Peter's* case illustrates what I assert. ‘*Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona,*’ declared Jesus of *Peter*, a very little while before he was sifted as wheat (Luke xxii. 31, 32).

“But my Saviour stood by, and reminded of His prayer, ‘I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.’ The result of all this (as you with discernment have detected) was *experimental* preaching. Through my own failings and infirmities, I knew that *you*, dear brethren in the Lord, have been in the same position, and thus was I enabled to preach acceptably to you, and to remind you of my commission, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins’” (Isa. xl. 1, 2).

Ah, there is no preaching like experimental preaching! It is like face answering to face in a glass! The anxious hearer beholds the facsimile of himself in the honest preacher, and thus is he built up in his

most holy faith, and strengthened for further conflict. It is this knowledge of SELF that enables a minister to describe the ins and outs of the human heart, to declare the absolute necessity of a finished salvation, and to say with authority, 'I have seen an end of all perfection!' " (Psalm cxix. 96).

Then comes his final farewell, and most touching and truthful are its terms:—

"And now, my dear brethren in the Lord, I bid you farewell. My prospects on earth don't seem very bright, but this matters little whilst the glorious inheritance above is ready for my possession; and not only for mine, but for that of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. I could go to sleep in Jesus to-night with but one regret, and that is not expedient to relate here.

"But with regard to what I have written above, *you* who can separate the precious from the vile, *you* who can discriminate between truth and error, *you* who can distinguish between godly experience and natural excitement, *you* who have had your own senses exercised by the Holy Spirit, will be able to appreciate the solemn truths I have laid before you.

"The poor world, both religious and profane, will read this tract with incredulity and contempt, because it cannot understand the ways of the Lord. Doubtless I shall be charged with arrogance and antinomianism, but God is my Witness that I am far, far from both.

"The living children of God are no boasters—no loose livers. They know that their salvation is all of the Lord, and their desire is to walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; and, though they *cannot* do as they would wish, 'for evil is ever present with them, yet their delight is in the law of God, after the inward man' (Rom. vii. 15—25).

"Brethren, you know this; you know that for twenty-four years I have taught you thus, so it matters not what the world either thinks or says respecting you or me. The experience of the Church of God often *seems* bordering on enthusiasm, and even daring liberty, but it is only to the world, and *it* no more can understand the inner or outer life of a truly-regenerated man, than can the peasant understand a problem in science!

"Strive, my brethren, to walk consistently, give no occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, and you will have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 2 Peter i. 11. Once more, Farewell! Your faithful Pastor,

"August, 1867."

"WILLIAM PARKS.

We must, however, bring our observations to an end; and, in doing so, we are happy to be able to meet the inquiry of many as to the closing scene of our dear departed friend. By the kind permission of the bereaved widow, we are enabled to give a copy of a letter she wrote to a dear sympathizing friend and minister, which was as follows:—

"Fairfield, Oct. 10, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you much for your kind note of sympathy received yesterday. I am not able to say much about my late dear husband. It was a source of regret to his Christian friends that he was reluctant always to speak much about himself, or his personal experience *in private*; and he was especially silent during his long and depressing sickness. I do not think, from the few remarks he made from time to time during his illness, that he suffered much from temptation, or at all

from doubt of his interest in Christ's finished work. During the last fortnight of his life, when it was evident his end was fast approaching, it was a comfort to see how calmly yet anxiously he waited for the summons to go—to use his own words—'to my Father.' He said to me, the prospect of going home was very delightful to him. A few days before he died he said he had often wondered at such men as Jeremiah charging God with having deceived them; but he had that morning been much tempted in the same way, not feeling for the time His presence when passing through the waters. His independent spirit wanted no creature comfort in a spiritual way, but for temporal assistance and comforts he was very thankful. He said one day, when I had been attending to his bodily wants, 'If a *creature* is such a comfort, what must a *Saviour* be?'

"He liked to be left alone to hold communion with his God. Hearing him speaking in a low tone, I inquired if he wanted something. He replied, 'No, I am talking with my God.' The last connected audible sentence he uttered was, 'I wish the companions of my youth—my confederates in sin—all felt themselves as firmly on the Rock as I do now.'

"You, sir, were amongst the most valued of his correspondents; he longed often for a measure of your mild humble disposition. He was a proud man towards his fellow-man; humble as a little child in the presence of his God.

"I have been most mercifully sustained, and enabled to attend to his wants during his long illness; and have been surrounded and assisted by many kind Christian friends at his burial. I am not at all able as yet to realize my unutterable loss; it seems from first to last a dream to me.

"Believe me, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"Rev. Robert Walker."

"J. P.

We know that our dear readers will bear this weeping one upon their hearts at the throne of grace. Personally, we were much indulged by the Lord specially laying her case upon the mind, coupled with the sweetest and most undoubted conviction, that He would indeed sanctify the loss, and that, sooner or later, He would say with power divine to her, "Thy Maker is *thy* Husband; the Lord of hosts is His name." Oh, how blessed are such seasons, and how precious such assurances, when coming, as it were, from the Lord's own mouth! Oh that He may take this desolate one into His own holy guardianship and guidance, giving her to realize all the blessedness detailed in the 2nd of Hosea! By this agonizing bereavement, the Lord has indeed brought her into a wilderness condition—the loneliness and desolation of which must be felt to be understood—but may He sovereignly and graciously say, "And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord." And then how sweet and how soon her reunion with the departed, in that upper and better land, where sin and sorrow, suffering and separation, are unknown. The Lord grant it, of His great mercy, for Christ's sake.

We would just add, that our dear brother preached his last sermon in March last, from the words, "God, be merciful unto me, a sinner." A sweet summing up of the public testimony of one who would only be too happy to declare that he himself was, "A sinner saved by rich and free and sovereign grace." Singular to say, that dear Mr. PARKS preached his first sermon at Openshaw, the Sunday on which the beloved Mr. NUNN

preached his last at St. Clement's. Thus as the Lord was about to withdraw one BOANERGES, He was condescendingly giving another. Mr. NUNN laboured at St. Clement's, Manchester, for twenty-three years; Mr. PARKS, at Openshaw, for twenty-four. Mr. NUNN was called home at the age of fifty-four; Mr. PARKS, within a few days of completing his fifty-eighth year.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." God, of His great mercy, dear reader, grant us grace that we may be increasingly diligent "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The Lord help us to sit yet more and more loosely to the things of earth—the beggarly elements of this poor sinful world—and to be "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Amen and amen.

We shall add, in conclusion, the striking remarks of our dear departed friend, as expressed in his last tract but one, published under the title of "A Voice from a Sick Chamber."

"I have learnt, moreover (he says), that I am very dear to the hearts of many whom I once suspected of coldness. What anxiety, what fear, what devotion, what sympathy you have exhibited in my behalf. You have sent up prayer after prayer for my restoration. You have literally struggled with God for my healing. How dear must I be to you. Yet how unworthy am I of the least particle of your love. I cannot but know that I have taught you carefully and faithfully; but what was all this but my duty? And, when I call to mind the selfishness and shortcoming of my most efficient efforts in your behalf, I am ready to break my heart with weeping.

"May the God of all grace continue to bless you, my brethren; and, if the tie be made faster by a prolongation of my life, may the remembrance of these things sweeten our future intercourse: if the link be about to be broken, and your lot be to stand at my grave side, *remember kindly the poor frail imperfect man, but only in God.*"

Reader, what language can be more touching—what more indicative of a deep and humiliating sense of personal sinfulness and shortcoming? Let the enemies of the departed say, conscientiously, as before a heart-searching, rein-trying God, whether *they* are prepared thus to regard and speak of themselves! "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

It was the saying of the blessed DAVID DENHAM, when speaking of heaven, "No Saturday nights there! No Saturday nights? No, no Saturday nights. No Monday mornings there! No Monday mornings? No, no Monday mornings." His allusion was to that soul-travail and deep, deep exercise of which the Lord's ministers are the subject, when, in the prospect of the Sunday, tossed about and harassed for a text, feeling as such do, the language of one of old, "I am shut up, and cannot come forth." The word sealed; no dew upon either fleece or floor. And again with regard to Monday morning, that both mental and bodily prostration which so often follow the restless Saturday night, and the labours of the Sabbath.

The almost closing hour of the week I find generally a privilege to pass with the dear people of God, at our little Saturday night prayer-meeting.

light, however, I am deprived of that privilege. A cold taken yesterday in travelling, confines me entirely to my study to-day; and the day which I should otherwise have spent in company with His dear people, I desire to consecrate to Him, in attempting to speak of His goodness and mercy during the week now drawing to a close.

In the early part of last week, I received the mournful intimation that my dear friend and brother in the Lord, the late Rev. WILLIAM PARKS, had gone to his rest, accompanied by the earnest request of his sorrowful widow, the churchwardens, and many of the congregation, that I should go and preach his funeral sermon. Although I had just declined another urgent invitation, to preach for another dear servant of the Lord, in a different direction, I felt such a solemnity upon my mind, in regard to the removal of such a champion for the truth in these evil days, and such a desire personally to sympathize with the surviving survivors, that I could not feel it in my heart to refuse; therefore, in a dependence upon the Lord, I went. But oh, when I entered the church last Sunday morning, my heart failed me, and I bitterly reproached myself for venturing to undertake such a grave and solemn responsibility. I knew what a creature of feeling I was, and I could not soon overcome. When, therefore, although a wet morning, I saw numbers clad in deep mourning, crowding into the church, and in the first person I recognized the weeping widow, I was obliged to cry mightily to the Lord for support. The pulpit and communion-table were covered with a black cloth. The pews were strewn with the hymns to be sung on that occasion, surrounded by a deep black border. The church was filled to overflowing with persons who, both by their dress and their countenances, bespoke their deep sense of the solemnity of the occasion. 'Twas a dark morning without, and dark indeed within the walls of that sanctuary. As one sat in the silence that preceded the service, one was reminded that never would he who, wellnigh twenty-four years, almost uninterruptedly occupied that desk and pulpit, occupy it more. Another was now to be heard both from the one and the other; his never-ending length one's reverie was broken in upon by the announcement of the first hymn:—

“Great God! what do I see and hear?

The end of things created!

The Judge of mankind does appear,

On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before:

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

“The dead in Christ shall first arise

And greet th' archangel's warning,

To meet the Saviour in the skies,

On this auspicious morning:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,

His presence sheds eternal day,

On those prepared to meet Him.

“In that great day at His right hand

May I assume my station,

And in His holy image stand

In robes of free salvation!

Then, while His frown the wicked dread,

Peaceful shall I lift up my head,

Prepared with joy to meet Him.”

In the most measured, solemn way was this—and indeed all the hymns and chants—sang by the whole congregation. It was touching in the extreme. Oh, how did one feel the need of divine support at that moment, lest the natural feelings should give way, and, being overcome, be compelled to bring the service to a close. These were one's fears. And yet how good and how gracious was the Lord. As one placed one's foot upon the stairs leading to the pulpit, one mentally exclaimed, "Lord, for more than twenty years Thou hast stood by, and never, never forsaken; nor wilt Thou now!" There was given at the moment—there and then—although not before—the assurance of divine help and all-sufficiency. And, though one felt the vast difference and the very great inferiority of gift in one's-self in contrast to him who had so long stood in that pulpit, yet there was the calmness and composure one had so earnestly desired. Oh, how blessed it is to realize the Lord's faithfulness and the Lord's all-sufficiency at such times and under such circumstances!

I have spoken of the diversity of gift. My departed friend and brother had powers which I often and often envied him. He could calmly sit and patiently dive into the very deepest of subjects, bringing up from them a vividness of thought, a clearness of argument, and a pithiness and point, that, I had almost said, were perfectly irresistible; at any rate, such could not be gainsayed. Whereas, what with a highly-sensitive frame, constitutional depression, and such sensations in the head, I positively cannot pore over or dive into subjects as others can. Hence of all men I am most dependent upon the Holy Ghost, for present insight and present utterance. One is not finding fault with thoughtfulness—research—study: on the contrary, as one has already intimated, one envies the men who have this power, and who, like our departed brother, consecrates it to God's service.

Again, one often thinks of the Lord's tender mercies and divine faithfulness, in the strict and literal fulfilment of His word, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." "Take no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Now, according to my present state, both mentally and physically, the accomplishment to-morrow of last Sunday's engagements would be utterly out of the question—a moral impossibility. Yea, according to one's present feelings, the meeting and ministering to one's own congregation in the ordinary way, appears impracticable; but, doubtless, if spared till to-morrow, there will be "strength for the day" as heretofore. To-morrow's strength is not needed to-day.

Now would to God that I, and the dear children of God generally, could look at the morrow of life, and especially the day of one's death, just in this selfsame point of view. We do not need the wisdom and the grace and the courage for the future, until that future, day by day and hour by hour, discloses its requirements. Neither shall we need dying strength till a dying hour. Then, without doubt, we shall experience it. We may not have, nor shall we absolutely require it, strength for dying, the day before we die; but, when that day and time really come, we shall as assuredly realize the needed fortitude, strength, and courage, as that our God is true, and that we have hitherto, in all the varieties and diversities of daily experience, found Him to be God Almighty, God all-sufficient, a God ever faithful to His word.

Here, then, dear reader, upon another Saturday night may we unitedly

up our "Ebenezer," and gratefully testify that "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

In Affectionate Remembrance

OF THE

Rev. William Parks, B.A.,

Rector of St. Barnabas Church, Openshaw, near Manchester,

Who died on the 2nd instant, in the 58th year of his age, and was this day interred at the Church in which he has laboured for the past twenty-four years.

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter" (John xiii. 7).

Fairfield, 8th October, 1867.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

IVERSAL attention is again directed towards Italy. A most serious infection, long expected, shakes the Vatican to its very foundations. A numerous band of Italian patriots seem determined to have Rome for the capital of their country, and to free themselves from the hated incubus of the Papal yoke at all risks. We cannot but admire their determined constancy and courage, although we may not agree with their sentiments and principles. With repeated reverses of the past to discourage them, with their noble leader a close-kept prisoner, with their sovereign and government opposed to them, and the force of France allied to their opponents, they have again resorted to arms, and devoted all that they possess to the attainment of their cherished object. It is difficult at present to know what is their real strength, or what success they have had, but, so far as we can learn, they form a very formidable army, and have already in more than one engagement defeated their opponents. The intelligence of the next few days will be looked for with considerable interest, and it is not improbable that it may be the beginning of a course of most important events, leading perhaps to the destruction of the temporal power of the Papacy, and perhaps even to the eventual destruction of the Papacy itself. The *Times* observes: "With the occupation of the territory, and the close investment of the capital, the beginning of the end will come. The Pope has repeatedly and even very lately expressed his firm resolution to abide at his post, and, indeed, ever since his

return from Gaeta, he has made no mystery of his aspirations to the crown of martyrdom, and of his readiness, under any pressure of necessity, to take refuge within those catacombs whence the Church originally came forth triumphant. We do not expect that the crisis will be carried to such extremities, or that his holiness's faith and devotion will be put to so dire a trial. We do not think that even the most lawless rebels would deem it a good policy to renew the scenes of bloodshed and violence of which the Quirinal was the theatre in November, 1848. The Pope may remain in Rome, and may be indulged in the mere name and shadow of his departed sovereignty; still the Romans will put forth their claims to self-government, and whatever form of municipal administration may be contrived for their benefit will have to be framed on those principles of freedom which have become the vital air of all civilized people. How the Papal Court will manage to thrive in the full glare of a liberal Press, and in the strong tide of new-world ideas which it has for so many years striven to keep out, is more than the most fervid imagination can conceive. Pius IX. is not very old as a man, but as a Pope he has only four more years to live at the utmost, unless he is destined to exceed the twenty-five years of St. Peter's pontificate, and thereby upset all the traditions and the very tenets of the Roman hierarchy. Even four years at the Vatican, with rampant Italian scoff and scepticism under its windows, must hold out a very terrible prospect to the man who once began to call down heaven's blessings upon his country's cause, and ended by joining its most relentless enemies. Any softening of the old heart in the hour of defeat and humiliation, any reconciliation with the 'Subalpine king,' whom he only yesterday charged with 'sacrilegious audacity,' is more than the most sanguine friends of true religion or of true liberalism can look forward to. The Roman question is far more materially than morally drawing near its solution. With the restoration of Italy's rights to her capital a new era may be expected to commence for the Roman Church. With the termination of its temporal power we ought to be allowed to hail its spiritual emancipation. Some few old men are still living who witnessed the end of the reign of Prince Bishops. The Papacy was the last that survived of all those ecclesiastical anomalies of the middle ages. It seemed hardly credible that the old tottering fabric should so long withstand the blows by which our progressive age is sweeping away the mere cumbrous rubbish of the old world."

Fenianism has again brought trouble upon our authorities, and strangely interfered with that feeling of security which for so long a time we have happily enjoyed in our favoured land. The idea of a small body of wild spirits being so mad as to imagine that they could overturn the Government, and, by a bold attack upon some of our fortresses, achieve such success in England as to enable them to accomplish their designs respecting Ireland, seems almost incredible; but such is the fact, and their successful rescue of some of their comrades in open day in a crowded city, and the ability with which their leaders have secreted themselves, proves that, unless due precaution had been taken, the attempt might have proved much more serious than was expected.

We regret to find that the prospects of the ensuing winter as respects the poor are very gloomy; there is a great scarcity of labour in many parts of the country, thousands are out of employment, and provisions are very dear. Part of this lamentable state of affairs is affirmed to be owing to strikes and part to the rapid progress which has been made by the

continental manufacturers, and to the much cheaper rate at which they can turn out equally good work than our home manufacturers; that which costs 5s. sterling here being produced at 3s. 10d. on the Continent. Locomotives manufactured in France and Belgium are actually being delivered in London to the great railway companies at as much as £500 cheaper than those of an equal quality of British manufacture. It is also affirmed that the continental workmen can afford to be content with smaller wages, their mode of living being much more frugal. Thus our working-classes, by their prodigality, and by their determined and unwise endeavours to obtain higher remuneration for their labour, have prepared a rod for their own chastisement. We think the present a fitting opportunity for all those who have the real welfare of our labouring-classes at heart clearly to point this out to them, and endeavour to instil sounder principles into their minds. How much happier and better would their lot be if, instead of strenuously aiming at political advantages, endangering thereby the peace and security of their country, and seeking for higher wages than their employers can safely give, they would follow the scriptural maxim, "Be content with such things as ye have."

An interesting memorial has just been erected to the memory of the celebrated reformer, Calvin, at Geneva. It is one which we think his soul would have loved; not a grand mausoleum, or pompous funereal monument, but a large serviceable building for religious meetings, containing a hall capable of holding 2,300 persons, besides a library and other rooms. The object of it is to promote in every way truly sound Evangelical principles, and to encourage everything which may tend to God's glory. The idea of its being built in memory of the great Calvin, originated at the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva. It has cost £12,000, of which sum £5,000 has been contributed by the English. At its opening the other day, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné gave a deeply-interesting address, in his own forcible language and manner, to an audience of about 2,000, on "The Entrance of Calvin into Geneva." Nothing, we are told, could exceed the interest of the people assembled.

No further news of importance has as yet arrived respecting the Abyssinian captives, although it is daily expected. The armament which is being prepared for their relief, is a most powerful and costly one; we only hope that the delay in preparing it may not cause it to be useless.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE GREAT PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATION.

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF RODEN TO THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE.

Tollymore Park, Oct. 14, 1867.

MY DEAR LORD DOWNSHIRE,—I rejoice to find that it is in contemplation to hold a meeting of the Protestants of Ulster at Hillsborough, on the 30th inst., for the purpose of petitioning Her Majesty and the Parliament to uphold and defend the Protestant institutions of the country.

Those who, like ourselves, were present at the glorious assemblage which, thirty-three years since, was held on the same day, and at the same place, and over which you so ably presided, will bear in vivid recollection the determination and unanimity displayed by the Protestants of Ulster at that great meeting. They cannot forget the feeling which it evoked, and

the effect which it produced throughout the United Kingdom. The Protestants of Ireland, of every class and denomination, spoke out then, with one voice, as freemen and *loyal* subjects; they declared that they would not submit to have those great institutions, for which their forefathers willingly laid down their lives, to be sacrificed to a miserable party expediency!

These institutions form the bulwark of the throne, are the bond of connexion between Great Britain and Ireland, and are the great security for our civil and religious liberties.

Their voice then was not unheeded.

We are now told that the great barriers against the subjugation of Ireland to an Ultramontane hierarchy are to be removed; the settlements and rights of property to be disregarded; the fundamental article of the Union compact is to be annulled; and the recognition of such homage to Protestant truth, which Protestant endowments and an Established Church afford, is to be abrogated. All because, forsooth, it *is so willed* by the *despotic authority* of the Church of Rome, and the Republicans of England.

Your lordship well knows that active measures are now in progress for making the adoption of this policy the subject of another party struggle.

It is, therefore, time for us to speak out again. The Protestants of Ireland, the descendants of those who, by their resolution and determination, in 1834 successfully defended our valued institutions, have now a duty to perform.

We must now evince the same resolution and the same unanimity as they did then. "No surrender" of rights—rights which are dearer to us than our lives—must be again our cry!

England must know that there is a voice in Ireland—the voice of the loyal, intelligent, and industrious Protestants—opposed to those revolutionary measures; and that the "Irish difficulty," instead of being removed, will be infinitely aggravated by the policy which is proposed to be inaugurated.

Standing, as I do, on the verge of eternity—about to enter my eightieth year—the only survivor of those men (Enniskillen, Longford, Bandon, and Farnham) who with me signed the summons to that great Protestant meeting in the Spring of 1834, of which the Hillsborough meeting, the following October, was the sequel, I am warranted through this letter to entreat my brother Protestants in Ireland either to attend this great meeting, or publicly to signify their assent to its object.

And now, I cannot conclude without addressing a line to the Orangemen of the North.

To you, my dear, loyal, but much-maligned brethren, I would say that, while I hope to see you asserting your rights by attending this meeting, I should wish you also to evince the real character of your principles by abstaining from the use of banners, or any other party emblems. Let the Protestant religion and the liberties of England be your watchword, as it was of our great deliverer, William of glorious memory. Your enemies will be on the watch; they may seek to provoke you, or entrap you into violation of the law. Let your moderation be seen of all men, and we may hope that the same Almighty Power, which has for so many centuries maintained and preserved the truth amongst us, will enable us to resist effectually the attempts which are now made to overthrow it.

Believe me, my dear Lord Downshire, your affectionate friend,

RODEN.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No 24,
NEW SERIES. }

DECEMBER, 1867.

{ No. 1,224,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 4.

EBENEZER!

BELOVED READERS,—Deprived as we are this day, through affliction, of the very great privilege of ministering in our dear Lord and Master's name, we have thought we could not do better than seek to avail ourselves of the opportunity of addressing a few words to you. May the Lord be manifestively with us, whilst seeking thus to commune with you.

The first thought that occurs to us is the very special mercy which it behoves us, personally, to commemorate: it is the fact that, notwithstanding the want of anything but robust health—rarely knowing what it is to be a day without a degree of pain and discomfort—we have so very, very seldom, been laid aside from the work of the Lord. During a ministry of some one-and-twenty years, we have scarcely ever been kept from occupying the pulpit, in consequence of sickness. This is a great thing to say for one who has repeatedly been severely attacked with that distressing malady, *gout*; but we testify to the fact, in order to express our gratitude to the God of all our mercies, and that you, beloved readers, may be encouraged the more to look to Him, and to trust in His dear and blessed name.

We would, moreover, speak of the *timeliness* of the mercy to which we have alluded. On numberless occasions, prospectively, it has seemed impossible that we could preach. Saturday nights, and even Sunday mornings, have again and again found us powerless; but the Lord has graciously appeared in that our prostrate condition, and repeatedly and blessedly fulfilled His word, "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." And how sweet it is, beloved, to realize the great fact, that the courage and the strength experienced and enjoyed, is that

which the Lord is at the *very moment* imparting. Hence that saying of the apostle's comes out in all its fulness and blessedness: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me;" for "when I am weak, then am I strong."

Reader, do *you* know anything of this precious and unspeakable mercy? Can you say, feelingly and experimentally, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only?" Beloved, it is under such circumstances as those to which we have adverted, that divine faithfulness as well as divine all-sufficiency, has been realized. Ah, was He ever known to disappoint, or forsake, or put to confusion, when He had graciously intimated that He would be our wisdom, strength—yea, a very present help in time of need? No, never, adored be His name!

But, beloved, there is one thing in particular to which we take shame to ourselves, in regard to the blessed service in which for so many years we have been so feebly and imperfectly engaged: it is that we have never becomingly estimated the mercy. Time was—and we blush to acknowledge it—when we were only too ready to surrender the pulpit in order to escape its trial and responsibility. Thank God, it has been otherwise with us for many years in this respect. And often and often, even though embarrassed in mind and shut up in soul, the thought has occurred, "Well, would you sooner not preach?" A negative has been given to that question instantaneously; and we have mentally exclaimed, "No, we would prefer preaching to remaining silent; for who can tell, but the Lord may again come in, graciously and unexpectedly, as He has oftentimes done?"

We remember our dear departed brother-in-law once saying to us, that in his dearth and deadness he would sometimes look forward with hope and longing for the pulpit, remembering how often the Lord had burst his bonds and snapped his fetters there. Yes, blessed be His name! many a time accounts have, as it were, been squared between God and the soul, and differences (if we may so term them) made up in the pulpit. There has been a conscious wandering—a backsliding of heart—or a speaking unadvisedly with the lips; as a consequence, there has been for a time a shyness between God and the soul. No closet-access. No communion. The word a sealed book. In this very shyness, and in these soul-trammels, one has had, as a matter of course and sheer necessity, to go to the pulpit. One has opened one's mouth in prayer under a cloud. There has been the felt distance. One has feared others would detect how matters stood between God and the soul, and that the self-same bondage would impart itself to others. The text has been taken; and taken, too, under the same cloud and darkness. Perhaps, with the very announcement of the text, there has been the thought, "Suppose the Lord were to meet me upon my own grounds. Were He to withdraw His absolute help and strength, as well as His manifestative presence, what must follow but bewilderment, confusion, the positive closing of

one's mouth? What mercy, then, that such is not the case, notwithstanding all one's baseness, ingratitude, sin, and unbelief. Then, as one goes on, there comes the recognition of *this* as a mercy, that, much as the Lord knows of one's vileness and deformity, He does not impart that knowledge to others. He keeps it in secret within His own bosom. He still bears and forbears. And then, it may be, one sees one's-self reflected in some one or other of the congregation, and one's own present experience and previous exercises lead to the addressing of one's-self to such. Then comes forth, in testimony, the patience and the forbearance and the long-suffering of Jehovah; the efficacy of His blood in the cleansing from *all* sin; the comeliness and perfection of His righteousness, as so exactly adapted for poor naked souls; His marvellous patience; His absolute and infinite and everlasting foreviews of all the baseness and vileness and depravity of which we personally would be the subject; His divine unchangeableness, and the eternal resting in His love. All this, under the precious present anointing of the Holy Ghost, comes up to view; and, as the Spirit is pleased to give utterance, so the mouth speaks; and, ere one is aware, the heart is enlarged, the bonds break, the fetters are snapped asunder, the cloud moves, the mist is dispersed, and the soul basks in the full sunshine of redeeming love and mercy. Oh, how precious does the Lord afresh become, and how out of the fulness of the heart does the mouth speak of covenant love, covenant blood, covenant power, covenant immutability, covenant mercy, covenant forbearance, covenant all-sufficiency—yea, covenant grace, issuing, beyond all doubt or contingency, in covenant glory!

Reader, this is what we would call *life, or living power, in the pulpit*, or the sweets of renewed pardon and peace at the time and in the act of seeking to minister to one's poor fellow-sinners.

It is, therefore, upon these ground one knows what it is to look forward to pulpit labours, with the renewed hope of the Lord's afresh fulfilling His word: "He that watereth [others] shall be watered also himself." Moreover, in this, as well as in other respects, that Scripture is proved: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

But what we were about to say was, that we have not valued pulpit-work as we ought. We have been verily guilty in failing to appreciate, as it behoved us to do, the holy privilege and the distinguishing mercy of ministering in the Lord's holy and blessed name. At the same time we have commonly felt that the Lord could scarcely lay upon us a greater trial than to deprive us of the long-continued privilege of standing up in His dear name. Oh, how often have we wished that, but for the shock such a speedy removal would be to others, He would (if it were according to His wise and wonder-working will) take us to Himself from the pulpit. We should delight one moment to be speaking of Him, and the next moment to be speaking to Him. Yet again we think, if the Lord saw fit to give us our choice as to *how* and *when* He should take us, there are such contending interests, that

we should be compelled to refer the choice back to Himself, and desire for ourselves to have no choice in the matter. This, beloved, we feel to be our rich and distinguishing mercy, that "our times are in *His* hands." We bless our God for that precious testimony of His servant David—it suits us to the very letter: "Although my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow." We have personally many things, as doubtless the psalmist had, which we fain would have different. We have striven here and prayed there—here we have laboured and there we have toiled—with a view of making this crooked thing straight and that rough place plain. We have found it, however, all to no purpose. Our God will not be dictated to. He will have His own way. He will pursue His own course. We cannot make one hair white or black. He brings down our heart with labour, and gives us to feel that, in and of ourselves considered, we have "no strength shut up or left." He brings us to the place of shutting of mouths. Of necessity we must "Be still, and know that He is God." He has taken a course, both with respect to ourselves and others, directly opposite to that we had chosen or imagined; but, doubtless, time will prove that it was "*THE right way.*" "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter." Meanwhile, this is the mercy we crave, even that we may be able in the future, as we have again and again in the past, to "stand still, and see the salvation of God."

We know that as of old He still doeth "wonderously." We have "no need to fight in this battle; the battle is not ours, but the Lord's." Of this we are fully assured. But fools will be meddling; and they only meddle to mar, as far as in them lies. The grace we desire of the Lord is *stillness—watchfulness—observation*. Oh that the Lord would in mercy vouchsafe this; and then sure we are we shall have abundance in the future, even as in the past, both to acknowledge and admire.

We are quite sure that the great storehouse of wisdom, grace, and strength, is by no means exhausted; nay, that it has not in the least-wise diminished. It is as full as ever. The treasury of grace and mercy is as boundless and inexhaustible as when first it was opened for the benefit of poor sinners. The fountain flows and overflows, even as it did in prophets', apostles', and martyrs' day. "He giveth more grace," echoes and re-echoes through the very length and breadth of the habitable globe, to the glorious exhortation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," reverberates to the gladsome tidings, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Oh that the Lord may put unction and power into His own word, seeing we are "not straitened in Him, but we are straitened in our own bowels!" Alas! alas! we measure Him by our own

little contracted selves; forgetting that "His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts."

But, beloved reader, another thing have we learned by the experience of which we have spoken. We alluded to it in brief, in the article in our last number, entitled, "Saturday-night Thoughts." It is this: that as the Lord has invariably given strength according to the day, so He will continue to do up to the very latest moment of our earthly existence; yea, that that strength shall assuredly be realized in the so-called article of death, and in the very passage of the Jordan.

Now the thought, beloved, that we wish prominently to place before you, is this: that as in the past you did not really need strength or fortitude or courage for certain trials until those certain trials overtook you, so shall it be in the future. Strength to-day for to-morrow's trials is altogether unnecessary. Hence dying strength in a living hour would be superfluous. But, again, as in the past, when the trial (whatever it was) came, there was duly and sufficiently strength to meet it, so shall it be in the future. And what applies to all the details and all the varieties of the way, shall, without the shadow of a doubt, be experienced and enjoyed in the final closing up of your pilgrimage. It must, it shall be so, as verily as God is true.

Beloved, since we have been upon the bed from which we now address you, we have been particularly struck with the fact that we have just sought to express. Many trials, with their varied attendant circumstances, have come up in review. We have afresh, in retrospect, entered into the feelings, and again partaken of the fears, of which prospectively we were then the subject. But the trial came—yea, trial after trial came (and, reader, be assured, those trials have been many and bitter); but with every such trial (blessed be His name!) there has been the corresponding strength, fortitude, and courage. Yes, it has been invariably so. There has been no exception to this one general, universal rule. Tried to the utmost, or tempted to the utmost, as we may have been; yet underneath and round about have been the everlasting arms. "Our shoes have been iron and brass; and as our days, so has our strength been" also.

Well, now, in connexion with this truth—and a glorious truth it is—the thought has been presented to our mind, "As such has been the case with regard to the past, why should it not be so with respect to the *future*? Is there any change in our God? Did He take more interest in the past than He will in the future? Of what service would past help and past deliverance be if such were not continued?

"And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?"

Moreover, has not the Lord as much—aye, infinitely more—at

stake than I? What a field of thought does this open, dear reader! "And what wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" asked Joshua, in the event of Jehovah's carrying out His threats with respect to Israel. The Lord is as jealous of His name now as then; nor would He do aught to tarnish His glory or His faithfulness now, any more than He would have done so then. Nay, there is a sense in which (if we may speak by comparison) the Lord has more at stake now than then. It is that matters are nearer their climax, and that Satan has less time and opportunity to rally his forces. He has been so long and to such an extent defeated, that a victory on his part—yea, one single conquest—would afford him the greater triumph.

But you remember, dear reader, that saying of the guest to the host at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

"*But thou hast kept the good wine until now.*" So the Lord reserves the *best* till the *last*. The nearer the kingdom, the sweeter the grace! The greater the trial, the more blessed the triumph! The nearer Satan, the nearer the Saviour! Does the enemy know his time is short, His mighty Conqueror knows it, too. Can He forget the battle—He the sore assaults, the base insinuations, the desperate efforts of the enemy in regard to Himself? and will He not the more vividly remember, and the more timely and effectually vouchsafe both His presence and His power to His poor helpless, needy, and affrighted ones? Ah, that He will! He will stand by—He will strengthen—He will defend—He will deliver in the last great conflict, even as He has done through all the varied details and numberless varieties of the wilderness. As He glorified Himself in the lives of His people, so will He glorify Himself in their deaths. As they, of blessed necessity, spoke well of His dear and blessed name throughout their pilgrimage, so shall they do in the Jordan, and preparatory to their bursting forth in the full hallelujah chorus of the skies. Reader, it must be so; it has been the case in the uniform experience of the "great cloud of witnesses," and so shall it continue to be, without an exceptional case, until every vessel of mercy is gathered hence, and "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." Then shall glory redound to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Israel's one undivided Jehovah, through a blessed and never-ending eternity.

THE EDITOR.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 27, 1867.

THEY show most wisdom who inquire after heart-work in religion.

If Christ had not been in the promise, Abraham's faith could not have been counted or imputed to him for righteousness.

Pity for the condemned implies censure on the judge.

It is a rare thing to find poverty of spirit in those who possess great worldly prosperity.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

IMMEDIATE HAPPINESS FOR THE SAINT AFTER DEATH.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."—2 Cor. v. 8.

"Do you think," said an anxious seeker to us, "that immediately after death the redeemed saints of God enter upon eternal happiness?" We replied, "Certainly we do." "Then," continued the inquirer, "what does it mean, 'Some are fallen asleep'?" We further replied: "'The dead are often said to be 'fallen asleep;' as in the first Epistle to the Thessalonians—'them which *sleep in Jesus* will God bring with Him.' But in such passages the word sleep is used in reference to the body, and never to the soul; as for instance, 'Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake;' and again, 'The graves were opened; and many *bodies* of the saints which slept arose;' and, furthermore, it is written of David, 'After he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption: but He, whom God raised again, saw no corruption' (Acts xiii. 36, 37)."

Now, beloved, we have been thinking that there may be others, like this inquirer, exercised upon this point; so that we seem drawn to make it the subject of our monthly meditation with you. May such drawing prove to be of the Spirit of God, and may we only write those things which He is graciously pleased to unfold, that Jesus may be glorified, and souls profited! It is a precious subject—the immediate happiness of the saint after death—and we will gather proofs of it from

- I. The testimony of Scripture.
- II. The headship of Christ.
- III. The immortality of the soul.
- IV. The expectation of the dying Christian.

I. THE TESTIMONY OF SCRIPTURE—

that unerring rule of faith. We shall do well ever to follow the example of the believers in the Apostle's time, who "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

And we refer to

1. *The death of Jacob*, of which it is written: "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto *his people*" (Gen. xlix. 33)—"which is to be understood," says Dr. Gill, "not of his interment, there being only the body of Sarah in the sepulchre in which he was laid, but of the admission of the soul into the heavenly state, upon its separation from the body, when it was at once associated with the 'spirits of just men made perfect.'" And this expression, "*gathered unto his people*," is used in reference to the deaths also of Abraham, Isaac, and Aaron.

2. *The case of Elijah*.—"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked [*i. e.*, Eljah and Elisha], that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind INTO HEAVEN" (2 Kings ii. 11). It is true he was translated; but where to? "INTO HEAVEN." He had a visible escort, but every redeemed soul has an invisible escort, to the mansions of bliss.

It cannot be conceived that Elijah is there alone with the Eternal Three, and that heaven remains unpeopled. No; he is there with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the "cloud of witnesses" of whom the Apostle Paul speaks; and, if there, it must be in a state of happiness.

Then, again, the instance of

3. *The rich man and Lazarus*, given us by our dear Redeemer, is very striking: "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And, it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now *he is comforted, and thou art tormented.*" Here the language is conclusive, showing us that after death the wicked are tormented, and the righteous comforted. And we must recollect that this was the testimony of One who cannot err. Again, the striking case of

4. *The dying thief upon the cross*.—"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Oh, wondrous love, mercy, and condescension! Jesus took with Him to heaven a dying thief, and shows us by this assertion also that, while His body should lie three days in the grave, His Godhead rose at once from the cross to the Father's throne. What acclamations of joy there must have been in heaven, when He welcomed the dying thief! If "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," what must have been the joy when the Finisher of salvation pointed in triumph to a type of the very chiefest of sinners for whom He had shed His precious blood!

5. *The statement of the apostle Paul* is to the point: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better," and his complaint was that, while at home in the body, he was so often absent from the Lord; and he rejoices in the contemplation that when absent from the body, having thrown it off into the grave, the soul will be present with the Lord. And that his expectation was he would be *in heaven* with the Lord, is evident from other statements which he makes; as for instance: "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true: but *into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us*" (Heb. ix. 24). This was the apostle Peter's expectation also, for he speaks of Jesus Christ "who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God" (1 Peter iii. 22). And elsewhere he says, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, *we have [not we shall have]* a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." So that Christ went from the cross to the crown, and His people go from the earthly house to the heavenly home—their mansion "eternal in the heavens."

Thus, beloved, have we brought a cluster of Scripture evidence to bear upon this important subject. The assertion that at death the Old Testa-

ment saints “were gathered to their people”—the fact of Elijah being carried by a heavenly escort “*into heaven*”—the case of the rich man and Lazarus; the former declared to be “tormented,” the latter “comforted”—the declaration of our Lord to the dying thief: “This day shalt thou be with me in paradise”—the expectation of the apostles Paul and Peter, that, “absent from the body,” they would be “present with the Lord,”—these Scripture statements, and many more that might be added, prove that the voice of Scripture proclaims peace, rest, and joy to the believer after death, and that dear Toplady sang truly of those who have gone before:—

“More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven”—

a proof that this dear man of God considered that they are already in a state of happiness. And now we pass on to

II. THE HEADSHIP OF CHRIST.

Jesus was set up as the Head of His people from everlasting; and from Him they derive everything they need, and everything they enjoy—spiritual life, spiritual strength, spiritual blessings—yea, in a word, He is their All and in all!

“He is our living Head, in whom
His members ever live;
From Him the special blessings come
Jehovah deigns to give.”

Now, we cannot imagine that Christ, as the Head of His people, should redeem, sanctify, and sustain them to the end, and then live apart from them for thousands of years. We had almost ventured to say that Christ could not be happy Himself without His people; indeed, His own words seem to imply this: “Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me,” and again, “Because I live, ye shall live also,”

“He is our everlasting Head
For us exalted high;
Because He lives, He has once said
That we shall never die.”

We have heard of a dear old saint, who, it was thought, was brought to death’s door, but it pleased the Lord to partially restore him. When a friend said, “Are you not delighted to be raised up again?” he replied, “I leave it all with the Lord; for, if He had taken me home, *I should have been with Him*, but now *He will be with me*.”

III. THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

“And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul,” thereby possessing that spiritual and immortal substance which will live for ever, either in a state of happiness or in a condition of misery.

But some contend that the soul sleeps utterly void of sense, consciousness, and activity, from the time of death till the day of judgment, the admission into any degree of happiness being suspended till that event; but this is not Bible teaching. It is true that the bliss shall be perfected at the resurrection, when the body shall rise a glorified body; but some go beyond this, and consider “that in the future state the saints will be making continual increase in happiness age after age to all eternity.”

All we can say is, that this appears to us mere speculation, and, if we are wise, we shall be found avoiding speculation, and adhering to revelation; and we have quite enough revealed to us in "the word" to give us "joy and peace in believing."

What may be the state of the sanctified spirit separate from the body Scripture does not distinctly reveal, further than that they shall be with the Lord; and we may be quite certain that it must be heaven to be with Jesus.

But the Bible teaches us plainly this fact—that this soul, or spirit in man, lives for ever; so that it may be truly said, the Christian does not die. "The continuity of a Christian's life is not even suspended by death." To a Christian, death is merely undressing: it is laying aside his garments of mortality, and entering into the presence-chamber, to wait for the renewal of the glorified body with the soul.

At death, "THE BODY" of the believer crumbles to dust in the grave, but at the resurrection shall revive in the likeness of the glorified body of our risen and ascended Lord. At death "THE SOUL," immediately released from all suffering, is carried by angels into Abraham's bosom until both are reunited and glorified together on the morning of the resurrection—

"Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight;
Welcome the death whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better Life."

Let us now pass on to notice that this is—

IV. THE EXPECTATION OF THE DYING SAINT—

namely, that immediately after death he will enter upon eternal glory. This was evidently the expectation of the martyred Stephen, who, "being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God," to whom He called saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

This was evidently the expectation of the apostle Paul, who said, "God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, *we should live together with Him.*"

This was evidently the expectation of the beloved John, who saw the saints around the throne of glory, harping with their harps, and joyful in the presence of the Lamb.

And, then, to come down to the later ages of the Church's history, those who have been privileged to stand by the bedside of the dying saint, give testimony that sometimes holy transports of joy burst in upon the soul, and they realize foretastes of that eternity of happiness which they are so soon to enter upon; for instance, dear Augustus Toplady, of blessed memory, said on his deathbed, "Oh, how this soul of mine longs to be gone! like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever." Near his last awaking from a slumber, he said, "Oh, what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" And, again, a little before his death, "The sky is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Rev. T. C. Rien, late pastor of the reformed Church at Frederica in Denmark, a little before his death, said, like Stephen, "I see the heavens opened, I see the angels coming on the

clouds of heaven. They are coming to take me; they descend; they stoop down; they encircle my bed; they are come to guide me to their glorious abode." Soon after this the angels came indeed, and carried his spirit into his Saviour's bosom.

Dear Samuel Rutherford, just before his death, said, "Oh that all my brethren may know what a Master I have served, and what a peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ, and, when I awake, I shall be satisfied with His likeness." And he said, "This night shall close the doors, and put my anchor within the vail, and I shall go away in sleep by five o'clock in the morning," which exactly fell out according as he had told. "Brother, I am as happy as a king," was the exclamation of Whitfield on the eve of death. And, amid severe and incessant pain, John Janeway said, "Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven and the other on earth; methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to be for ever with the Lord in glory." Rev. Robert Bruce, being blind, he said, "Turn to Romans viii., and set my finger on the thirty-eighth verse." He was obeyed: "Now God be with you, my children. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night," and he immediately expired.

Thus did these favoured saints rise on the wings of faith to the glorious region of immortality. There could be no deception here. The Lord would not allow His saints to expect their immediate joy and bliss, and then disappoint them by a long suspension of such realization.

"Mark with what triumph holy men expire,
And catch the rapture of their parting breath."

We have not taken up the other side of the subject, namely, the eternal punishment of the wicked immediately after death, because we know that through these pages we address chiefly the Lord's living family: but we might observe that it is useless the wicked sheltering themselves under the idea of a cessation from existence, or total annihilation after death, when the Scriptures declare again and again, that "their worm dieth not." Then again that solemn passage which speaks of the ungodly nations, and of the devil that deceived them, "which shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever" (Rev. xx. 10). And again, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous unto life eternal." Nor have we touched upon the idea of a purgatorial state, which is but a profitable dogma of the Church of Rome; and *praying for the dead* is another Romish deception. It is sufficient for us to know that such is discountenanced by the word of God. One thing is certain, there will come sooner or later that solemn time—the judgment-day; a day when the vast population of the sepulchre, outnumbering by far all that live, shall be then called at the trump of God to present themselves before "the great white throne." What a gathering that will be, and what a separation in that great gathering will take place! "Then shall the King say unto them on the right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Beloved, if "standing in Christ," we have nothing to fear; when the soul leaves the prison-house of clay, immediate freedom of joy will be realized, which will at the resurrection expand into an eternity of glory.

And now, beloved, in conclusion, what is the practical teaching of such a subject? Should it not *remove from us the fear of death*? There are many of the Lord's family who are all their lifetime subject to bondage through the fear of death; let such think death but ushers into immediate bliss, and surely their faith's view will cause Jordan to appear narrower and its depths shallower. Doubting, trembling Christian, then dismiss your fears.

"These things write I unto you, that your joy may be full." As Moses went up the mount Nebo, and took a survey of the land of Canaan, and as Daniel in his captivity daily opened his window towards Jerusalem, so may you, looking up towards heaven, rise by faith to the contemplation of those joys that await you there. May God add His blessing, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Ilford.

G. C.

A FEW LOVE-WORDS FROM THE STUDY.

"How sovereign, wonderful, and free
Is all His love to sinful me;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

BELoved READERS,—It is the desire of our heart to speak well of that Name which is above every name. We earnestly wish to be instrumental in comforting and encouraging you to look to Him who is, indeed, God all-sufficient, "a very present help in time of trouble." How merciful and how gracious He is! Be assured—the Lord the Spirit comfort your heart with the assurance—that there is not a trial in which you may be placed, nor an anxiety of which you may be the subject, nor a temptation with which you may be assailed, in which, if you belong to the Lord, you shall not experience and enjoy His tenderness, and His love, and His power. You shall bless Him and praise Him—you shall wonder and adore. The very depths, and the very anguish, and the very sorrow, shall only, in His blessed hands, and under His divine management, minister to His glory, and to your present and everlasting good. Thus shall you "glorify God in the fires;" and not wish to exchange places—no, not with a creature upon earth. You may at the present doubt this fact. You may be ready to say, "Ah, you know not my condition or circumstances!—so complicated and so critical." Beloved, that knowledge would in no wise alter our opinion; but we believe that the knowledge of which you speak, would only confirm us in that opinion, and make us more stedfast in the conviction that the Lord would appear—supporting you, sustaining you, and finally delivering you in His own time, and in His own peculiar and blessed manner; for "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?"

Beloved, if you are His, you must expect to be tried in a special and no ordinary way; for sure we are that, in these days of supineness or error or delusion, the Lord will keep alive the faith He imparts to His own children, in such a way, that they may bear continuous proof and evidence that it is *His* and not *man's* doings. As He *gives* the *life*, so He will *maintain* the *life*. Hence, the partaker of it shall be saved—even though it be in a flesh-and-blood mortifying way—from looking to the creature, leaning upon man, or being "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine."

We have been led into this train of thought, beloved, from the way in

which the Lord has seen fit personally to deal with ourselves. As we left this house twelve days ago, we casually remarked to a friend (as she has since reminded us), "I cannot stay in a whole day; it does not do for *me*," alluding to the fact that we had been obliged to keep within-doors all the day previously. Within half-an-hour of making that remark, we were compelled to call at the house of another friend, when the foot from which we have been suffering was found to be in such an inflamed state, that we had to be driven home, and have never left the house since. Our time subsequently to the day we speak of has been divided between our bed and the couch in the study from which we now write. Hence, this is the second Sunday—*Sunday*, of all days—in which we have been deprived of the most blessed of all services for the best and most tender and gracious of all masters. Oh, what a dread have we had of this, for years and years! Of nothing scarcely have we had so great a dread, personally, as the being laid aside from pulpit-work—nay, let us the rather call it *pulpit-pleasure*. Time was when it was a labour—a toil—we blush to own it; but oh, for a long, long time, it has been a sacred pleasure indeed!

But now we would speak well of our dear and blessed Lord. He has afflicted us, not in the head or the hand; consequently, we have been able to use the pen; and we have sought to turn our time to account by pursuing the writing of a book which has been upon the mind for little, if anything, short of thirty years. It is the book, "Service at Home with the Young Folks in Schools and Families, on Wet Sundays and Winter Evenings," advertised in our last; in the writing of which we have felt so sacred a pleasure, as for most part to prevent the spirits from flagging under circumstances which to us, of all men, would have been most depressing. And then, with respect to the Sabbaths, oh, the Lord has been so good! We will tell you, as He may enable us, a little about it. And oh that He may make it a source of comfort and encouragement to you, stimulating and strengthening you to look to Him—hope in Him—and depend upon Him; giving you to feel that, come what may, you shall indeed realize that "His grace is sufficient for you," and that "His strength is made perfect in weakness."

Well, having no curate, or co-helper, we were anxious about the Sunday supplies. With considerable difficulty they were found for *last* Sunday. What to do for *this* (in the event of being unequal personally for the services), we knew not. In the most unexpected way, there came, in the early part of the week, a dear, warm, precious letter from a fellow-labourer in the ministry—for years a reader of this Magazine—who, although located within a few miles of us, we had never (as far as memory serves) even heard of. In the letter he states he had come to the neighbouring Clifton with an invalid wife, and, having heard of our illness, would be most happy, as far as in him lay, to render us any help. His offer was only too gladly accepted. He took our Thursday evening service, and is now taking also the entire services of this day. And this afternoon, during the interval of the services, a precious time we had together here in this study; but more of this presently.

Well, often and often have we thought, "If the Lord were to lay me aside upon the Sabbath, I know not what I should do." Frequently have we reflected, when such a thought has presented itself, on some of the Lord's servants who have been restless and rebellious beyond expression, when thus laid aside. So touchingly does JOHN BERRIDGE (if we mistake not) describe his state of mind under such circumstances, that when he

heard the church-bells going, as he lay upon his bed, he felt like a wild bull in a net. However, before the Lord raised him up again, He so humbled him, and brought him down into such creature-nothingness, as to lead him to exclaim, when he once more entered his pulpit, "What, Lord, art Thou going to let Thine old dumb dog bark again?" Ah, reader, the hundreds of times we have thought of those words, have made us greatly dread the ordeal that might be needed thus to bring us down into the very dust of self-loathing and abhorrence. But oh, the gentleness and the tenderness and the forbearance and the boundless love and goodness of the Lord's dealings! Now mark this; we are writing thus at the moment the Lord's dear people are assembled in His house, and when the dear brother to whom we have referred, is occupying the place we have been wont so long to take in the sanctuary. And oh, that the Lord may give him strength, and specially bless his message this night!

As the inflammation of the foot was evidently increasing, and gradually getting higher up the leg, we thought, "Possibly this is, after all, the beginning of the end. Our dear brother PARKS' illness began in a very simple way. This may be something similar. Moreover, he was all his life a strong man. I have been nearly all my life an ailing one. For more than twenty years I have been the subject of *gout*; have had constantly to resort to strong measures to suppress it. Perhaps those measures, of which I have been often cautioned, are now beginning to show their effects; and this inflammation, increasing, may speedily bring me to my end."

Thus, reader, we reasoned, and we began to ask ourselves how matters stood between ourselves and the Lord, in the event of our thoughts being realized. There had been no special word for some days upon the heart—no knowledge whatever as to what the Lord purposed to do—no particular *power* (and that is what we love, *power—living power*) with any special portion. No sealing-home—no unction—no dew. When at length there came—oh, so sweetly, so precious—"For ye are *not* come unto the mount that might be touched," &c., "but ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Oh, what a feast we had, beloved! How well, and how right, and how straight, everything was! There was the tracing, during the sleepless hours of the night, the wondrous movements, the glorious facts, between Sinai and Sion. Then how sweet was the thought of coming as a *sinner*—always getting fresh contamination, and contracting fresh guilt, through thought or word or deed—to "the blood of sprinkling." "Unto whom coming" says the apostle; and for what purpose? Oh, to the "blood of sprinkling"—to realize afresh its cleansing power, its healing efficacy, and its peace-infusing effects.

Reader, it was a blessed season. The Holy Comforter give *you* also to realize its preciousness and power.

But to-day! Well, as we lay upon our couch, and thought of the assemblies of the Lord's dear people here and there—and we never more thoroughly entered into their united melodies mentally—we thought, "Well, the Lord is not confined to place or people." Then came the

words, "I will be to them as *a little sanctuary*." So that we were at once led to see that, let the Lord's people *be* in whatsoever place or circumstances into which it may be His pleasure to lead them, there He can and will become to them both a Hiding-place and a Helper! There He will shelter and protect them, and there He will commune with them, making Himself, in very deed, their All and in all, proving to a demonstration, that He is not confined to temples made with hands; that He is not circumscribed to place or condition. Under these precious feelings, seeing dear KENT's Hymns lying near, we took them up and opened upon that sweet one, the 55th:—

"O'er mercy's unfathom'd abyss
The vessel of mercy shall rove,
O'erwhelm'd with ineffable bliss,
And oceans of permanent love;
When ages on ages are gone,
Fresh glories shall rise on the view;
And, rolling eternally on,
For ever their bliss shall renew.

"No galley with oars shall be there,
To pass by the strength of free-will;
For those who to Sinai adhere,
Its precepts are bound to fulfil;
But we for the *city of God*,
From *Sinai* are glad to retire.

[See you not the thought, dear reader, just now expressed in connexion with that blessed portion, "Ye are *not* come unto the mount". . . . "but but ye *are* come to Sion," &c. ?]

And find in the Lamb and His blood
All things that the law can require.

"The remnant in Jesus that's bless'd,
Whom God from eternity chose,
Shall enter the haven of rest,
Though earth, hell, and sin shall oppose.
Then oh, how delightful the song,
When all in the chorus shall join;
The weaklings as well as the strong,
With shoutings and triumphs divine."

This blessed hymn was followed up in our contemplation with a portion of that precious hymn, each verse of which closes with—

"But what must it be to be there?"

Thus you see, dear reader, the Lord, by His own divine presence, made our Sabbath morning alone a sweet season—a blessed time of refreshing; and thus did He rebuke *our* fears (and may He by this simple testimony rebuke *your* fears also!) as to what would be the consequence of our being placed in such and such positions, in themselves, it may be, very undesirable, but, as overruled and ordered by Himself, among our highest and most favoured spots.

After dinner, the dear brother of whom we have before spoken, came to the study; and now (as the Lord may bring to remembrance) we will tell some of His gracious dealings with this, His honoured servant. As a youth of about sixteen years of age, he said he was giddy, and much given up to the world. He had just taken to the card-table; and, on one occasion, whilst thus engaged, who should walk in but the old clergyman.

of the parish—a man well known for his zeal and love in his Master's cause. The youth felt abashed; the minister said nothing, but waited, as we shall presently see, his time and opportunity. *That* very soon came. After a few days the youth was sent to the rectory with a message. Who should open the door but the Rector? Immediately upon sight of the youth, "Oh, I want you," said he, "to take a walk with me round the grounds!" He did so, and the old gentleman showed him everything he could to interest him. The youth wondered, but, at the same time, was much interested. Presently the minister stopped; and, looking stedfastly at the youth, said, "I was sorry, as I entered the room the other day, to see you so engaged. Supposing *the Lord* had entered then, instead of *me*, how do you think you would have felt?" It came home like an arrow to the dear youth's heart; nor could he rid himself of it. A fortnight afterwards he went to the old clergyman again, who at once saw his state of mind; and then, in the kindest way, not only advised him, but generously invited him to the rectory, to be instructed with his own sons. This, in turn, was followed by his going to college, where, ere his course was completed, he was urged by the Principal to go out as missionary. Bishop WEEKS (who, remarkable to say, as a poor boy in a grammar-school, was called by grace under the very clergyman of whom we have just spoken) was appointed to the bishopric of Sierra Leone, and wanted a chaplain. To Africa he went, and that dear bishop passed away to glory with his hand in that of his dear young chaplain.

"There was one case," said our dear friend, "that would fully have compensated me for going to Africa. There came out a young Englishman, who fell into most delicate health. It would seem, that whilst resident in London he broke open the family plate-chest, and extracted the contents, in order to find means for the indulgence of his profligacy. At length, when he saw that it was about to be found out, he fled from home; came down to Bristol, and took his passage on board a timber-ship. Such was the spirit of that young man, that this dear minister dare not approach him, so dreadful were his blasphemies if he attempted to do so. One day, however, he went to see a native, where he saw him lying on a couch, just as another of the natives was taking him a bowl of meal altogether unfit for an invalid. He rejected it with disdain. The clergyman seized the moment as a fitting opportunity to approach him. "Bring me," said he to the black woman, "some boiling water;" and then, taking a small portion of the arrow-root, he mixed a cupful. The young man took it, and, whilst partaking of it, burst into tears, and said, "Oh, I have never had anything like this since I took it from my dear mother's hand." He had at this time been in Africa seven years. He then added, "Oh, if you knew what a sinner I have been, you would not sit on this sofa with me." "Oh, yes, I should," was the answer. "It is only God's grace that has made the difference; and there is love and mercy in His heart for the very vilest of sinners who look to Him." And so he continued to set the truth as it is in Jesus before this poor wanderer, until at length the Lord was pleased to bring pardon and peace to his soul, and, in a short time afterwards, he died most happy in Jesus. This dear servant of the Lord had not a doubt about him; and it fell to his happy lot to communicate the facts to the dear parents here in England.

After a time, our beloved friend returned to England in shattered health. On their way home, the ship in which he and his dear wife sailed, came into collision with another vessel. The shock was so great, that they had instantly to take to the boats, as in twenty minutes after the

collision, their ship foundered, and by which seven who sailed with them were drowned. Exposure in an open boat, and boating about for several days in the ship which took them in, and which was hourly expected to go down, undermined the health of the beloved wife. It is on account of her present extreme delicacy that they are now for a time sojourning in Clifton. May our dear readers be enabled to remember these suffering ones before the Lord.

Some years ago, they both came to the neighbouring city of Bath, with no other expectation than that they would speedily be laid low in the dust there; instead of which the Lord in a goodly measure restored both; insomuch that our dear brother has for some years been labouring for his beloved Lord and Master there. Whilst engaged as curate to one of the schoolfellowes of our dear early friend and companion, J. D. LANE, he was appointed to a small living—a very small one in point of emolument, under fifty pounds per annum; and it is wonderful to hear what the Lord has enabled him to accomplish in that poor parish during the five years of his incumbency. He has been helped, in the good providence of God, to rebuild the church, and to erect schools and a parsonage. His health is delicate, but his heart is warm; and most blessed it was to hear him tell of the good hand of the Lord his God upon him.

Blessed be His holy name, prevented as we have been from treading His earthly courts this day, He has kindly and graciously come to us; made this study a Bethel; and given a renewal of that precious glow and divine warmth of which the dear disciples, in reference to their journey to Emmaus, spake when they said, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

THE EDITOR.

Sunday Evening, Nov. 3, 1867.

THOUGHTS WRITTEN UPON THE PASSING YEAR.

THE Lord Jehovah reigneth,
And ruleth over all,
Though all seems dark and dreary,
Upon this earthly ball;
Our hearts are faint and fearful,
We cannot see our Guide,
Oh, gather us still closer,
And nearer to Thy side!

The Lord Jehovah reigneth,
His purposes shall stand,
Though men are sowing error,
Around on every hand:
Thy children mourn in sadness,
Lord, cheer each drooping heart,
Speak some assuring promise,
True comfort to impart.
Birmingham.

The Lord Jehovah reigneth,
Let not our hearts be sad,
Though all around be darkness,
In Him we will be glad:
He is our Friend and Helper,
Though all on earth should fail,
With such a strong Protection,
Our foes shall never prevail.

The Lord Jehovah reigneth,
Our Father and our Friend,
He'll gather home His chosen,
And save them to the end,
Though Zion seems forsaken,
And errors ring around,
His Church is built on rock,
On which no wind shall move.

R. B. M.

* * * To be had post-free, in a volume, of Mrs. Mearns, 47, Bath Road, Birmingham, 6d. per dozen, or 2s. 6d. per hundred.

Nothing more effectual is to be had than the judgment of such those who have seen.

2 A

MEMOIR OF THE LAST ILLNESS OF M. N—,
WHO DIED FEB. 24th, 1832, AGED 26.

BY MR. JAS. BOURNE.

(Continued from page 598.)

LETTERS ALLUDED TO IN THE MEMOIR OF MISS N—.

From a friend to Miss N—.

DEAR MADAM,—I feel peculiarly desirous of writing to you, because I perceive you are in the same path of tribulation with myself. We are too apt, in our early profession, to think that there is something in religion to set us up on high, but, by woful experience, we find it one continued work of pulling down the old man, who dies a most lingering death. I have no doubt that you as well as myself have some secret whisperings of this sort, viz., That the Lord surely could carry on His work without so many crosses on our backs. Your paralysis and my great infirmities we could often wish to spare, not considering that in all these deep exercises is the life of our spirits; the sentence of death no doubt has often come nigh unto you; and, this being sanctified, many fearful, groaning petitions have been put up, and brought down a ray of hope into your heart, with which, before, you were unacquainted. This having been often my case, I have by slow degrees learned not to murmur nor complain nor think myself hardly dealt with, and have come to some understanding what is meant by opening fountains in the midst of valleys, and rivers on the hills—that the places which I have thought most painful to flesh and blood, have proved most salutary to me, and most fruitful to God. I would have you and myself compare our situations with the following words, “Despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him, stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.” I would ask you and myself to ponder this well, and see if our case be worse than this. I must confess, that, when my deceitful heart is in any measure laid open, I am so ashamed of myself, as I cannot express, and then acknowledge from my very soul that He has not dealt with me half according to my deserts, and, with the Psalmist, I exclaim, “I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.” I here fall in the dust and say, “I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him;” and I can assure you that I am not long here before He pleads my cause. You seem often to be in a low place, and so am I; but I perceive by the word that it is the light of life that manifests all the hindrances that separate God from my soul; and I also perceive it to be my privilege to give Him no rest until the especial difficulties are removed out of the way. I find by this means I have a quick return, or I should utterly despair. But you will say that you have so many hindrances. May they not all be comprised in *one*? *Unbelief!* Do not you find a sensible putting away of many things you meet with in the word, as very suitable? I hear you say, Yes. Now let me entreat you, when anything invites you thus to partake, give yourself up unto prayer that the Lord Jesus Christ would enable you to receive what you secretly hope He has shown you to be desirable, especially a sense of His love and mercy. Here perhaps I may have been a little before you. I have been, and am daily, loaded with grievous burdens, but He is to me most precious, for, when I have been thinking that He was almost gone for good and all, I have cried mightily after Him, and have found Him close at hand to

heal all my broken bones, and to set my soul at such liberty as to put me beyond all description of His condescension. He certainly is nigh every one of us, if haply we feel after Him; a Friend in the time of the greatest extremity; this I know and have proved full well. Mine is not a joyous religion, but it is one continued scene of difficulties taken in hand by the Captain of my salvation, and through Him I am made to come off more than conqueror in every conflict, and on this account I can bless His name for evermore, for it is as ointment poured forth. Get but a little of this, dear young lady, you will then think your sick-bed a paradise indeed. Endure hardness as a goodsoldier; lay not by your arms. The conflict may be severe; it must be short. Be in earnest, and give Him no rest until He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours in the Gospel,

J. B.

From the Minister to Miss N——.

DEAR FRIEND IN THE LORD,—“Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.” God forbid that I, or any other, should repine because of the painful consequences of my last visit to you. I have the witness of God’s Spirit, that I had your spiritual profit and God’s glory in view; I came to you not without many prayers that God would bless my message. Though I have for many days been exercised with the sorrows of death and pains of hell, and have walked surrounded with thick darkness, being exercised with many fears, yet still the Spirit helped my infirmities with groanings unutterable. God hears and answers prayer, for at times He visited me with such power, love, and goodness, that I was overcome as it were with unspeakable delight and sweetness, so that I forgot my anguish.

I come now to the effect of my visit to you. I shall never forget your countenance when I entered the room: it struck me as not proceeding from nature, but from a renewed heart. I really thought you loved my appearance, as discovering the image of God in me; and these words came with great power and sweetness, “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” I also took it for a good omen on your behalf, that I found such very singular meltings of heart, almost all the time I was in conversation with you. I was no less pleased to hear of the account you gave me of your prayer to God, which brought me back again to pray and further to converse with you. See that you despise not the day of small things, but rather be encouraged to bring all your fears, darkness, doubts, and desires before Him, in the name of His beloved Son, Jesus Christ, as it is written, “For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.” Behold, and mark it well, that the Lord deals most mercifully, lovingly, and gently with you; for He has given you a tender mother, and innumerable comforts around you, which require your gratitude. Furthermore, if the Lord intends, by your present afflictions, to cut short His work in righteousness, and take you soon to Himself, consider how many sorrows, snares, and temptations and terrible trials you escape, which many of God’s children wade through. Satan tempts you that you are none of God’s elect. This shows that he knows you believe that God will have mercy on whom He will have mercy; and I add, Blessed is she that believeth this, for mercy will be displayed in due time. My dear friend, look out for Jesus Christ; let your thoughts hover over Him; He is not far from you; for in so

doing He may come to you and manifest Himself as the "Chiefest among ten thousand."

I cannot but consider your case as hopeful, because the Lord has so often laid you upon my mind, with so much power and sweetness, though at times I have almost doubted and feared my judgment; but then He would say, secretly, Do you not see how I have brought her thoughts out of the world and its vanities, to hate sin and to confess it, to love my word and my people, to count her sufferings as nothing if she might but hope in His mercy? The Lord has often whispered such things concerning you, as He did to Ananias concerning Paul. "Go thy way: he is a chosen vessel unto me." Therefore I am constrained to let you know that you may be encouraged to call, ask, seek, and knock, and be determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I am also sensibly touched with the great diligence of your friends, and earnestly desire that they may find what they seek after, and they shall find it if they give the Lord no rest till He establish and make them a praise in the earth. Tell your kind mother that I dare not spend time in flattering epistles, but that I feel doubly roused to sow such spiritual things as God has given me, both to her and the rest of the family. They must expect, in the name of God, most faithful dealings. May the Lord, of His infinite mercy, bless my labours to you all, for Christ's sake! And I remain, your willing servant in Him, J. F. B.

From the same.

DEAR FRIEND IN THE LORD,—I really believe that you are born of the Spirit, and may say to you, "Hail! thou art highly favoured of the Lord; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." Consider, the dead in soul neither see, feel, hear, nor taste. God openeth the eyes of the blind, and it is the Spirit that quickeneth. It is in God's light that you see the secrets of your polluted nature, and He shows you the unutterable darkness of your mind with respect to divine things. God prepares you that you may have fellowship with His beloved Son, Jesus Christ. A deep sense of your darkness will endear Him as the Light of the world. He came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Therefore doth the Spirit so painfully make you to feel the deceit and desperate wickedness of your heart. Though He seems to "wound you with the wounds of a cruel one," yet doth He chasten you for your profit, "that you might be a partaker of His holiness." Now that you are alive from the dead, He puts the glass of His holy law before you, in which you see your horrible countenance, full of enmity, envy, discontent, rebellion, anger, wrath, foolishness, and perhaps even notions to blaspheme the only hope set before you. This is the masterpiece of the devil, to drive you, if possible, to utter despair. Thus he resisted Joshua the high-priest, and thus he resisted me day and night at a time when I had no one that could tell me what all this could mean. Oh, how dreadful is the day of Jacob's trouble! but God has promised that "he shall be delivered out of it." I dreaded to be alone, for Satan would then set forth the only delight and hope of my soul, Jesus Christ, in such horrible and unheard-of shapes and positions, not proper to point out, that, my soul being pierced with an unspeakable grief at so deep a sense of desperate depravity, I have cried out, "O Lord, cut me down as a cumberer of the ground!" But the Lord put beneath me His everlasting arms, and sustained me. Remember, therefore, the Lord, who has loved you from

everlasting, doth afflict you in very faithfulness, that He may hide pride from you, and keep you from your worldly purposes. As He has made you lame in body and soul, poor and needy, mournful and sick, what is it for, but that you might experience the mighty power of Christ as the Good Physician? In this great conflict Christ is the Prey that belongs to the conquerors, but, as it is written, "the lame take the prey." How could you perceive that I am a servant of Christ, unless the Spirit has given you spiritual eyes? as it is written, "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers." If you could see clearly your own mysterious constitution, you would not so often cast away your confidence. God has by His Spirit formed in you a most holy nature, called the *new man*, which is created in righteousness and true holiness. This you find in you to be terribly opposed to your old man, which is according to the deceitful lusts; but your faith and hope and love, being born of the Spirit, shall surely overcome them all (1 John v. 4, 5). Consider diligently that, if you were holy, just, and good in your own eyes, God would despise such a proud spirit, for "He justifies the ungodly," who deeply feel themselves so. Christ, who, by His Spirit, has discovered the deep pollution of your heart, will save you, *only* as you feel yourself a most wretched and desperate sinner. Christ is become the Husband of your soul. Hide nothing from Him, but tell Him all your fears, sorrows, and troubles. Show Him all your putrefying sores and wounds, and He will heal you, and He will not leave you, nor forsake you, until He has covered you with His righteousness, and beautified you with His salvation. I declare, before the Lord, that, above all things, I dislike writing letters; but He has laid your case so heavily upon me, that I am constrained to preach the Gospel unto you, as one of those poor ones to whom it is to be preached. Be of good comfort, for the Lord, who has begun the good work, will also carry it on. Remember that, though you feel so many workings in your mind, yet it is God Himself worketh in you both to will and to do. Remember, I beseech you, to pray for me, and your beloved friends and congregation of the saints, who assemble in Christ's name. Who knows but the Lord will turn your captivity, as He did Job's, when he prayed for his friends? May the Lord, of His great mercy, be pleased to crown these few things that I have written to you, in sincerity and love, with His eternal blessing, for Christ's sake! Amen.

I remain, yours devotedly in Christ,

J. F. B.

From the Minister.

DEAR FRIEND IN THE LORD,—I cannot retract one single word from all that I have written to you. I am persuaded that God teaches you in His law, and that in the light of it you may know what a wicked and desperate sinner you are. Read carefully, with prayer, the 33rd of Job, for there is your case pointed out. I repeat again, that Christ will not come to any but such who have been thus taught in the law by His Father. To such He saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." You are, indeed, one of them for whom He came into the world to suffer and die. You are heavy laden with a painful discovery of your sinful nature, the wrath and fearful judgments of God, and the terrors of death. God will not always keep you meditating terrible things, but will, in due time, lead you to the Rock of Ages. I know that you will not easily believe me if I assert that you have already

the faith of God's elect. I am sure that you could not see your sinful pollutedness, and God's terrible wrath and judgments, without this peculiar faith, by which you have at times hoped in His mercy, as forerunners of greater favours. The ground of my hope of you is, not because I think you less a sinner than others, but because you see yourself a greater in God's light. Remember that Abraham against hope believed in hope, as an example for you to do the same. I believe that there is no greater sin than to despair of the mercy of God; therefore pray without ceasing; and, if you perish, rather perish at the foot of Christ, *if such a thing can be*. We have a woman among us who has been in a worse case than you. She rejected everything that could be said to her, being, as it were, in black despair. She made several attempts upon her life, but was mercifully preserved. Her husband at length put her into a private madhouse, but a friend among us prevailed upon him to suffer her to reside at his house, for the benefit of hearing the word; and her case, which was considered hopeless by many, proved to be exceeding hopeful, for the Lord has very lately turned her captivity, and has filled her with joy and peace in believing. I had seen her a long while ago, a most miserable object of temptation and unbelief; but I have seen her lately, a monument of God's sparing mercy, singing the high praises of God, and I understand she still enjoys the light of God's countenance. I hope, therefore, that, notwithstanding you have not at first believed my report, yet that God will also confirm my testimony as He did to her, by finally turning your captivity. I say, in the name of God, "pray without ceasing," for that is the way in which I myself have obtained all spiritual blessings. May the Lord enable you so to do, for Christ's sake! Amen.

I am, yours in the Lord,

J. F. B.

(*To be continued.*)

UNITY WITHOUT VISIBILITY.

It was a fine summer's evening, and, leaning against a gate that led into a large field, the eye rested upon a flock of sheep that peacefully nibbled the close-cut grass. Some were frisking about under the shade of a few tall trees; and not a few lambs were gambolling with each other like kittens at play. Suddenly a man with a huge basket of garden clearings made his appearance, and in a moment the sheep at rest got upon their legs, the lambs forsook their frolics, the feeding sheep forsook their food, and then a general fight began. Not content to pick up what they could, each seemed to care only for the mouthful of green the other had, and a scene ensued that no beholder could forget. Butting, biting, squealing, the lambs were rolled over by the sheep, and, while the young ones yelled out their griefs, the old snatched up the plunder. One particular cabbage stump seemed to attract the cupidity of the aged of the flock, for they fought over it with a vigour worthy of a better cause. No one could be otherwise than amused at this pastoral scene; but, when grey evening dropped into the quietude of night, the thoughts took another turn. What a representation of God's people was before our eyes in this belligerent flock, each turning in wrath upon the other to get or to keep as circumstances arose. What trifles disunite the Lord's family, and how quickly they turn upon each other to butt or to bite—to speak evil of or separate from one another. The evil is too common to need enlargement.

Who has not felt it? And the thought rises, Can they be the children of God who act so? Yes, they can. Few animals with such small powers to attack or defend, fight more desperately than sheep; and this applies to God's flock.

"From whence came wars and fightings among you?" asks the apostle; and the answer given is, "Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" God's elect have two natures; the first man, that is of the earth earthy, the second man, the Lord from heaven. From the old Adam nature we have the workings of the flesh as described in Gal. v. 19—21. The opposite to these are the fruits of the Spirit, which are wrought in the heart, and are the manifestation of the life of God in the soul, such as "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. v. 22, 23). But Esau at times is too mighty for Jacob, and Isaac was puzzled to distinguish between his own children. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau:" and so it is still in the family of God—hence suspicion, coldness, alienation, and separation, sometimes to the end of life. Then where is the unity? In Christ: "I in them, and Thou in me, that they all may be made perfect in One." The Church of the living God are one in Him before all worlds; and that unity is manifested in regeneration, being born again, made new creatures in Christ, and thus introduced into God's living family. With this new life springs new affections to God and His people. Here we have the love of the brethren, concerning which the apostle says, "Ye are taught of God to love one another." There is something peculiar and distinctive in the affections now. There is a union with the principle manifested in others of the same family. It has nothing to do with sect or party, with terms or rites; it has to do with *life*, and where that is developed there is a union with, and a clinging to, those who are partakers of this divine nature, as distinguished from the dead sinner or lifeless professor. Mistakes may arise, it is true, from divers causes, and this love may break down in particular instances even where life is acknowledged, we admit; but, taken on the whole, the love of the brethren is maintained by the Spirit of God in the breast of every heaven-born child; and those who enjoy most of the love of God in the soul, display most of the love of the brethren in the conduct. To the reality of this principle, as rising above all opposition, we have the last testimony of that mighty man of valour, Mr. Parks, who, in June 15, 1867, thus writes: "It is really extraordinary how many friends this sickness has brought out. I seem to be dear to scores who I never imagined had any liking for me. This fact often brings tears to my eyes." At a subsequent period he wrote: "The kindness and sympathy of many of the children of God amongst dissenters with whom I disagreed on some points, very deeply affects me." A gracious man and Baptist minister hearing of Mr. Parks' death said, "He will be a great loss to the cause of truth. He wrote a book against us; but there, we didn't mind that! We knew he lived and loved the truth, and spoke up for it; and that's the chief thing after all." A man who had lived all his days amongst the Wesleyans, but had life in his soul, was deeply affected when he heard of the death of Mr. Parks. He said, "I liked his tracts, for they found out my feelings. I am sure if God had not been first with me, I should never have turned to Him. Our minister leans very much to this view in his preaching, and the best of our people like it, though the connexion don't; we shall all be main sorry for Mr. Parks."

Having illustrated our subject by referring to the recent loss sustained by the Church of God, we feel it is not out of place to give Mr. Parks' testimony to the power of the truth as realized in his own soul. He thus writes, January, 1867, when in his usual good health: "I will not wish you many happy returns of the season, for I think you are, like me, sick of earth, and want to see Jesus. We have found out long since that this is not our rest, but a scene of toil and suffering, worry and disappointment, from year's end to year's end; but I wish you many sweet visits from our God and Saviour." In announcing his illness, in March, he thus writes: "I must leave it in the Lord's hands; what to do I know not, for vain is the help of man. Well, I am content. As dear Mr. Wallinger says in his address to his congregation, 'Our principles will do to live by and to die by.' Death has no terrors for me." At a later period he writes: "I can walk upstairs with difficulty; my arms, once so strong, are about the size of a child's, and everything seems to betoken the speedy approach of a crisis. But withal I am perfectly stayed upon my precious Saviour. I was reminded the other day by a Christian brother in the ministry, that, though Valiant had fought many a battle for the Lord, he was at last brought to fear as he was about to cross Jordan. It may be so with me; but I hope the Lord will spare me this last conflict. I have often wished to die so as to give my poor disciples courage. Oh, may it be so!" That God answered him in this desire of his heart we have had full proof, and to him we can apply the word of God, "Them that honour me I will honour."

A solemn contrast to this we have in the last illness of a pastor, the account of which we extract from a note in Mr. Colyer's sermon, entitled "Good News of Christ." At this distant day, when near relatives and attached hearers alike are mingled in the dust, it can wound no personal feelings to give the name of Mr. Cecil, who, in removing to another chapel, greatly lowered the standard of truth to suit the ears of a genteel congregation. The following extract speaks for itself; let him that heareth understand:—

"I cannot forbear mentioning here, a lamentable instance of keeping back part of the counsel of God, in one of the most popular preachers of the nineteenth century, whose last days were much embittered by the severe fatherly corrections of Him who has not said in vain, 'He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully;' 'For with what measure ye mete, is shall be measured to you again;' 'the Lord God of recompences shall surely requite'" (Jer. xxiii. 28; Matt. vii. 2; Jer. li. 56).

"There is yet remaining in the flesh a venerable friend of the minister referred to, who, at his particular request, attended him in his last moments, and heard confessions which no ear but his perhaps, and the ear of Him who heareth in silence even all the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart, ever did hear, or ever will. That venerable friend has often said, when speaking of this minister, 'He did not honour the Lord in his last days, and in his last days the Lord did not honour him.' It was not anything in the most distant shape of jealousy, much less of ill-will, that prompted the repeated declaration I have quoted. No, for the deceased minister was the honoured instrument of the conversion of the living one, and therefore was highly esteemed in love for the Lord's sake. It rather arose from the awakened recollection that the former had not preached the whole truth so fully as he knew it, and from the painful remembrance of the distressed state of mind, in which, as a just

consequence, he knew his friend and brother minister had died, the very mention of whose name seemed as if it ever rang in his ears, 'Beware of unfaithfulness.' Being greatly afflicted in body, this minister was no less distressed in mind in his last days, under the temptation of the enemy, that both himself and family would come to want. So grievously did this fear torment him, and under which so deeply did his dear Christian friends sympathize with him, that one of them, on hearing the cause of his dejection, spared neither time nor exertion in interesting his numerous and respectable congregation in his behalf; and with such success, that, in a few days only, he appeared at the breakfast-table of the deceased minister, and laid down before him no less a sum than one thousand guineas, as the affectionate offering of the people of his charge, adding, at the same time, that some additional provision had been made for other parts of his family. Ashamed, in the face of so much gold, and of such unexpected assurances from invaluable friends, to think any longer that he should want the 'bread that perisheth,' another and a far more grievous terror from the Lord, fell upon him, and which it was not in the power of any of his earthly friends to remove. He cried, in the bitterness of his soul, 'he should be damned—he should be damned—because he had not faithfully preached all that he knew of the counsel of God! He had kept back part of the price, and he had sought to accommodate the truth to his fashionable congregation.' Not all the counsels, all the sympathies, all the prayers, of all his spiritual friends, could assuage in any degree the wounded spirit of this man of God. No, he had not given a 'jealous God' the glory of His word in a living hour, and, in return, a 'jealous God' gave not him its consolations in a dying one. I fully believe, however, that the Lord received this minister to glory as a *son*, on the ground of the faithful obedience of the Lord Jesus, although He severely corrected him as a *servant*, for a want of faithfulness in His work, because he had shunned to declare all the 'counsel of God.' So true is that ancient record (Psalm xcix. 8), 'Thou wast a God that *forgavest* them, though Thou tookest *vengeance* of their *inventions*.' Let the ministers of Christ, therefore, deliver to the people *all they know of divine truth by divine teaching*, and they shall never have to complain before the Lord, for the want of any temporal or spiritual supply, but shall find the consolations *in* Christ abundant in their living moments, and their consolations *by* Christ yet more abundant in their dying ones, and the perfection of all consolation *with* Christ in the glorified state in heaven to all eternity.

"I had rather have all the world for mine enemy than my own conscience."

THE CHURCH OR THE WORLD.

Is it not true that the line of discrimination between these two bodies is wellnigh lost sight of? Yet to one of them, and not to both, we each of us belong. However closely we may approach each other, as the figures do in a dissolving view, yet we must bear in mind that in the Scriptures of truth the distinction is shown to be *eternal*, *internal*, and *external*. The Church, that body which has Christ alone for its Head, was "chosen in Him before the foundation of the world" (Eph. i. 4), "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father" (1 Pet. i. 2), called "according to His own purpose and grace, given us in Christ Jesus before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9); and so was eternally distinct from the great mass of mankind out of which she was chosen; and owes her origin, her

position, her redemption, her safety, to the everlasting love of God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. By virtue of this union, the Word became flesh, was obedient, as a Servant, unto the death of the cross, bare her sins in His own body on the tree, paid the penalty she had incurred by her manifold transgressions, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, whereby she is *justified, fully, freely, and eternally*, and God's pure and holy eyes rest upon her with infinite satisfaction and delight as she stands before Him "complete in Him."

In "due season" they that be endued with so excellent a gift and benefit of God be *called* by the Holy Ghost; and then commences what I may term the *internal* difference, which consists not in the extirpating the fallen Adam nature with its propensities, lusts, and strivings; but in the introduction of a new principle, an implanting of *light*, which exposes and contends with the darkness of ignorance, error, and sin—the imparting of *life*, which overcomes the death in trespasses and sins, the shedding abroad of the *love of God*, which creates new desires and affections, and makes the spirit mount on high, and the leading the soul into liberty from the bondage of corruption, the bondage of the law, and that spiritual despotism in which it is held by nature. All this produces a *conflict* or warfare from which there is no discharge but by falling asleep in Jesus.

This is the *internal* difference between every living child of God and every unregenerate person. No one can explain or understand it but he who is the subject of it. The principle *by* which, and the motive *for* which, he lives and acts is unintelligible; "for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit;" and St. John saith, "therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not."

Now, as from the *eternal* distinction the *internal* has proceeded ("for whom He did predestinate, them He also called"), so from the *internal* proceeds the *external*, which consists in *putting on* the Lord Jesus Christ, *walking* in Him, exhibiting the same mind, spirit, and demeanour He exhibited when on earth, in no fancied superiority to other men or to human weaknesses, but a felt sense of helplessness, a looking to Jesus for help, guidance, and direction, a leaning on Him for strength, a holy transformation in the spirit of the mind, a forsaking and renouncing "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," a carefulness not to put a stumbling-block in the way of a weak brother, by an indulgence of things harmless in themselves, but not expedient. Brethren, the influence of the world, of a worldly spirit of yielding to things indifferent, but not having a tendency to teach or help the new man, is much to be dreaded. If you *are on* the Lord's side, see to it that the *external* difference is clear and defined. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

That our gracious God may make His people more distinct in every way in this dark and cloudy day, is the prayer of

Your faithful brother in Jesus, ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

THE DISCIPLINE OF HOME.

CHILDREN, young men, grown men, value your homes! Give God daily thanks for them. Little do you know (for these are blessings seldom appreciated till they are withdrawn) all that is contained for you—all of

safety, all of happiness, all of blessing—within the four walls of your home. But now this home, of which such glorious things are spoken, and of which we have not told one-thousandth part of its mercies—this home is a society, this home is a polity, is a little state, is a little church. Then like other societies, it must have its rules; like other polities, it must have its laws. And rules are restraints. They are, so far as they go, limitations upon the self-will. They are conditions upon which alone the benefits of the community can be enjoyed. Where is the home which has no laws, which imposes no restrictions upon its members—whether natural members, the children, or required and temporary, like its hired servants, that home cannot be safe; that home cannot be happy. There must be restraints upon the freewill of each if there is to be any security, or if there is to be any comfort for the body which is the whole. In these days it is the fashion to relax rules. Homes try to dispense with restraints. Each child, from the first beginning of speech, is to express his own opinion; each child, from the first power of motion, is to do his own will. Entreaty replaces command, and permission supersedes authority. Does happiness result from this sort of freedom? if there was once too much of distance between the parents and the children, may there not well be too little? Is it to be desired that the father and the son should (as it is sometimes even boasted) live together like brothers? This is an inversion of God's order; and God's order can never be changed without mischief and without suffering. In place of authority, plainly asserted and gravely maintained, there will always grow up something else; something more unequal, more uncertain, more trying and irritating therefore to all; hasty snatchings of the reins from time to time as temper or caprice or experience of inconvenience may dictate; and thus the self-will, which might have been gradually disciplined into obedience, kicks against the sudden goad of an occasional interference; and the son, who would have borne the light burden and easy yoke of an equable subordination, frets against the unexpected thwartings of a restraint at once violent and unprincipled.

—*Dr. Vaughan.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

PSALM xcvi. 11.

HERE, even in the very seed-time, there is a present reward in keeping God's commandments; but, when we come to reap the harvest of joy, oh, what joy must that be which is called by God Himself "fulness of joy!" Our best joys here are transitory and limited: but there, will be unlimited, boundless, and eternal joy. See the glorious throng; observe the palms in their hands and the crowns on their heads; behold them arrayed in the white garments before the throne. Who are these? They are the redeemed of the Lord; they come with singing to Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain, they shall for ever possess, "gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isa. xxxv. 10). But they take up their golden harps; they begin one of the heavenly songs; the number of those who join is "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;" and the grand united chorus of all is, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever."—*E. Bickersteth.*

Pilgrim Papers.

THE RICHES, MULTITUDE, POWER, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE LOVINGKINDNESSES OF THE ETERNAL THREE IN GOD ;

AS SEEN IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF THE "OLD PILGRIM."

(Continued from page 589.)

WITH a light heart on the one hand, I removed from a scene of heart-rending sorrow. On the other hand, I carried with me a ponderous load of guilt, and piercing reflections because of my forlorn condition. I travelled nearly forty miles, and was kindly received by Mr. Davis, and continued with him for a time, and under him was taught the mechanical art and mystery of the steam-engine.

The Arminians in that neighbourhood being very numerous, I again joined them, and laboured hard, by duty doing, to obtain inward peace; but, alas ! it was labour in vain, because I sought peace without the blood. Being studiously grave in my demeanour, and having acquired a thorough knowledge of the grounds of music, my company at their meetings was constantly sought. After a time, the old people, conceiving that I had a gift for speaking, requested me to give them a word of exhortation, to which, in my ignorance, I consented. When it was reported that a youth, not yet twenty years of age, was appointed to speak in public, or preach as it was called, a large congregation was collected together to hear. After the first sermon, to the no small gratification of my pride, it was said by many who had heard, "He will make the greatest preacher in our connexion." "O foolish people, and unwise." It was foolish in my hearing to heap encomiums upon one who was not entitled to be called a novice ; and sure I am that it was unwise, for, if the wisdom which cometh from above had been given to them, they must have discerned that I was as ignorant, experimentally, of the Christ of God as a "wild ass's colt." Presumptuous loquacity was the only qualification I then possessed, which could have entitled or recommended me to their admiration.

In this my new situation, I was brought to hear of a body of professors called Calvinists ; and these people I found upon inquiry contended that the elect only would be saved ; and those who were not elected must perish. My enmity against these Calvinists knew no bounds. I delighted to dispute with and against them. But it is to me now fearful to look back and reflect upon the manner how I wrested the Scriptures of truth, pressing them into my service, to make them in appearance uphold the flesh-pleasing scheme of universal redemption ; and to furnish me with weapons to fight against the doctrines of sovereign, discriminating grace. One specimen will suffice to show the reader the fearful and crafty perversions of which I was guilty. "What will you do," said one, "with these words, 'Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy'?" "Oh," said the presumptuous perverter, "it ought to have been rendered, 'He will have mercy upon those that will that He should have mercy upon them.' " Poor dear things ! there was with the people with whom I was disputing simplicity and honesty, but with me, bold loquacity and effrontery ; bidding defiance to truth. My heart was as firm as a stone—yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. But, in the midst of my vauntings and disputings, I felt an inward sting, fearing that all was not

right between God and my soul. And, when I was painfully tormented with doubts and fears because of my slips, falls, and shortcomings, I would go upon my knees, and if, by great effort, I could squeeze out a few tears, I should please myself with the thought, that, as I had again repented, therefore the Lord must of necessity also be well pleased with me because of my doings.

Oh the many promises, vows, and covenants which at this time I made, all of which I was sure to break! The reason why I failed in my engagements stumbled me greatly. One day I framed a covenant, and wrote it upon a sheet of foolscap, and went into an outhouse to sign my name. But, before signing, I looked over the many covenants which I had made, all of which I had broken, because there was no strength in them to bind me. While I was musing, filled with shame, I said to myself, "Oh, now I see the reason of my former miscarriages; therefore I will take care and avoid the same blunder in this covenant. If I write my name to this covenant with my own blood, that will put strength into it, and I shall not fail as heretofore." After I had pricked my finger, and was going to use the blood in writing my name, I was interrupted by an intruder, and was compelled to fold up my paper, and conceal it without signing my name. Nor was I ever afterwards tempted to bind myself by such vain and God-dishonouring covenants.

At this time everything for house-keeping was enormously dear, and, my wife and I being unskilful in family matters, the science of economy was thoroughly ignored. Being brought into great straits, this filled me with hatred and murderous reflections. "Oh," I have thought, "what a poor wretch I am! It would not have been thus with me, if I had not married this woman. It is through her I am made to endure these privations; and upon her I must throw all the blame." Had the Lord been to me, as promised, for a spirit of judgment, while I sat in judgment upon my wife, I should have seen that it was of and from the Lord, by way of retaliative equity. I had sown the wind, and the crop to be reaped must be the whirlwind.

That mercy which prevented me from being an actual murderer, prevented me from lifting up a hand against her; although, when not finding her at home, I have gone in search and found her in the midst of a dissipated throng of companions, drinking and dancing; and oh, how this would wring my heart!

While in this restless, discontented state of mind, several gentlemen requested me to go and superintend a business in London, which they, under Government, had contracted to carry on there. After some deliberation, I engaged with those gentlemen. The plan which I had in my eye, in this London engagement, was to leave my wife behind, and, if possible, to free myself from the bitter fruits of my own folly. However, I had not been many months in town, before the senior partner, who was a God-fearing man, pressed me to send for my wife; but this I refused to do, which made him turn from me much displeased. In a few days after, my employer told me that I must go to the Castle and Falcon to meet my wife, who, by his instruction, would come by coach that day. "But, sir," I said, "I have no home to take her to; what can I do with her here?" His reply was, "I have for the present engaged apartments at my aunt's, and you can take her there."

Oh, how the immutability of God's testimony was, and is, made to blaze in and shine through all the circumstances and movements of the poor pil-

grim's wilderness wanderings. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, *that shall stand*." I had plotted a severance from my wife; this was one of the many devices which was in my heart, and I flattered myself that the steps which I had taken would compass that end; but I was disappointed. Ah, the counsel of the Lord was the silent and secret over and under current, that must progress and prosper to the end determined, and stand immovable when all heart-devices have vanished like the smoke in the chimney. My wife came, as my employer had told me, to his gratification, and my mortification; and we went to live at his aunt's, but for me it was a restless life.

After some months, I again joined the Methodists, and was soon treated by the members with great respect. But, alas! in my feelings I sank deeper and deeper into gloom, under guilt. I tried all manner of expedients to remove or ease the load, but all in vain. At times I would try to pray it away; but, instead of doing this, I have risen from my knees with an addition to my load. Then I would try to read it away, or in company to talk it away; but when alone I was led to sit in judgment, and without partiality examine the conversation, then I should see so much hypocrisy, that would make me exclaim, "Oh, what a hopeless condition I am plunged into!" Then, under the influence of self-pity, I would try to weep my burden away; still it would remain. Then I would try to believe it away, but upon trial I should find that *my faith* would not remove the mountain-load of guilt; therefore, like David, I was constrained to confess that "refuge failed me."

Some professors would boastingly tell me how they could take their burdens to the Lord, and leave them with Him. Others would tell me that they have gone upon their knees, and told the Lord that they would not rise from their knees unless He blessed them, and they were never disappointed of what they sought. These statements were a stumbling-block to me, because I had tried but could not succeed, as they said they had done.

Oh, what solemn lessons I was taught under my various exercises, touching nature's miserable helplessness! And how, in the conceited self-sufficiency of our stubborn spirits, poor human nature, under the preparatory and necessary woundings, is prone to aim, seek, and strive to be its own healer; in opposition to the recorded prescription, "I am the Lord, that healeth thee."

In those days how I have cried to the Lord, when going into the factory, that I might be kept from smiling at, or speaking harshly to, the men; for, if I did smile at their sayings or doings—and I found it difficult at times to refrain from smiling—oh, what an additional load this would bring to my mountain of guilt! Many and many a time have I gone from my closet among the men, trembling with fear, lest in some unguarded moment I should smile at their nonsense, or, for something in the work that was wrong, I should speak hastily. My inward burden made my outward burden to be the more ponderous and distracting. I had a number of men and boys under me, I myself being little better than a boy. I had to cope with their tempers. Then, if there was anything wrong in their work, the workmen would go almost unscathed, and the whole blame would be laid upon me.

But I had a portion of honey mixed with the bitter trials of my situation. The directing partner in our firm was a dear man of God, and the Lord gave me a deep interest in his esteem, although he was a Calvinist,

and I a zealous Arminian. Many hours we have spent together at his aunt's, where I lived ; and many miles we have travelled together, from one Government establishment to another, superintending the different branches in the business. Often the dear man of God would say to me, when I had blundered out my notions about a thing called free-will, and universal redemption, " Ah, Thomas, by-and-by, depend upon it, you will be brought to see things in another light." These sayings would vex me, and I should vehemently retort, " I have been, I am now, and I am determined to live and die, an Arminian." He would then chide me with, " Hush ! you do not know what you will be before you die."

Oh, what a proud, stubborn creature I was ! One would have thought that I had laboured years enough in the workshop to have learned the lesson, that to make one hair white or black I had neither the wisdom, skill, nor power ; but I had not learned that lesson ; this was to be taught me by more " terrible things in righteousness."

By a continual course of hearing, reading, and inward conflicts, I was brought to think that my notions of free-will and universal redemption might, after all, be a delusion. One evening, being alone, pacing my room, filled with anguish and weeping bitterly, an aged professor called upon me. Finding me weeping, he inquired the reasons why I wept. At first I refused to tell him why, but his importunity overcame my objections. I then told him that I was weeping because I was afraid that I had been deceiving myself, and that all I knew, or pretended to know, about religion I had learned by reading authors. To comfort me that the Lord intended to wound more deeply, my visitor, smiling, said, " Well, my young friend, you cannot deny but that you do know the truths belonging to the Christian religion. Never mind, then, how you came by that knowledge, seeing you have it ; therefore dry those tears." This gave me a little vanishing comfort ; but woe to the man that heals a wounded spirit slightly, and woe also to the healed one when the Lord, to prepare for His own healing power and skill, again tears open the wounds and makes them bleed afresh !

A book-knowledge of religion may fill the head with notions and the mouth with words, but not the heart with spiritual principles. The spiritual knowledge of a regenerated man is essential to his new nature, or that which is born of the Spirit. Hence the new man is said to be " renewed in knowledge, after the image of Him that created him." It is eternal life in the soul, the fruit of this new creation. It cannot be acquired by creature industry ; no, no ; it is the sovereign gift of God the Father ; as Jesus hath testified : " It is *given* unto you to *know* the mysteries of the kingdom, but to them it is not given."

(To be continued.)

HERETIC DEATH "NATURAL AND NECESSARY."

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| For three loads of wood-faggots to burn Ridley and Latimer .. | 12 | 0 |
| Item, one load of furze-faggots | 3 | 4 |
| For the carriage of these four loads | 2 | 0 |
| Item, a post | 1 | 4 |
| Item, two chains | 3 | 4 |
| Item, two staples | 0 | 6 |
| Item, four labourers | 2 | 8 |
| | <u>£1</u> | <u>5 2</u> |

CREATURE-POWER.

"ARE there many Christians in this part of the world?" "Yes," replied the woman, whose husband was bailiff to a gentleman of property in —shire; "lots of Christians ever since we had the revivals here."

"And how do they go on?" "Oh, they sing a good deal, and they preach a good deal, and have meetings."

"Well, all that is very nice, you know; but what do they preach?" "Oh, very fine, rousing sermons."

"In what way?" "They exhort the people to come to Jesus, and to believe, and to accept the offers of grace, and to be saved on the spot."

"What sort of people are told to do all this?" "Why the people that comes to hear; and a wickeder lot never was than lives hereabouts. They steal, swear, tell lies, drink, and all manner."

"But do you not think that there is something of goodness in these people after all, if they can act upon these exhortations, and turn to the Lord?"

"Oh, to be sure, they can turn to the Lord, if they have a mind to," said the woman; "they ain't beasts."

"No, they are not beasts in form, nor in intellect, but they have the nature of a beast, and they have no sense for God." "Ah, but they should be told to come for all that. Christ said, 'Come unto me.'"

"Now, to whom did He say that?" "Why didn't He say, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest?'" said the woman.

"Yes, but do you mean to say that those sinners you describe are weary and heavy laden?" "No; I didn't say they were, but God can make them so."

"Well, then, wait till He does; and then you will be all right in making use of the text. But it is God's work, and not man's, to make a sinner feel weary and heavy laden. It is He must say, *Come*." "But don't man resist God?"

"Yes, that he does. Every breath he draws, every word he says, and everything he does, is enmity against God. But, if God has purposes of grace and mercy for a poor sinner, he can resist no longer when the appointed time is come." "But does not God offer man salvation, and give him every advantage? Didn't He send His Son to die for the sins of the whole world, but they won't accept it?"

"Then why do some accept it if others will not?" "Because they have a will toward it."

"And, if others, with the same advantages and offers, live and die without it, how is that?" "Oh, that thrashing machine!" said the woman, abruptly. "It is the plague of my life. Sometimes it affects my head so much, I can't think nor give a right answer."

"Then I'd soon settle that," was the reply; "for I would order it to a distance." "Bless you," said the woman, "it must be close to the barn, but the whirr and the burr is beyond endurance, and 'tis closer to the house than need be, I am quite sure."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do: push it further off." At this the woman laughed aloud. "Why," said she, "ten men couldn't move it; and just to think of my pushing it!"

"Now a word about that, my friend. You are amused at the idea, and well you may, of my bidding you to push off that huge machine; and yet

you have just been telling me that sinners can push from them and resist the God who made them and all the world, and upholds it by His mighty power." "But," said the woman, "sinners must be told to come for all that; and I believe a good many have come because they were invited."

"But by whom—God or man? If God has purposes of mercy for a sinner, He will bid him come, for Christ said, 'No man can come unto me except the Father draw him;' and the drawings of the Father are the inward dealings of God with the soul, whereby sinners feel their need of salvation, and seek unto Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. But if people only come because invited by man, they will soon return to the spot they came from. One invariable sign of a work of grace on the soul is giving God all the glory from first to last; and you will be taught that lesson when, by His Spirit, He has dealings with you."

So ended the conversation. The wide-spread and growing evil of the present day is the defecation of creature-power. Sermons, books, tracts, addresses, are all based on this darling doctrine. The days when the "Whole Duty of Man" and the "Week's Preparation" were popular have died out, and men now sneer at the old-fashioned divinity that told us we could not be saved by our works. But we have something more subtle and dangerous in the theology of our day; and more difficult too. Corporal acts might be burdens once, but they were not impossible for living people to perform; but to enjoin spiritual acts upon dead sinners is truly to demand the tale of bricks without straw. And yet this is the evangelicalism of the present day. The sum and substance of the "good news" or Gospel that sinners now hear is, they must pray for grace, repent of sins, turn to God, believe the promises, accept salvation, rejoice in Christ, and thus reach heaven at last. This is not out-spoken Arminianism, but it is substantially the same, for it exalts human power, and makes man take the initiative with God; and this is very agreeable to the unhumbled sinner, who will bear with any amount of truth if he be but told he can do the least thing in life helpful to his salvation. But the doctrine of total depravity experimentally received cuts away every prop, and leaves the sinner no refuge than that which grace affords; and grace means gift, and gift springs from the will of the Donor; and this brings us up to the doctrine of the sovereignty of God in His election and salvation of a Church chosen in Christ before the world began.

The Gospel of the grace of God puts the crown upon the head of Christ, levels the sinner to the dust out of which he was made, shows him up in his natural state as among the beasts in practice, and among devils in enmity to God; makes him feel his helpless, hopeless condition; and then exalts him to see and realize his glorious standing in Christ through grace. This is good news indeed for the guilty, the ruined, the helpless, who have nothing, who can do nothing, and therefore prize the proclamation which declares—

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Poor souls, groping for the wall as the blind, and stripped of all self-strength, find the preciousness of such a Gospel as this, when the Spirit brings it home to the heart. It suits their case; it is balm to their wounds; and, while the pharisaic leaven in the breasts of even the

Lord's converted people, heaves and rejects such plain out-spoken truths which tell man he has lost by the fall both will and power to do what is right, "the humble shall hear, and be glad;" being made willing in the day of God's power to embrace this Gospel which gives all, and asks for nothing—which picks up the dead sinner, quickens him, and moulds him according to His sovereign will, and gets out of him what He gives.

But time and space would fail to enter upon the trials that this stripping and humbling process involves. Suffice it to add, reader, it is God's way to get at God's end, and, if we fancy we have an atom of inherent power, or any capability to make use of the grace we have received, we have some rough lessons yet to learn. Believers who for the most part stood on this spot once can testify God turned them out of it, and made them know something by experience of their helplessness. The doctrine of total depravity is not confined to cannibals, nor to our baptized heathen at home: it extends to the benevolent, the amiable, the sober, the industrious, the pious, and includes the whole family of God. The precepts of the Gospel preach some of the loudest and most solemn sermons upon total depravity, and those who by the Spirit are shown most of the chambers of imagery within, will most prize the Gospel of the grace of God. L.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

How many who welcome the January Number of this periodical, will hail that which closes the year? It is our privilege to believe that many of our brethren have entered into rest; they no longer need the tender admonitions, the kind expostulations, or the rich consolations, which through its pages, by the power of the Holy Ghost, have been brought home to their hearts. To them, there is no longer the counting of days, the succession of wearisome nights, or the bringing their years to an end, as a tale that is told.

"They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see."

To *have been* the means of lightening their load as they passed along the journey of life, to *be* the means of helping on some weary traveller, of pouring oil and wine into the wounds of the fainting yet pursuing soldier, to cheer the drooping, to stimulate the laggard, or to raise the thoughts to things above, is no small favour bestowed on the Editor and his contributors.

The writer may claim to be *one* of the earliest correspondents still on this side Jordan. His first essay, on a very deep subject, will be found under the signature "MINIMUS" in 1833 or 1834; but since the Magazine has been in the hands of its present Editor, he has generally written under his own name, and has frequently been indulged with space for a short contribution at the "close of the year."

Again, dear brethren, would I greet you with an earnest desire that, by the knowledge of a crucified and risen Saviour, we may all shine more brilliantly in the fulfilment of our several duties, to the glory of our blessed Master.

Teachers and preachers, pastors and masters, ministers and people, have trying times before them—the world's influence is more subtle, more seductive, more insinuating than ever. Worldly habits, practices, and

amusements, thieves of our time and of our influence as Christians, make themselves seen and felt on every hand. The old ways, the old truths, the old sayings of that old, old Book, which is ever new, don't suit the spirit of the age. Which, then, must yield? Must we new-model God's blessed word? Must we eliminate its distinctive doctrines, or neutralize its precepts and exhortations, and pander to the corrupt taste of a world-loving generation? Could we, by so doing, advance their spiritual interests? Certainly not. We *may not* come down to them; we must labour to bring them up to us.

If we *are* Christ's disciples, we must deny ourselves, take up the cross, and follow Him. If we are *not* Christ's disciples, we cannot enter into His heavenly kingdom.

To what end are all the mummeries and burdensome ceremonies, the confessional, the notion of a *real presence* of our Lord *in, with, or under* the bread and wine? They are all so many bungling attempts to patch up old Adam—to satisfy a partially-awakened conscience—to supply the place of that spiritual worship whereby the soul has fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. These notions and practices are only the revival of those practices which were so strongly reprobated by our blessed Lord, as recorded in Matt. xxiii.

There never was a time in which more watchfulness was needed to take heed that we keep ourselves clear from all the devices of man, and to exercise our influence, wherever it can be used, to keep our young people from those idols' temples where *ultra-ritualism* is practised and the pure Protestant worship of our forefathers is ignored.

There is a goodly number of watchmen, but they keep too much aloof from each other; there are many spiritual worshippers, but they require rallying. Let each and every one of us determine, by God's grace, to be found at "the close of the year," and the commencement of the next, if so long spared, instant "in season, and out of season," rallying round those who, from the pulpit, by the press, or on the platform, sound the trumpet in Zion. Let us encourage our brother the Editor, by our writing, and by our circulating in an increased manner his writings, and the writings of our brethren. Let us "say to the weak, Be strong; your Lord cometh." He is God and not man. His works and His ways are beyond our scrutiny, and, though "clouds and darkness are round about Him," we know that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

Brethren, farewell; quit you like men, be strong, and in your prayers remember
Your affectionate brother, ALFRED HEWLETT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ALBERT ELLIOTT,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, OCTOBER 3RD, 1864. AGED 26 YEARS.

"Gather up the fragments that remain."

NEVER having taken any notes of what fell from the lips of our dear friend during his illness, a period of two months, this little memoir must necessarily be very brief and imperfect. When it was first intimated to him that his medical attendant thought him in great danger, but did not like to tell him so, a slight flush overspread his countenance, and he quietly replied, "I think it best one should be told." At this time it was thought he might be taken at any moment; his complaint being on the lungs, there were fears lest a violent fit of coughing might prove fatal.

During the first month of his illness, his mind was generally peaceful, stayed upon the Lord, though he said he had not so much of His presence as he could wish. At intervals, he was very much tried. He sometimes remarked how liable we are to forget that Christ's was a finished work. Alluding to two little boys, who, having lost their mother, fell into temptation, but were at length delivered from it, and used this expression, "Get away, thou wicked sprite," he said, "I often use those words, when Satan comes with his suggestions. He often tells me I shall open my eyes in hell. I am obliged to answer that I should then say, God is unfaithful. But no; I know He cannot be unfaithful." At another time, "He who has helped me in six troubles, will not leave me in the seventh."

Soon after this, the clergyman of his native village (to whom he was much attached in the Lord, having profited by his ministrations) visited him. He was greatly overcome by his kindness in having travelled so far to see him, and enjoyed his visit as much as his little strength would admit; but it must not be forgotten that sometimes he could scarcely speak for hours. The Lord's Supper was administered to him by his kind friend and pastor. In speaking of it afterwards, he said, "I felt I could say, '*For me.*'" Subsequently, he received it from the clergyman of the parish where he then was, and shortly after repeated to a friend Mark xiv. 25. This proved to be his last communion on earth. To one who was not present at the time, he said, "I was very comfortable, only coughed two or three times. He who strengthens on the bed of languishing strengthened me; that Divine Supporter is ever around and about my path." Once, when he had been lying quite still, apparently exhausted, he repeated the text, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love," adding, "Thou wilt strengthen him upon the bed of languishing." Another time, he said, "I was just thinking I shall soon have rest, and it made me so happy I could not help smiling to myself." When so weak, he would say, "I cannot think, I cannot pray, and yet I think it is prayer." His gratitude for any little attention or kindness shown him was remarkable. He was often requested not to express his thanks when his breath was so short; but he never could be prevailed upon to omit it, if he could possibly speak. At times he was unable, but he would then open his eyes, if previously closed, and give one of those grateful smiles that can never be forgotten. Naturally, he had a very amiable, cheerful, and loving disposition; and, as a Christian, it is believed that very few reflect their Saviour's image more perfectly.

About the middle of his illness, his eldest brother, who resides at a considerable distance, came to see him. He was greatly moved by God's goodness in permitting them to meet again. While they were together, he said, "I have just had such a beautiful thought, that Jesus will soon come, and take His lamb home. Satan said it was pride; but, oh, I know it was not!" Near this time he was severely tried on two or three occasions. The remark had been previously made to him that, "Death to the believer is but a falling asleep in the arms of Infinite Love." He thought himself dying, and exclaimed in great anguish, "This is not gently falling asleep!" Texts of Scripture and verses of hymns were read, from which he appeared to gain some comfort. It is particularly remembered how he looked up when the words were read, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." When

speaking of this conflict, he said, "I don't know how to express it; but it seemed as if there was nothing." After a similar season of depression, he said, "I think I forgot my heavenly Father." At another time, "He has the keys;" evidently taking comfort in the thought that nothing could befall him but what was ordained in infinite wisdom and love.

But these trying seasons were but few, and the last month of his life he seemed a living confirmation of the words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." His child-like trust and confidence in his heavenly Father, and gratitude for his many mercies, was beautiful to behold. He very frequently said, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

On receiving a letter from his second brother, who is residing abroad, and from whom he had not heard for some time, he was overwhelmed with thankfulness. He had many letters from Christian friends, which was a source of great enjoyment to him. After reading one from a young man, with whom he had spent a few weeks, he said, "What a privilege it is to live with such an one." He sent a Bible to another, for whom he had a great regard, and accompanied it with a few lines written by himself, in trembling characters. September 8th was his birthday. He remarked that it had been his wish he might live so long, but had not allowed himself to think much of it, for fear it might excite him. There was more than individual interest connected with it, as his twin brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, was living with him, and they would share mutually the congratulations of their friends. He asked for some roses to be gathered, to be sent to some who were much interested in him, and was pleased when told they intended pressing them. It gave him pleasure to think of living in the memories of those left behind; and he watched with much interest a slip of geranium, that had been sent him, with some beautiful blossoms, and had been planted in the hope of its striking root. His resignation to the will of God as to the issue of his illness, was the more striking, as he was not like one weary of life, though he had suffered from ill-health and continued trial for years. Earth was to him a pleasant place, as he once expressed it in the following lines:—

"God's will be done,
God's will is best;
Earth is a pleasant place,
But not our rest."

To him truly, "to live was Christ, to die was gain."

A friend once said to him, "You are not anxious to recover, are you?" His reply was, "Whichever is God's will." On hearing the bell ringing for divine service, he remarked more than once, "I don't think I shall ever hear it again." The pleasure with which he anticipated each returning Sabbath was very great: he so much enjoyed the quiet of that holy day. His reverent manner was exceedingly impressive. It will never be forgotten how he once spoke of the words, "*The Lord Jehorah*."

Of poetry he was very fond, and observed, "What a gift of God to man." The hymn commencing, "I lay my sins on Jesus," was a special favourite. Also another, "When languor and disease invade." He would frequently repeat two lines—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

Of the last verse of the hymn beginning, "How firm a foundation," &c., he often spoke. It is as follows:—

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Many others, too numerous to mention, were very precious to him. One more must be named—

"Oh, cheer thee, cheer thee, suffering saint!
Though worn with chastening, be not faint;
And, though thy night of pain seem long,
Trust in the Lord, in Him be strong.
He marks, He numbers every tear,
Not one faint sigh escapes His ear," &c.

He used to remark so nicely on the Lord's pity for His children (Psalm ciii. 13), and, in speaking of the disciples going to Emmaus, said he had often thought how glad they must have been when they found it was the Lord with whom they had been communing. He told a friend who visited him, and prayed and read on two occasions, that he sometimes fed on a little text for hours. Referring to these visits, he said, "They are such little helps by the way." On being asked if he would like another friend to come and see him again, he replied, "Yes, very much. I like to see those who are treading the same rough and rugged but sure and safe path." It was about seven years before his death when he was first convinced of sin, a severe affliction being blessed to that end.

Alluding to his mother, who died rejoicing in Jesus, sixteen years since, he said that he believed her prayers had been heard on his behalf. He spoke of his belief in God's everlasting choice of him, in terms which plainly showed how fully he felt his salvation to be all of grace, from first to last. The words, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins," were applied with Divine power to his soul; but it is not quite certain how long subsequent to his first being brought to seek the Lord; doubtless, it was more than four years since, for, during a severe illness as long ago as that, he was, to use the expression of his kind pastor, "longing to go up higher." It is right, also, to mention that he spoke of some conversations this kind friend had with him, which were much blessed to his soul.

It is somewhat remarkable, that, about three weeks before his death, he said, "Perhaps it may appear rather strange, but by my left side I seem to have a stone; on it is written, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.' It is such a comfort to me." He was asked somewhat later if it was still present to his mind. He replied, "Yes," and spoke of it more fully than he had done before. It causes one's mind to revert to Rev. ii. 17. When any were spoken of who lived ungodly lives, he would say, "Praise God, who has made us to differ; never forget that," and sometimes repeated Psalm i. 1. His great patience under suffering was particularly observable, but never more so than at the closing scene. His doctor was astonished that his life was so prolonged, and could only account for it, naturally, on the ground that his mind was so quiet and peaceful. He was heard to repeat, "Let patience have her perfect work." His thoughts were much on the joys of heaven. After a piece had been read, in which mention was made of the recognition

of friends in a future state, he said, "We must leave that," evidently not wishing to pry into what God has not seen fit clearly to reveal.

The last three days of his life he could scarcely be said to have had an hour's rest. On the Sunday, the day before he breathed his last, after the doctor had left, he asked what he said about him. The reply was, "He does not think you quite so well to-day." Sometime previous, his throat and mouth were very sore. He was anxious to know if anything could be done for his relief. As it was the thrush, only a simple remedy could be used. Speaking of it afterwards, he said, with the most placid smile, "I knew, when the doctor could prescribe nothing more than that, it was an incurable sore throat." On the evening of the day above mentioned, one said to him, "I wish I could do something to relieve you." He replied—

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

Also, "If I had had nothing more to lean on than this world can give, what should I have done to-day?" Late in the evening, being a little revived, he said to a friend sitting by him, "I wish I could talk to you; but all I wish to say, you will find in God's holy word." The following Scriptures were read, which he seemed to enjoy very much: Rev. xiv. 13; John xiv. 2,3; Isa. xliii. 2,3; 2 Cor. vi. 1; Rev. viii. 13 to the end. At eleven o'clock, not noticing any decided change, his brother retired for rest. When bidding him "Good night," he said, in the most emphatic manner, "God bless you; God bless us ALL." Shortly after, the restlessness which so often precedes dissolution became more apparent, and at three his brother was called. Though his sufferings were very intense, he was most truly patient and even spoke cheerfully about the vain endeavours made to arrange his pillows more comfortably. His kind consideration during this night of suffering lest those waiting on him should be tired or cold (the window of his room being always open), can never be erased from the memory. Throughout the whole of his illness his mind never wandered for one moment, but was always as calm and collected as that of a person in perfect health. This being the case, his amiable manners and utter unselfishness made his room seem more like a pleasant retreat than a sick chamber. About four o'clock, his pains increasing greatly, he exclaimed, "Oh, my heavenly Father in Christ, give me patience! Lord, deliver me! Lord, help me!" One said to him, "You feel He is with you, do you not?" He replied, "Yes, yes." He was noticed at one time to be silently praying with his hands clasped, and his eyes looking upwards, as if pleading for strength to bear up. He became still worse about five, and the doctor was sent for, hoping some relief could be afforded. After a considerable time the extreme pain was greatly alleviated, and, looking up, he smiled his thanks in the most touching manner for what had been done. As the doctor was leaving the room, he said, "Thank you, praise God." At this time one who had been with him during the night left for a short time. He thanked her, and wished her good-bye in his usual affectionate manner. Little did she think she would never hear his voice again on earth! In less than half an hour, there were symptoms of the violent pain returning, but they soon subsided. His brother was by his side and a friend who had been with him constantly was at a little distance from his bed, to whom he put out his hand, and, calling her by name, said, "Good-bye." These were the last words he uttered. Immediately after, the friend

returned, who had not left quite half-an-hour. It is believed that, though he could not speak, he knew her, from the expression of his countenance. From this time till his death, which took place in about three-quarters of an hour, there was apparently no more suffering or pain; indeed there could not have been, it was the most gentle change that can be imagined. His eyes were beautifully bright and clear, and his features as peacefully calm as those of an infant going to sleep. It was not known when he drew his last breath, so quietly and peacefully did his ransomed spirit

“wing its way,
To realms of everlasting day.”

The countenance after death was lovely and serene, so that it might be truly said of him, that he was beautiful in death; or might one not rather say, in the words of the poet,

“Call it not death, its sting is gone;
It is accession to a throne—
A chariot sent from heaven to bring
The ransomed spirit to its King?”

G.

TO THE READERS OF THE “GOSPEL MAGAZINE,” AND “OLD JONATHAN.”

It is usual for us, at the close of the year, to say a word or two on behalf of the above works. In such times as those in which we live we deem it a matter of the greatest possible moment and importance that we should seek, by every means in our power, to counteract the evil influences which are in operation. Whilst professing the *name* of *Protestant*, multitudes there are seeking to instill into the minds of the young especially, tastes, habits, and inclinations which (if God prevent not) must end in their becoming united to that apostate communion against which every member of the Church of England, and every Christian non-conformist, protests. *Ritualism* is only another name for *Romanism*. Whatever their pretensions to the contrary, *Ritualists*, *High Churchmen*, or *Puseyites* (call them by whichever name you may) are more attached to the so-called principles of Rome than to those of the Church to which they professedly belong. Hence they *despise* the name of *Protestant*, and they imitate, as far as in them lies, the tinsel and the tawdry of that corrupt system which seeks to captivate the senses, rather than to insist upon that change of heart and consistency of life of which Jesus spoke when, with respect to the one, He said, “Ye must be born again,” and, in regard to the other, He exclaimed, “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Will-worship, formality, alms-deeds, and a seeming sanctity, may apparently pacify the conscience and foster a pharisaic pride by securing the attention and the good opinion of poor fallible man; but, although the hapless devotees of such systems may perchance be sustained and satisfied therewith in *life*, such will assuredly fail them in *death* and in prospect of all the solemn and tremendous realities of vast *eternity*. Ah! when the clammy hand of the king of terrors is upon them, and when a voice louder and more startling than the heaviest peals of thunder resounds through their inmost souls, with, “Give account of thy stewardship,” then something more than the doings of the creature or the dogmas of a flesh-pleasing religion will be needed. In that solemn hour, when flesh and heart fail, nothing short of the presence of Jesus, and His heart-spoken, “’Tis I; be not afraid,” will suffice to quell the fears of the dying, and

give such to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;" or, with the apostle Paul, to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Now, it is a well-known fact, that, so far from the most devoted Romanist realizing this holy calm and blessed fearlessness and assurance in the prospect and in the article of death, such confidence is deemed *presumption*, and hence condemned by his creed. He acknowledges to passing out of life in doubt and uncertainty as to what awaits him, and ventures to build upon the shorter or longer duration of purgatorial fires.

Miserable system! and this is that to which *Ritualism* and mere form and ceremony has led its thousands, and is still, like an *ignus fatuus*, holding out its alluring attractions, until a fatal and destructive enthrallment be the consequence.

It is to protect our dear young people from these bewitching entanglements, and with a view of putting before them, from time to time, the principles and the power of that holy faith which centres in the Lord Jesus Christ in His "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice," that we once again earnestly commend the GOSPEL MAGAZINE and the *Old Jonathan* to the attention and support of all anxious for the well-being of their souls and the immortal interests of their fellow-men. Whilst *Ritualism* and *Rationalism* are seeking, by every possible means, to disseminate their opinions, it does behove the children of God especially to seek to adopt every means that may tend, under God, to counteract such baneful and destructive influences.

JEWELL ON THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

OH that St. Paul were now alive and saw the behaviour and order of the priests at their mass! Think ye that he would take it and account it for the Lord's Supper? When he had espied but one fault in the Holy Communion among the Corinthians, straightway he rebuked them, and called them back to Christ's institution: "This," saith he, "I received of the Lord, and the same I give over unto you." But, if he saw the disorder that we have seen, would he not be moved as much against us now as he was sometime against the Corinthians? Would he not pull us back to the institution of Christ as he did them? Would he not say unto us, Did I ever teach you to offer up the Son of God unto the Father? Did I ever teach you any other propitiary (propitiatory?) sacrifice for sin than that of Christ once offered upon the cross? Did I ever teach you to minister the Lord's Supper, wherein the people should do nothing else but look upon and behold your doings, without any kind of knowledge or comfort? Did I ever teach you to lift the sacrament over your head? Did I ever teach the people to fall down thereunto and to worship they know not what? Be these the things that I delivered you? Be these the things that I received of the Lord? This would St. Paul say unto us, if he were now alive. Thus would he reprove us and call us to the standard and original of the first appointing of the Holy Sacrament.

RELIGION is a life, not a sentiment.

The retaining of one known sin is a sure token that the curse of God rests on that man.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

Nothing appears to be more remarkable in the present day than the extraordinary rapidity with which important events succeed each other; nations rise and fall, battles are fought and won so speedily, that, ere we have time carefully to consider them, they are gone as things of the past. When we last wrote, the affairs of Rome and Italy were in a most complicated condition; an army of insurgents surrounded Rome, Garibaldi was a prisoner, the French and Italian armies were on the move, and it seemed as if a tremendous revolution was at hand, and perhaps even that Rome's last hour had come. Since then, all has been changed; Garibaldi escaped, and placed himself at the head of his little army, the French once more interfered and took possession of Rome; the combined Pontifical and French troops, meeting the Garibaldians, after a sanguinary conflict completely routed them; the insurrection is at an end; Garibaldi, its leader, is again a prisoner, Rome is saved for the present, and the temporal power of the Papacy continues. It does not, however, appear as if the peace which has thus forcibly been procured is either a permanent or a satisfactory one; on the contrary, in all probability, the fires of revolution have been checked only to burst forth again with redoubled violence, and the events of the last few weeks will very likely prove to be the basis of still more important contentions. France has preserved for a time the hated temporal authority of the Papacy, but it has been at the expense of deeply humiliating Italy, an insult which is not likely soon to be forgotten; and the Papacy itself, with both its temporal and spiritual authority, if upheld for a time by monarchs who give their power and wealth to it, only awaits a far more decisive doom which, according to the express declarations of prophecy, these monarchs or their successors shall themselves give to it.

A remarkable document has lately been issued by the Emperor of Austria. It is an autograph letter addressed to the Roman Catholic bishops of his empire, informing them that all his official actions must for the future receive the sanction of his constitutional advisers. This at once breaks off the close connexion hitherto existing between the courts of Rome and Vienna; for, at the head of the emperor's constitutional advisers is a Protestant, Baron von Beust, and the court of Rome will not readily consent to be in any way under the direction and control of such a body as this. When we remember the perfect unity which existed between Austria and the Papacy up to the present time, and the absolute sway which the latter has always exercised over the former in all political, religious, and social matters, the document alluded to appears to be a most significant one, indicating a very important change. The Papacy is evidently losing ground in that hitherto benighted and priest-ridden country, freedom of thought and religious liberty are springing up, and we trust that this is but the germ of still better things. The word of God has been circulated largely there during the last few years; may it now, under yet brighter auspices, "run, and be glorified!"

The Protestants of Ireland have spoken out their sentiments in a manly, forcible manner. We wish that they had done so long ago, for they have had good reason. In almost all the legislation affecting Ireland during

recent years, they appear to have been designedly overlooked ; when any measure has been proposed which affected their interests, hardly an allusion has been made to their wishes upon the subject ; they have been invariably treated as a small, inconsiderable minority, and their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects as an overwhelming majority ; whilst the fact seems to have been continually forgotten that, if they are in the minority, it is only as to actual numbers ; for, in wealth, landed possessions, intelligence, education, and loyalty, they are vastly superior. As a necessary consequence of this unfair policy, concession after concession has been made to the Roman Catholics, whilst no concessions, and many affronts, have been offered to the Protestants ; and it has become customary, both in our houses of parliament and in the country, to hear public speakers alluding to the former as a hardly-used, persecuted body, whom England ought to take under her special protection, and to the latter (if mentioned at all), as an insignificant sect of violent partizans. The Protestants have borne all this for many years patiently and in comparative silence ; they have seen an income of £30,000 a-year bestowed out of the public money of a Protestant country, upon an institution for training up the priests of a Roman Catholic Church, whilst their own ancient university, which opens its doors to all denominations, receives no such support. They have seen the national education of their children conducted on such principles that they felt bound by the dictates of their consciences to remove those children from schools supported by the State ; they have seen repeatedly, public patronage bestowed in a one-sided, bigoted manner ; and, at length, they hear of the proposal being deliberately considered in the House of Commons, and even strongly advocated by nominal *Protestants*, of robbing their Church of its ancient endowments, and presenting them to the support of Roman Catholicism, with all its enormities. No wonder that they feel they can bear it no longer, and that they have recently given expression to that feeling in a way which, not even the government can regard with contempt or indifference. On the 30th of October an immense gathering of Protestants took place at Hillsborough, in the county of Down, where a similar gathering was held on the same day of the month in 1834. The number present was estimated to be at least twenty-five thousand persons, and these not of the lower or poorer classes, but of the more respectable farmers and working-men, accompanied by a large number of noblemen, magistrates, members of parliament, and country gentlemen. The weather was remarkably fine, and the scene, it is said, was most impressive. "The platform stood at the head of the field, covered with crimson cloth and surrounded by a barrier. In front was a lofty pole, from which waved the union jack, the only flag to be seen on the ground. In the centre rose a quaint-looking canopy, covered with striped hangings, under which were seats for the chairman and speakers. The ground rose by gradual ascent to the platform, and the prospect from the summit extended for many miles over an undulating country, inspiring pleasure by its picturesque beauty, and still more by the signs of prosperous industry which were everywhere displayed. The clean and well-trimmed farms, the comfortable and even elegant dwellings, and the tall factory chimneys which met the view on every side could not fail to impress an observer with the conviction that the inhabitants were diligent, orderly, and thrifty, and that it must have been a strong sense of danger to their dearest interests which alone could induce them to abandon their avocations, at such a time, and flock in thousands to the field of

agitation. It would be difficult to collect in any part of the country so respectable and intelligent a body of farmers and working men headed by a more numerous and influential array of noblemen and gentlemen." "I never saw," writes one who was present, "such a collection of noble fellows; and their open, manly bearing, made me feel proud of my Protestant countrymen. But their moral victory over themselves was still more marvellous and more noble. An appeal had been made to them not to appear with Orange ribbons, and they responded to a man; not, of course, without a great struggle, for these emblems were associated with the contests and victories of seventy years, and with their earliest and dearest recollections; yet among the thousands of Orangemen there assembled, not an Orange ribbon was to be seen, not an Orange tune was heard, not an Orange flag waved." One of the most remarkable features of this great gathering was the complete unanimity of people of all denominations. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Independents were there in fair proportion to their respective numbers in the province, and all were influenced by one common mind. The meeting was presided over by the Marquis of Downshire, and resolutions were unanimously passed declaring the firm determination of those present to preserve inviolate the civil and religious privileges which they had inherited from their forefathers, their conviction that the endowed Protestant Churches in Ireland have a prescriptive title to their rights and revenues; and that, therefore, any alienation of the property of the Established Church would be a violation of the Act of Union. Petitions on the subject to the Queen and Parliament were also resolved upon. The resolutions were ably spoken to by a variety of speakers, amongst whom were especially conspicuous the Venerable Lord Roden, Dr. Cooke, Presbyterian minister of Belfast, and his son-in-law—another Presbyterian—the Rev. Professor Porter. We venture to quote one passage from the speech of the latter, as we consider it well worth the careful attention of all true Protestants. Professor Porter observed: "The Protestant Churches of Ireland are, under God, the grand and only bulwarks of divine truth in this land. They alone, by God's blessing, have saved Ireland from the blighting influence of Popery. They alone have advocated and disseminated a free Bible. They alone, by their colleges and schools, their ministers, missionaries, and literature, have carried the pure word of God away even into the darkest recesses of Romish superstition. My lord, it has been said that the mission of the Protestant Churches in this land has failed. Will any thoughtful man look abroad over Ulster this day, and repeat the calumny? Has not Protestant industry converted its wild morasses and rocky hills into a paradise of verdure and richness? Has not Protestant enterprise filled its towns and villages with teeming manufactures? And—what is better far than all—has not Protestant truth filled the hearts and minds of the people with loyalty to our Queen and devotion to our God? The existence of the Church, it is true, is not dependent on State support. The Church can exist, and, by the divine blessing, even flourish, in the wilderness. But I maintain that those revenues which we possess enable us, in the midst of difficulties and opposition, to carry out more efficiently our great mission. Shall we abandon that mission? Shall we relax our efforts for the enlightenment and regeneration of our beloved country? Shall we not rather with more energy and zeal and faith than in days past labour to convey the life-giving doctrines of God's word to the

humblest and the most remote of our fellow-countrymen? That we may be able to do so we, the Protestants of Ulster, ask this day the sympathy, the prayers, and the active, generous aid of the Protestants of the empire." We earnestly hope that this magnificent demonstration will have its due effect, both upon our Legislature and the country in general.

Another instance of the extraordinary means made use of by the Church of Rome to work upon the feelings of the common people, and their surprising credulity, has just occurred in Kilkenny. During some recent excavations, it is said, in the catacombs at Rome, the body of St. Victoria, a young Christian, martyred in the time of the Emperor Decius, was discovered, and, "as a mark of special favour," the Sovereign Pontiff bestowed it upon the Roman Catholic bishop of Kilkenny. The "saint" was brought to Ireland and received with all due respect. A grand procession was formed, and the cathedral and other buildings were profusely decorated. The "body" was dressed in magnificent robes, and, in the catafalque, exposed to the view of the multitude. "There lay," we are told, the "holy martyr, who appeared reclining in the attitude in which she may have been supposed to have fallen when struck down by the swords of her barbarous executioners; the head slightly thrown back, the long golden hair falling to one side, and crowned by a wreath of roses; on the forehead a mark, appearing to be a swordcut, and similar gashes on the hands and feet. Besides, there was a glass phial, containing a portion of the martyr's blood encased in a silver urn, with open sides." The "saint" was ultimately placed under an altar, in the chapel of St. John, which, being faced with glass, permits the body and its decorations to be seen. A veil, however, was put over it, and it will only be "exposed for veneration" on festival days.

A considerable portion of the Abyssinian expedition has arrived at its destination, so far as effecting a landing on the Abyssinian coast is concerned, and, in all probability, it will speedily be followed by the remainder. No expense or trouble seems to have been spared in its preparation, May God's gracious blessing go with it! The captives, according to the latest intelligence received as we write, are still alive and well, but the king continues to pursue unchecked his fearful career of wanton bloodshed and wickedness.

Some terrible calamities have occurred during the past month. Another colliery explosion in Wales, sacrificing a large number of lives, and a fearful hurricane in the West Indies, involving an immense destruction of life and property. Surely God's voice is heard in these fearful visitations—a warning voice of mercy and of judgment!

AN OUTLINE OF THE LIFE OF TOPLADY.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY was an eminent defender of the doctrines of God's free grace, and he lived at a period when a champion for the faith of God's elect was peculiarly needed. Under the banner of the Great Head of the Church, he stood forth alone, not with carnal weapons, but spiritual, to wage war against the snare of the devil, Arminianism, to expose its hollow foundation, and refute its unfounded charges. Toplady's works will never be popular; they offend the modern Calvinism of the day, and the hybrid school of fashionable Evangelicals. He was a man of great mental powers, which, had he lived to a maturer age, would have been richly un-

folded. His knowledge was general and extensive; whatever subject he undertook he ably defined, although his style is often stiff and terse, peculiar to some of the writers of the last century; and, when upon controversial points (which was very often), there is sometimes the breaking forth of acrimony and irony, which his great love for the doctrines of sovereign grace might have occasioned; and though this must be regretted, nevertheless it must be borne in mind he had to refute calumnies against his work and ministry, and to contend for the cause of God and truth.

Farnham in Surrey was the birthplace of Augustus Montagu Toplady, who was born in 1740; his father was an officer in the army, killed at the battle of Carthagera, soon after the birth of his son. Westminster School was the place of Toplady's education, and there his genius rapidly developed itself. At the age of sixteen, he accompanied his mother (whom he deeply loved) to Ireland, where in a manner most remarkable he was brought to the knowledge of Christ. A layman had been preaching in a barn, at a place called Codrington; to that spot young Augustus, by divine Providence, was directed, and the word of God, fresh and powerful, "entered his heart, by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost." Toplady some years after, in his diary, alludes to this important event: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God, in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous! The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man: the regenerating Spirit breathes not only on whom He will, but likewise when, where, and as He listeth." The Scripture which was made a blessing to his soul, instrumentally through Mr. Morris, was from Eph. ii. 13.

In 1762 he was ordained, and inducted into the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, and it is observed, by his biographer, "This was procured for him by friends in a manner very usual; but so scrupulous was he when acquainted with the circumstance, that he was not easy until he had resigned it." In 1768 he became vicar of Broad Hembury, near Honiton, in Devonshire, the whole produce of the living not amounting to £80 a year. Here he composed the greatest part of his valuable writings, and after his death a diary was found among his papers, upon which he had written, "*Bethel-visits ought to be remembered.*" In this journal we have an insight into the experience of the Spirit-taught writer; it is that of a deeply-humbled soul, now on the mount, now in the valley, sometimes rejoicing, but oftener mourning; in his own words this is expressed: "Oh, the difference, the inexpressible difference, between enjoying God's presence and pining in His absence! This day my soul has been like a chariot without wheels; and afterwards mounted as on eagles' wings. Blessed be God, for tempering distress with joy! Too much of the former might weigh me quite down; too much of the latter might exalt me above measure. It is wisely and kindly done, O God, to give me a taste of both."

"O Lamb of God, slain for me! Thy blood is balm, Thy presence is bliss, Thy smile is heaven! Through Thy precious righteousness sinners and salvation meet together. Thou hast knit me to Thyself in the bonds of an everlasting covenant which shall not be forgotten, and cannot be annulled. Thou hast set me as a seal upon Thine arm, and hast set this

seal of Thy Spirit upon my heart. I can sing with one of the saints now in heaven,

“ ‘ Love moved Thee to die,
And on this I rely,
My Saviour hath loved me—I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll ne'er be in glory and leave me behind.' ”*

Dec. 6, 1767, “ In the morning, read prayers, and preached here at Fen-Ottery, to a very attentive congregation. In the afternoon, the congregation at Harpford was exceedingly numerous, and God enabled me to preach with great enlargement of mind and fervour. The doctrine did indeed descend as the dew, and was as welcome as refreshing showers to the grass. O my Lord, let not my ministry be approved only, or tend to no more than conciliating the esteem and affection of my people to Thy unworthy messenger; but do the work of Thy grace upon their hearts. Call in Thy chosen; seal and edify Thy regenerate; and command Thy everlasting blessing upon their souls! Save me from self-opinion and self-seeking; and may *they* cease from man and look solely to Thee.” Various other extracts from this invaluable diary could not fail to interest the reader, but in so short a sketch as this they cannot be given.

At the age of twenty, Toplady had translated a tract into English from the Latin of Zanchius, a defence of the doctrine of absolute predestination, accompanied with the life of its author; but this was not published until nine years after, owing to the diffidence of the young translator. John Wesley, then in the full bloom of error, upon the publication of this tract, very unjustifiably, in a printed sheet of paper, that it might be distributed with the greater facility, endeavoured to impose on the public a few mutilated extracts from this pamphlet, signed with the initials of Mr. Toplady's name. The notoriety of such a weak procedure, if it had been left unregarded, would in time have shown the imbecility of the attempt, and proved that uprightness had nothing to do with Mr. Wesley or his principles. It, however, appeared to Mr. Toplady of consequence enough to call forth his pen on the occasion in a letter from the press, in 1770, “ To the Reverend John Wesley, relative to his pretended abridgment of Zanchius. Why did you not abridge me faithfully and fairly? Why must you lard your ridiculous compendium with additions and interpolations of your own, especially as you took the liberty of prefixing my name to it? That you might seem to gratify the curiosity of your partizans, you drew up a flimsy, partial compendium of Zanchius, a compendium which exhibits a few detached propositions, placed in the most disadvantageous point of view, and without including any part of the evidence on which they stand.”

There can be no doubt that Wesley's charges against Toplady arose from his utter rejection of the doctrines of grace, and, from their entire untruthfulness, left a slur upon the memory of that mistaken but remarkable man; yet it is equally true that, had Toplady met those charges with the dignity becoming his position, he would have passed them over, if not in silence, at least in a spirit more in unison with the mind of his Divine Master.

Toplady's works were voluminous, and on various subjects. In 1774

* From an old hymn by Gambold. This verse was repeated by Rowland Hill in his dying moments.

he became for six months editor of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, but in the year following his health began visibly to decline, and the damp air of Devonshire, it is supposed, laid the foundation of consumption, which now rapidly came on. He was advised to remove to London, where he preached frequently for the benefit of public charities. On Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings the French Calvinist Reformed Church was engaged for him, and there, after a continuance of two years, he closed his ministerial labours. On Easter-Sunday, 1778, after giving out his text from Isa. xxv. 19, Toplady was suddenly seized with hoarseness in the pulpit, obliging him to leave it, although after this he preached four times again; and, it is said, "on each occasion his words were to the congregation as if he should never see them more until he met them in the kingdom of heaven."

Alas! it is painful to record that, even now, while death was rapidly approaching, and the soul of the dying Christian exulting in the finished work of Christ, Wesley and his followers again came forward to calumniate and falsify and persecute even to the death this holy and faithful man. They publicly asserted that the doctrines of grace so strongly held by Toplady were now denied by him, and that it was his intention to protest against them openly, even in the presence of John Wesley. His friends were too true to hide this matter from him, and he received it with calm decision, immediately informing his physician it was his intention to go before his congregation once more; and, when told, in reply, such an exertion might occasion his death, he answered, "A good man once said he would rather wear out than rust out, and I would rather die in the harness than die in the stall." On Sunday, the 4th of June, he was brought from Knightsbridge, and after his assistant, Dr. Illingworth, had preached, ascended the pulpit, to the astonishment of the congregation, and spoke shortly from 2 Pet. i. 13, when he entered at once upon the subject-matter that had brought him there, and said, "It having been industriously circulated by some malicious and unprincipled persons that, during my present long and severe illness, I expressed a strong desire of seeing Mr. John Wesley before I die, and revoking some particulars relative to him which occur in my writings, so certain and so satisfied am I of the truth of all I have ever written, that, were I now sitting up in my dying-bed, with a pen and ink in my hand, and all the religious and controversial writings I ever published (more especially those relating to Mr. John Wesley and the Arminian controversy), whether respecting facts or doctrines, could at once be displayed to my view, I should not strike out a single line relative to him or them."

A few extracts from notes taken by a friend, whose privilege it was to be with Toplady at the last, are here given, necessarily but reluctantly condensed. "A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his whole conduct, for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that Jesus might be all and in all. His feelings were so very tender on this subject, that I once undesignedly put him almost to an agony by remarking the great loss which the Church of Christ would sustain by his death, at this particular juncture. The utmost distress was immediately visible in his countenance, and he exclaimed, 'What! by my death? No! Jesus Christ is able, and will, by proper instruments, defend His own truths; and, with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not to me, but to His own name, and to that only, be the glory!'"

"I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that He leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul; my prayers are all converted into praise."

"When he drew near his end, he said, waking from a slumber, 'Oh, what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?' And a little before his departure he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding in clearness; 'but,' added he, in a rapture, 'for, what is most of all, His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul.' 'The sky,' says he, 'is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'"

"Within the hour of his death he called his friends and servant, and asked them if they could give him up? Upon their answering in the affirmative, 'Since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him,' he replied, 'oh, what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me! It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live' (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) 'after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.' After this he closed his eyes."

It was on the 11th of August, 1778, that Augustus Toplady died, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His dust reposes in Tottenham Court Chapel, at his own request, thirteen feet under the gallery opposite the pulpit, whereon is fixed a plain stone with only his name and age inscribed. Rowland Hill addressed the multitude assembled at the grave, although it was (like Dr. Gill) his desire that no funeral sermon should be preached for him.

But Wesley could not leave him in his quiet resting-place. His bitterness pursued him even to the grave; and surely only cowards quarrel with the dead. He publicly asserted that Toplady had died *blaspheming, and in the horrors of despair!* Sir Richard Hill came forward as the champion of his departed friend, anonymously, and Wesley refused to notice this defence on that account, when Sir Richard wrote to him with full details from those who had been with the sainted Toplady in his last days and hours of his triumphant departure, concluding thus, "If you make no reply, I cannot avoid construing your silence into an acquiescence of your being guilty of the matter brought before you." No answer was ever given. An epitaph, written by Toplady, is given in conclusion:—

"Thrice happy they who sleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood,
To Canaan's peaceful shore!
Whose lives were as a daily death,
Who walk'd with God, and liv'd by
faith,
And now shall die no more!

"Such, gracious Lord, we wish to be;
Such was our pastor, now with Thee,
Our candlestick below:
A burning and a shining light,
He liv'd awhile to bless our sight,
But shines in glory now.

"A prophet hallow'd from the womb,
To seek and bring the wand'ers
home,
Anointed, set apart:

Enabled, by the searching word,
To set the message of the Lord,
Home to the sinner's heart.

"His ev'ry pow'r devoted was
To further His Redeemer's cause;
Nor did his talents hide:
A beacon set upon a hill,
He liv'd to do His Master's will;
He did His will, and died.

"May I, like him, my hours employ,
Finish, like him, my course with joy,
And sleep to wake in bliss;
Like him be number'd with the
blest!

Jesus, regard my one request,
Make my last end like his."

O.

A FEW WORDS TO MY BELOVED READERS.

BELOVED READERS,—“Out of much affliction and anguish of heart, I write unto you, with many tears.” The very many years we have been connected through the pages of this Magazine will, I am sure, be a sufficient apology for my saying anything about self. Your kind interest in me and mine convinces me that, in this respect you will bear with me. My words at this time shall be few.

During my recent affliction, as you will find in what I have written under date, I think, Nov. 3, I felt so thankful that it was the *foot*—and not the *head*—afflicted. Hence, though deprived of pulpit-work, I was able to use the pen. Since that, through the measures necessary to be adopted for reducing the swelling in the foot, it so fell upon the nervous system, that all mental labour had to be laid aside.

When a little better, I longed for my native air. Hence, my precious wife and I came here to Southsea this day week, Monday, the 18th inst. Whilst I rallied under the change of air and beautiful sea-breeze, she, after her long and anxious waiting upon me, showed such symptoms of illness, as to prompt me to call in medical aid. I had long thought her shortness of breathing arose from *asthma*, and not from the *heart*. Upon Dr. Cousins, however, sounding the chest, he found considerable disease of the heart, of long standing. Whilst paying his second visit, she was suddenly attacked with *apoplexy*—that is, on Friday afternoon last, since which my precious one—the dear companion of upwards of five-and-twenty years—the sharer of my many joys and sorrows—has laid in a state of only occasionally partial consciousness. One side is completely paralyzed; the Lord alone knows the issue. “Our times are in His hands.” “Brethren, pray for us.” I am quite at a loss to know what He is about to do. I plead with Him, that, “if it be possible, He would let this cup pass from me;” but I desire grace to say, “not my will, but Thine be done.” It is wonderful how He has ordered this terrible stroke—its occurring whilst the doctor was with her, Dr. Miller (a second physician) being within call, and immediately in attendance. I was sitting by her side, and in the midst of kind and most devoted friends and relatives, whose attention—together with the care and watching of Dr. Cousins—have been most unremitting. Being telegraphed for, our dear daughter was in a few hours by her dear mother’s side. The Lord be praised for all this, that He thus “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” and so kindly and graciously “stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.” “The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.” “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” “What we know not now, we shall know hereafter.” Dear readers, pray for me and mine. The Lord for ever be praised that “she knows whom she has believed.” She just now said to me, that “this was her death-stroke; that she was not afraid to die; that she was very happy in Jesus. Her great fear was that she was impatient.” But, through mercy, it is anything but this. Dear readers, again we say, Pray for us. Oh, what a change has one short week produced!

Most affectionately yours, dear readers,

Froddington House, Southsea,
Monday, Nov. 25, 1867.

DAVID A. DOUDNEY.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. NEWTON, OF OPENSHAW,

ONE OF THE LATE REV. W. PARKS' OLDEST FRIENDS.

WE were greatly struck with the uncertainty of life, when we heard of the sudden removal of Mr. NEWTON, the friend who was first in the procession that followed the remains of our late departed friend to the grave. We dined and took tea with him and his family the Sunday we preached at Openshaw. We were much pleased with his conversation. When we heard of his sudden transition, we could but envy him his being spared all the pain and restlessness of a long illness. We doubt not that sudden death was to him sudden glory. May the Lord cheer and comfort his bereaved widow and sorrowing family, and may they indeed all realize in this, their deep sorrow, that "His grace is sufficient for them."

Correspondence.

THE MILLENNIAL QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—I have read with mingled feelings of interest and sorrow, the very clever summary entitled "Millenarian contrarieties" which appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for March last. It is indeed, to those who desire in all things to have "God's mind," in place of the mere theories of man, a sad thing to know from your pages to what wild lengths of unauthorized interpretation men may be permitted to go, when they do not adhere, and that closely, to "the infallible standard of God's word." And this is more emphatically to be regretted in regard to those parts of it which, if they be not yet fulfilled, and we are therefore, of necessity, to expect their fulfilment (for "the Scripture cannot be broken"), it is so exceedingly important we should know from God's own words the true nature of the expectations which those words hold out to us.

But is there not considerable danger that, while considering the wild extravagancies of *others*, we should be insensibly led into the other extreme, of rejecting all sober endeavours to come at the truth, as equally beyond *our own* scope? To those who are in any such danger, I would say, Have we not a "*Thus saith the Lord*" in the words, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts?"

Now as it is testified that those to whom those words were written, had already "obtained like precious faith" with the Apostles, "through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," it follows that the day whose dawning star was to arise to them, cannot be understood of the reception of Jesus into their hearts by faith, since that had been, through grace, already accomplished in them. But is there not another "*day*"—the coming of which we are warned to look for—that "*day*" which, by comparing the 31st and 34th verses of Luke xxi., we find to be identical with "*the kingdom of God*," of which it is the precursor, and for the coming of which we pray continually?

That there remain prophecies yet unfulfilled, there can be no sort of doubt: the very one, for instance, concerning which there prevails so great

confusion and contrariety of opinion, is to the Christian the very goal of his hopes, at the appointed signs of the coming of which our Lord bids those who shall be on earth at the time to "lift up their heads, for the hour of their *redemption* draweth nigh" (Luke xxi. 28). Now, if we believe the Revelation to be part of God's word, what do we plainly understand from its 20th chapter, 4th verse to the end? There the Reign of Christ for a thousand years (the Millennium in question) is distinctly foretold; so is the first resurrection; so is the binding of Satan, and his being loosed again at the close of that era; and then the final condemnation of all those who are not found written in the book of life.

Surely these are substantive statements—not of man, but of the Holy Ghost. Why else are we taught to pray "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," if there is to be no such kingdom, nor any time looked for in which the will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven? Is not that the reign spoken of in the Revelation, and will it not be true of that era?

Why also do we every Sunday sing the 98th Psalm, which clearly, from beginning to end, celebrates, *now anticipatively, then* the actual era of that reign of Christ which is indetical with the Millennium?

That whole Psalm is one of manifest rejoicing, and of rejoicing *alone*. In it we see, not only Israel, but all the ends of the earth—nay, the sea itself, and all creation—called to joy and thanksgiving: and why? Because "*He cometh to judge the world.*" It is evident from both the construction and context, that the words "*to judge the world*" are not to be taken in their ordinary sense, but are to be understood of *beneficent rule*, just as the judges of Israel were, one and all, "*deliverers*," and are so called in Judges ii. 16, and iii. 9 and "*saviours*" in Nehemiah ix. 27. Permit me to remark by the way, that, if this view be correct, it is very *incorrect* and out of keeping, to chant the verses in which those words occur, in a *dirge-like* tone, as is often done; for the universal world, so long misgoverned by man, is in this Psalm called upon to rejoice that a reign of perfect righteousness has set in.

That Psalm is distinctively millennial. It records the marvellous works *just done* (it is a *new* song); a victory just gained by the right-hand of the *Lord alone*; and it reminds us strongly of another victory once before gained by that same right-hand, at the Red Sea; which was then celebrated with a like Psalm, and in substantially the same words. (See Exodus xv. 6, 7.)

To the student of prophecy the construction of this Psalm is very important; because its salient points are precisely those which embrace the whole field of our expectations, of which indeed they form a perfect outline. Those points are three in number, and under each head may be grouped the several prophecies which enlarge upon them, and which remain to be fulfilled. These are—First, a great and marvellous victory gotten (at some time yet future) by the right-hand of the Lord alone; second, that at that time He will remember His mercy and His truth towards the house of Israel; third, that at that time the Lord will be manifested as King over all the earth, and that this will be a period of peace and joy throughout creation.

What the nature of that victory, over whom, and under what circumstances it will be gained, what the circumstances under which the Lord will remember Israel, and what the nature of the blessedness of the earth under the Lord's reign—these form the subjects of lawful inquiry

and will be found to embrace that entire range of the "sure word of prophecy" to which the Holy Ghost warns us we "do well to take heed."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

W.

THE STATE OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND FOR THE LAST YEAR.

A DOCUMENT of considerable interest has just come under our notice—the report of the Scottish Reformation Society on the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain within the last five years, and for the past year separately, and this it exhibits with great minuteness, and, we have reason to believe, with perfect correctness. It appears that in the year 1833 there were in the whole of England and Scotland but 497 Roman Catholic chapels and 3 colleges, including 74 chapels in Scotland and 1 college; but in 1861 these had increased to 1,019 chapels, churches, and stations, with 1,357 priests, 212 convents and monasteries, and 13 colleges. In the year 1866 a further increase is observable of 188 chapels, 261 priests, 58 religious houses, and 13 colleges, making up a total of 1,207 chapels, 1,618 priests, 220 conventual establishments, and 26 colleges. The number of laity is not mentioned, though it is certainly under two millions, but we are informed that there are 26 Roman Catholic peers, 50 baronets, and 32 members of Parliament (these, however, with one exception, being Irish), besides 19 priests in the army as commissioned chaplains, who rank as officers. The principal strength of the Roman Catholic Church here is in Lancashire, Middlesex, Warwickshire, and Staffordshire, there being in the first-named county 176 chapels, 33 conventual establishments, and 109 schools, while in Middlesex (chiefly in London) there are 91 chapels, 50 convents, 1 college, and 48 schools. In Rutland there is not a single chapel, and in other counties the spiritual wants of the population are supplied by two or three. It is observable that, except in large industrial centres, Roman Catholics neither muster strong nor make any progress. In Wales there are but 30 chapels, 1 college, 7 religious houses, and 8 schools. As regards Scotland, Roman Catholicism has its chief hold in Lanarkshire and Inverness, though even in them it bears but a small proportion to the population, there being only 31 chapels in the former, and 30 in the latter. In many other counties the number is much less, varying from one to nine, while in Berwick, Clackmannan, Cromarty, Kinross, Orkney, and Wigton there is not a Roman Catholic establishment of any kind.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Seasons of Solitude; or, Moments of Meditation on the Things of Eternity.
By JAMES GRANT, Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," &c. William Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

JUST as we were going to press with the November number of the *Gospel Magazine*, we received the announcement of Mr. Grant's new work, "Seasons of Solitude; or, Moments of Meditation on the Things of Eternity," as being on the eve of publication. The volume is now before us, and its nature will be inferred from the list of contents, which we here subjoin: 1, Alone with God; 2, Walking with God; 3 and 4, Working

for God ; 5, Our Departed Friends ; 6, The Saints on Earth and Saints in Heaven ; 7, The Great Test of Love to God ; 8, The Day of Our Death ; 9, After Death ; 10, The Duty and Privilege of Praising God ; 11, Complete in Christ ; 12, The Divinity of Christ ; 13, The Cross and the Crown ; 14, For Ever with the Lord. It will be seen from this list of contents that the subjects to the consideration of which Mr. Grant's new work is devoted, are alike varied, important, and practical. There is nothing in the shape of unprofitable speculation in the volume. Everything, from the beginning to the end, has an experimental bearing. The book is different in several respects from any of Mr. Grant's previous religious works, now amounting to sixteen in number, which, added to the author's literary works, make the entire number of volumes which have proceeded from his pen no fewer than *fifty*—a very large number, especially when it is considered that Mr. Grant has been for very many years the Editor of a daily newspaper, the *Morning Advertiser*. The origin of the present volume, and the circumstances under which all Mr. Grant's religious works have been written, are adverted to in the preface, which, being very short, we transfer to our pages :—

“ The contents of this volume owe their origin to reflections which have occupied my mind in those ‘SEASONS OF SOLITUDE’ which it is my privilege, at intervals, more or less brief, to enjoy. Probably no one could be named, within the length and breadth of the land, whose professional duties are more onerous or more unremitting than those of the author of this work. They are, too, of a nature most unfavourable for religious contemplation ; but just on that account I have felt, and do feel, it to be all the more necessary that I should systematically set apart certain portions of my time to ‘MEDITATIONS ON THE THINGS OF ETERNITY.’ The volume now in the reader's hands is the result of this feeling. Most happy shall I be should I learn that the work has proved the means of strengthening the faith, increasing the spirituality, and leading to greater devotedness in the service of Christ, any of those, were it only a few, who may be led, in the providence of God, to peruse even a part of what I have written.”

“ Seasons of Solitude ” is written on a different plan from any of his previous works. It is characterized by a greater variety in its contents. This will be seen on a reference to the subjects on which it treats, as given above.

Having been so very ill since the above volume came into our hands, as to be unequal to any mental effort, we have merely dipped into the book, glancing at it just here and there. No book, however, could have been more welcome in its title, as ours, for some time, has been a “Season of Solitude” indeed. At such times, it is sweet beyond expression to have the mind sustained by the Holy Ghost upon the precious verities of His most holy word, leading up the thoughts and affections to a contemplation of the mediatorial work and precious personal sympathies of Him who was emphatically “the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

We doubt not that Mr. Grant has exhibited the same thought and tact and originality in this, as in his previous works ; and, when the idea is suggested, “ How can Mr. Grant—a man so immersed in business avocations—find time for such literary work ? ” we answer, That there is a certain class of men whose minds are most active and thoughts most pure and devotional, when their hands are most engaged in the various pursuits of life ; and this cuts up root and branch all pretensions to monastic and

Conventual exclusiveness. "Father," said Jesus, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

The opinion which we have expressed is fully shared by the *Record*, and we cannot do better than conclude our notice of "Seasons of Solitude ; or, Moments of Meditation on the Things of Eternity," than in the words of that journal. "Mr. James Grant's publications," says the *Record*, in a very eulogistic review of the volume before us, "are always so well received by the public, and are withal welcomed by so many names of note in the Christian Church, that it is vain to inquire whether their author is not too prodigal of his treasures. They are bought and read with avidity. Edition after edition rapidly disappears, and they are all so good, so practical, and so orthodox, that in such a connexion we might well breathe the noble prayer of Moses, 'Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!' We have read this new volume with peculiar pleasure, and been again reminded of the remark of a reviewer in the *Christian Observer*, that Mr. Grant's books are not to be criticized, but enjoyed. Assuredly we should not have exactly anticipated anything so valuable and instructive from such a quarter on 'Seasons of Solitude.' The author fairly tells us that 'probably no one could be named whose professional duties are more onerous or more unremitting' than his own ; he owns, too, that they are 'of a nature most unfavourable for religious contemplation ;' but he adds that it is on this very account he has felt, and does feel it, to be all the more necessary 'systematically to set apart certain portions of his time to Meditations on the Things of Eternity.' That these 'Seasons' have been profitable to the writer's own soul there is no room to doubt, for we cannot mistake the glow of experimental piety reflected in these short, but instructive and engaging, essays."

We may add that the work, we are informed, has already met with a large sale. Though it has only been published a few weeks, more than half the edition has been disposed of.

Biblical Essays. By C. COWAN, M.D. London : Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.—Most weighty—excellent in the extreme.

The Ordinance of Levites. By JAMES SUTER. The writer's ideas are too vague and far-fetched on the subject of division of property ever to see them carried out.

On the Truth of Christianity. Compiled from "Lessons on the Truth of Christianity" and other works of ARCHBISHOP WHATELY. By ROBERT BARCLAY. London : Longman, Green, and Co.—Highly suggestive.

The Gardener's Magazine. Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. London : E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane. An excellent periodical, invaluable to Amateurs, Gardeners, and Horticulturists of every kind.

Eight Acrostics on the Bible. By GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE, Superintendent of the Rye-lane Sunday-school, Peckham. Published by the Author.—A very attractive little book, full of pretty anecdotes. Very suitable as a Sunday-school reward.

Sermons by Charles Gordelier. London : Alfred Gadsby, George Yard, Fleet Street.—These sermons are full of thought, and fraught with much teaching. They will be read with profit by those laid aside by sickness or infirmity ; and are well calculated to supply the place of the living minister in small towns and villages.

Reconciliation ; or, How to be Saved. By Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of the California Conference. London : S. W. Partridge.—We do not at all approve of this work, it is nothing but free-will from beginning to end—man's responsibility, his moral agency : many of its passages are very erroneous. We doubt not the author is very anxious for the salvation of souls, but he has yet much to learn of man's utter nothingness—his inability of himself to repent and turn to God. The whole work must be God's Holy Spirit first convincing of sin, then pointing to a precious Saviour.

The Sure Mercies of David. By Helen Hetherington. London : John F. Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.—Sweet poems on sweet Scripture promises. We feel an additional interest in this book as it is written by the Matron of the Plymouth Gaol, where our beloved brother, the late Rev. G. D. Doudney, laboured so faithfully. The authoress refers to the earnest desire of its inmates for poetry in preference to works of the highest merit in prose. We doubt not they understood these simple lines better. Perhaps they touched some chord of memory within, of Bible stories learnt at a mother's knee ere the world had acquired such a hardening influence over them. We can warmly recommend this little work.

The Globe series of Reading Books. By W. J. D. BRYANT. London : Darton and Co.—An easy gradation of reading books, from the first letters of the alphabet to words of two syllables.

THE COMING YEAR.

ANOTHER year is quickly gone,
And we are spared to tell,
That love and mercy has prevail'd
In all that has befall :
Those darken'd clouds which cross'd our path,
Once fill'd our hearts with gloom,
But love has chas'd the mists away,
And left a sweet perfume !

The coming year ! oh, who can tell
What sorrows it may bring,
Or how the judgments of the Lord
May through the nation ring ?
Oh, to be *hid* in Christ the Ark,
When deluge sweeps the land,
When terror and destruction are
Abroad on every hand.

Then—to repose secure and safe,
In everlasting love,
And hear our Father's well-known voice
Speak comfort from above :
May but *this* privilege be *ours*,
Throughout the coming year,
And we, though poor and helpless worms,
Shall have no cause to fear.

Birmingham.

E. B. M.

